

Giovanni Boccaccio

Filostrato

translated by

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The Author's Proem

Filostrato is the title of this book and the reason is that this name comporteth excellently with the purport of the book. Filostrato is as much as to say a man vanquished and stricken down by Love, as can be seen was Troilus, the story of whose love is related in this book; for he was vanquished by Love in so strongly loving Cressida and so much grieved by her departure that little was wanting that death should come upon him.

Many times already hath it happened, O most noble lady, that I, who well-nigh from my boyhood up to the present time have been in the service of Love, finding myself in his court among noble men and beautiful ladies, who equally with myself were attending it, heard proposed and discussed this question, to wit: a young man fervently loveth a lady as touching whom nothing else is granted him by Fortune except sometimes to see her, or sometimes to talk of her, or sweetly to meditate upon her in his thoughts. Which now of these three things giveth the greatest delight? Nor did it ever happen that each one of these three things—one by one person, another by another—was not defended by many zealously and with pointed arguments. And since to my love, more ardent than fortunate, this question appeared excellently to appertain, I recall that I, overcome by false appearances, mingling many times among the disputants, maintained and defended at great length the thesis that the delight of being able to think at times of the object loved was far greater than that which either of the other two could afford, affirming among the other arguments adduced by me to this end, that it was no small part of a lover's felicity to be able to dispose of the object loved according to the desire of him who doth the thinking, and in accordance therewith to render her benevolent and responsive, even

though it should last only so long as the thought, in such wise as surely could not happen in the case of seeing her and talking of her. O foolish judgment, O ridiculous opinion, O vain argument, how far were ye from the truth! Bitter experience now proveth it to me, wretched one that I am. O sweetest hope of a mind distressed and sole comfort of a pierced heart, I shall not be ashamed to disclose to you with what force entered into my darkened intellect the truth, against which I in my puerile error had taken arms. And to whom could I tell this, to what person capable of giving alleviation to the punishment visited upon me—whether by Love or by Fortune I cannot well say—for the false opinion I held, if not to you?

I therefore affirm it true, O most beautiful lady, that after by departing from the delightful city of Naples at the most charming season of the year and going hence to Sannio, you suddenly removed from mine eyes, more desirous of your angelic sight than of aught else, what I ought to have known by your presence but did not, that, by its contrary—that is, by the privation of it—I was given instant knowledge of. And this hath saddened my soul so far beyond any proper limit that I can clearly appreciate how great was the happiness, though little realized by me at the time, that came to me from the gracious and beautiful sight of you. But to the end that this truth appear somewhat more manifest, it shall not irk me to tell, nor do I wish to pass over in silence, what happened to me, to the elucidation of so great error, after your departure, although it is told at greater length elsewhere than here.

I say therefore, an it please God soon to replace mine eyes in their lost peace by the sight of your beautiful countenance, that when I knew that you had departed hence and gone to a place whither no proper reason for seeing you could ever lead me, these eyes of mine, through which the very gentle light of your love entered my mind, have, beyond any assurance that my words may offer, many times bathed my face and filled my sorrowing breast with so many and so bitter tears that not only hath it been a wonderful thing that so much moisture hath come to my face and breast from mine eyes but also would my tears have bred pity, not only in you, whom I believe to be as pitiful as you are gentle born,

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but in one who had been mine enemy and had had a breast of iron. Nor hath this happened to me only as often as the recollection of the loss of your delightful presence hath made mine eyes sad, but whatever hath appeared before them hath been the occasion of their greater misery. Alas, how many times have they, to suffer lesser misery, abstained of their own accord from viewing the church, the loggias, the piazzas, and the other places in which they formerly eagerly and anxiously sought to see—and sometimes did see—your countenance! And how many times have they in their grief constrained my heart to repeat to itself that verse of Jeremiah: “O how solitary abideth the city that before was full of people and a mistress among the nations!” I will not indeed say that everything hath made them sad to an equal degree, but I do affirm that there is but one direction that somewhat qualifieth their sadness, and that is when they survey those countries, those mountains, that part of the heavens among which and under which I am persuaded that you are. Thence every breeze, every soft wind that cometh from there, I receive in my face as if without fail it hath touched yours. Nor, when I do so, is this alleviation of too long duration; but as upon things anointed we sometimes see flames flickering, so hovereth this sweetness above my afflicted heart, taking sudden flight because of the supervening thought that showeth me that I cannot see you, my desire thereof being enkindled beyond measure.

What shall I say of the sighs that in the past pleasing love and sweet hope were wont to draw inflamed from my breast? Naught have I indeed to say of them other than that, multiplied in many duplications of the greatest distress, they are a thousand times an hour violently forced thereby out of my mouth. And in like fashion my words, which in times past were sometimes stirred, I know not by what strange joy proceeding from your serene aspect, into amorous songs and discourses full of ardent love, thereafter have been heard ever calling upon your gracious name and upon Love for pity, and upon Death for an end of my sorrows, and the greatest lamentations may have been heard by anyone who hath been near me.

In such a life, therefore, I live far from you, and ever the better do I realize how great was the good, the pleasure, and the delight that proceeded from your eyes, though little appreciated by me in times past. And even though tears and sighs give me time enough to speak of your worth, and even now of your grace, courteous habits, and womanly dignity, and appearance beautiful beyond any other, which I ever contemplate with the eyes of my mind in its entirety, and whereas I say not that my mind doth not, in consequence of such speech or reflection, experience a certain pleasure, yet this pleasure cometh mingled with a very fervent desire that kindleth all my other desires into such a longing to see you that I am hardly able to rule them within me that they do not draw me, despite every fitting duty and reasonable consideration, to that place in which you abide. But bound by the desire more to preserve your honor than my well-being, I repress them. And since I have no other recourse and feel the path to seeing you again, closed to me for the reason aforesaid, I return to my suspended tears. Alas, how cruel and adverse is fortune to me in my pleasures, always a rigorous mistress and corrector of mine errors! Now I know, wretched one that I am, now I feel, now I clearly perceive how much more good, how much more pleasure, how much more gentleness dwelleth in the true light of your eyes, as you turn it to mine, than in the false flattery of my thoughts. Thus, therefore, O brilliant light of my mind, hath Fortune, by depriving me of the love-inspiring sight of you, dissipated the mist of error under which I formerly labored. But there was in truth no need of such bitter medicine to purge my ignorance; a more gentle chastisement would have turned me again into the right path. What under these circumstances could my powers avail against those of Fortune! However much I may bring reason to bear, they cannot resist. And I have in any case, by reason of your departure, arrived at such a pass as my writing hath above declared unto you; and with my most grievous affliction I have become certain of that which at first in my uncertainty I disputed and denied. But I must now come to that end toward which I have been progressing in the writing that I have thus far done. And I declare that when I saw myself come into so great and so sharp adversity by reason

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of your departure, I first proposed altogether to retain my anguish in my sad breast lest it might perchance, if disclosed, be the effectual cause of a much greater. And the forcible sustaining of this made me come very near to desperate death, which, had it come, would then without fail have been dear to me. But afterward there was born in me, moved I know not by what secret hope of being destined once more at some time or other to see you again and again to turn my eyes to their first felicity, not only a fear of death but a desire of long life, however miserable should be the life I would have to lead without seeing you. And knowing very clearly that if, as I had proposed, I held the grief I had conceived altogether hidden in my breast, it was not possible that out of the thousand times it came forth, abounding and overrunning every limit, it should not sometime so overcome my powers, already very much weakened, that death would follow without fail and I should in consequence see you no more, moved by a more useful counsel, I changed my mind and decided to give it issue from my sad heart in some suitable lamentation, in order that I might live, and might be able to see you once more, and might by living remain the longer yours. Nor did such a thought enter my mind before the means, together with it, occurred to me. As a result of which event, as though inspired by a secret divinity, I conceived the surest augury of future well-being. And the means was this: in the person of some impassioned one, such as I was and am, to relate my sufferings in song. I began therefore to turn over in my mind with great care ancient stories, in order to find one that would serve in all color of likelihood as a mask for my secret and amorous grief. Nor did other more apt for such a need occur to me than the valiant young Troilus, son of Priam, most noble king of Troy, to whose life in so far as it was filled with sorrow by Love and by the distance of his lady, if any credit may be given to ancient histories, after his much-beloved Cressida was returned to her father Calchas, mine, after your departure, hath been very similar. Therefore from his person and from what happened to him I obtained in excellent wise a form for my conceit and subsequently composed in light rhyme and in my Florentine idiom and in a very appealing style his sorrows as well as my own, which, as I sang

from time to time, I found very useful, according to what was my expectation in the beginning. True it is that before his most bitter woes is found in style similar a portion of his happy life, which I have recorded not because I desire that anyone should believe that I can glory in a like felicity—for fortune never was so kind to me, nor by forcing myself to hope for it, can I in any way bring myself to the belief that it will come—but for this reason have I written it, because when happiness hath been seen by anyone, much better is understood how great and of what sort is the misery that followeth after. This happiness is nevertheless so far in conformity with the facts of my case as I drew from your eyes no less pleasure than Troilus derived from the amorous fruit that fortune granted him in the case of Cressida.

Therefore, worthy lady, I have brought these rhymes together in the form of a little book, in lasting testimony to those who shall see it in the future, both of your worth, with which, in the person of another, they are in large part adorned, and of my sadness; and after they had been composed, I thought it not fitting that they should come into the hands of anyone before yours, since you are the true and only cause of them. Therefore although they be a very small gift to send to so exalted a lady as you are, nevertheless, since the affection of myself, the sender, is very great and full of pure loyalty, I venture to send them to you, confident that they will be received by you not because of my deserts but because of your kindness and courtesy. And if it chance that you read in them, how often you find Troilus weeping and grieving at the departure of Cressida, so often may you clearly understand and recognize my very cries, tears, sighs, and distresses; and as often as you find good looks, good manners, and other thing praiseworthy in a lady written of Cressida, you may understand them to be said of you. As to the other things, which in addition to these are many, no one, as I have already said, relateth to me, nor is set down here on my own account, but because the story of the noble young lover requireth it. And if you are as discerning as I hold you to be, you can from these things understand how great and of what sort are my desires, where they end, and what more than anything else they ask for, or if they deserve any pity. Now I

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know not whether these things will be of so great efficacy as to touch your chaste mind with some compassion as you read them, but I pray Love to give them this power. And if this happen, I pray you as humbly as I can, that you hasten your return, so that my life, which is hanging by a very slender thread and is with difficulty sustained by hope, may, when I behold you, return joyfully into its first self-confidence. And if this perchance cannot happen as soon as I should desire, at least with some sigh or some pitiful prayer speak to Love in my behalf that he may give some peace to my torments and recomfort my life in its dismay. My long discourse seeketh of its own accord an end, and therefore giving it one, I pray him who hath placed my life and death in your hands, that he may enkindle in your heart that desire which alone can be the occasion of my welfare.

FIRST PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the first part of the book called Filostrato, of the amorous labors of Troilus, in which is recorded how Troilus became enamored of Cressida, and the amorous sighs and the tears that were his for her sake before he discovered to anyone his secret love. And in the first place the invocation of the author.

(1) Some are wont in their pious openings to invoke the favor of Jove; others call upon the might of Apollo. I was wont in my need to implore the muses of Parnassus, but Love hath recently caused me to change my long-accustomed habit, since I became enamored of thee, my lady.

(2) Thou, lady, art the clear and beautiful light under whose guidance I live in this world of shadows; thou art the lodestar which I follow to come to port; anchor of safety, thou art she who art all my weal and all my comfort; thou to me art Jove, thou to me art Apollo, thou art my muse; I have proved it and know it.

(3) Therefore in undertaking because of thy departure—more grievous to me than death and more distressing—to write what was the sorrowful life of Troilus after the amorous Cressida had departed from Troy, and how, previous to that, she had been gracious to him, it is fitting that I come to thee for grace, if I am to finish my enterprise.

(4) Therefore, O fair lady, to whom I have been and ever shall be faithful and subject, O lovely light of those fair eyes in which Love hath set my whole delight, O sole hope of him who loveth thee more than himself, with perfect love, guide my hand, direct my invention in the work I am about to write.

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(5) Thou art imaged in my sad breast with such strength that thou hast more power there than I. Drive forth from it my disconsolate voice in such manner that my sorrow may appear in another's woe, and make it so pleasing that he who beareth it may be moved to pity. Thine be the honor and mine be the labor, if these words shall acquire any praise.

(6) And ye lovers, I pray that ye hearken to what my tearful verse will say. And if it chance that ye feel any spirit of pity stir in your hearts, I beseech you that ye pray for me to Love, on whose account, like sorrowful Troilus, I live far from the sweetest pleasure that any creature ever cherished.

(7) The Greek kings were round about Troy, strong in arms, and each one, so far as in him lay, showed himself daring, proud, valiant, and gallant, and with their troops they ever pressed it more from day to day, all of accord in like desire to avenge the outrage and the rape committed by Paris on the person of Helen the queen.

(8) At this time Calchas, whose high science had already won the right to understand every secret of the great Apollo, wishing to hear the truth regarding the future, whether the long endurance of the Trojans or the great daring of the Greeks should prevail, discerned and saw, after a long war, the Trojans slain and their land destroyed.

(9) He therefore in his foresight and wisdom planned secretly to depart. And having chosen time and place to flee, he took his way toward the Greek host; whence he saw many come to meet him, who received him with joyful mien, hoping for most excellent counsel from him in every hap or danger.

(10) Great noise arose when it became known throughout the city generally that Calchas had fled therefrom. And comment was passed upon it diversely but adversely by all, and it was agreed that he had gone amiss and acted as a traitor wickedly. And the greater portion of the people barely refrained from going with fire to his house.

(11) In this evil plight, without informing her of his intentions, Calchas had left a daughter of his, a widow, who was so fair and so angelic to behold that she seemed not a mortal, Cressida by name, as

amiable, I am advised, as wise, as modest, and as well-mannered as any other lady born in Troy.

(12) Hearing the grievous outcry caused by her father's flight and much dismayed at the threatening tumult that surrounded her, in mourning habit and with eyes full of tears she threw herself on her knees at the feet of Hector, and with very pitiful voice and visage, excusing herself and accusing her father, ended her speech by imploring mercy.

(13) Hector was by nature full of pity. Therefore, hearing the lament of this lady, fairer than other creature, he comforted her somewhat with gentle words, saying: "Let thy father, who hath so greatly offended us, go forth with ill luck, and do thou remain with us in Troy as long as it pleaseth thee, safe, happy, and free from annoyance.

(14) "Be assured that thou shalt ever have, as if Calchas were here, the favor and honor that thou mayest desire from all of us. May the gods render him his merited deserts!" For this she thanked him greatly, and would have thanked him more, but was not permitted. Thereupon she arose, and returned to her house, and there remained quiet.

(15) There she dwelt, while she was in Troy, with what household it befitted her dignity to maintain, singularly modest in habits and in life. Nor need she, as one who had never been able to have any, concern herself for son or daughter. And by everyone who knew her she was loved and honored.

(16) Things went on between the Trojans and the Greeks ever and anon as in time of war. At times the Trojans came forth from their city doughtily against the Greeks and oftentimes, if the story erreth not, the Greeks advanced valiantly even to the moats, pillaging on every side, firing and destroying castles and towns.

(17) Yet although the Trojans were hard pressed by their Greek enemies, it did not on that account come to pass that the divine sacrifices were ever remitted, but the accustomed rites were observed in every temple. To Pallas, however, they paid in every way honor greater and more solemn than to any other divinity and had regard to her more than to other.

(18) Therefore when was come the lovely season which rewesth the fields with herbs and flowers, and when every animal waxeth lusty and showeth its love in diverse acts, the Trojan fathers bade prepare the accustomed honors to the fateful Palladium. To this festival ladies and cavaliers repaired alike and all willingly.

(19) Among them was the daughter of Calchas, Cressida, appareled in black. And as much as the rose outdoeth the violet in beauty, so much fairer was she than other ladies, and she alone more than others made bright the great festival, standing in the temple, very near to the portal, dignified, gracious, and amiable.

(20) Troilus loitered about, as young men are wont to do, gazing now here, now there around the great temple, and took his station with his companions first in this spot then in that and began to praise now this lady and now that, and in like fashion to disparage them, as one to whom none was more pleasing than another, and took delight in his freedom.

(21) Nay, at times, while strolling about in this manner, upon catching sight of someone who gazed intently upon a certain lady and sighed to himself, he would laughingly point him out to his companions, saying: "Yonder wretched man hath parted with his liberty, so greatly did it burden him, and hath handed it over to that lady. Mark well how vain are his cares.

(22) "Why bestow love upon any woman? As the leaf turneth to the wind, so change their hearts a thousand times a day, nor care they for the anguish that a lover feeleth for them, nor doth any lady know what she wanteth. O happy that man who is not captured by their charm, and who knoweth how to abstain therefrom!

(23) "I once experienced by my own great folly what is this accursed fire. And if I said that love did not show me courtesy and give me gladness and joy, I should certainly lie; but all this pleasure that I took was but as little or nothing compared to my sufferings, since love I would, and to my woeful sighs.

(24) "Now I am out of it, thanks be to him who hath been more merciful to me than I myself, Jove, I mean, the true god, from whom

cometh every favor, and I live my life in peace. And though it be to my advantage to watch others, I take care not to retrace the path I have trodden and gladly laugh at those who are ensnared, I know not whether to call them lovers or forgetful of the snare."

(25) O blindness of mundane minds! How often follow effects all contrary to our intentions! Troilus now raileth at the weaknesses and anxious loves of other people without a thought of what heaven hasteneth to bring upon him, whom Love transfixed more than any other before he left the temple.

(26) While Troilus was thus strolling about, making mock now at one now at another, and oft gazing intently now upon this lady again upon that, it chanced that his wandering eyes, glancing amongst the crowd, lighted where stood the charming Cressida, under white veil in black habit, among the other ladies at this so solemn festival.

(27) She was tall and all her limbs were well proportioned to her height; her face was adorned with beauty celestial, and in her whole appearance she showed a womanly dignity. With her arm she had removed her mantle from before her face, making room for herself and pushing the crowd a little aside.

(28) As she recovered her composure, that act of hers somewhat disdainful, as if she were to say "one may not stand here" proved pleasing to Troilus. And he continued to gaze upon her face, which seemeth to him worthier of great praise than any other, and he took the utmost delight in gazing fixedly 'twixt man and man at her bright eyes and upon her angelic countenance.

(29) Nor did he who was so wise shortly before in finding fault with others, perceive that Love with his darts dwelt within the rays of those lovely eyes, nor yet did he remember the outrageous words he had previously uttered before his servants, nor notice the arrow that sped to his heart, until it stung him in very truth.

(30) Since this lady beneath the dark mantle was above all others pleasing to Troilus, without saying what kept him there so long, he secretly gazed from afar upon the object of his high desire, discovering

naught to anyone, and looked upon her so long as the honors to Pallas lasted. Then with his companions he left the temple.

(31) But he went not thence such as he had entered, free and light-hearted, but departed thoughtful and enamored beyond his belief, keeping his desire well hidden, in order that the abusive remarks about others to which he had formerly given utterance, might not be turned against him, if perchance the passion into which he had fallen were to become known.

(32) When Cressida had departed from the stately temple, Troilus returned with his companions to his palace and there in mirthful living long tarried with them. And in order the better to hide his amorous wound, he continued to mock at those that love. Then feigning that other matters constrained him, he bade each one go whither he listed.

(33) And after everyone had left, he went all alone into his chamber, and there sat down sighing at the foot of his couch. And he began to go over again in his mind the pleasure he had felt that morning at the sight of Cressida, enumerating the true beauties of her face and praising them one by one.

(34) Much he praised her movements and her stateliness and from her manners and carriage judged her a lady of very noble nature, and thought it would be a great good fortune to love such a lady, and a better still if by long attention he might bring it to pass that nearly as much as he loved her he might by her be loved, or at least not be rejected as suitor.

(35) Little foreseeing his future woes, the light-hearted youth thought in his imagination that neither labor nor sighs could be lost for such a lady, and that his desire, if ever known by any, must needs be greatly praised, and hence his anguish, if discovered, less blamed.

(36) Therefore being minded to pursue this love, he made up his mind to try to act with discretion, first proposing to hide the ardor conceived in his amorous mind from every friend and attendant, unless it were necessary, concluding that love disclosed to many bringeth vexation in its train and not joy.

(37) And beyond these he took thought upon many other matters, how to discover himself to the lady, and how to attract to himself her attention, and then he began joyfully to sing, high in hope and all-disposed to love Cressida alone, naught esteeming any other lady he might see or who had ever pleased him.

(38) And to Love at times he said with reverential words: "Lord, thine henceforth is the soul which used to be mine. This pleaseth me, for thou hast given me to serve I know not whether to say a lady or a goddess, for never was there under white veil in dark habit a lady so beautiful as this one appeareth to me.

(39) "Thou takest thy station in her eyes, true lord, as in a place worthy of thy power. Therefore if my service at all pleaseth thee, I beseech thee obtain from them the healing of my soul, which lieth prostrate at thy feet, so wounded it the sharp arrows which thou didst hurl at it when thou didst show me the lovely face of this lady."

(40) The fiery flames of love spared not the royal blood, nor heeded they the strength or greatness of soul or the bodily power that was in Troilus or his prowess. But as flame kindleth in suitable substance, or dry or half-dry, so in the new lover did the members take fire, one and all.

(41) So much the more from day to day by thought and the pleasure he took therein, did he prepare dry tinder within his proud heart, and imagined he would draw from her fair eyes water soothing to his intense ardor. Therefore he made cunning attempt to see them often, nor did he perceive that by them the fire was kindled the more.

(42) Now whether he went hither or thither, walking or sitting, alone or in company, as he would, eating or drinking, night or day, wherever he might be, ever of Cressida were his thoughts, and he declared her worth and delicate features to be such that she surpassed Polyxena in every beauty and likewise Helen.

(43) Nor did an hour of the day pass that he did not say to himself a thousand times: "O clear light which filleth my heart with love, O fair Cressida, may the gods grant that thy worth, which maketh my face to pale, might move thee to pity me a little! None beside thee can make me joyful; thou alone art she who canst help me."

(44) Every other thought, both of the great war and of his welfare, had fled and in his breast he gave sole audience to that which spake of the high virtue of his lady. By this burdened, he was anxious only to cure his amorous wounds, and to the task he now devoted his every thought and in it found his delight.

(45) The sharp battles and the woeful affrays of Hector and his brothers, followed by the Trojans, turned him little or naught from his amorous thoughts, although often in the most perilous encounters they saw him, before all others, work wonders in arms. So said they who stood watching him.

(46) Nor did hatred of the Greeks move him to this, nor the longing that he had for victory to liberate Troy, which he saw straitened by siege, but desire of glory, the more to please, effected all this. And for Love's sake, if the tale speaketh truth, he became so fierce and strong in arms that the Greeks feared him as death.

(47) Already had Love taken from him his sleep, and diminished his food, and so increased his anxiety that now in his face pallor bore witness thereof, although much he concealed it with feigned smile and ingenuous speech, and whoever noticed it thought that it happened on account of the distress he felt because of the war.

(48) And how this was is not quite evident to us, whether Cressida was not sensible of his condition, because of the secrecy of his actions, or whether she feigned not to know of it. But this is sufficiently clear and manifest, that in no respect did she seem to care for Troilus and for the love that he bore her, but remained unmoved as one not loved.

(49) On this account Troilus felt such grief as could not be told, fearing at times that Cressida might be in love with another, and, despising him on this account, would not receive him as suitor. And he rehearsed to himself a thousand devices as to how he might in a proper manner find a way to make her sensible of his burning desire.

(50) Therefore when he had a moment of leisure, he went apart and complained of Love, saying to himself, "Troilus, now caught art thou who used to mock at others. No one was ever so consumed as thou art for ill-knowing how to guard thyself against Love; now art thou taken in

the snare, a misadventure which thou hast so much blamed in others and hast not kept from thyself.

(51) "What will be said of thee among other lovers, if this thy love should become known? They will all make mock at thee, saying among themselves: 'Behold now the well guarded one, who used to rail at our sighs and our amorous complaints, hath even now come where we are. Praise be to Love, who now hath brought him to such a pass "

(52) "What will be said of thee among the excellent kings and lords, if this become known? Well may they say, in ill conceit thereat: 'Behold now how this man hath taken leave of his senses to be thus recently ensnared by Love in this time of sorrow and distress. Whereas he ought to be doughty in battle, his thoughts are consumed in loving.'

(53) "And now, O sorrowful Troilus, since it hath been decreed that thou shouldst love, would that thou wert caught by one sensible of just a little love, whence thou mightest derive consolation! But she for whom thou weepest feeleth naught any more than a stone, and remaineth as cold as ice which hardens beneath a clear sky, and I waste away like snow before the fire.

(54) "And were I now at last arrived at the port to which my misfortune thus leadeth me, this would be a mercy and great comfort to me, for by dying I should escape all pain. For if my trouble, of which no one is yet aware, be discovered, my life will be filled with a thousand insults each day and above all men shall I be called fool.

(55) "Succor me, Love. And thou for whom I weep, caught more than other ever was, ah, have a little pity for him who loveth thee much more than his own life. Moved by him who on thine account, lady, holdeth me in these woes, turn now toward him thy lovely countenance. Ah, I beseech thee, do not deny me this favor.

(56) "If thou, lady, doest this, I shall revive as a flower in the fresh meadow in spring time. Nor will waiting then be irksome to me, nor seeing thee disdainful and haughty. And if it be grievous to thee, call out at least, in thy cruelty, to me, who am ready at thy every pleasure, 'Kill thyself,' for in truth I shall do it, thinking to please thee by that act."

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(57) And then he spake many other words and wept and sighed and called upon her name, as he is wont to do who loveth to excess and findeth no compassion for his complaints. For they were all idle words lost in the wind and none did come to her. Thence his torment increased a hundredfold each day.

SECOND PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the second part of the Filostrato, in which Troilus maketh known his love to Pandarus, cousin of Cressida, who comforteth him and discovereth his secret love to Cressida and with prayers and with flattery induceth her to love Troilus. And in the first place, after much talk, Troilus discloseth wholly his love to Pandarus, a noble Trojan youth.

(1) While Troilus was thus one day quite alone in his room, engaged in thought, there suddenly arrived a young Trojan of high lineage and of abundant spirits, who, seeing him lie stretched out upon his couch and full of tears, cried: "What is the matter, dear friend? Hath the bitter time already thus vanquished thee?"

(2) "Pandarus," saith Troilus, "what fortune hath brought thee here to see me die? If our friendship hath any power, may it please thee to depart hence, for I know that to see me die will be more grievous to thee than aught else. And I am not to remain longer in life, so much is my vigor overcome and dissipated.

(3) "Think not that Troy besieged or the travail of arms or any fear is the occasion of my present distress. This is among other things my least care. Something else constraineth me to wish to die, wherefore I grieve at my misfortune. That this is so, feel no concern, friend, for I conceal it for the best and do not tell it thee."

(4) Pandarus' pity then increased and his desire to know it. Wherefore he continued: "If our friendship, as was wont, is now a pleasure to thee, discover to me what is the cruelty that maketh thee so

much wish to die. It is not the act of a friend to keep anything hidden from his friend.

(3) "I wish to share this affliction with thee, if I am not able to give comfort to thy distress, for it is fitting to share everything with a friend, both sorrow and delight. And I believe that thou knowest well whether I have loved thee in right and in wrong, and whether I would do for thee any great service, let it be what it will and in what act."

(6) Troilus then drew a deep sigh and said: "Pandarus, since it pleaseth thee to hear my sufferings, I will tell thee in a word what undoeth me, not because I hope that a peaceful end can be put by thee to my desire, but only to satisfy thy urgent entreaty, which I know not how to refuse.

(7) "Love, against whom he who defendeth himself the sooner is taken and laboreth in vain, so inflameth my heart with a fond delight that I have on his account put far from me every other god. And this so distresseth me that, as thou canst see, I have a thousand times with difficulty restrained my hand from taking my life.

(8) "Let it suffice thee, my dear friend, to hear of my sorrows, which will never more be disclosed. And I pray thee by the gods, if thou hast any fidelity to our love, that thou discover not this desire to anyone else, because much trouble might follow me on that account. Thou knowest what thou hast wished; go away, and leave me here to fight with my distress."

(9) "O," said Pandarus, "how hast thou been able to keep so great a fire as this hidden from me, for I would have given thee counsel or aid and found some means to thy peace?" And to him Troilus said: "How should I have had it from thee, whom I have always seen sorrowful for love, and who dost not know how to help thyself therein? How thinkest thou then to satisfy me?"

(10) Pandarus said: "Troilus, I know that thou speakest the truth. But oftentimes it happeneth that he who knoweth not how to protect himself from poison, by good counsel safeguardeth another. Of old the one eyed man hath been seen to walk where the man of full vision walketh not

well. Although a man taketh not good counsel, he can give it in another's peril.

(11) "I have loved unhappily and to my sorrow still love. This happeneth because I have not, as thou, loved another secretly. What the gods will, shall at the last be done. The love that I have ever borne thee, I bear thee, and shall bear thee, nor ever shall he be who shall know what may be told me by thee.

(12) "Therefore have confidence in me, my friend, and tell me who is the cause of this thy so grievous and hard living, nor ever fear that I shall reprove thee for loving. For the wise of old have in their sage discourses declared as touching this matter that love of the heart could never be taken away, unless self-freed in the course of long time.

(13) "Leave thy anguish, leave thy sighs, and by talking assuage thy grief. The sufferings of those who do so, pass, and much too doth the intensity diminish when he who is the lover, seeth companions in like desires. I, as thou knowest, love against my will, nor can my suffering be removed nor increased.

(14) "Perhaps she that tormenteth thee will be such an one that I shall be able to work somewhat to thy pleasure—and I would satisfy thy wish, if I could, more than ever I would mine own. Thou shalt see it. Let me hear who she is for whom thou hast this pain. Arise, lie not down, consider that thou canst talk with me as with thine own self."

(15) Troilus stood somewhat in quandary. And after drawing a deep sigh and turning all a burning red in his face for shame, he replied: "Dear friend, a very honorable reason hath kept me from making my love manifest and clear to thee, for she who hath brought me to this pass is a relative of thine." And not a word more did he say.

(16) And he fell back flat upon his couch, weeping bitterly and hiding his face. And to him Pandarus said: "Well-tried friend, little faith hath planted such suspicion in thy breast. Come, cease this wretched plaint of thine, that I be not slain. If she whom thou lovest were my sister, to the best of my ability shouldst thou have thy pleasure of her.

(17) "Get up, tell me, say who she is, tell it me quickly, so that I, who would wish naught else, may find a way to thy comfort. Is she a lady of

mine house? Tell me quickly, for if she is the one that I am thinking to myself that she be, I do not believe that the sixth day will pass before I shall deliver thee from so grievous state."

(18) Troilus answered nothing to this but each moment muffled his face the more closely. And yet when he heard what Pandarus promised, he conceived somewhat more hope in his breast, and felt inclined to speak, and then held back, so greatly ashamed was he of discovering it to him. But under Pandarus' urgency he turned toward him and gave vent to these words:

(19) "My Pandarus, I would wish that I were already dead when I consider to what straits Love hath reduced me. Had I been able to conceal it without doing thee wrong, I would not indeed have dissembled. But I am no longer able. If thou art as discerning as thou art wont to be, thou canst see that Love hath not decreed that man love by rule, regardless of her whom his heart chooseth.

(20) "Others, as thou knowest, are wont to love their sisters, and sisters their brothers, and daughters sometimes their fathers, and fathers-in-law their daughters-in-law, and even, as is wont at times to happen, stepmothers their stepsons. But Love hath seized me for thy cousin, to my sore distress, for Cressida, I say." And when he had said this, he fell back upon his couch face downward in tears.

(21) When Pandarus heard her named, he laughed and thus he spake: "My friend, I pray thee by the gods not to be disheartened. Love hath placed thy desire in a quarter such that he could not place it better. For she is truly worthy of it, if I am any judge of good qualities, or of greatness of soul, or of merit, or of beauty.

(22) "No lady was ever more deserving, none was ever livelier and more entertaining, none more pleasing nor more gracious, none of larger soul among all that ever have been. Nor is there task so lofty that she would not undertake as willingly as any king or would lack courage to carry to completion, provided only she had the power.

(23) "Only one trait, somewhat troublesome to thee, hath my cousin beyond those mentioned, that she is more virtuous than other ladies, and

holdeth matters of love more in contempt. But if naught else annoy us, believe me, I will with my soft words find a way to cope with this, to the relief of thy necessity. Possess thy soul in patience, curbing well thy warm desire.

(24) "Well canst thou then see that Love hath placed thee in a station worthy of thy mettle. Stand firm therefore in the act proposed and have good hope of thy cure, which I believe will follow soon, if thou do not forfeit it with thy plaint. Thou art worthy of her and she of thee, and I will employ all my cunning in this matter.

(25) "Think not, Troilus, that I do not fully realize that affairs so conducted are not becoming to a worthy lady and what may come therefrom to me, to her, and to hers, if such a thing ever reach people's ears as that she, on whose person honor was wont to dwell, hath, for thus obeying the dictates of Love, become, by our folly, an object of reproach.

(26) "But as long as desire hath been checked in its action and everything like unto it held secret, it seemeth to me reasonable to maintain that each lover may follow his high desires, provided only he be discreet in deed and in semblance, without causing any shame to those to whom shame and honor are matters of concern.

(27) "I believe indeed that in desire every woman liveth amorously and that nothing but fear of shame restraineth her. And if to such anguish a full remedy may properly be given, foolish is he that doth not ravish her. And little in my opinion doth the punishment vex her. My cousin is a widow and hath desires; if she should deny it, I would not believe her.

(28) "Therefore, since I know thee wise and reasonable, I can please her and both of you and give you each equal comfort, provided you undertake to keep it secret, and it will be as though it were not. I would do wrong if in this matter I did not all in my power to serve thee. Be thou discreet then in keeping such doings concealed from others."

(29) Troilus listened to Pandarus so well satisfied in mind that he seemed to him to be already well nigh delivered from his anguish. And he waxed again more ardent in his love. But after he had been silent for a

while, he turned to Pandarus and said to him: "I believe what thou sayest of this lady but the difficulty appeareth to mine eyes all the greater on this account.

(30) "Furthermore how will the ardor that I bear within grow less since I have never seen her take notice of my love? She will not believe it, if thou tellest it to her. Moreover, for fear of thee, she will blame this passion and thou wilt accomplish naught. And if she had it in her heart, to show thee that she is honest, she would not be willing to listen to thee.

(31) "Furthermore, Pandarus, I would not have thee believe that I would desire of such a lady aught unbecoming, but only that she consent that I love her. This would be a sovereign favor to me, if I should obtain it. Seek for this, and more I do not ask of thee." Then he looked down somewhat abashed.

(32) And to him Pandarus laughingly replied: "There is no harm in what thou sayest. Leave the matter to me, for I have at hand love enkindling words and speeches of like quality. Of old have I known, under unusual conditions, how to bring more arduous tasks to accomplishment. This labor will all be mine and the sweet result I wish to be thine."

(33) Troilus leaped nimbly to the ground from his couch, embracing and kissing him, swearing that to win in triumph the war against the Greeks would be naught to him when compared to this passion that so much bindeth him: "My Pandarus, I put myself in thy hands, thou philosopher, thou friend, thou knowest all that is needed to put an end to my distress."

(34) Pandarus, anxious to serve the youth, whom he loved much, left him to his own devices, and betook himself to where Cressida dwelt. As she saw him come toward her, she stood up and greeted him from afar, and Pandarus her, and he took her by the hand, and led her with him into an apartment.

(35) There he contented himself for a while with laughter and with sweet words, with many jests and with familiar talk, in the fashion usual at such times between relatives, as one who wisheth to come to his point

with further arguments, if he may, and began to look into her lovely face very fixedly.

(36) Cressida, who observed this, said with a smile: "Cousin, hast thou never seen me, that thou art gazing at me so intently?" To her Pandarus replied: "Well thou knowest that I have seen thee and hope to continue to see thee. But thou appearest to me exceptionally beautiful and hast, as it seemeth to me, more to praise the gods for than any other fair lady."

(37) Cressida said: "What meaneth this? Why more now than in the past?" To her Pandarus replied gaily and promptly: "Because thine is the most fortune-favored face that ever lady had in this world, if I mistake not. I have heard that it pleaseth a very proper man so immeasurably that he is undone by it."

(38) Upon hearing what Pandarus said, Cressida blushed somewhat bashfully and looked like a morning rose. Then she addressed to Pandarus these words: "Mock not at me, for I should be glad of every good that should come to thee. The man I pleased must have had little to occupy his attention, for never on any other occasion did this happen to me since I was born."

(39) "Let us dismiss all jests," said Pandarus then. "Tell me, art thou aware of him?" To this she replied: "No more of one man than of another, as I hope to live. It is true that I see pass here from time to time someone who ever gazeth at my door, nor know I if he come in search of a sight of me or be musing at something else."

(40) Then said Pandarus: "Who is this man?" To him Cressida said: "Truly I know him not, nor can I tell thee further of him." Pandarus, perceiving that she is not speaking of Troilus but of someone else, forthwith replied to her thus: "He whom thou hast wounded is not a man not known by all."

(41) "Who, then, is he who taketh such pleasure in seeing me?" said Cressida. To her Pandarus replied: "Lady, since he who circumscribed the world made the first man, I do not believe that he ever put a more perfect soul in anyone than is the soul of him who loveth thee so much that it would never be possible to tell thee how much.

(42) "He is lofty of soul and of speech, very virtuous, and jealous of honor, wise in native sense beyond another, and without a superior in knowledge, valiant and high spirited, and open in countenance. I could not tell thee all his worth. Ah, how fortunate is thy beauty, since such a man valueth it more than anything else!

(43) "Well is the jewel placed in the ring, if thou art wise as thou art fair. If thou become his, as he hath become thine, well will the star be joined with the sun. Nor ever was youth joined so well with maid as thou wilt be with him, if thou wilt be wise. Well for thee if thou wilt recognize it.

(44) "Once only hath everyone who liveth in the world fortune, if he knoweth how to seize it. Let him who abandoneth it when it cometh, bewail his misfortune by himself, without blaming another. Thy lovely and most beautiful face hath found it for thee. Know now how to use it. Let me weep, since I was born in an evil hour and was displeasing to the gods, to the world, and to fortune."

(45) "Dost thou tempt me or dost thou speak the truth," said Cressida, "or art thou out of thy sense? Who hath any right to have perfect pleasure of me, if he should not first become my husband? But tell me, who is this man? Is he who is so smitten with me a stranger or an inhabitant of our city? Tell me if thou art willing, if thou canst reconcile it with thy sense of duty to tell me, and do not cry 'ah me' without occasion."

(46) Pandarus said: "He is a citizen, nor of the lesser, and my great friend. From his breast, by the power, mayhap, of destiny, have I drawn what I have disclosed to thee. He liveth in wretched and miserable woe, so doth the splendor of thy countenance inflame him. And that thou mayest know who so much loveth thee, Troilus is he who desireth thee so much."

(47) Cressida then paused, looking at Pandarus, and turned such color as doth the air when in the morning it groweth pale, and with difficulty restrained the tears that came to her eyes ready to gush forth. Then, as her lost courage returned, she murmured to herself, and spake thus to Pandarus in sighs:

(48) "I would have thought, Pandarus, if I had ever fallen into such folly that Troilus had ever come into my desire, that thou wouldst have beaten me, not merely restrained me, as one who should seek my honor. O God help me! What will others do now that thou strivest to make me follow the precepts of Love!

(49) "Well I know that Troilus is great and brave and every great lady should be happy with him. But since my husband was taken away from me, my wishes have ever been far removed from Love, and I have still a heavy heart for his grievous death, and shall have whilst I live, calling to memory his departure.

(50) "And if anyone should have my love, certainly to him would I give it, provided only I thought that it would please him. But as thou shouldst clearly know, the fancies which he hath now, often occur, and last four or five days, and then pass lightly away, love changing as thought changeth.

(51) "Therefore let me lead such a life as fortune may have prepared for me. He will easily find a lady, both submissive and gentle, to love at his pleasure. It is meet for me to remain virtuous. By the gods, Pandarus, pray do not let this reply seem grievous to thee. Strive to comfort him with new pleasure and with other diversions."

(52) Pandarus thought himself abused when he heard the remarks of the damsel and got up to leave. Then he stopped, turned to her, and said: "I have commended to thee, Cressida, one whom I would commend to my own sister, or to my daughter, or to my wife, if I had one, an I hope for the joys of Heaven.

(53) "For I believe that Troilus is worth a greater thing than thy love. Yesterday I saw him reduced to such straits because of this love that I pitied him greatly. Perhaps thou dost not believe it and therefore art not concerned about it. Well I know that thou wouldst perforce pity him, if thou knew what I know of his passion. Ah, have pity upon him for love of me.

(54) "I do not believe that there is in the world any man more worthy of confidence than he or more faithful. In loyalty he hath not his equal nor beyond thee doth he desire or look. And although thou art dressed

in dark attire, thou art still young and hast the privilege of loving. Lose no time, consider that old age or death will take away all thy beauty."

(55) "Alas," said Cressida, "thou speakest the truth. Thus do the years little by little bear us forward. The greater number die before the path granted by the celestial fire is completed. But let us now stop thinking of this, and tell me whether I may still have solace and joy of love, and in what way thou didst first take note of Troilus."

(56) Pandarus then smiled and replied: "I will tell it thee, since thou wishest to know it. The day before yesterday, while things were quiet because of the truce then made, Troilus desired that I should go with him for amusement through the shady woods. When we were seated there, he began to talk with me of love and then to sing to himself.

(57) "I was not near him, but hearing him murmur, I turned my attention toward him, and as far as I can remember, he complained to Love of his torment, saying: 'My lord, already in my visage and in my sighs appeareth that which I feel in my heart by reason of the gentle longing which hath seized me because of her beauty.

(58) "'Thou takest thy station in that place where I bear pictured the image which pleaseth me more than aught else. There behold the soul which lieth pensive, conquered by thy radiance, which holdeth it bound about and engirded, whilst it calleth ever for that sweet peace which the fair and lovely eyes of this lady, dear lord, can alone give it.

(59) "'Then by the gods, if my dying distresseth thee, make this fair creature sensible of it, and by supplicating her, obtain that joy which is wont to give relief to thy subjects. Ah, do not desire, my lord, that I die. Behold how my vanquished soul doth ever cry out day and night, such fear hath it lest she slay it.

(60) "'Dost thou hesitate to kindle thy flames beneath her dark mantle, my lord? No greater glory will be thine than this. Enter into her heart with that desire which dwelleth in mine and tormenteth me. Ah, bring it to pass, I pray thee, merciful lord, that by thy mediation her sweet sighs may bring comfort to my desires.'

(61) "After he said this, he sighed deeply and bowed his head, saying I know not what. Then almost in tears he lapsed into silence. Into me,

when I saw this, there entered a suspicion of what the matter was, and I made up my mind, when a more fitting opportunity should arise, to ask him some day smilingly what his song might mean and then of the occasion.

(62) "But only today did the time for this occur, when I found him all alone. I entered his room on the chance that he might be there. He was upon his couch, and seeing me, retired elsewhere. Wherefore I became somewhat suspicious, and came nearer, and found that he wept bitterly and bitterly lamented.

(63) "I comforted him as best I knew how. And with unaccustomed art and diverse artifice I extorted from him what was the matter, having first given my faith in pledge that I would never tell it to any man. This grief of his moved me and for his sake I come to thee, to whom I have in brief discharged his request in every particular.

(64) "What wilt thou do? Wilt thou remain proud and let him who loveth thee beyond any care for himself, come to so cruel death, to miserable destiny, or wretched hap, that so proper a man perish for loving thee? Wert thou only not dear to him for thy lovely figure and for thine eyes, thou mightest perchance still save him from bitter death."

(65) Cressida then said: "From afar didst thou discover the secret of his breast, although he held it in a firm grip what time thou didst find him weeping upon his couch. So may the gods make him well and happy and me also, as pity hath come to me by reason of what thou hast said. I am not cruel, as it seemeth to thee, nor so devoid of pity."

(66) She remained silent awhile and sighed deeply and then already wounded continued: "I perceive in what direction thy compassionate desire tendeth. I will do what thou asketh because I am sure to please thee thereby and he is worth it. Let it suffice thee if I see him. But in order to avoid shame and perhaps worse, pray that he be discreet and do what may not be a reproach to me nor to him as well."

(67) "Sister mine," said Pandarus then, "thou speakest well and I will make this request of him. Truly, I do not believe that he will fail, I know him to be so well-mannered and discreet, unless it happen by some

unlucky accident. And this the gods forbid. I will contrive thee such recompense as shall be to thy pleasure. Fare thee well and do thy duty."

(68) After Pandarus departed, Cressida retired alone to her room, revolving in her heart every little word and message of Pandarus in the form in which it had been told. In joyful mood she discourseth and talketh with herself, and in so doing often sigheth, and pictureth Troilus in her mind beyond her wont.

(69) "I am young, fair, lovely, and carefree, a widow, rich, noble, and beloved. I have no children and lead an undisturbed life. Why should I not be in love? If perchance regard for my reputation forbid it me, I shall be prudent and keep my desire so hidden that it will not be known that I have ever entertained love in my heart.

(70) "Every hour my youth taketh flight. Am I to lose it so miserably? I do not know a single lady in this land without a lover. Most people, as I know and see, fall in love. Shall I lose my time for nothing? To do as others is no sin and I cannot incur the reproach of anyone.

(71) "Who will ever desire me, if I grow old? Certainly no one. And to regret then is naught but to suffer increase of woe. It doth no good to repent of it afterward or to say in grief: 'Why didst thou not love?' Well is it therefore to make provision in season. This lover of thine is handsome, well-bred, wise; and clever, and fresher than garden lily,

(72) "Of royal blood and of highest worth, and thy cousin Pandarus praiseth him so much to thee. What doest thou then? Why not receive him somewhat within thine heart, as he hath thee? Why not give thy love to him? Hearest thou not the pitifulness of his plaint? O how much happiness wilt thou have with him, besides, if thou love him as he loveth thee!

(73) "Now is not the time for a husband, and if it were, to keep one's liberty is a much wiser part. Love that springeth from so complete friendship is ever more pleasing to lovers. Beauty, however great, soon palleth upon married men, who desire to have every day something fresh.

(74) "Water acquired by stealth is sweeter far than wine had in abundance. So the joy of love, when hidden, ever surpasseth that of the

husband held perpetually in arms. Therefore with zest receive the sweet lover, who hath come to thee at the certain behest of the gods, and give satisfaction to his burning desire."

(75) She ceased awhile. Then she turned her thoughts in the opposite direction, saying: "What dost thou purpose to do, wretched one? Knowest thou not how bad is the life that one liveth with one's lover when passion languisheth, for there must ever be in it continuance of woes, of sighs, and grieving, with jealousy added, which is far worse than wretched death?"

(76) "As for this man who now loveth thee, he is of much higher rank than thou. This amorous desire of his will pass and he will hold thee ever in abuse and will leave thee wretched, full of shame and confusion. Be careful what thou doest. Good sense, when it cometh too late, never was, nor is, nor ever will be of any avail.

(77) "But granting that this love be destined to last for a long time, how canst thou be sure that it is destined to remain concealed? 'Tis vain to trust to fortune and well to realize how impotent is human counsel when need ariseth. If it be discovered openly, thou canst regard thy reputation, which heretofore hath been excellent, as lost for ever.

(78) "Therefore leave such loves to those who delight in them." After she said this, she began to sigh violently, nor was she able to banish the fair image of Troilus from her chaste breast. Therefore she returned to her first impression, now blaming, now praising, and in such vacillation made with herself long delay.

(79) Pandarus, who after parting from Cressida had felt satisfied, had, without going elsewhere, repaired directly to Troilus, and began from afar to say to him: "Comfort thyself, brother, for I have, I believe, accomplished a great part of thy desire." And he sat down and straightway told him quickly what had happened.

(80) As little flowers, bowed and closed by the chill of night, when whitened by the sun, open all and straighten upon their stems, so at that moment did Troilus recover from his weary spirits, and glancing heavenward began as one enfranchised: "Praised be thy supreme power, fair Venus, and that of thy son Love."

(81) Then he embraced Pandarus fully a thousand times, and kissed him as much again, so happy that he would not have been made more so had he been given a thousand Troys. And very softly he went thence, with Pandarus alone, to behold the beauty of Cressida, watching intently if he saw any new behavior in her by reason of Pandarus' words.

(82) She was standing at one of her windows and was perchance expecting what happened. Not harsh nor forbidding did she show herself toward Troilus as he looked at her, but at all times cast toward him modest glances over her right shoulder. Troilus departed, delighted thereat, giving thanks to Pandarus and to the gods.

(83) And that indifference which was holding Cressida at cross purposes with herself vanished, as she praised to herself his manner, his pleasing actions, and his courtesy, and so suddenly was she captivated that she desired him above every other good, and grieved much at the time lost when she had not known his love.

(84) Troilus singeth and maketh joyful, jousteth, spendeth, and giveth freely, and often reneweth and changeth his apparel, loving more fervently every hour. And for diversion's sake he findeth it not an irksome task to pursue love, to eye Cressida discreetly, and she, no less discreet, showed herself to him from time to time lovely and light hearted.

(85) But as through continual experience we note the more the wood, the greater the fire, so if hope happeneth to increase, oft love increaseth too. From then on with greater force than usual felt Troilus in his captive heart the goad of high desire. Thenceforth sighs and torments came back stronger than before.

(86) Thereof Troilus did many times make plaint to Pandarus, saying: "Woe is me! Cressida hath with her fair eyes so taken away my life that I expect to die from the fervent desire that so presseth upon my heart that in it I glow and burn. Ah, what shall I do, I who alone ought to be satisfied with her great courtesy?"

(87) "She looketh at me and permitteth me to look modestly at her. This should suffice my inflamed desires. But my eager appetite would wish I know not what more. So poorly regulated are the ardors that

excite it that he who should not experience it, would not believe how much this flame, which waxeth greater every hour, tormenteth me.

(88) "What shall I do then? I know not what to do, if not to call upon thee, fair Cressida. Thou alone art she who canst aid me, thou priceless lady; thou alone art she who canst quench my fire. O sweet light and dear flame of my heart! Might I pass a winter's night with thee, I would then remain an hundred and fifty in hell.

(89) "What shall I do, Pandarus? Sayest thou naught? Thou beholdest me glow in such a fire and dost appear to have no thought for the sighs wherein I burn. Help me, I pray thee dearly, tell me what I shall do, give me a word of advice. For if from thee or from her I have not succor, I am caught in the snares of death."

(90) Pandarus then said: "I see well and hear all thou sayest, nor have I feigned nor ever shall feign to give aid to all thy sufferings, and ever am I prepared to do for thee not only what is fitting, but anything, without being urged either by force or by prayer. Let me behold openly thy warm desire.

(91) "I know that in everything thou art six times as discerning as I. But nevertheless, if I were in thy place, I would write to her in mine own hand all about mine anguish, and, beyond this, I would beseech her by the gods, and by Love, and by her courtesy, that she should care for me. And if thou write this, I will bear it to her without delay.

(92) "And besides this, to the extent of my power I will pray her to have pity upon thee. What she will reply thou shalt see. Already my soul believeth of a certainty that her reply will be sure to please thee. Therefore write and put therein all thy faith, all thy grief, and then thy desire. Omit nothing; tell all."

(93) This advice pleased Troilus greatly, but as a timid lover he replied: "Ah me, Pandarus, thou shalt see, inasmuch as ladies are observed to be shamefaced, that Cressida for shame will reject with angry words the writing which thou shalt carry, and we shall be in a far worse plight."

(94) To this Pandarus: "If it pleaseth thee, do what I tell thee, and then leave matters to me. For, an Love be not my enemy, I will bring

thee, I believe, a reply written in her own hand. If it displeaseth thee, timid and sad mayest thou remain because of it. If thou wilt persist in thy misery, it will not be my task to content thee."

(95) Then said Troilus: "Be it as thou pleasest. I will go and write. And I pray Love of his courtesy that he make fruitful the writing, the letter, and the journey." And he went thence to his room, and like a wise man at once wrote to his dearest lady a letter. And thus he said:

(96) "How can he who is placed in torment, in heavy sorrow, and in grievous state, as I am for thee, lady, give good health to anyone? Certainly it should not be expected of him. Therefore I am departing from the practice of others. Thou shalt lack good health from me only for this reason, because I have it not to give, unless thou givest it to me.

(97) "I cannot escape what Love wisheth, who before now hath emboldened lowlier than I. He constraineth me to write the words, as thou shalt see, and wisheth to be implicitly obeyed by me, as he is wont to be. Therefore if I make a mistake in this letter, let his be the blame, and grant pardon to me, I pray thee, my sweet hope.

(98) "Thy lofty beauty, and the splendor of thy lovely eyes and of thine accomplished manners, thy dear modesty, and thy womanly worth, thy ways and actions, more praised than others, have in my mind so established him for lord and thee for lady that no other accident save death would ever be strong enough to pluck you out of it.

(99) "And do what I may, the beautiful image of thee bringeth ever into my heart a thought which driveth forth any other which speaketh of anyone else than of thee alone, although of any other one my soul hath indeed no care, since it is made handmaid of thy worth, in which alone my hope is fixed. Thy name is ever on my lips, and toucheth my heart every hour with greater desire.

(100) "From all this, lady, there ariseth a fire which tortureth my soul day and night, without allowing me to find opportunity for rest. Mine eyes weep and my breast sigheth thereat, and little by little I feel myself consumed by this ardor that stirreth about within me. For this reason it behooveth me to have recourse solely to thy virtue, if I wish to have relief.

(101) "Thou alone, when thou wishest, canst give these sore torments sweet peace. Thou alone, my lady, canst give this painful affliction surcease. Thou alone with tender ministrations canst remove from me the torture that so undoeth me. Thou alone, as my lady, canst accomplish what my heart desireth.

(102) "Therefore if ever anyone by pure fidelity, if ever by great love, if by desire always to serve well in every case, whether good or evil, deserved grace, grant that I be one of them, dear my lady, grant that I be one of them, I who for refuge come to thee, as to her who is the cause of all my sighs.

(103) "I know well that I have never deserved by my service that for which I come. But thou alone, who hast wounded my heart, thou and none other, canst, when thou wilt, make me worthy of a greater thing. O desired weal of my heart, lay aside the lofty disdain of thy great spirit, and be condescending toward me, in so much as thou art gentle in thine actions.

(104) "Certain I am that thou wilt be merciful as thou art fair, and that my sore distress, discreetly amiable and gracious one, who dost not wish that I perish in my misery for loving thee so much, will turn, delectable lady, to sweet joy. I beseech thee for it, if my prayer availeth, by that love for which thou mayest by now have more concern.

(105) "Although a small gift, with little ability, and much less worth, I am without fail all thine. Wise as thou art, thou wilt understand, if I do not speak adequately, that I am not a talker. In like manner I hope that thine acts will be much better and greater than my deserts. May Love dispose thine heart to this.

(106) "I had many more things in mind to say but in order not to annoy thee, I will suppress them. In conclusion I pray the sweet lord Love that, as he hath placed thee in my delight, so with the same willingness he place me in thy desire, that, as I am thine, so thou mayest at some time become mine and may never be taken away from me."

(107) Then after writing all these things on a paper, he folded it in order, and wetted the seal against his tearful cheeks. Then he sealed it and put it in Pandarus' hands. First he kissed it a hundred times and

more, saying: "Letter mine, how blissful wilt thou be, into the hand of such a lady shalt thou come!"

(108) Pandarus took the pitiful letter and went off to Cressida. When she saw him coming she left the company in which she was, and went part way to meet him, appearing in sight as doth an oriental pearl, overcome alike with fear and with desire. From afar they saluted one another and then took each other by the hand.

(109) Then said Cressida: "What business now bringeth thee here? Hast thou further news?" To her Pandarus replied: "Lady, for thee have I news good and favorable, but not for someone else, as can show thee these wretched writings of him whom I seem to see die for thee, so little dost thou care for him.

(110) "Take them away and peruse them diligently. Any answer will make him happy." Cressida stood timorously, without taking them, and her gentle aspect changed a little. Then she said softly: "My Pandarus, an I hope Love may give thee peace, have some little regard for me as well as for the youth.

(111) "Consider whether what thou now asketh is fitting, and do thou thyself be judge of this, and take thought whether in accepting these I do right, and whether thy request is altogether modest, and whether, in order to alleviate the pain of another, it is desirable to do that which is in itself an immodest act. Ah, do not leave them with me, my Pandarus, take them back for the love of the gods."

(112) Pandarus was somewhat disturbed by this and said: "A strange thing is this to consider that at what is most desired by her sex each lady should, in the presence of others, show herself annoyed and vexed. I have spoken to thee so much of this matter that thenceforth thou shouldst not play the prude with me. I beseech thee not to deny me this."

(113) Cressida smiled when she heard him, and took them, and thrust them into her bosom. Then she said to him: "When I have time, I shall peruse them to the best of my ability. If in doing this I do less than well, my inability to do less than thy pleasure is the reason. May the gods bear witness thereof from heaven and make provision for my simple mindedness."

(114) Pandarus gave them to her and left. She was very eager to see what they said, and when she found opportunity, she left her other companions in their seats, and went away to her room, and after unfolding them, read and reread them with delight, and clearly perceived that Troilus was much more on fire than appeared in his outward demeanor.

(115) This was a comfort to her because she felt the soul in her heart transfixed. Wherefore she lived very disconsolate, although it did not appear at all outwardly. And after carefully noting every word that was written, she praised and thanked Love for it, saying to herself: "It is fitting that I find time and place to quench this fire.

(116) "For if I let it multiply into too great heat, my hidden desire might appear in my colorless face, which would be no small disgrace to me. And I on my part have no intent to die or to let another die, when with delight I can avoid my own and another's distress.

(117) "I shall certainly not remain so disposed as I have been up to the present. If Pandarus return for the answer, I shall give it to him amiably and agreeably, if it should cost me something, as it doth not. Nor can I ever more be called cruel by Troilus. Would that I were now in his sweet arms, pressed face to face with him!"

(118) After frequent promptings from Troilus Pandarus returned to Cressida and said with a smile: "Lady, what thinkest thou of my friend's writing?" She turned red at once and said naught save: "The gods know." Pandarus said to her: "Hast thou replied?" To him she said jestingly: "So soon?"

(119) "If I am ever to go on thine errand," said Pandarus, "see now that thou do it." And she to him: "I do not know how to do it well." "Ah," said Pandarus, "try to satisfy him. Love is a good instructor. I have so great a desire to comfort him that upon my faith thou wouldst not believe it. Thy reply alone could do this."

(120) "I will do it because it pleaseth thee so much. But may the gods grant that matters go well!" "Ah, so they will," said Pandarus, "inasmuch as he, to whom it giveth more pleasure than anything else, is worth it."

Then he departed. And in the least frequented corner of her room she sat down to write in the following manner:

(121) "To thee, discreet and powerful friend, whom Love greatly infatuateth for me, as a man unduly enamored of me, Cressida, her honor preserved, sendeth greeting, and thereafter humbly recommendeth herself to thy high worthiness, being anxious to please thee provided my honor and chastity be safe.

(122) "I have received from him who loveth thee so perfectly that he careth not any more for any honor of mine or for my good name, pages full of thy writing. In them I read thy wretched life not without grief, as I hope to have the fortune which is dear to me. Although they are adorned with tears, I have pondered them diligently.

(123) "And as I think everything over reasonably, and weigh thine affliction, and thy request, thy faith, and thy hope, I do not see how I can satisfy thy request very suitably, wishing as I do to have full regard to what is most to be desired in the world, namely, to live and die in good repute.

(124) "Although it would be well to please thee, if the world were what it ought to be, yet since it is what it is, we must perforce make the best of it. If we were to do otherwise, extreme suffering might follow. Despite myself must I put aside the pity I felt for thee, whereby thou wilt gain but little satisfaction from me.

(125) "But so great is the virtue which I perceive in thee that I know thou wilt see clearly what is proper for me, and that thou wilt be satisfied with my reply, and wilt moderate thy severe grief, which greatly displeaseth and troubleth my heart. In truth, if it were not unbecoming, willingly would I do what would please thee.

(126) "Of little worth, as thou canst see, is the writing and the art in this letter. I would wish that it might bring thee more pleasure but what is wished can do but little good. The power to do will perhaps sometime take the place of good intentions. If it doth not displease thee, give a little respite to thy sorrow at my not having replied to all thou hast said.

(127) "There is no need for the protestations which thou makest, for I am certain that thou wouldst perform everything. And me indeed,

though of little worth, thou couldst and canst have for thine even more than a thousand times, an the cruel fire do not burn me, which I am certain thou wouldst not wish. I say no more, save to pray the gods to satisfy thy desire and mine."

(128) When she had spoken in such wise, she folded it, and sealed it, and gave it to Pandarus. Starting at once in search of the youth Troilus, he went off with it to him, and gave it to him with the greatest delight. He took it, read in haste what had been written therein, sighing the while and suffering change of heart according to the words.

(129) But at last, repeating to himself every thing she had written, he said to himself: "If I understand her, Love constraineth her, but as a guilty person she still goeth skulking behind the shield. But if Love give me strength to suffer, she cannot delay long before coming to quite different speech."

(130) And Pandarus, with whom he discussed the whole matter, agreed with him. Therefore he taketh fresh heart more than ever, leaving somewhat his sad affliction, and hopeth that the hour is soon to come that must bring reward to his suffering. This he imploreth and day and night beseecheth, as one whose heart is set on this alone.

(131) From day to day his ardor increased, and although hope helped to sustain him, he was still heavy at heart. And it must be supposed that it troubled him greatly. Wherefore it may be guessed that many a time he wrote letters in great fervor. To these there came to him reply, now gentle and now harsh, now often and now seldom.

(132) Therefore he often complained of love, and of fortune, which he held his enemy. Oftentimes he said to himself: "Alas, if the nettle of love should a little more prick her, as it pierceth and tormenteth me, my life, bereft of solace, would quickly come to the gracious port to which before I come, I shall be dead."

(133) Pandarus, who perceived the flames enkindled in the breast of him whom he loved, was often liberal of his prayers to Cressida, and related to her without concealment all that he observed of Troilus. Although glad to hear it, she said: "I can do naught else; I am doing for him what thou didst enjoin upon me, my dear brother."

(134) "This is not enough," replied Pandarus. "I wish thee to comfort and speak to him." To him Cressida said in reply: "This mean I never to do for him, for the crown of my virtue I intend on no account to give him. As a brother shall I love him ever because of his great goodness and because of his noble nature."

(135) Pandarus replied: "This crown the priests commend in those of you from whom they cannot take it. Each of them talketh like a saint and then surpriseth all of you that he can in sleep. No one will ever know about Troilus. He now suffereth much and hath only the prospect of thy gift to console him. Very ill doeth he who can act well and doth not, for the wiser a man is, the more doth the loss of time displease him."

(136) Cressida said: "I know that his virtue is tender of my honor, and that he would not ask of me other than he ought, so great is his worthiness. I swear to thee by my hope of salvation that I am, apart from what thou asketh of me, a thousand times more his than I am my own, so much doth his courtesy delight me."

(137) "If he pleaseth thee, what art thou in search of? Ah, lay aside this harshness! Dost thou intend that he die of love? Well wilt thou be able to hold thy beauty dear, if thou slay such a man. Ah, tell me, when dost thou wish that he come to thee, to whom this privilege is a greater prize than the heavens have to offer? Tell me, how, and where? Do not try to conquer all thy scruples."

(138) "Ah me, alas! To what hast thou led me, my Pandarus, and what dost thou wish that I do? Thou hast broken and shattered my sense of shame. I dare not look thee in the face. Ah me, wretched one that I am! When shall I have it again? My blood turneth ice about my heart, when I think of what thou askest, and thou hast no care thereat, and seest it clearly.

(139) "I would wish that I had been dead the day that I so much hearkened to thee here in this apartment. Thou didst put in my heart a desire that I believe will hardly ever depart from it. It will be the occasion of losing my honor, alas, and of infinite woes. I can do no more. Since it is to thy pleasure, I am disposed to do thy will.

(140) "But if any request have value in thy sight, I pray thee, sweet and dear my brother, that all that each of us hath said and done, be kept secret. Thou canst well see what might follow, if such a passion should come to light. Speak to him of it, and apprise him of it. As opportunity offereth, I will do what your pleasure desireth."

(141) Pandarus replied: "Guard thy lips, for neither he, on his part, nor I will ever tell it." "Dost thou now," she said, "consider me so foolish, because thou seest me tremble all over with fear lest it be known? But since the honor and the shame that we shall have from it toucheth thee as well as me, I shall dismiss the matter from my mind, and do thou henceforth in regard to it as it pleaseth thee."

(142) Pandarus said: "Do not doubt that in this matter we shall exercise very good caution. When dost thou wish that he come to speak to thee? Let us now draw this business to a head. To do it quickly, since it is to be done, will be much better. Love is much more easily hidden after the deed, when you shall have arranged together what you will need to do."

(143) "Thou knowest," said Cressida, "that there are ladies and other people with me in this house. Some of them are to go to the coming festival. Then I shall remain with him. I hope that this delay cause him no anxiety. Of the manner of his coming I shall then talk with thee. See only that he be prudent and know well how to conceal his desires."

THIRD PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the third part of the Filostrato, in which, after the invocation, Pandarus and Troilus speak together of the need of keeping secret that which toucheth Cressida. Troilus goeth thither secretly and taketh delight and speaketh with Cressida. He departeth and returneth. And after returning he abideth in joy and in song. And in the first place the invocation of the author.

(1) O shining light, whose rays have thus far guided me, as through the halls of Love I took my wingèd way, now is it fitting that thy redoubled radiance guide my invocation and make it such that the benefits of the sweet reign of Love may in every particular appear set forth by me.

(2) To that kingdom cometh he who with discretion and with virtue can suffer faithfully the passion of Love to the full. By other method rarely may he ever come thither. Therefore, O fair lady, favor my desire. Grant an abundance of the grace that I ask and I will continue to sing thy praises.

(3) Although Troilus still suffered much from the ardor of Love, yet it seemed that all was well with him, wholly intent upon pleasing Cressida, and bearing in mind that she had replied humbly to all his letters and had moreover, whenever he had seen her, looked at him with a glance so sweet that it seemed that he experienced the utmost delight.

(4) Pandarus, as I have said above, had departed from the lady with inward satisfaction and joyful in mind and in face went in search of Troilus, whom, when he had gone from him, he had left torn between

cheerful hope and sad plaints. And he went looking for him in this place and in that until he found him in a temple lost in thought.

(5) As soon as he reached him, he drew him aside and began to say: "My friend, when lately I saw thee languish so bitterly for Love, so much did it affect me that for thy sake mine own heart bore a great part of thy suffering. Therefore, to give thee comfort, I have never rested until I found her.

(6) "I have for thy sake become a go-between; for thy sake have I cast mine honor to the ground; for thy sake have I corrupted the wholesome breast of my sister, and put thy love in her heart. Nor will long time pass ere thou shalt see her with more relish than this speech of mine can afford thee, when thou shalt have lovely Cressida in thine arms.

(7) "But as the gods who behold everything, know, and as thou knowest, not hope of reward but only fealty, which I bear thee as a friend, hath brought me to this and led me to act so that thou mayest find recompense. Therefore I pray thee, an the desired weal be not reft from thee by dire fortune, act as becometh a prudent man.

(8) "Thou knowest her reputation is sound among the people nor hath aught else than all good been said of her by anyone. It hath now happened that thou hast it in thy hands and canst take it away from her, if thou dost what thou shouldst not, though this can never happen without great shame to me, who am her kinsman and guardian as well.

(9) "Therefore I pray thee as earnestly as I know how, that this matter be kept secret between us. I have removed from Cressida's heart every shyness and every thought that was against thee, and have so plied her with talk of thy sincere love that she loveth thee and is disposed to do what thou shalt wish to command.

(10) "Nor to this outcome is there lacking aught but opportunity, and when it cometh, I will put thee in her arms to take delight therein. But by the gods, see that this business be conducted secretly nor in any case issue forth from thy breast, O dear my friend, nor be displeased if many times I make to thee this entreaty. Thou seest that my prayer is honorable."

(11) Who could tell fully the joy that the soul of Troilus felt when he heard Pandarus? For the more he spake, the more his sorrow diminished. The sighs that he heaved in great abundance ceased, and his wretched sorrow departed, and his tearful face, now that his hopes were fair, became joyful.

(12) And just as the fresh spring suddenly reclotheth with leaves and with flowerets the shrubs that were bare in the severe season, and maketh them beautiful, revesteth the meadows and hills and every river bank with grass and with beautiful fresh flowers, just so did Troilus, full at once of new joy, smile with calm visage.

(13) And after a little sigh he looked Pandarus in the face and said: "Thou shouldst bear in mind how and when thou didst of yore find me weeping in the bitter time I was wont to have in my loving and still had when thy words sought to discover what was the occasion of my woe.

(14) "Thou knowest how much I hesitated to disclose it to thee, who art my one and only friend. Nor on this account was there any danger in telling it to thee, although for this reason it was not a modest act. Think then how I should ever be able to consent to it, who, while I tell thee of it, tremble lest someone hear it. May the gods avert such a disaster!

(15) "Nevertheless I swear to thee by the gods, who hold equal control over the heaven and the earth, that, an I hope not to fall into the hands of the strong Agamemnon, if my life were eternal as it is mortal, thou canst rest assured that in so far as in me lieth, this secret will repose within my breast and that in every act will be safeguarded the honor of that lady who hath wounded my heart.

(16) "How much thou hast said and done for me I well know and plainly see. Nor should I ever in any act be able to reward thee for it. For thou hast, I may say, drawn me from hell and worse to heaven. But I beg thee by our friendship that thou no more apply that ugly name to thyself, where it is a question of coming to the relief of a friend.

(17) "Leave it to the wretched misers whom gold prompteth to such service. Thou hast done it to draw me from the bitter lamentations which were mine and from the sore conflict which I had with distressful

thoughts—disturbers of every sweet memory—as should be done for a friend when the friend seeth him suffer.

(18) “And that thou mayest know how much complete good will is borne thee by me, I have my sister Polyxena, more praised for beauty than any other lady, and also there is with her that loveliest Helen, who is my kinswoman. Open thy heart, if either of them please thee; then let me arrange matters with which one it be.

(19) “But since thou hast done so much—so much more than I would have asked thee—, bring my desire to pass when opportunity presenteth itself to thee. To thee do I turn and from thee alone do I await my high pleasure, and my comfort, my joy, and my well-being, and my solace, and my delight. Nor shall I act except as thou shalt say. Mine will be the pleasure and thou shalt have the gratification of it.”

(20) Pandarus was pleased with Troilus and each went about his affairs. But although with that lady as prize every day seemed an hundred to Troilus, he endured meekly and with high argument controlled within himself his amorous impulses, giving the night to thoughts of love and the day to strenuous warfare with his followers.

(21) In the meantime the opportunity desired by the two lovers arrived. Thereupon Pandarus had Cressida summoned and explained everything to her. But Pandarus was anxious about Troilus, who the day before had gone with certain companions some little distance on important business of the war, although he was expected to return presently.

(22) This he told her and she was much distressed to hear it. But notwithstanding, Pandarus, as a diligent friend, at once sent after him a nimble servant, who, without taking any rest, was in short time in the presence of Troilus, who, after hearing what he came for, in joyful mood made ready to return.

(23) After reaching Pandarus he heard from him in full what he had to do. Thereupon he very impatiently awaited the night, which seemed to him to flee, and then quietly alone with Pandarus took his way whither Cressida was staying, who alone and in fear awaited him.

(24) The night was dark and cloudy, as Troilus wished, and he advanced watching each object attentively that there might be no unnecessary disturbance, little or great, to his amorous desire, which he hoped would free him from his severe torment. And by a secret approach he made his entrance alone into the house, which was already quiet.

(25) And in a certain dark and remote spot, as ordered, he awaited the lady. Nor did he find the awaiting arduous or difficult or the obscurity of his whereabouts. But with a sense of courage and security he often said to himself: "My gentle lady will soon come and I shall be joyful, more than if I were the sole lord of the universe."

(26) Cressida had plainly heard him come, because, as had been agreed, she had coughed to make him hear. And that he might not be sorry that he had come, she kept speaking every little while in a clear voice. And she provided that everyone should go at once to sleep, saying that she was so sleepy that she could no longer keep awake.

(27) When everyone had gone to sleep and the house had become all quiet, Cressida thought it time to go at once where Troilus was in the hidden spot. When he heard her come, he stood up and with joyful countenance went to meet her, waiting in silence to be ready at her every command.

(28) The lady had in hand a lighted torch and descended the stairs all alone and beheld Troilus waiting for her in suspense. She greeted him and then said as well as she could: "My lord, if I have given offense by keeping thy royal splendor confined in such a spot as this, I pray thee by the gods, forgive me, my sweet desire."

(29) To her Troilus said: "Fair lady, sole hope and weal of my mind, ever have I had before me the star of thy fair visage in all its radiant splendor and of a truth more dear to me hath been this little corner than my palace. This is not a matter that requireth the asking of pardon." Then he took her in his arms and they kissed one another on the mouth.

(30) They did not leave that place before they had with sweet joy and ardent dalliance embraced one another a thousand times. And as many times more did they kiss one another, as those who burned with equal

fire and were very dear to one another. But when the welcome ended, they mounted the stairs and went into a chamber.

(31) Long would it be to recount the joy and impossible to tell the delight they took together when they came there. They stripped themselves and got into bed. There the lady, still keeping on her last garment, said to him: "Mirror mine, the newly wed are bashful the first night."

(32) To her Troilus said: "Soul of me, I pray thee remove it, so that I may have thee naked in my arms, as my heart desireth." And she replied: "Behold, I rid myself of it." And after casting off her shift, she quickly wrapped herself in his arms, and clasping one another fervently they experienced the last delight of love.

(33) O sweet and much desired night, what wert thou to the two joyful lovers! If the knowledge that all the poets once possessed were given me, I should be unable to describe it. Let him who was ever before so much favored by Love as they, take thought of it, and he will know in part their delight.

(34) They did not leave one another's arms all night. While they held one another embraced, they thought they were separated, the one from the other, and that it was not true that they were locked together, one with another, as they were, but they believed they were dreaming of being in one another's arms. And the one often asked the other: "Have I thee in my arms? Do I dream or art thou thyself?"

(35) And they beheld one another with so great desire that the one did not remove his eyes from the other, and the one said to the other: "My love, can it be that I am with thee!" "Yes, soul of my life, thanks be to the gods," replied the other. And they exchanged sweet kisses together, ever and anon clasping one another tightly the while.

(36) Troilus often kissed the lovely amorous eyes of Cressida, saying: "You thrust into my heart darts of love so fiery that I am all inflamed by them. You seized me and I did not hide myself in flight, as is wont to do he who is in doubt. You hold me and ever will hold me in Love's net, bright eyes of mine."

(37) Then he kissed them and kissed them yet again and Cressida kissed his in return. Then he kissed all her face and her bosom, and not an hour passed without a thousand sighs—not those grievous ones by which one loseth color but those devoted ones, by which was shown the affection that lay in their breasts and which resulted in the renewal of their delight.

(38) Let now these wretched misers, who blame whoever hath fallen in love and who hath not, as they, devoted himself entirely in some way to the making of money, take thought and consider whether, when holding it full dear, as much pleasure was ever furnished by it as Love doth provide in a single moment to him to whom by good chance he is joined.

(39) They will say “Yes” but they will lie. With laughter and with jests will they call this love grievous folly, without perceiving that in a single hour they will lose themselves and their money, without having known in all their lives what joy is. May the gods make them sad and give their gains to lovers.

(40) Reassured in their union the two lovers began to talk together and to recount to one another their laments of the past, their anguish, and their sighs. And all this talk they often interrupted with fervent kissing and abandoning their past suffering, shared delicious joy.

(41) No talk was there of sleeping but they desired by keeping wide-awake to prevent the night from growing shorter. They could not have enough of one another, however much they might do or say what they believed to belong to that act. And without letting the hours run on in vain they used them all that night.

(42) But when near day they heard the cocks crow by reason of the rising dawn, the desire of embracing grew warm again, not unattended by sorrow on account of the hour which was to separate them and cast them into new torment, which no one had yet felt, because of their being separated, since they were inflamed more than ever with love.

(43) When Cressida heard them crow she said in sorrow: “O my love, now is it time to arise, if we wish to conceal our desire. But I wish to

embrace thee a little, my love, before thou arisest, that I may feel less grief at thy departure. Do thou embrace me, my sweet life."

(44) Troilus well nigh in tears embraced her and clasping her tightly, kissed her, cursing the approaching day, which so quickly separated them. Then he began saying to her: "The parting grieveth me beyond measure. How am I ever to part from thee, since the happiness I feel, thou, lady, givest me?"

(45) "I know not why I do not die when I consider that I must go away against my will and that I have already received banishment from life, and death hath much power over me. Nor know I how or when I shall return. O fortune, why dost thou take me afar from such pleasure, which pleaseth me more than aught else? Why dost thou take from me my consolation and my peace?"

(46) "Alas what shall I do if at the first step the desire to return here so constraineth me that life may not bear it, wretched one that I am? Ah why, pitiless day, comest thou so soon to separate us? When wilt thou dip beneath the horizon that I may see thee bring us together again? Alas, I do not know." Then he turned to Cressida and kissed her fresh visage,

(47) Saying: "If I believed, my fair lady, that I should remain continually in thy mind, as I keep thee in mine, more dear would this be to me than the realm of Troy, and I would be patient at this parting, since I come to it against my will, and would hope to return here at time and place appointed to quench, as now, our fire."

(48) Cressida answered him in sighs, whilst she held him tight in her arms: "Soul of mine, I heard in conversation some time ago, if I remember correctly, that Love is a jealous spirit, and when he seizeth aught, he holdeth it so firmly bound and pressed in his claws that to free it, advice is given in vain.

(49) "He hath gripped me in such wise for thee, my dear weal, that if I wished to return now to what I was at first, take it not into thy head that I could do so. Thou art ever, morn and eve, locked in my mind. If I thought I were so in thine, I should esteem myself happier than I could ask.

(50) "Therefore live certain of my love, which is greater than I have ever felt for another. If thou desirest to return here, I desire it much more than thou. Nor when opportunity shall be given me, wilt thou return here sooner than I. Heart of my body, to thee I commend myself." After she said this she sighed and kissed him.

(51) Troilus arose against his will when he had kissed her an hundred times. But realizing what had to be done, he got all dressed and then after many words said: "I do thy will; I go away. See that what thou hast promised be not left unfulfilled. I commend thee to the gods and leave my soul with thee."

(52) Voice did not come to her for reply, so great sorrow constrained her at his departure. But Troilus set out thence with hasty steps toward his palace. He feeleth that Love vexeth him more than he did at first, when he longed for him, of so much more worth had he found Cressida than he had at first supposed.

(53) After Troilus had returned to the royal palace he went thence silently to bed, to sleep a little, if he could, for ease. But sleep could not enter his breast, so much did fresh anxieties disturb him, as he called to mind his past delight and thought with himself how much more worthy was fair Cressida than he had believed.

(54) He kept turning over each act in his thoughts, and the sensible talk they had had together, and often again repeated to himself their sweet and pleasing speech. He was constantly aware of far greater love for her than in his imaginings. And with such thoughts he burned the more violently in love and was not aware of it.

(55) Cressida on her part did likewise, speaking of Troilus in her heart. Inwardly happy because of such a lover she gave boundless thanks to Love. And it seemeth to her fully a thousand years before her sweet lover will return to her and she will hold him in her arms and kiss him often, as she had done the night just passed.

(56) It was morning. Pandarus came to Troilus, who was risen, and saluted him. And Troilus returned the salutation and threw himself upon his neck with eagerness. "Thou art welcome, my Pandarus," and kissed

him lovingly on the forehead. "Thou hast, my friend, taken me from hell to usher me into paradise, as sure as I do live.

(57) "I would never be able to do for thee as much as an atom of what I clearly know is thy due, if I should die for thee a thousand times a day. Thou hast placed me in joy from bitter plaint." And he kissed him over again and said: "My sweet delight, how happy thou makest me! When will it be that I shall ever hold thee again in my arms?"

(58) "The sun, which beholdeth the entire world, beholdeth not so fair a lady nor so pleasing, if my words deserve any belief, so well mannered, lovely, and attractive as she, to whose tender mercies more than to aught else is it owing that I live truly happy. Praised be Love, who hath made me hers, and likewise thy good services.

(59) "Therefore thou hast not given me a little thing nor hast thou given me to a little thing. My life will ever be indebted to thee and thou shalt ever have it whenever it please thee. Thou hast raised it from death to life." Here he ceased speaking, more joyful than ever. Pandarus heard him, waited a little while, and then replied in high spirits to his words as follows:

(60) "If I have, fair sweet friend, done a thing that is pleasing to thee, I am very glad and it is highly gratifying to me. But nevertheless I remind thee more than ever to curb thy amorous desire and be wise, that now that thou hast driven away thy torment with delicious joy, thou mayest not by too much talk return to thy misery."

(61) "I shall do so to thy satisfaction," replied Troilus to his dear friend. Then he related to him in great gladness the joyful things that had happened to him and added: "I tell thee truly that I have never been enmeshed in the net of Love as I am at present and much more than formerly do I burn with the fire that I have caught from the fair eyes of Cressida and from her visage.

(62) "I burn more than ever, but this new fire that I feel is of another quality than what I felt before. Now the game refresheth me since there ever cometh to me in my heart thoughts of the beauty that is the occasion of it. But true it is that it maketh my wishes to return to her amorous

arms and to kiss her delicate face a little more eager than they were wont to be."

(63) The young man could not exhaust his desire to talk with Pandarus of the happiness he had felt and of the delight and comfort given his woes and of the perfect love that he bore Cressida, in whom alone he had placed his hope. And he forgot every other matter and every other great desire.

(64) Within a short time the good fortune of Troilus afforded opportunity for his amours. When the night had grown dark he issued forth alone from his palace, without beholding any star in the sky, entered to his pleasure stealthily by the path he had used before, and quietly and secretly took his station in the accustomed spot.

(65) Just as Cressida had come before, so in good season came she this time and followed altogether the practice she had used before. And after they had exchanged gentle and pleasing greetings as much as they saw fit, hand in hand they entered her room with great delight and lay down together without any delay.

(66) When Cressida had Troilus in her arms, she began joyfully as follows: "What lady ever was there or could there be who could experience such delicious sensations as I do now? Alas, who would shrink from meeting death immediately, if it could not be otherwise, in order to taste a bare morsel of so great pleasure?"

(67) Then he began: "My dear love, I do not know what to say nor should I ever be able to declare the sweet feelings and the fiery desires that thou hast placed in my breast, where I would wish always to have thee entire, as I have thine image, nor would I ask more of Jove, if he should grant me this, than that he should keep me ever as I am now.

(68) "I do not believe that he will ever temper this fire, as I believed he would, after we had been a number of times together. But I thought not well. Thou hast thrown upon it water such as blacksmiths use, so that it burneth more than it did. Wherefore I never loved thee as much as I love thee now; day and night I desire and long for thee."

(69) Troilus spake to her much as above, as they both held one another in close embrace, and falling into playful speech they used in

their talk all those words which are customarily spoken between one lover and another to express such delights, kissing one another's mouths, eyes, and breasts, giving to one another the salutations which when they wrote to each other had been unexpressed.

(70) But the unfriendly day drew nigh, as was clearly perceived by signs, which each of them cursed angrily; for it seemed to them to come sooner than usual, which indeed grieved each of them. But since it could not be helped, each of them arose without delay.

(71) The one took leave of the other in the usual manner, after many sighs. And they planned in the future to pass to their desires without delay, so that they might by being together temper their amorous sufferings and spend the joyful season of youth, while it lasted, in such happiness.

(72) Troilus was light-hearted and led a life of song and gaiety. The high beauty and alluring looks of any other lady—save only his Cressida—holdeth he in none esteem and believeth that as compared with himself all other men live in sad distress, so grateful and pleasing to him was his good fortune.

(73) Many a time he took Pandarus by the hand and went off with him into a garden and first spake with him of Cressida, of her worth and courtesy, then joyfully, with him as auditor, began, wholly free from sadness, to sing in joyful strains in such fashion as is here set forth without any alteration.

(74) "O light eterne, whose cheerful radiance maketh fair the third heaven, whence descendeth upon me pleasure, delight, pity, and love, friend of the sun and daughter of Jove, kindly mistress of every gentle heart, certain source of the strength which prompteth me to my health's sweet sighs, forever praised be thy power.

(75) "The heavens, the earth, the sea, and the lower regions, each one feeleth in itself thy power, O clear light, and if I discern truly, plants, seeds, grass as well, birds, beasts, and fish feel thee with eternal vapor in the pleasing season, and men and gods; nor hath creature in the world without thee strength or endurance.

(76) "Thou first, O fair goddess, didst gently move Jove to the high effects whereby all things have life and existence and often dost incline him to pity the sorry actions of us mortals and dost turn the lamentations that we deserve into gentle and delicious rejoicings, and in a thousand forms didst of yore send him down here when thou didst beseech him now for one thing and now for another.

(77) "Thou makest, when thou wilt, the haughty Mars benign and humble and drivest forth every angry passion. Thou expellest villainy and fillest with high disdain him who sigheth for thee, O goddess. Thou makest each one according to his desires worthy and deserving of high sovereignty. Thou makest each one who is in any degree inflamed with thy fire courteous and well mannered.

(78) "Thou, fair goddess, holdest houses and cities, kingdoms, provinces, and the entire world at one. Thou art the unfailing cause of friendships and their precious fruit. Thou alone knowest the hidden properties of things, out of which thou bringest such order that thou makest marvel whoever knoweth not how to regard thy power.

(79) "Thou, O goddess, imposest laws on the universe, whereby it is held together, nor is anyone opposed to thy son but repenteth of it, if he persist therein. And I, who formerly opposed him in my talk, now, as is fitting, find myself so much in love that I should never be able to express the full sum of it.

(80) "For if anyone blameth me, little the less do I care, for he speaketh without knowledge. Let the strong Hercules in this be my strong defense, for he could not shield himself from Love, for which every wise man commendeth him. And he who doth not wish to involve himself in falsehood shall never say that what was once becoming to Hercules is unseemly for me.

(81) "Therefore I love and amongst thy grand effects this most pleaseth and gratifieth me. This I follow, in which, more than in anything else, if my mind heedeth justly, all delights are completed and perfected. In the presence of this everything else loseth quality. This causeth me to follow that lady who in worthiness beyond other holdeth sovereignty.

(82) "This induceth me now to rejoice and shall ever do so, if only I am prudent. This induceth me, O goddess, to glory so much in thy lucent and invigorating ray, because of which I rejoice that no arms defended me from thy radiant visage, in which I beheld thy virtues depicted and thy power bright and clear.

(83) "And I bless the season, the year, the month, and the day, the hour and the very moment that one so virtuous, fair, graceful, and courteous first appeared to mine eyes. And I bless the boy who by his power kindleth me with love for her virtue and who hath made me a true servant to her, placing my peace in her eyes.

(84) "And I bless the fervent sighs which I have already heaved from my breast on her account, and I bless the plaints and tortures which perfect love hath caused me to suffer, and I bless the fiery desires drawn from her aspect, fairer than all else, because they have been the price of a creature so exalted and so gracious.

(85) "But before all I bless the gods, who gave so dear a lady to the world and who in this deep dungeon put so much light in my discernment that I burned because of her rather than any other desire and in her did take delight, so that the thanks that ought to be rendered, never can be rendered by man.

(86) "If there were an hundred tongues in my mouth and each were vocal, and if I had the cunning of every poet in my breast, I should never be able to express her true virtues, her lofty gentleness, and her abundant courtesy. Therefore I devoutly pray her who hath the power, to keep her long mine and to make me grateful for it.

(87) "For thou art she, O goddess, who canst do this if only thou wilt, and I pray thee earnestly to do it. Who could then be called happier, if thou convert the time which is destined to be spent with me wholly to my pleasure and to hers? Do so, O goddess, since I have found myself again in thine arms, which I had left, not knowing well thy true virtue.

(88) "Let him who will, pursue power and wealth, arms, horses, wild beasts, dogs, birds, the studies of Pallas and the feats of Mars, for I wish to spend all my time contemplating the fair eyes of my lady and her true

beauties, which, when I gaze at her, exalt me above Jove, so much is my heart enamored of her.

(89) "I have not the graces which should be rendered thee by me, O fair eternal light, and rather would I keep silent than not render them completely. Wilt thou none the less, clear light, come to the relief of my necessities? Prolong, conceal, correct, and govern my ardor and that of her to whom I am dedicated, and grant that she never belong to another."

(90) In the tasks belonging to their war he was always the first in arms, for he issued forth from the city upon the Greeks so full of spirits and so strong and so brave that each one was afraid of him, if the story erreth not. And Love, of whom he was faithful servant, granted him this courage, so much more dauntless than usual.

(91) In times of truces he went fowling, holding falcons, gerfalcons, and eagles. And sometimes he hunted with dogs, pursuing bears, boars, and great lions. All small prey he disdained. And whenever he beheld Cressida, he put on a fair pleasing countenance, like an unhooded falcon.

(92) All his talk was of love or of gentle behavior, and full of courtesy. He delighted much to honor the valiant and likewise to cast forth the cowards. It ever pleased him to behold honors bestowed upon youths of modest grace. And he considered lost every one without love, of whatsoever station he might be.

(93) And though he was of royal blood and could, had he wished, have enjoyed much power, he made himself agreeable to all equally, although many a time a man did not deserve it. So wished Love, which is all powerful, that he should act so as to please others. Pride, envy, and avarice he held in hatred and deferreth to everyone.

(94) But for a short time lasted this happiness, thanks to envious fortune, which in this world remaineth not stable. It turned toward him its bitter face, by a new chance, as it happeneth, and turning everything upside down, took from him the sweet fruits of Cressida, and changed his happy love into woeful mourning.

FOURTH PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the fourth part of the Filostrato, in which, in the first place, is shown how it happened that Cressida was sent back to her father Calchas. The Greeks requested an exchange of prisoners. Antenor is surrendered. Cressida is asked for and it is decided to give her up. Troilus at first grieveth inwardly, and then he and Pandarus discuss many things for the comfort of Troilus. The rumor of her coming departure reacheth Cressida. Ladies attend her and after their departure Cressida weepeth. Pandarus arrangeth with her that Troilus shall go to her that evening. He goeth to her and Cressida there fainteth. Troilus wisheth to kill himself. She recovereth. They go to bed weeping, and speak of various matters, and Cressida tenderly promiseth to come back within the tenth day. And first of all how the Trojans fight, where many are taken by the Greeks, and how the prisoners are exchanged.

(1) While the Greeks held the city bound in close-girt siege, Hector, in whose hands was placed the ordering of the war, made choice among his friends and other Trojans, and with his chosen men valiantly issued forth against the Greeks on the broad plains, as he had done many other times, with varying fortunes in the combat.

(2) The Greeks came forth against him and they spent all that day in savage battle. But at length the Trojans had the worst of the fighting. Wherefore all were forced to flee with hurt and pain and many perished in sorrow and in grief; and many noble kings and other great barons went thence as prisoners.

(3) Among them was the magnificent Antenor, Polydamas, his son, and Menestheus, Xanthippus, Sarpedon, Polymnestor, Polites, too, and

the Trojan Ripheus, and many more whom Hector's valor could not rescue in the retreat, so that great grief and lamentation arose in Troy, a seeming prognostic of much greater woe.

(4) Priam besought a truce and it was granted him. And then debate began between them over exchanging prisoners at that time and giving gold to boot in ransom. And when Calchas heard this, with changed face and loud lament he mingled among the Greeks and by hoarse crying won their hearing for a while.

(5) "Good sirs," began Calchas, "I was once, as ye all know, a Trojan, and I am he who, if ye all remember, first brought hope to the errand on which ye are here, and I told you that ye would attain your destined end, which is to say victory in your undertaking, and that Troy would be destroyed by you and burned.

(6) "The method and procedure to be followed ye know, for I have clearly shown you. And that your desires may all be fulfilled at the time when I foretold they would, with no trust in messenger nor in open or sealed tablets, I have come to you, as ye well may see, to give you both counsel and aid in this matter.

(7) "In my desire to do this, I had to depart with much contriving and very secretly, without securing the consent of anyone. And this I did. Once the bright day had turned dark I went forth alone and hither came quietly. And naught brought I with me but left behind all that I had.

(8) "Truly I care little or naught for that, save for a youthful daughter of mine whom I left there. Alas, hard and unfeeling father that I was, would that I had brought this lonely little girl hither in safety! But fear and haste would not have it so. This grieveth me for what I left behind; this robbeth me at once of happiness and joy.

(9) "Nor yet have I seen a fitting time when I might ask her back; therefore have I held my peace. But now the time hath come when I may have her, can I but win this boon from you. And if it may not now be had, never shall I hope to see her more and henceforth in desolation shall I let my life pass by, with no more care for life than death.

(10) "Here with you are noble Trojan barons, and many others, whom ye exchange with your foemen for your prisoners. One alone of many do

ye give to me, that in return for his redemption I may have my daughter. Good sirs, in the name of the gods, console this wretched old man, destitute and bereft of every other solace.

(11) "Let no desire to have gold for the prisoners have weight with you, for I swear to you in God's name that all the might and wealth of Troy are assuredly within your grasp, and, if I mistake not, there will soon be an end to the prowess of him who holdeth the gates closed to the desire of all of you, as will appear by his violent death."

(12) As he said this, the aged priest with humility in speech and mien did ever streak his cheeks with tears, and his hoary beard and hard breast were all moist. Nor were his prayers without piteous effect; for when he held his peace, the Greeks all noisily shouted: "Let Antenor be given him."

(13) Thus 'twas done and Calchas was pleased. And he enjoined the business upon the negotiators. And the latter set forth his desire to King Priam and to his sons and to the lords who were there. Whereupon, a deliberation was held upon the matter. And to the ambassadors the lords made their brief response: if they should surrender the persons asked for, theirs would be given them.

(14) Troilus was present at the Greeks' request, and hearing that they asked for Cressida, he suddenly felt his heart all transfixed within him and so sharp a pain that he thought he would die where he sat, but with difficulty he restrained the love and grief within, as was fitting.

(15) And full of anguish and cruel fear he began to await what answer should be made, turning over in his mind with no usual care what he must do, should his misfortune be so great; if he should hear opinion delivered among his brothers that Cressida be surrendered to Calchas, how he might altogether prevent it.

(16) Love made him ready as duty-bound to oppose everything but on the other side was Reason, who stood against it, and cast upon that lofty enterprise much doubt lest Cressida should perchance be angry on shame's account. And in such manner stood the timid youth between two courses, now willing this, now that, and then unwilling either.

(17) While he there stood irresolute, many things were in debate among the barons as to what must now be done in view of what had happened, and, as has been said, replies were given in full to those who awaited them and among them that surrender should be made of Cressida, who had never been kept as a prisoner there.

(18) Ev'n as the lily, after it hath been turned up in the fields by the plough, droopeth and withereth from too much sun and its bright color changeth and groweth pale, so at the message brought to the Greeks by the council concluded among the Trojans did Troilus 'neath so great load of harm and peril fall in a swoon, stricken with woe profound.

(19) Him did Priam, Hector, and his brothers take in arms, much terrified by this ill chance, and each one hasteneth to comfort him and his spent powers they sought to revive, now rubbing his wrists, now oft bathing his face, as experts in such mishap. But as yet their efforts were of slight avail.

(20) Outstretched and overcome he lay among his own, for breath of life yet faintly lingered. Pale and wan his visage was and he all livid, and seemed more dead than living, being so marked with affliction that he made everyone weep, so heavy was the lofty bolt that laid him low when he learned that Cressida would be surrendered.

(21) But after wandering far before return, his grieving spirit came quietly back. Wherefore all dazed, as one awake from slumber, he rose suddenly to his feet, and before any should ask him what it was that he had felt, feigning other business, he departed from them.

(22) And thence he betook himself toward his own palace, without hearkening or turning to anyone, and sighing and dejected as he was, desiring no company, passed thence to his chamber and declared that he wished to rest. Wherefore everyone, friend and servant alike, however dear, went forth, but closed the windows first.

(23) To that which now followeth, lovely lady, I care not overmuch if thou dost not lend thy presence, since my understanding will of itself, if weak memory deceiveth it not, find a way, without any aid of thine, to tell the story of the heavy grief on account of which it feeleth oppressed because of thy departure, for thou art the cause of such bitter woe.

(24) Till now have I happily sung the joy that Troilus felt in his love, although with sighs 'twere mingled, but now from joy 'tis fitting to turn to grief. Wherefore, if thou listenest to me not, naught care I, for perforce thy heart will change, filling thee with pity for my life, more than any other grievous.

(25) But if indeed it ever come to thy ears, I pray thee by the love that I bear thee, have some regard for my woes and by thy return bring me back the comfort which thou didst take away from me by thy departure, and if it is displeasing to thee to find me dead, return at once, for short is the life which thy departure hath left me.

(26) Now Troilus, who had remained alone in his locked and darksome chamber, mistrusting no man nor fearing lest he might be heard, began to give vent to the grief gathered in his sad breast by reason of his sudden mischance in such wise that he seemed not a man but a raging beast.

(27) Not otherwise doth the bull go leaping, now here now there, when once he hath received the mortal thrust, and bellowing in his misery maketh known the pain he hath conceived, than did Troilus, casting himself prone, and in a frenzy beating his head against the wall, and his face with his hands, his breast and aching arms with his fists.

(28) His wretched eyes through pity for his heart did weep right sore and they did seem two fountains throwing forth abundant jets of water. The deep sobs of his weeping and his vain words did ever sap his strength. Ever came forth his speech in strange outbursts, demanding naught else but death, cursing and mocking the gods and himself.

(29) When his great fury had spent itself and for long continuance his weeping had abated, Troilus, enkindled in the fire of sorrow, threw himself a little while upon his bed, not however ceasing for even so little from weeping sorely and sighing so much that head and breast scarce sufficed him for all the grief to which he gave way.

(30) Shortly after began he to say to himself in his plaint: "O grudging fortune, what have I done to thee that thou dost so oppose thyself to my every desire? Hast thou no longer aught else to busy thee save my grief?"

Why hast thou so quickly turned thy dark face toward me, who formerly loved thee far more than any god, as thou wotst well in thy cruelty”?

(31) “If my happy and pleasing life was displeasing to thee, why didst thou not humble the stately pride of Ilium? Why didst thou not take from me my father? Why not Hector, on whose valor resteth every hope in these grievous times? Why didst thou not carry off from us Polyxena and why not Paris and Helen too

(32) “If Cressida alone were left to me, I should care not for any other great loss nor should I complain of it. But thy shafts ever fly straight at the things whereof we have the greatest desire. The more to show the force of thy treachery, thou dost carry away from me all my comfort. Would indeed that thou hadst slain me first.

(33) “Alas, Love, sweet and pleasing lord, who knowest what lieth in my heart, how shall my sorrowful life find occupation, if I lose this happiness, this peace of mine? Alas, gentle Love, who didst once give comfort to my mind, what shall I do, true lord, if she to whom by thy will I gave myself wholly, be taken away from me!

(34) “I shall weep and ever sorrowful shall I remain where’er I be, whilst life endureth in this distressful body of mine. O soul unhappy and dismayed, why fleest thou not from the wretchedest body alive? O dejected soul, flee forth the body and follow Cressida. Why dost thou not? Why not dissolve in air?

(35) “O wretched eyes, whose comfort was all in the visage of our Cressida, what will ye do now? In bitter mourning shall ye ever abide, since your comfort will be parted from you and your worth destroyed, o’erwhelmed and vanquished by your weeping. Vainly shall ye see other virtue now that your health is reft from you.

(36) “O Cressida mine, O sweet joy of the sorrowing soul that calleth upon thee, who will give further comfort to my woes? Who will quiet the yearnings of love? If thou departest hence, alas, ’tis fitting that the weary one who loveth thee more than himself should die. And die I shall, though I deserved it not—to blame be the pitiless gods.

(37) “Would indeed that this thy departure had been so delayed that I wretched one that I am might by long habit have learned to endure it.

Sad as I should have been at the thought, I will not say that I would not have opposed letting thee go with all my might, but if I should still have seen it happen, thy going, which now seemeth so bitter to me, would by long habit have become sweet in mine eyes.

(38) "O wicked, O crazed old man, what fancy or what rancor moved thee, being a Trojan, to go to the Greeks? Thou wert honored in all our kingdom, none more so, native or stranger. O wicked counsel, O breast astir with treachery, deceit, and spite, would indeed that I had thee, as I should wish, in Troy!

(39) "Would that thou hadst been dead the day thou wentest forth. Would that thou hadst been dead at the feet of the Greeks when thou didst first open thy lips to require again her who stirreth my love. O in what an ill hour for me didst thou come into the world! Thou art the cause of the grief that afflicteth me. Would that Menelaus had thrust in thine heart the lance that pierced Protesilaus.

(40) "If thou wert dead I certainly should live, for none there would be to seek Cressida. If thou wert dead, I should not be disconsolate; Cressida would not be parted from me. If thou wert dead, clearly do I see it, that which afflicteth me now would not so distress me then. Therefore thy life is the sad cause of my death and doleful fate."

(41) Forth from his loving breast there issued, without waiting their turn, a thousand sighs, more burning than fire, mingled with tears and sorrowful words. And these laments had so o'erwhelmed him that the youth could weep no more. Whereupon he fell asleep, but slept not long before he awoke again.

(42) After rising in sighs to his feet he went to the door he had locked. This he opened and said to a servant of his: "Make haste, summon Pandarus quickly, and make him come to me." And then full of sighs and all heavy with sleep he withdrew in sadness to the darkness of his chamber.

(43) Pandarus came. Already had he heard what demands the Greek emissaries were making and also how the lords had already directed to give back Cressida. Whereat all disturbed in his visage, pondering

Troilus' sorrows, he entered the dark and quiet chamber, nor knoweth he what word, sad or happy, to utter.

(44) Troilus, as soon as he had seen him, ran to his neck, weeping so sorely that no man could tell it aright. And when sorrowing Pandarus heard his sobs, he too began to weep, so sorry did he feel for him. And in such wise, doing naught else but weeping bitterly, they stood awhile, and neither spake, even though 'twere little.

(45) But when Troilus had taken breath, first he began to Pandarus: "I am dead, my happiness hath turned to pain. O wretched me, my sweet comfort envious fortune leadeth away and together with it my solace and my pleasure. Hast thou yet heard how my Cressida hath been taken hence by the Greeks?"

(46) Pandarus, who was weeping no less bitterly, replied: "Yes, would it were not true. Ah! woe is me! for I did not believe that this time so sweet and untroubled should so soon be cut short. Nor for myself was I able to see that anything could harm your perfect bliss but its disclosure. Now I see how feeble were all our counsels.

(47) "But thou, why dost thou give thyself such anguish! Why such grief and torment? That which thou didst desire, thou hast had; thou shouldst be content with that alone. Leave both these and other woes to me, who have always loved and never had a glance from her who undoeth me and who alone could give me peace.

(48) "And beside that, this city is seen to be full of fair and gracious ladies, and if the happiness which I wish thee meriteth belief, there is not one among them—the fairest thou wilt—that will not gladly have pity upon thee, if thou wilt suffer the pangs of love for her. Therefore if we lose this lady, many others shall we find.

(49) "And as I have already often heard men say, 'the new love ever driveth away the old.' A new pleasure will take the present anguish away from thee, if thou doest what I tell thee. Then wish not to die for her, nor wish to be thine own enemy. Dost thou think perchance to have her back by weeping or to prevent her going away?"

(50) Troilus, hearing Pandarus, began to weep the more bitterly and then said: "I pray the gods to send me death before I commit such a sin.

Although the other ladies are fair, winsome, and well bred—and I confess to thee that they are so—never was there any like unto her whose slave I am, and I am entirely hers.

(51) “From her eyes darted the sparks that inflamed me with the fire of love. Passing by the thousands through mine eyes, they brought love with them gently into my heart, where it felt them to its pleasure. Here they first enkindled the fire the exceeding heat of which hath been the cause of every excellent thing in me.

(52) “Which even if I would, for I will not, I could never extinguish, so powerful is it, and if it were greater still, I grieve not at it, were Cressida only to remain with us, because of whose parting, and not on Love’s account, the enamored soul feeleth sorrow within. Nor is there other—to none be it displeasing—who can in any way be compared to her.

(53) “How then could Love or the consolations of anyone ever turn my desire to another lady? Anguish enough have I to bear in my heart but much more, even to extremest woe, would I give lodgment to, ere I should set my heart upon any other lady. Love, the gods, and this world prevent it.

(54) “Death and the tomb will alone have power to sever my constant love. Whatever must after happen to me on their account, they shall lead my soul down with them to Hell, to the extremest torment. There together shall they lament for Cressida, whose I shall ever remain, where’er I be, if love be not forgotten in death.

(55) “So for the love of the gods, Pandarus, cease urging that any other lady come into my heart, where I hold Cressida in her modest habit, as a sure token of my pleasures, however displeasing her departure—of which there is talk among us, for as yet we do not see her transported hence—may now be to the mind which is intent upon its woe.

(56) “But thou speakest in set terms, as who should say less pain it is to lose than never to have had anything. This is sheer folly, Pandarus, if this is in thy mind. For that sorrow which harsh Fortune bringeth to him

who hath once been happy, surpasseth any other. He who sayeth otherwise, departeth from the truth.

(57) "But tell me, if in my love thou hast any concern, since, as thou hast just now been telling me, to change one's love appeareth to thee so slight a matter, why hast thou not changed thy course? Why doth thy cruel love bear manifest signs of thine ill being? Why hast thou not followed another lady who would have brought peace to thy life!

(58) "If thou, who art wont to live a love-vexed existence, hast been unable to change thy love to another, how shall I, who lived with love in happiness and joy, be able to drive it from me in the way thou sayest? Why do I see grievous calamity now suddenly threaten me? I have been taken captive in other fashion, which thy mind comprehendeth not.

(59) "Believe me, Pandarus, believe me that love when it taketh root in the mind of anyone for highest pleasure, can never be driven forth, but may well decline in process of time, if grief, or death, or poor estate, or not seeing the object beloved do not occasion it, as already hath happened to many an one.

(60) "What shall I do then, unhappy I, if I love Cressida in such manner? I have lost her because Antenor hath been exchanged for her. Alas, how much better were death or never to have been born! What shall I do? My heart despaireth. Ah, death, come to me who call thee. Come, leave me not to languish in my love.

(61) "Death, thou wilt be as sweet to me as is life to him who liveth a happy one. Already thy dreadful aspect is not fearful to me. Come, then, end my suffering. Tarry not, for this fire hath already so set each vein aflame that thy blow will be a cooling relief to me. Come now, for my heart indeed yearneth for thee.

(62) "For the love of the gods slay me, permit me not to live so long in this world that I see my heart depart from my body. Ah, do this, death, I pray thee in the name of the gods. Much more will that grieve me than dying. In this respect satisfy my desire. Thou slayest so many against their will that thou canst well do me this favor."

(63) Thus weeping did Troilus make lament and Pandarus did likewise. Nevertheless he often, when he could, comforted him most

tenderly. But such comfort was of no avail; rather did the dolorous lament and anguish continually increase, so much was he distraught by this thing.

(64) To whom Pandarus said: "If my reasoning doth not please thee, dear friend, and the coming departure of this lady is as irksome to thee as it seemeth, why dost thou not take remedy for thy life in what way thou canst and ravish her away? Paris went into Greece and brought thence Helen, the flower of all other ladies.

(65) "And wilt thou in thine own Troy town not dare to steal a lady that pleaseth thee? This shalt thou do, if thou wilt heed my advice. Drive forth thy grief, drive it forth, drive forth thine anguish and thy grievous woes, dry the sad tears from thy face, and display now thy great courage, pursuing thy course so that Cressida may be ours."

(66) Troilus then made answer to Pandarus: "Well do I see, my friend, that thou dost bend thine every thought to take away my carking cares. What thou sayest I have thought, and devised many other plans, too, although I weep and despond utterly in the distress which is beyond every power of mind, so grievous hath been its heavy blow.

(67) "Never, however, have I been able in my fervent love to turn aside from the plan that duty hath impelled me to take. Rather have I, upon thinking the matter over, come to the conclusion that the times do not warrant such a departure, though were each of our men come back here straightway, and Antenor as well, I would care not about the breaking of our faith. Rather would I break it, let come what might.

(68) "Then too I fear to disturb her honor and good name by violently stealing her away, nor am I sure that she could consent thereto, though I know indeed that she loveth me much. On this account my heart ventureth not upon resolve, since while on the one hand it desireth this thing, on the other it feareth to give displeasure, for were it not pleasing to her, I would not wish to possess her.

(69) "I had thought even of asking as a boon of my father that he would grant her to me. But then I reflect that this would be a blaming of her and a disclosure of all that hath been done. Nor dare I hope even then that he would feel that he had any right to give her to me at the

expense of a plighted troth, and because he would declare her beneath me, upon whom he desireth to bestow a lady of royal lineage.

(70) "Thus in tears do I bide aweary in amorous perplexity and know not what to do, because I feel the mighty power of Love, if indeed it is strong, is lacking in me, and on every hand hope taketh flight and the causes of my anguish increase. I would like to have died the day that I first felt the burning heat of such desire."

(71) Then said Pandarus: "Thou wilt do as it shall please thee, but were I burning, as thou dost very clearly show thyself to be, however heavy the burden might be, had I the power that thou hast, if I were not forcibly prevented, I would do my utmost to ravish her away, whomever it might displease.

(72) "Love doth not look so subtly as it seemeth thou dost, when the enamored mind burneth, as well it should. If Love harmeth thee so fiercely, follow his will, and, like a man, do thou oppose thyself to this cruel torment and choose rather to be somewhat blamed than to die with suffering in sad plaint.

(73) "Thou hast not to ravish a lady who is far from thy desire, but she is such that she will be content with whatever thou doest, and if too great evil or blame of thee should result therefrom, thou hast the means of putting an immediate end to it—that is, to bring her back again. Fortune aideth whoever is bold and turneth her back upon the timid.

(74) "And even if this thing should displease her, in a short time thou shalt have again thy peace. Not that I believe that she would be angry thereat, so much pleaseth her the love that thou dost bear her. As to her reputation, that it should suffer diminution, is, to tell the truth, less grievous and displeasing. Let her do without it, as Helen doeth, provided she doeth thine entire will.

(75) "Then pluck up courage, be valorous; love careth not for promise nor for faith. Show thyself a little courageous now; have pity upon thyself. I shall be with thee in every perilous case, insomuch as my power alloweth. Dare to act; hereafter, the gods will be constrained to aid us."

(76) Troilus gave close heed to what Pandarus said and replied: "I am content. But if my flame were a thousand times enkindled and my

anguish greater than it is, I would not, to satisfy myself, do this courteous lady ever so little harm; rather would I die. Therefore I wish to hear it first from her.

(77) "Let us now go hence and abide no longer. Wash thy face and let us return to court, and conceal our grief beneath a smiling countenance. Nothing yet have people perceived. For by staying here we make everyone who knoweth it marvel. Now act so that thou be strong in wise concealment, and I will contrive that thou shalt have speech with Cressida this evening."

(78) Fleetest fame, who reporteth impartially the true and the false, had flown with swiftest wings all over Troy, and had with nimble words related what and of what nature was the message brought by the Greeks and that Cressida was given to the Greeks by the king in exchange for Antenor.

(79) As Cressida, who had come by now to hold her father no longer in esteem, heard this news: "Alas, my sad heart!" said she to herself. And much it grieved her, as one who had turned her desire to Troilus, whom she loved more than any other. And for fear that what she heard related might be true, she dared not ask a question.

(80) But as we see that it happeneth that one woman goeth to visit another at some new happening, if she bear her affection, thus many came to pass the day with Cressida, all full of piteous joy, and they began to tell her the whole tale in due order, how she was surrendered and upon what agreement.

(81) Said one: "Certainly it pleaseth me much that thou dost return to thy father and that thou art to be with him." Another said: "And I am sorry to see her depart hence from us." Another said: "She will be able to lay plans for our peace and to arrange it with him who, you know by hearsay, carrieth into effect what resolution he wisheth."

(82) This and much other womanish talk she heard almost as if she were not there, without answering, thinking it too base. And her fair face could not conceal the high gentle thoughts of love which she had, inspired in her by the news she had heard. The body was there and the soul elsewhere, seeking Troilus without knowing where.

(83) And these ladies, who thought they were giving her comfort by staying there, by overmuch talk highly displeased her, as one who felt in her mind quite another passion than the one seen by those who were present. And from time to time she would, in ladylike fashion, escort them to the door, such desire had she to avoid their company.

(84) An occasional sigh she could not check and now and again some little tear in its fall gave sign of the torment in which her soul was constrained. But these stupid ladies, who encircled her, believed that the maiden did this from sorrow, because she had to abandon them, who were her usual woman companions.

(85) And each did ever seek to comfort her only for that which grieved her not; many words they spake to console her for the departure which she was to make from them, and it was no different than scratching her in the heels for an itch in the head, for no thought took she for them, but for Troilus alone, whom she was leaving behind.

(86) But after a deal of foolish cackling, such as most women make, they took their leave and went their ways. And she, overwhelmed and stricken on the spot by bitter grief, entered her chamber, weeping softly, and without seeking remedy for her woe with any counsel, made such weeping that none was ever made like unto it.

(87) The grieving maiden had thrown herself upon her bed, weeping so bitterly that it could not be told. And ever and anon she beat her white breast, calling upon death to slay her, since by cruel fate she was constrained to leave her beloved. And plucking her blonde hair, she tore it out and a thousand times an hour she prayed for death.

(88) Often she said: "Alas, unhappy woman, wretched, woeful as I am, whither am I bound? O miserable me, who was born in an evil hour, where leave I thee, sweet my love? Would that I had been stifled at my birth or that I had never seen thee, my sweet desire, since cruel fortune now stealeth both me from thee and thee from me.

(89) "What shall I do, sorrowful life of mine, when I cannot see thee again? What shall I do separated from thee, Troilus? Certainly I believe I shall never eat nor drink again. And if of its own accord the bewildered

soul parteth not from the body, as much as ever I may, shall I drive it forth with hunger, since I see that I shall always go from bad to worse?

(90) "Now shall I be a widow in very sooth, since it behooveth me to part from thee, heart of my body, and black attire shall bear true witness to my sorrows. O woe, alas, what a hard thought is that in which the parting holdeth me! Alas, how shall I be able to suffer seeing myself parted from thee, Troilus!

(91) "How shall I be able to endure without a soul? Surely it will tarry here with our love, and with thee to lament the grievous parting which it behooveth us to make in return for love so good. Alas, Troilus, wilt thou now suffer seeing me go from thee and not strive by love or by force to stay me!

(92) "Set forth I shall, nor do I know if 'twill ever be that I may see thee again, sweet my love. But thou who dost so love me, what wilt thou do? Canst thou bear such pain as this? Of a truth I shall not bear it, since too many woes will cause my heart to break. Would that it were but soon, since afterward I would be beyond this heavy sorrow.

(93) "Oh father mine, wicked and faithless to thine own land, accursed be the moment when into thy heart came evil as great as was thy wish to join the Greeks and desert the Trojans! Would God thou wert dead in the vale of Hell, wicked old man, who in thy life's declining years hast wrought such guile!

(94) "Alas, weary, sad, and disconsolate woman that I am, for I must bear the punishment of thy sin, though I did not deserve so wearisome a life for any fault of mine! O Heaven's truth, O light of pity, how sufferest thou such a judgment that one sin and the other weep, as do I, who sinned not and am undone with grief?"

(95) Who could ever narrate in every part the words of Cressida in her lament? Surely not I, for speech falleth short of the fact, so fierce and cruel was her grief. But whilst such lamentations were in progress, came Pandarus, whom doors never halted, and entered the room where she was making her piteous plaint.

(96) And he saw her in bed, enveloped in sobs, in tears, and in sighs; he saw her whole breast and face bathed in tears and her eyes longing to

weep and herself disheveled, giving true sign of bitter torment. When she saw him, she hid her face between her arms for shame.

(97) "Cruel the moment was," began Pandarus, "in which I rose, for where'er I go today, methinketh I perceive on every hand grief, torments, weeping, anguish, and other woes, sighs, pain, and bitter languishing. O Jove, what canst thou mean to do? I believe that thou dost shed tears from Heaven, so adverse are our actions to thee.

(98) "But thou, disconsolate sister of mine, what thinkest thou to do! Dost thou believe that thou canst contend with the fates? Why wreck thy fair person with weepings so cruel and unmeasured? Rise up and turn and speak, lift up thy face and dry somewhat thy downcast eyes, and hear what I, sent thee by thy sweet friend, do tell thee."

(99) Then Cressida turned, making such weeping as no words could tell of, and upon Pandarus she gazed, saying: "O woe is me, what doth my soul desire? Him must I abandon in tears, for such is cruel fate's will. Wisheth he sighs or tears, or what doth he demand? I have enough, if for these he sendeth."

(100) Such was she to look at in her face as is one borne to the grave; and her face, shaped in paradise, was seen to be quite transformed; its beauty and its pleasing smile had taken flight and abandoned it; and round about her eyes a purple circle bore true witness of her suffering.

(101) When Pandarus, who had wept all the day long with Troilus, saw this, he could not restrain painful tears, but likewise began sorrowfully to weep with her, forgetting what he wished to say. But when they had somewhat indulged their grief together, Pandarus first moderated his weeping,

(102) And said: "Lady, I believe thou hast heard but certain am I not how thou art demanded of thy father, and already hath it been resolved by the king to yield thee up, so that thou must go hence within this week, if I have heard aright. And it could not be told to the full how grievous is this thing to Troilus, who desireth wholly to die in grief thereat.

(103) "And he and I have wept so much today that I marvel whence it hath come. Now by my counsel hath he finally restrained himself

somewhat from weeping and it seemeth that he desireth to be with thee. Wherefore, before thou departest, I have come to tell it to thee, as he desired, in order that ye may vent your sorrow somewhat together."

(104) "Great is my grief," said Cressida, "as of her who loveth him more than herself; but his for me is by far greater, when I hear that he yearneth for death on account of me. Now will my heart rend, if ever a heart should rend for bitter grief. Now doth hostile fortune glut itself upon my woes; now do I know its hidden deceits.

(105) "Grievous is the departure to me, God knoweth, but more grievous to me is the sight of Troilus in affliction and so insupportably, by my faith, that I shall die thereof without respite. And die I shall without hope of succor, since I see my Troilus so affected. Tell him to come when he desireth; this will be to me greatest comfort in my anguish."

(106) And when she had said this she fell back at full length. Then resting on her arms she began again to weep. And to her Pandarus said: "Alas, poor woman, what wilt thou do now? Wilt thou not take a little comfort, when thou dost consider that the hour is already so near when he whom thou lovest so greatly will be in thine arms? Rise up, compose thyself, that he may not find thee in such disarray.

(107) "If he knew that thou wert acting thus, he would slay himself nor could anyone restrain him. And if I believed that thou wouldst remain as thou art, believe me, he would not set foot here, if I could prevent it, for I know that harm would come to him as a result. Therefore rise up, compose thyself, so that thou mayest relieve and not augment his woe."

(108) "Go," said Cressida, "I promise thee, my Pandarus, I shall make this effort. As soon as thou hast gone I shall rise from my bed with no delay and my woes and my lost delight shall I keep tightly locked in my heart. Make him come then and come in the usual way, for he shall find the door ajar, as it is wont to be."

(109) Pandarus found Troilus disheartened and so utterly despondent in his visage that for pity he became sorrowful on his account. And then he said to him: "Hast thou now, valorous youth, become such a coward

as thou seemest? Thy love hath not yet departed from thee. Why art thou still so discomforted that thine eyes seem already dead in thy head?

(110) "Thou hast lived a space of time without her; doth not thy heart give thee power to live still longer? Wert thou born into the world for her alone? Show thyself a man, and take courage somewhat, drive forth these sorrows and these troubles, at least in part. In no place did I tarry since, save here with thee, and I had speech with her and was with her a long time.

(111) "And as it seemeth to me, thou feelest not half the sorrow that thy lady doth. So hot are her sighs and so doth this departure grieve her that they surpass thine twenty to one. Give thyself a little peace, then, for at least thou canst know in this bitter case how dear thou art to her.

(112) "I have just arranged with her that thou shalt go to her, and thou shalt be with her this very night and what thou hast already contrived thou shalt set forth to her in the best way thou canst. Right soon shalt thou see what will be entirely to her pleasure. Perhaps ye shall find means which shall be of great solace to your woes."

(113) To whom Troilus responded with a sigh: "Thou sayest well and it is my will to do so." And many other things he said. But when it seemed time to go, Pandarus left him meditating thereon, and went away. And it seemeth to him a thousand years before he be in the arms of his dear love, whom fortune after did wickedly ravish away from him.

(114) When the hour and moment arrived, Cressida came forth, as was her wont, with a lighted torch to meet him, and received him in her arms, and he, oppressed with heavy sorrow, her in his. And both falling silent were unable to conceal the wounds in their hearts, but in close and silent embrace fell to shedding great floods of tears.

(115) And both clasped one another tightly, bathed both in tears, and though they would, they could not speak, so did the agonizing tears and sobs and sighs prevent. And nevertheless they ever and again exchanged kisses and drank the falling tears, without care that they were bitter beyond their nature.

(116) But when their spirits, exhausted by the anguish of tears and sighs, were restored by the abating of their bitter pains, Cressida raised

to Troilus her eyes sad with cruel yearnings and said in broken accents: "O lord of mine, who taketh me from thee and where am I to go?"

(117) Then she fell in a swoon with her face upon his breast and her strength departed from her, with so sore grief was her heart wrung. And her spirit sought this way and that to make its escape, Troilus the while gazing upon her face and calling her name, though it seemed to him that he was not heard. And the veiling of her eyes as she fell gave him the impression that she was dead.

(118) Which when Troilus saw, distressed by a double grief, he laid her down, ever and anon kissing the tearstained face, seeking whether he might perceive in her any sign of life. In his grief he lightly touched every part, and in his opinion, he said weeping, she had passed from so wretched life.

(119) Cold she was and quite without feeling, as far as Troilus might know. And this appeared to him a certain proof that she had ended her days. Wherefore after prolonged weeping, and before he proceeded to any other act, he dried her face and composed her body, as we are wont to do with the dead.

(120) This done with a firm will he drew his sword from its scabbard, entirely disposed to welcome death in order that his spirit might follow that of his lady in so sad a fate and dwell with her in hell, since cruel fortune and implacable love were driving him out of this life.

(121) But first he said, burning with noble wrath: "O cruel Jove, and thou, harsh fortune, lo I come to do your will. Ye have bereft me of my Cressida, whom I thought ye were destined to steal away from me with trickery of another sort. Wherever she may be now, I know not, but here I see her body most unjustly done to death by you.

(122) "And I shall leave the world and follow her in spirit, since it pleaseth you. Perchance from the world beyond I shall have better fortune with her, when I shall have a truce to my sighs, if there one loveth, as I have heard say one doth. Since ye will not permit me to live, do ye at least place my soul with her.

(123) "And thou, O city, which I leave at war, and thou, Priam, and ye, dear brethren, farewell, for I am going away beneath the ground,

seeking the fair eyes of Cressida. And thou for whom sorrow doth so grip me and who dost send the soul from the body, do thou receive me;" Cressida he meant, with his sword already at his breast to suffer death,

(124) When she, recovering her senses, heaved a long, deep sigh, calling upon Troilus. To her he said: "O my sweet desire, dost thou still live?" And weeping he caught her up in his arms and alleviating her distress, as well as he might, with words, he comforted her. And her bewildered soul returned to her body, whence it had taken flight.

(125) All beside herself she stood awhile and spake no word. Then when she saw the sword, she began: "Why was that drawn forth from the sheath?" To her the weeping Troilus related what his life had been. Whereat she said: "What is this I hear? So, had I delayed a little longer, thou wouldst have slain thyself in this spot.

(126) "Alas, how grievous to me is all that thou hast told me! Never should I have remained alive after thee but I too should have plunged it through my sad breast. Now must we highly praise the gods. Now let us to bed and there shall we hold converse of our woes. If I consider the waning torch, a great part of the night hath already gone."

(127) As the close embracings had been once, so now they were, but these were more bitter with tears than the former had been joyous. Once again commenced without delay the bittersweet discourse between them. Cressida began: "Sweet my friend, give careful heed to what I say.

(128) "After I heard the sad news of my wicked father's treachery, an the gods may preserve thy fair face for me, no woman ever felt as great distress as I felt then, since I care not for gold, city, or palace, but only to dwell always with thee in joy and pleasure and thou with me.

(129) "And I wished entirely to abandon myself to despair in the belief that I should ne'er see thee again. But since thou hast seen my soul wander and return again, I feel pass through my mind certain thoughts, useful peradventure, which I desire to be clear to thee before we yield to further grief, for perchance we may yet hope for good.

(130) "Thou seest that my father demandeth my return. Yet I would not obey him in going hence, were I not constrained by the king, whose faith must be observed, as thou shouldst know. Wherefore I must go

with Diomedes, who hath been the negotiator of this cruel treaty, whenever he returneth. Would to the gods that he never return in the cruel time.

(131) "Thou knowest that every kinsman of mine, barring my father, is here, and that everything of mine still remaineth here. And if I remember rightly, there is ever talk between you and the Greeks of an end to this perilous war. If his wife surrender herself to Menelaus, I believe that you will have it, and I know that you are already near to it.

(132) "Hither will I return if ye make peace, since I have not other where to go. And if perchance ye make it not, there will be opportunity to come here in times of truce, and such passages thou knowest it is not customary to forbid the women, and my kinsmen will gladly see and invite me here.

(133) "Then shall we be able to have some solace, even though the waiting may be a sore vexation. But he who wisheth that joy come after with greater pleasure, must prepare to bear hardship. I see indeed that here in Troy we must sometimes pass many a day in grievous pain without seeing each other.

(134) "And besides this, peace or no peace, there springeth up in me a greater hope of returning here. My father hath now desire of this and perhaps he imagineth that because of his evildoing I cannot abide here without fear of violence or of blame to be gained here. When he knoweth that I am honored here, he will no more care for my coming back.

(135) "And for what purpose should he keep me among the Greeks, who, as thou seest, are ever in arms! And if he keepeth me not there, where else he could send me I see not. And even if he could, I believe he would not, since he would have no desire to entrust me to the Greeks. Here then is it fitting to send me back, nor do I clearly see anyone opposed to it.

(136) "He is, as thou knowest, old and avaricious and here he hath that which, if he prizeth it, may make him pay heed to what I shall tell him, to have me brought back here as best he may, for I shall show him how I may find a remedy for aught that might happen against expectation, and he through avarice will take delight in my return."

(137) Troilus listened to the lady with attention and her speech produced an effect upon his mind. And it seemed to him reasonable to suppose that what she said so positively ought to be true. But because he loved much, only with hesitation did he give credence to it. Yet in the end, as one who is anxious for a thing, he brought himself to believe it, seeking reasons within himself for so doing.

(138) Whereat a part of this heavy grief departed from them and hope returned. And then becoming of a less bitter mind, they began again the amorous sport. And just as in the new season the bird taketh delight in his song from leaf to leaf, so did they, speaking the while to each other of many things.

(139) But since the thought could not pass from the heart of Troilus that this departure would have to be, he began to speak after this wise: "O Cressida mine, much loved beyond any other goddess and more to be honored by me, who just now would have slain myself when I thought thee dead, what manner of life thinkest thou mine will be if thou returnest not quickly?"

(140) "Live as certain as thou art of death, that shouldst thou defer thy return here one moment too long, I would kill myself, nor do I clearly perceive yet how I shall get along without grievous and bitter sighing, when I feel thou art elsewhere. And a new apprehension ariseth in me lest Calchas may keep thee and that which thou sayest may not come to pass.

(141) "I know not whether peace shall ever be made between us. Peace or no peace, hardly do I believe that Calchas will ever desire to return here, for he would not believe that he could stay here without incurring the ignominy of his guilt, which was very great, if we do not wish to deceive ourselves in the matter. And if with so much insistence he demandeth thy return, hardly do I credit his sending thee back.

(142) "He will give thee a husband among the Greeks and he will show thee that in being besieged there lieth danger of coming to evil pass. He will flatter thee and cause thee to be honored among the Greeks. And he is much revered there, as I understand, and his virtue

highly esteemed. Wherefore not without disquiet do I fear that thou wilt never return to Troy.

(143) "And this thought is so grievous to me, fair soul, that I could not tell thee how much. Thou alone holdest in thy hands the key of my life and death, and the former so entirely that thou canst make it wretched or sweet as it pleaseth thee, O bright star by which I lay my course to the grateful port. If thou dost abandon me, bear in mind that I am dead.

(144) "So then in the name of the gods let us contrive a means and excuse for thy not going, if it can be done. Let us betake ourselves to some other region. Let us care not if the king's promises be unfulfilled, provided we may escape injury from him. There are, remote from here, peoples who will receive us gladly and who will besides ever hold us for lords.

(145) "Wherefore let us make our flight hence secretly, and let us go there together, you and I, and what time we have left to live in the world, heart of my body, let us live it together in delight. This I would wish and this is my desire, if it should accord with thine. This is the safer plan and every other course of action seemeth to me difficult."

(146) Cressida made answer to him with a sigh: "Dear joy of mine, my heart's delight, all this and even more might be just as thou hast said. But I swear to thee, by those shafts of Love that on thy account have entered into my heart, commands, flatteries, O husband, will never turn my desire from thee.

(147) "But what thou didst say of our going away is not in my opinion wise counsel. Thou shouldst take thought and care in these grievous times of thee and thine. For should we make our departure, as thou hast said, thou mightest see three dire results ensue therefrom. One would come for the broken faith, which causeth more evil than others believe.

(148) "And that would be dangerous to thy kinsfolk. For if for a woman thou shouldst have left them bereft of aid and counsel, they would by their plight arouse in others fear of stratagems, and if I see

clearly in my mind, you would be much blamed for it, nor would the truth ever be believed by any who had seen only this part of it.

(149) "And if any time demandeth faith and loyalty, it seemeth to be the time of war. For no one hath such power that he may long stand by himself alone; many join forces in the hope that what they risk for others will be risked for themselves. For if they put their trust in property and person, ruin followeth upon their hopes.

(150) "On the other hand what thinkest thou might be said among the people of thy going? They would not say that Love with his hot darts had led thee to such a decision but rather fear and baseness. Therefore hold thyself aloof from such thoughts, should they ever enter thy heart, if thy repute for valor, which echoeth so loudly, is at all dear to thee.

(151) "Then consider with how much infamy mine honor and chastity, held in the highest esteem, would be stained, nay ruined quite and lost to me, nor would they ever be redeemed by excuse or virtue that I could bring to bear, whatsoever I should do, were I to remain in life a hundred thousand years.

(152) "And besides this, I desire thee to take thought to what happeneth in the case of almost everything. There is nothing so base that doth not, if it be guarded well, make itself ardently desired, and the more thou dost yearn to possess it, the sooner doth loathing spring in thy heart, if full power be granted thee to see it, and even more, to keep it.

(153) "Our love which pleaseth thee so much, pleaseth thee because thou must act secretly and seldom come to this place. But if thou wilt have me freely, soon will be extinguished the glowing torch which now enkindleth thee—and me likewise. For if, as now, we wish our love to last, it must ever lie concealed.

(154) "Therefore take comfort and by turning thy back upon Fortune, conquer her and tire her out. No person in whom she might find a courageous soul would ever fall subject to her. Let us follow her course. In the meantime feign for thyself some journey and while upon it bate thy sighs, for on the tenth day shall I without fail make my return hither."

(155) "If," said Troilus then, "you are here on the tenth day, I am content. But in the meantime from whom shall my grievous woes have any solace? Since I cannot now, as thou knowest, pass one hour without great torment, if I see thee not, how then shall I contrive to pass ten days until thou returnest?"

(156) "In God's name find some means to stay. Go not, if thou dost see any means. I know thee to be quick of wit, if I understand aright what I hear concerning thee. If thou lovest me thou mayest well perceive that I am all consumed with but one thought, that thou goest away, and if thou goest, thou mayest well believe what manner of life will then be mine."

(157) "Alas," said Cressida, "thou slayest me and beyond all belief of thine thou givest me excessive sadness. I see that thou dost not believe in my promise as much as I thought. Ah, dear my sweet, why art thou of so little faith? Why dost thou rob thyself of all self mastery? Who would believe that a man strong in arms might not endure the ten days' wait?"

(158) "I think it by far the better part of wisdom to adopt the plan of which I told thee. Be content with it, sweet my lord, and hold it for certain within thy breast that my soul in my body weepeth at the thought of going far away from the sweet sight of thee, perhaps more than thou dost believe or think. I feel it strongly through all my senses.

(159) "To bide time, my soul, is often useful in order to gain time. I am not reft from thee, as thou seekest to prove, because I am given back to my father. Nor think thou in thy heart that I am so stupid that I cannot find means and ways to return to thee, whom I desire more than my life—I love thee far too much.

(160) "Wherefore I pray thee, if my prayer availeth, both for the great love thou hast for me and for the love that I bear thee, that thou console thyself for this my departure. If only thou couldst know how much it paineth me to see thy laments and to hear the deep fetched sighs thou utterest, thou wouldst feel regret for them and it would grieve thee to give vent to so many tears.

(161) "For thee in joy and love I hope to live and quickly to return and find a means to thy delight and mine. See to it that I may behold

thee so set at rest before my departure from thee that I may have no more pain than that which too ardent love hath planted in my mind. Do this I pray thee, sweet balm of my heart.

(162) "And I pray thee, while I am afar, let thyself not be caught by the pleasure thou takest in any woman or by any strange fancy. For if I should know of it, thou must be sure that I would slay myself like a mad woman, grieving for thee beyond all duty. Wouldst thou leave me for another, thou who knowest that I love thee more than woman ever loved man?"

(163) To this last part Troilus answered sighing: "Had I the wish to do that which thou dost now touch on with some suspicion, I cannot see how I ever should have the power to do it. So by loving hath love for thee caught me in its grip, I cannot see how I could still live on. This love I bear thee and its reason shall I explain to thee and in few brief words.

(164) "Beauty, which is often wont to take others in its net, drew me not to love thee, nor did gentle birth, which is ever like to catch the desire of the noble, draw me to love thee, nor yet did ornaments nor riches, in all of which thou art more abundant than was ever amorous lady, make me feel love for thee in my heart;

(165) "But thy noble and princely manners, thy excellence and thy courtly speech, thy ways more high-bred than those of any other lady, and thy graceful ladylike disdain, whereby every low-born desire and action seemeth base to thee such art thou to me, O sovereign lady mine have enthroned thee in my mind with love.

(166) "And these things neither years nor fickle fortune can snatch away. Wherefore with much anguish and the greatest anxiety I place my hope ever in the desire of having thee always. Woe's me, alas! What solace shall there be for all my sorrows, if thou goest hence, sweet my love? None surely, if not death forever. This will be the only end of my woes."

(167) After they had long conversed and wept together, since dawn was drawing near, they left off and embraced one another closely. But when the cocks had long been crowing, after quite a thousand kisses,

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each arose, the one commending himself to the other, and thus they departed tearfully.

FIFTH PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the fifth part of the Filostrato, in which Cressida is given back. Troilus accompanieth her and returneth to Troy. He weepeth alone and in the company of Pandarus, by whose advice they go to spend some days with Sarpedon. He returneth to Troy, where every spot remindeth him of Cressida, and in order to assuage his sorrows he giveth utterance to them in song, awaiting until the tenth day shall pass. And in the first place Cressida is delivered to Diomedes. Troilus accompanieth her to the outskirts of the city and after he hath left her, she is joyfully received by her father.

(1) That same day was Diomedes there for the purpose of surrendering Antenor to the Trojans. Into his hands therefore Priam delivered Cressida, so full of sighs and tears and grief that it stirreth sorrow in him that seeth her. On the other hand was the lover, in such distress that none did ever see his like.

(2) True it is that with great effort he made wondrous concealment within his breast of the great strife he had with sighs and tears. And in his face little or no sign of it did yet appear, although he yearned to be alone, and in solitude to weep and vent his bitterness and relieve himself by giving full rein to his affliction.

(3) Ah, how many things came to his noble mind when he saw Cressida yielded to her father! Quivering in every limb with wrath and grief, he first chafed inwardly with very rage and said under his breath: "O miserable wretch that I am, what more do I wait for? Is it not better to die once and for all than ever in tears to live and languish?"

(4) "Why do I not break up these pacts with arms? Why do I not slay Diomedes on the spot? Why do I not put an end to the old man who hath made them? Why not hurl defiance at all my brothers? Would that they were all undone! Why do I not plunge Troy in lamentation and mournful wailing? Why at this moment do I not steal Cressida away and cure myself?"

(5) "Who shall say me nay if I shall indeed wish to do so? Why not go to the Greeks and see if they will yield me Cressida? Alas, why do I delay longer? Why do I not quickly hasten thither and force them to surrender her to me?" But fear made him abandon a course so desperate and bold, lest Cressida should be slain in such a fray.

(6) When Cressida saw that she must, despite her grief, go with the company that was to depart, she mounted her horse and began angrily to say to herself: "Ah, cruel Jove and bitter fortune, whither do ye bear me against my will? Why doth my grief delight you so?"

(7) "Ye in your cruelty and heartlessness take me away from the pleasure that was most dear to my heart. Perchance ye think yourselves humiliated by any sacrifice or honor from me. But ye are deceived. Ever shall I spend my days of grief in heaping upon you obloquy and dishonor, until I return and behold again the fair face of Troilus."

(8) Then scornfully she turned to Diomedes and thus she spake: "Now let us be gone. Long enough have we exposed ourselves to the gaze of this people, who may now expect solace for their woes, if they will carefully consider the honorable exchange which thou hast made in surrendering so great and dreaded a king for a mere woman."

(9) And this said, she gave spurs to her horse, speaking no word save a farewell to her attendants. And well did the king and his barons take note of the lady's wrath. Forth she went nor would she listen to farewell or parting speech or cast a glance at anyone. Forth she went from Troy, whither she was never again to return or to be with Troilus.

(10) Troilus, as though to perform an act of courtesy, mounted his horse with many companions and with a hawk upon his fist did bear her company as far as the outer ring of the rampart, and gladly would he

have done likewise all along the way even to her lodging, but it would have been too open and also thought of little sense.

(11) And Antenor, surrendered by the Greeks, had already come among them and with great festivity and honor had the young Trojans received him. And although this return was very grievous to Troilus' heart because of the surrender of Cressida, yet did he receive him with a good face, and made him ride before him with Pandarus.

(12) And when they were already on the point of taking leave, he and Cressida stopped for some moments, and gazed into each other's eyes, nor could the lady restrain her tears. And they then took one another by the right hand, and at that Troilus approached so near to her side that she could hear him as he spake low and said: "Come back again, cause me not to die."

(13) And without more ado, having turned his steed, with his face all flushed, he spake no word to Diomedes. And of such behavior Diomedes alone took note. Well he seeth the love of the twain and with diverse reasons maketh proof of it in his mind. While he whispereth of it to himself, secretly is he smitten with her.

(14) Her father welcomed her with great joy, although such show of affection lay heavy upon her. She was silent and subdued, consuming herself with heavy sorrow, and in wretched case, her heart being still faithful to Troilus, although she was soon to change and to forsake him for a new lover.

(15) Troilus, sad and distressed, as none was e'er before, turned back to Troy; and with a sullen and angry scowl upon his face, he tarried not until he reached his palace. Dismounting here, in mood much sadder than had e'er been his before, he suffered none to speak aught to him but entered his chamber in solitude.

(16) There he gave free vent to the grief that he had held in check, calling for death, and he bewailed his happiness which he thought he had lost, and so loudly did he cry that almost was he heard of those who were going about through the court. And in such weeping did he pass the whole day that neither servant nor friend saw him.

(17) If the day had passed in grief, the night, already dark, did not diminish it. But his lament and his great grief were redoubled, so did his misfortune gain the upper hand over him. He cursed the day upon which he was born and the gods and the goddesses and Dame Nature and his father and as many as had consented to the surrender of Cressida.

(18) He also cursed himself for having let her so depart and for not having carried out the decision that he had made, that is, to try to take flight with her. Bitterly did he repent of it, and he would willingly have died of grief because of it, or for not having at least asked for her, for perchance she might have been granted to him.

(19) And as he turned in his bed now here and now there, without finding any resting place, at such times would he in his weeping say to himself: "What a night is this! When I consider the past night, if I read the hour aright, such time as it now is did I kiss the white bosom, the mouth, the eyes, and the lovely face of my lady, and oft embrace her.

(20) "She would kiss me and we took a happy and gracious pleasure in conversing together. Now I find myself alone, alas, and weeping, in doubt whether so joyous a night is ever to come again. Now I keep embracing the pillow, and I feel the flame of love waxing greater, and hope becoming less on account of the grief that overwhelmeth it.

(21) "What then shall I do, miserable wretch that I am? Shall I wait if it so be that I can do so? But if my mind is so saddened by her departure, how shall I hope to be able to live on? To him who loveth well the power to rest is of no account, because in such wise did he the like the night and day that had passed before."

(22) That day neither Pandarus nor any other had been able to come to him. Wherefore with the coming of day he at once had him summoned that he might be able somewhat to relieve his wretched heart by talking of Cressida. Pandarus came there and well could he divine what he had done that night and also what he desired.

(23) "O Pandarus mine," quoth Troilus, hoarse with his cries and his long lament, "what shall I do? For the fire of love doth so enwrap me all within that neither much nor little may I rest. What shall I do in my woe,

since Lady Fortune hath been so hostile to me that I have lost my sweet friend?

(24) "I do not believe that I shall ever again cast mine eyes upon her. Would therefore I had fallen dead, when yesterday I permitted her to depart. O sweet my love, my dear delight, O lady fair, to whom I gave myself, sweet my soul, O single solace of these sad eyes now turned to streams, alas, seest thou not I die, and givest thou not thine aid to me?"

(25) "Who seeth thee now, fair sweet soul? Who sitteth with thee, heart of my body? Who listeneth to thee now, who holdeth speech with thee? Alas, not I, wretched beyond any other. Say, what doest thou? Hast thou now any thought of me in thy mind or hast thou forgotten me for thine aged father, who hath thee now, wherefore I live in so grievous pain?"

(26) "As thou hearest me do now, Pandarus, so have I done all the night, nor hath this amorous woe let me sleep; or indeed, if any sleep hath found a place in my languishing, it availeth me naught, since when I sleep I do ever dream of flight or of being alone in fearsome places or in the hands of fierce enemies.

(27) "And so doth it vex me to see this, and such terror is in my heart that 'twere better for me to lie awake and grieve. And often there cometh upon me a trembling that shaketh and rouseth me and maketh it seem that I fall from a high place into the depths. And awakened I call loudly upon Love and upon Cressida, now praying for mercy and now for death.

(28) "To such a point as thou dost hear have I come in my misery and I grieve for myself and for that parting more than I could ever have believed. Alas that I confess I must still hope for help, and that the fair lady will yet come back with it. But the heart which loveth her, doth not allow me this and doth ever call on her."

(29) After he had spoken and discoursed a long time in such wise, Pandarus, sorrowing for a grief so heavy and vexatious, spake thus: "Alas, tell me, Troilus, an this sadness is ever to have surcease and end, dost thou not believe that the blow of love hath ever been felt by others than by thee, or that others have been put to the necessity of parting?"

(30) "Truly others there are as enamored as thou art—by Pallas I swear it. And of them there be also some, I make no doubt, more stricken in fortune than thou. Yet have they not completely abandoned themselves, as thou hast, to the fate of so hard a life, but their grief, when it becometh too great, they seek to alleviate with hope.

(31) "And thou shouldst do the like. Thou sayst that she hath given thee promises to return hither within the tenth day. This is not so long a tarrying that thou shouldst not be able to wait without putting on a long face and dawdling like a booby. How couldst thou suffer the torment if 'twere a question of a year's absence?

(32) "Drive away dreams and fears. Let them go into the winds that they are. They proceed from melancholy and cause thee to see what thou fearest. God alone knoweth the truth of what will be. Dreams and auguries, to which stupid people pay heed, amount to nothing nor have they little or much to do with the future.

(33) "So, then, in the name of the gods, have mercy upon thyself, leave off this so savage grief. Do me this favor, grant me this boon. Rise up, make thy thoughts light. Talk with me, if thou wilt, of the past but prepare thy noble soul for the future. For the past will come back again within a very short time. So take good comfort then in hoping.

(34) "This city is a great one and full of delights. Now, as thou knowest, there is a truce. Let us go hence to some pleasant place afar from here. There shalt thou be with some one of these kings and with him shalt thou beguile thy wearisome life, whilst thou passest the time set for thee by the fair lady who hath wounded thy heart.

(35) "Ah, do this, I pray thee, rise up. To grieve as thou dost, is no courageous act. The same is true of thy lying down. If thy stupid and contrarious behavior should be known outside, thou wouldst be put to shame, and men would say that thou, like a coward, hadst been weeping for the adverse time, not for love, or that thou hadst been making pretense of illness."

(36) "Alas, he who loseth much, weepeth much, nor can he who hath not experienced it, know of what sort is that happiness which I let go. Wherefore I should not be blamed if ever I did naught but weep. But

since thou, my friend, hast prayed me to do so, I will comfort myself to the best of my ability in order to serve thee and do thy pleasure.

(37) "May God soon send me the tenth day, so that I may again become as happy as I was when it was proposed to give her up. Never was rose in the sweet spring as fair as I am minded to become when I shall see again in Troy the fresh countenance of that lady who is the cause of all my torment and woe.

(38) "But where can we go for pastime, as thou dost suggest? Suppose we go to Sarpedon. How can I stay there, for I shall ever have anxiety in my soul lest she perchance return in vain before the day appointed. For I would not, if this should happen, be away for all the good things that life may buy or command."

(39) "Ah, I shall see to it that someone, if she returneth, come for me without delay," replied Pandarus, "and I shall station one here for this sole purpose, so that it may be well known by us, since now indeed there is none perchance by whom it would be desired as by myself. So do not give up for this reason. Let us go where thou even now hast proposed to me."

(40) The two companions started forth upon the road, and after about four miles they reached the place where Sarpedon was. He, when he knew it, advanced joyfully to meet Troilus, and glad he was to do so. They, although weary from much sighing, joyfully made great festivity with the powerful baron.

(41) He, as one who was in all things more noble-hearted than any other, did marvelous honor to each, now with hunts and now with the gracious welcome of fair and very worthy ladies, with song and music, and always with grandeur of banquets of such number and sort that their like had never been held at Troy.

(42) But what availed all these things to the faithful Troilus who had no heart for them? He was in that place whither the love formed in his thoughts did often draw him, and Cressida as his god he did ever see with the eyes of his mind, imagining now one thing and now another, sighing for her and often for love.

(43) However worthy and fair she might be, every other lady was tiresome in his sight. All diversions, every sweet song, were vexatious to him, since he saw not her in whose hands love had placed the key to his piteous life. He was happy only as he thought of her, forgetting every other matter.

(44) And there passed not evening nor morning that he did not cry out with sighs: "O lovely light, O morning star." Then as if she were present and listening, a thousand times he called her "thorn rose" in the hope of a salutation. But he always had to leave off in the middle; his salutations ended in sighs.

(45) No hour in the day passed by that he did not call her by name a thousand times; her name was ever upon his lips, and her fair countenance and graceful speech he pictured in his heart and mind. The letters sent to him by her he turned over a full hundred times a day, so did it please him to see them again.

(46) They had not tarried there three days when Troilus began to say to Pandarus: "What do we here any longer? Are we in duty bound to live and die here? Are we waiting to be sent on our way? To tell thee true, I would fain go hence. Let us go away in the name of the gods; we have been long enough with Sarpedon, who hath granted us willing hospitality."

(47) Then quoth Pandarus: "Look you now, have we come hither to escape the hot pangs of love or hath the tenth day arrived? O restrain thyself but a little longer, for our going home would seem a slight. Whither now shalt thou go and to what place wherein thou mayest make a happier sojourn? Let us stay two days longer. Then shall we depart, and if thou dost wish it, homeward wend."

(48) Although against his will Troilus tarried, yet did he remain in his usual train of thought. Nor did Pandarus' words avail aught. But after the fifth day, having taken their leave, though to the displeasure of Sarpedon, they returned to their own homes, Troilus saying along the way: "O God, shall I find my love returned?"

(49) But Pandarus, as one who fully knew the whole intent of Calchas, spake otherwise with him. "This wish of thine, so fierce and fiery, may

be cooled, if I be not deceived by what I heard even when she was here. I believe that the tenth day and the month and the year will pass before thou dost see her again."

(50) When they were returned home, both went into a chamber and when they had found a place to sit, much they talked of Cressida without Troilus' giving any respite to his hot sighs. But after a little while Troilus said: "Let us go and see the house at least, since else we cannot do."

(51) And having said this, he took Pandarus by the hand. And his face wore something of a deceptive smile. He descended from the palace and to the others that were with him made various pretexts to conceal the assaults of love he felt. But when his eyes fell upon the closed house of Cressida, he experienced a new agitation.

(52) And it seemed to him that his heart would break when he beheld the locked door and the windows. So distracted was he by the newborn passion that he knew not whether he stood or walked. And his changed countenance would have given manifest tokens of it to anyone who had bestowed upon him even a casual glance.

(53) Grieving thus on account of his new anguish, he did his best to talk with Pandarus. Then he said: "Alas, how full of brightness and delight wert thou, O place, when that beautiful lady was in thee, for she bore my peace entirely within her eyes! Now without her art thou left dark nor do I know whether thou art ever to have her again."

(54) Then he went forth riding through Troy. And every place recalled her to his mind. Of these places he continued to hold discourse with himself as he rode on. "There I saw her laugh happily; there I saw her cast her glance upon me; there she graciously saluted me; there I saw her rejoice and there turn thoughtful; there I saw her pitiful of my sighs.

(55) "There she was when with her fair and beautiful eyes she made me a captive with love; there she was when she enkindled my heart with a sigh of greater warmth; there she was when her ladylike worthiness condescended to my pleasure; there I saw her haughty, and there humble did my gentle lady show herself to me."

(56) Then as he thought of that, he went on to add: "Long hast thou made me a byword on the lips of men, O Love, if I do not wish to

continue this self-deception, and memory well repeateth the truth to me. Wherever I go or stay, if I understand aright, I discern a full thousand signs of thy victory, which thou hast won in triumph over me, who once did mock at every lover.

(57) "Well hast thou avenged the insult put upon thee, powerful and very redoubtable lord. But since my soul hath devoted itself entirely to thy service, as thou mayest clearly see, let it not die disconsolate, restore it to its first pleasure; constrain Cressida as thou dost me, so that she may return to put an end to my woes."

(58) At times he went forth even to the city gate through which his lady had departed. "Hence issued she who comforted me, hence went forth my sweet life; and even to that place did I give her escort, and there did I make my parting from her, and there, alas, did I touch her hand." All these things he said to himself, bursting into tears at once.

(59) "Hence thou didst depart, heart of my body. When shall it be that thou wilt return thence, dear joy of mine and sweet my love? Surely I do not know but these ten days will be more than a thousand years. Ah, shall I ever see thee return to delight me with thy comely ways, even as thou hast promised! Ah, will it ever be? Ah, would it were even now!"

(60) And it seemed to him that there was less than the usual color in his face, and for this reason he fancied that he was at times pointed at, as if men were saying: "Why hath Troilus become so submissive and so bemused?" There was none that pointed at him, but he who knoweth the truth is suspicious.

(61) Wherefore it pleased him to show in verses who was its cause. And sighing when awearied of grieving, giving some respite, as it were, to his sorrow-while he waited in luckless days—he went his way with a low-voiced song upon his lips, diverting his soul overborne with excess of love in such wise as this:

(62) "The sweet sight and the fair soft glance of the loveliest eyes that e'er were seen, which I have lost, make my life seem so wearisome that I go about heaving groans of woe. And so far have they led me that instead of the light, joyous sighs that I used to fetch, I yearn for death on account of thy going, so deeply doth it pain me.

(63) "Alas, Love, why at the first step didst thou not wound me so grievously that I should have died? Why, alas, didst thou not separate from me the anguished spirit I bear, since from being aloft I now see myself brought low? There is no comfort, Love, to my griefs save only death, when I find myself parted from those fair eyes in which I have once seen thee.

(64) "When for the gentle act of salutation I turn mine eyes somewhat toward some fair lady, all my strength is so dissipated that I cannot check within me my lamenting. Thus do the amorous wounds remind me of my lady, from whose sight I am now so far, O woe is me, that if Love should wish it, I fain would die.

(65) "Since my fortune is so cruel that all that meeteth mine eyes saddeneth me the more, in the name of the gods, O Love, let thy hand close them, since I have lost the amorous sight. Leave, O Love, my naked flesh, for when life is acquired by death, dying should be joyous; and thou knowest well where the soul must go.

(66) "It will go to those fair arms into which fortune hath already cast the body. Dost thou not see, O Love, that I am already marked in the face with its own color? See then the anguish that the pursuit giveth me, draw it forth, and bear it to the bosom most beloved by it, where it awaiteth peace, for every other thing displeaseth it."

(67) When he had uttered these words in his song, he turned again to his former sighing. As he went about by day, and as by night he lay in bed, he did ever think upon his Cressida, nor took he pleasure in scarce any other thing. And often did he number o'er the days gone past, never believing that he would reach the tenth, when Cressida should return to him from the Greeks.

(68) Beyond the usual fashion the days seemed to him long and the nights longer. He measured from the first white gleam of dawn until the moment when the stars appeared. Thus would he say: "The sun hath entered upon new errors nor do his horses run as once they did." Of the night he would say the like: "one o'clock," "two o'clock," he'd repeat them all.

(69) The old moon was already horned at the going of Cressida, and he had seen it early in the morning when he departed from her house. Wherefore he often said to himself: "When it shall have become with its new horns just as it appeared when our lady went away, then will my soul have returned here."

(70) He gazed at the Greeks in their tents before Troy. And as formerly he was wont to be disturbed when he saw them, so now were they looked upon with pleasure. And that breeze which he felt blowing in his face, he was often wont to believe sighs wafted from Cressida. And as often would he say: "Either here or there is my gracious lady."

(71) In such wise and in many another fashion he passed the time away in sighs. And with him was ever Pandarus, who often comforted him in his lamenting. And in so far as he might, he endeavored to draw him into gay and gladsome talk, ever giving him good hope of his fair and worthy love.

SIXTH PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the sixth part of the Filostrato, in which, to begin with, Cressida, while at her father's tent, grieveth at her separation from Troilus. Diomedes cometh to her and holdeth discourse with her. He disparageth Troy and the Trojans, and discovereth his love. To him she replieth and leaveth him in doubt whether he please her or not. Finally grown indifferent to Troilus, she beginneth to forget him. And in the first place Cressida weepeth grievously at her separation from Troilus.

(1) On the other side, by the seashore, with few ladies, among armed men was Cressida. In bitter tears were spent her nights, for by day it was more fitting for her to use precaution, for the fresh and delicate cheeks had grown wan and thin. She was far from her sweet well-being.

(2) She wept, whispering to herself the delight she had heretofore taken with Troilus, and she did ever and anon tell over to herself all that had happened between them and often did she call to mind their every word, whenever she had the time or power to do so. For when she saw how far from him she was, she made a bitter fountain of her eyes.

(3) Nor would anyone have been so heartless, when he heard her make bitter plaint in her sorrows, as to refrain from weeping with her. So grievous was her weeping, when a moment of time was given her, that it could not be described to the full. And that which afflicted her more than aught else, was that she had none to share her grief.

(4) She would gaze upon the walls of Troy, the palaces, towers, and fortresses, and to herself would she say: "Alas, what a deal of joy, pleasure, and sweetness had I once within them! And now here in sad

distress do I consume my precious beauty. Alas, my Troilus, what doest thou now? Hast thou still any memory of me?

(5) "O woe, alas! Now would I had believed thee and together we had gone whithersoever and to whatsoever realm it had pleased thee. For now should I feel none of these sorrows, nor would so much good time be wasted. We should have returned at any time thereafter, and who would have said evil of me because I had gone away with such a man?

(6) "O woe, alas, that at this late hour I perceive how my judgment now turneth enemy to me! I turned from the bad and pursued the worse; wherefore my heart is bereft of joy. Vainly do I call upon death for solace, since I cannot see thee, O sweet friend. And I fear I shall never see thee again. May the Greeks full soon be as wretched as I.

(7) "But I shall do all in my power to make my escape hence, if in no other way my coming to thee be permitted, and to return to thy side, as I promised, and let the smoke float where it listeth and any consequence that will, follow me. For rather than consent to die of grief I am nothing loath that he who wisheth, may speak of it in barking tones."

(8) But soon did a new lover turn her from so high and great intent. Diomedes made use of every argument that he could to make way into her heart. Nor did the attempt fail him in due season. In brief space he drove forth from it Troilus and Troy and every other thought which she had of him, or false or true.

(9) She had not been there the fourth day after the bitter parting when honorable cause to come to her was found by Diomedes, who found her weeping in solitude and almost a different woman from the day when first riding forth with her, he had conducted her thither from Troy. And this seemed a great marvel to him.

(10) And to himself he said when first he saw her: "I think this labor of mine an idle one. This lady is sad for the love of another, as I see her, full of the sighs of constancy. Too much the master artist should I have to be, if I would drive out the first in order to make my own way in. Alas, in what an evil hour did I go to Troy when I brought her away!"

(11) But as one who had great daring and a stout heart, he made resolve, now that he had come hither, to disclose to her, even were he to die for it, the rough assaults that love had made him feel on her account, and how he was first enkindled with love for her. And after taking a seat he came gradually to his desires.

(12) And first he began to speak to her of the cruel wars between themselves and the Trojans, asking her opinion on the subject, whether she thought their designs frivolous or vain. Whence he went on to ask whether the ways of the Greeks seemed strange to her. Nor did he long refrain from asking her why Calchas delayed to seek her a husband.

(13) Cressida, whose mind still dwelt upon her sweet lover in Troy, did not perceive his cunning but answered Diomedes as it pleased her master Love. Again and again she pierced his heart with grievous pain and now and then she gave him joyous hope of what he sought.

(14) He, gathering assurance as he talked with her, began to say: "O youthful lady, if I have looked well into the face that delighteth more than any other ever seen, meseemeth that I see it much changed, on account of cruel torment, from the day on which we started hither from Troy, and, as you know, came here.

(15) "Nor do I know what may be the cause, if 'twere not love, which, if you be wise, you will cast aside when you listen to reason, because you must do as I say. The Trojans are, it may be said, imprisoned by us, as you see, for we are minded not to depart until we have destroyed Troy either with sword or fire.

(16) "Believe not that any in the city shall ever find pity in us. Neither ever did anyone nor ever, even if the world were eternal, shall any commit other folly without the punishment we shall mete out to Paris, if we may, for the deed he hath done, becoming a very shining example to him, either here among the living or among the dead in hell.

(17) "And were there indeed a dozen Hectors, as there is but one, and sixty brothers, we shall, even if Calchas doth not bring us to it by treacherous and deceitful speech, have, and that soon, the longed-for victory over them, one and all, no matter how many there be. And their

death, which shall be within a very short space of time, will give us certainty that our hope is not ill-founded.

(18) "And believe not that Calchas would have demanded you back with such urgency had he not foreseen what I tell you. Well have I discussed this matter with him before he did so and taken every circumstance into consideration. Wherefore in order to draw you away from such dangers, he took counsel how to have you returned hither.

(19) "And I did urge him, hearing of your marvelous virtues and other excellencies, and when Antenor learned that he was to be given in exchange for you, I made offer of myself as mediator. And he laid upon me the charge that I should take this part, knowing full well my fealty. Nor were the goings and comings to see you, speak to you, know you, and hear you wearisome to me.

(20) "Therefore I desire to say to you, fair dear lady, renounce the fruitless love for the Trojans, drive away this bitter hope which now maketh you to sigh in vain, and recover the resplendent beauty which more than anything delighteth him who is a man of understanding. For to such straits hath Troy now come that every hope that man hath there is lost.

(21) "And were it indeed to stand forever, yet are its king, its sons, and its inhabitants barbarous and rude in their ways, and to be held in little esteem in comparison with the Greeks, who surpass every other nation in goodly ways and mannerly appearance. You are among well-bred men, where formerly you were among drunken brutes.

(22) "And do not believe that there is not among the Greeks love nobler and more perfect than among the Trojans. And your great worth, exceeding beauty, and angelic aspect shall find here a very worthy lover, if you shall find pleasure in accepting him. And if it should not displease you, I would at this moment be he more gladly than king of the Greeks."

(23) And when he had said this, he turned red as fire in his face and his voice did somewhat shake. His gaze he cast upon the ground, averting somewhat his eyes from her. But then he turned with sudden thought, readier of word than he had been, and with swift speech continued: "Let it not vex you; I am as gentle born as any man in Troy.

(24) "If my father Tydeus had lived—he was killed fighting at Thebes—I should have been king of Calydon and Argos, as I still intend to be, nor had I come into a kingdom a stranger but known, of ancient line, and honorable, and, if it may be believed, descended from the gods, so that I am not of least weight among the Greeks.

(25) "I pray you then, if my prayer availeth, that you drive away all melancholy and that you take me as your vassal, if I seem to be a man of such worth and excellence as befitteth your sovereignty. I shall be what is demanded by your high beauty which I behold in you more than in any other—, so that you will also hold Diomedes dear."

(26) Cressida listened and shamefaced made reply with words few and far between, according as his speech demanded. But when she heard this last remark, she said to herself that his daring was great. Askance she eyed him and in anger—so much power did Troilus still have over her—and thus in voice subdued she spake:

(27) "I love, Diomedes, the land in which I have been bred and reared and I am as distressed as may be by the war in which she is engaged, and would gladly see her free. And if cruel fate doth drag me forth from her, with good reason am I disturbed. But for every anxiety received on my account I pray good desert be rendered thee.

(28) "I know well that the Greeks are of high worth and well mannered, as thou sayest, but the high virtue of the Trojans is no less on that account. Their qualities have they shown in the handiwork of Hector. Nor do I believe there is good judgment in disparaging others on account of strife, or for other reason, and then praising self above them.

(29) "Love I have not known since he died to whom loyally I rendered it, as to my husband and my lord. Nor did I ever care in such fashion for Greek or Trojan, nor is it in my desire ever to care for any or ever will be. That thou art descended of royal blood I believe readily enough and I have well understood it.

(30) "And this causeth me much wonder that thou canst place thy mind upon an insignificant woman, as I am, of low rank. For thee the fair Helen would be more fitting. I am in distress and not disposed to listen

to such a declaration. I do not mean, however, that I am sorry to be loved faithfully by thee.

(31) "The times are cruel and you are in arms. Let the victory that thou dost expect, come. Then shall I know much better what to do. Perhaps then I shall be much more content with the pleasures that now please me not, and thou mayest speak to me again. Perchance what thou sayest will be dearer to me then than it is now. One must regard time and season when one wisheth to capture another."

(32) This last speech was very pleasing to Diomede and it seemed to him that he might still hope without fail for some favor, such as he had afterward to his content. And he made answer to her: "Lady, I pledge you the greatest faith I can, that I am and always shall be ready to thy will." Nor aught else said he, and after this departed thence.

(33) Tall he was and well favored in person, young, fresh, and very pleasing, and strong and haughty, as men say, graceful of speech as ever any other Greek, and he had a nature prone to love. Which things Cressida in the midst of her woes kept pondering to herself when he had departed, hesitating whether to approach or avoid him.

(34) These things cooled her in the warm thought she had of wishing only to return. These things turned her whole mind, which was intent upon seeing Troilus, and abated her desire, and a new hope put somewhat to flight her grievous torment. And it befell that, moved by these reasons, she kept not her promises to Troilus.

SEVENTH PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the seventh part of the Filostrato, in which first of all Troilus on the tenth day awaiteth Cressida at the gate. Whom, when she cometh not, he excuseth, and returneth thither on the eleventh day and again on other days. And when she cometh not, he returneth to his tears. With sorrow Troilus consumeth himself. Priam asketh him the reason; Troilus keepeth silent. Troilus dreameth that Cressida both been taken away from him. He relateth his dream to Pandarus and wisheth to kill himself. Pandarus restraineth and keepeth him back therefrom. He writeth to Cressida. Deiphoebus learneth of his love. While he lieth in bed, ladies visit him. Cassandra rebuketh him and he rebuketh Cassandra. And in the first place, when the tenth day hath arrived, Troilus and Pandarus await Cressida at the gate.

(1) Troilus, as hath been said above, was passing the time awaiting the appointed day, which arrived indeed after long waiting. Wherefore feigning other concerns, he went away alone toward the gate, discoursing much thereof with Pandarus. And toward the camp they went, gazing about to discover whether they might see anyone coming toward Troy.

(2) And everyone whom they saw coming toward them alone or in company was believed to be Cressida, until he had come so close to them that he could be easily recognized. And there they tarried until after midday, often deluded by this belief, as their later experience showed.

(3) Troilus said: "As far as I can believe she would not now come before mealtime. She will have difficulty in ridding herself of her old father—more than she would wish. What counsel wilt thou give me in

this? I for my part believe that she would have come, if come she might and if she had not stopped to eat with him."

(4) Pandarus said: "I believe that thou speakest truly. But let us depart and then we shall return again." Troilus agreed and thus they did in the end. And the time that they tarried before returning, was very long, but the hope deceived them, as it appeared, and they found it empty, for this gentle lady came not, and already it was far gone in the ninth hour.

(5) Quoth Troilus: "Peradventure her father will have detained her and will desire that she stay until vespers and therefore her return will be somewhat late. Now let us stay on the outside so that her entrance be not delayed, for oftentimes these sentries are wont to hold in talk him who cometh, without making distinction for whom it is fitting."

(6) Twilight came and after that the evening, and many persons had deceived Troilus, who had ever stood in suspense, with eye riveted on the camp, and closely had he scanned all who came from the shore to Troy, and some had he questioned for further particulars, and naught had he gathered of that which he sought.

(7) Wherefore he turned to Pandarus and said: "This lady hath doubtless done wisely, if I have good understanding of her ways. Probably she desireth to come secretly and therefore waiteth for the night, and I commend it. Probably she hath no desire to make men wonder or say: 'Hath she who was demanded in exchange for Antenor returned here so soon?'"

(8) "Therefore let not waiting displease thee, my Pandarus, I pray thee in the name of the gods. We have now naught else to do. Let not the attainment of my desire weigh heavily upon thee. If I mistake not, it seemeth to me that I see her. Ah, look yonder, ah, dost thou see what I do?" "No," said Pandarus, "if my eyes are really open, what thou showest me seemeth to me naught else but a cart."

(9) "Alas that thou sayest truly!" said Troilus. "Even as it now goeth, so much doth that which I would wish might now happen, transport me." Already had the sun's light grown dim and an occasional star appeared to have come into the heavens when Troilus said: "Some sweet

thought comforteth me in my desire; believe it for certain that she is to come hither now."

(10) Pandarus laughed to himself, but silently, at that which Troilus said and clearly understood the reason that moved him to say it. And in order not to make him more sorrowful on that account than he was, he made a semblance of believing and said: "This wretched youth expecteth a wind from Mongibello."

(11) The waiting came to naught, and the sentries were making a great clamor at the gate, calling within both citizens and strangers, whoever did not wish to remain outside, and also all the country people and their beasts. But Troilus made them wait more than two hours. At last when the sky had become all starry, he returned within, accompanied by Pandarus.

(12) And although he had many times beguiled the day by entertaining now one hope and now another, among the many Love wished that he should give credence to some one of those less foolish. Wherefore he again directed his speech to Pandarus, saying: "We are fools for having expected her today.

(13) "Ten days she told me she would tarry with her father, without delaying there a moment longer, and that she would after that return to Troy. The end of the time is set for this present day. Therefore she should be coming hither tomorrow, if we count correctly, and we have stayed here the entire day, so much hath desire made us unmindful of it.

(14) "Tomorrow morning, Pandarus, we must return here betimes." But little availed their looking up and down, for to another had she directed her thought; so that, after long waiting, they returned within the walls, as they had done the day before, since 'twas already night. But that was over-bitter to Troilus.

(15) And the glad hope that he had, had almost nothing to which it might cling. Wherefore he grieved much within himself and began to complain more bitterly 'gainst her and Love, nor did it seem to him at all reasonable that she should so long delay in returning, since she had promised him faithfully to return.

(16) But the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth day after the tenth, which had already expired, each was awaited with sighs by Troilus, now hoping and now ceasing to hope for her return. And after these a longer respite was again obtained of hope, and all in vain, for she did not return, whilst Troilus was pining away in expectation.

(17) The tears that had slackened under the encouragement of Pandarus, and the sighs as well, returned without having been recalled by him, giving free vent to fiery desire and those which hope had spared, poured forth in double quantity under the torments that became hotter in him, tricked as he was, than they had been before, a full score for every one.

(18) In him every desire which had been ancient, returned afresh, and beside it the deceit which it seemed to him that he had suffered, and the hostile spirit of jealousy, a burden more than any other grievous and unrelieved by respite, as know those who have experienced it. Wherefore he wept day and night as much as his eyes and he were capable of weeping.

(19) He ate but little and naught did he drink, so full of anguish was his sad heart. And beside this he could not sleep, except his sleep were broken by sighs, and his life and himself he held utterly in contempt, and pleasure he shunned as fire, and likewise he avoided as much as he might every festivity and every company.

(20) And such had he become in his visage that rather seemed he beast than man; nor would anyone have recognized him, so wan and dispirited was now his face. All strength had departed from his body and scarce was there in his limbs vigor enough to sustain him, nor would he accept any consolation that anyone offered him.

(21) Priam, who saw him thus bewildered, did sometimes call him to himself and say: "My son, what hath ailed thee? What is it that grieveth thee? Thou seemest not the same, and pallid thou art. What is the cause of thy wretched life? Tell me, my son, thou canst hardly stand, and, if I mistake not, thou art very faint."

(22) The like would Hector say to him, and Paris, and his other brothers and his sisters. And they would ask him whence he had so great

a grief as this and on account of what cruel news. To all of whom he would say that he felt pain in his heart, but what it might be, none could question him so far that he could learn more of it from him.

(23) One day all melancholy on account of the broken pledge, Troilus had gone to sleep, and in a dream he saw the perilous sin of her who made him languish. For he seemed to hear a great and unpleasant crashing within a shady wood. Upon raising his head thereat he seemed to behold a great charging boar.

(24) And then afterward it seemed to him that he saw beneath its feet Cressida, whose heart it tore forth with its snout. And as it seemed, little cared Cressida for so great a hurt, but almost did she take pleasure in what the beast was doing. This gave him such a fit of rage that it broke off his uneasy slumber.

(25) When he was awake he began to reflect upon what he had seen in the dream. And he thought that he saw clearly the meaning of that which had appeared to him. And quickly he sent for Pandarus. And when the latter had come to him, weeping he began: "O Pandarus mine, my life no longer pleaseth the gods.

(26) "Thy Cressida, alas, in whom I trusted more than in any other, hath deceived me. She hath given her love to another, which grieveth me much more than death. The gods have shown it me in the dream." And thereupon he narrated to him all the dream. Then he began to tell him what was the meaning of such a dream; and thus he said to him:

(27) "This boar that I saw is Diomedes, since his grandfather slew the boar of Calidon, if we may give credence to our ancestors, and ever afterward the descendants, as it is seen, have borne the swine as a crest. Alas, how bitter and true a dream! He must have robbed her of her heart, that is her love, with his speech.

(28) "He holdeth her, woe is me, as thou too mayest plainly see. He alone preventeth her return; if that were not so, it was well within her power to return, nor would her aged father nor any other care have been an obstacle. Whereby I have been deceived whilst I believed in her and mocked the while I awaited her in vain.

(29) "Alas, Cressida, what subtle wit, what new pleasure, what alluring beauty, what wrath against me, what just anger, what fault of mine, or what cruel strangeness have been able to bring thy noble mind to another aim? Alas constancy, alas promise, alas faith and loyalty! Who hath cast you forth from the object of my affection?"

(30) "Alas, why did I ever let thee go? Why did I believe in thy bad counsel? Why did I not bring thee away with me, as, alas, I had desire to do? Why did I not break the agreements made, as it came into my heart to do, when I saw thee surrendered? Thou wouldst not then have been disloyal and false, nor would I now be miserable.

(31) "I believed thee and I hoped in all certainty that thy faith would be sacred and thy words a most certain truth, a truth more open than the light of the sun to living men. But thou didst speak to me ambiguously and covertly, as it appeareth now in thy vanities. For not only hast thou not returned to me but thou hast fallen in love with another man.

(32) "What shall I do, Pandarus! I feel a great fire newly enkindled in my mind, such that I find no room in my thought for aught else. I desire to seize upon death with my hands, for it would be no sport to remain longer in such a life. Now that Fortune hath brought me to so evil a fate, dying will be a delight whenas living would be distress and despite."

(33) When he had said this, he ran to a sharp knife hanging in the room and would have stabbed himself in the breast with it, had he not been restrained by Pandarus, who caught the wretched youth when he had seen him vent his despair in the usual words, with sighs and the shedding of tears.

(34) Troilus cried out: "Ah, hold me not, dear friend, I pray thee in the name of the gods, since I am minded to desire such a thing, let me carry out my cruel intent; unhand me, if thou wilt not first learn what manner of death that is to which I hasten; unhand me, Pandarus, for I shall strike thee, if thou dost not, and then I shall slay myself.

(35) "Let me take away from the world the most sorrowful body alive; let me in my death give contentment to our deceitful lady, who will some day go following my footsteps through the dark shades in the realm of sorrow; let me kill myself, for a languishing life is worse than

death." And saying this he strove again and again for the knife, which the other kept away from him.

(36) Pandarus still struggled with him, holding him straitly, and had it not been that Troilus was weak, the strength of Pandarus would have been overcome, such jerks did Troilus give, abetted by his mad rage. Yet in the end Pandarus removed the knife from the reach of his hand and made him against his will sit tearfully with him.

(37) And after bitter weeping he turned toward him in pity with such words as these: "Troilus, I have always had such faith in thy devotion to me that had I been bold enough to demand that thou shouldst kill thyself for me or for another, thou wouldst have done so immediately, as courageously as I would for thee in every case.

(38) "And thou hast been unwilling at my prayers to shun ugly and displeasing death, and had I not been stronger than thou, I should have seen thee die here. I did not believe that I should see thee fail me in the promises thou gavest me, although thou canst still make amends for this, if thou note with profit what I say.

(39) "As far as I can see, thou hast formed the opinion that Cressida is Diomedes'. And if I have well understood what thou hast said about it, nothing else giveth thee proof of that but the dream, a suspicion which thou dost entertain on account of the animal which woundeth with his tushes, and being unwilling to think more about it beforehand, thou dost desire to end wretched weeping with death.

(40) "And I told thee once before that it was folly to look too deeply into dreams. No one there was nor is nor ever will be who can with certainty well interpret what fancy can show forth with varied forms in the sleep of another, and many indeed have believed one thing while another opposite and contrary thereto came to pass.

(41) "So might it turn out in respect to this. Perhaps where you interpret the animal as hostile to thy love, it will be beneficial to thee and will do thee no harm, as thou thinkest. Doth it seem to thee an honorable deed for any man—to say nothing of one of royal line, as thou art—to kill himself with his own hands, or utter such shrieks on love's account?

(42) "This thing should have been done in quite another way than thou didst it. First was it desirable to find out cunningly, as thou couldst, whether it were true, and if thou hadst found it false, and yet not entirely so, then shouldst thou have raised thyself above faith in dreams and their deceit, which are harmful to thee.

(43) "If thou shouldst find it true that thou hast been abandoned by Cressida for another, thou shouldst not with all thy mind take deliberate counsel that there is nothing for thee to do but die; for I do not know by whom it was ever held in anything but blame. But 'twere well hadst thou taken thought to make mock of her as she hath made mock of thee.

(44) "And if indeed heavy thoughts drive thee to death to feel a lesser grief, that which thou didst choose should not have been chosen, for other way there was to accomplish such a wish. Verily thy wicked thoughts should have shown it thee, since the Greeks are before the threshold of the gate of Troy, and they will slay thee and ask no pardon.

(45) "So then we shall go together in arms against the Greeks whenever thou mayest wish to die; here shall we fight against them as honored youths, and like men shall we die avenged in slaying them, nor shall I forbid it thee at their hands certainly, provided I perceive that a just cause moveth thee to desire death in such fashion."

(46) Troilus, who still trembled in hot rage, listened to him as well as his grief might permit, and when he had heard him to the end, he wept as one still in distress. He turned to him, who stood waiting to see whether he was diverted from his mad intent, and in this wise spake to him through his tears, ever interrupting his speech with sobs:

(47) "Pandarus, live sure of this, that I am entirely thine in all that I can be. Living and dying will not be hard for me so long as thy pleasure is done, and if a little while ago, when thou didst belabor me for my own welfare, I was beyond the reach of wise judgment on account of my madness, thy prudence must not wonder at it.

(48) "Into such error sudden belief in the wretched dream made me come. Now in less angry mood do I see clearly my great delusion and my mad desire. But if thou dost see by what proof I can perceive the

truth of this suspicion, do thou tell it me, I pray thee in the name of the gods, for I am confused and by myself I see it not."

(49) To whom Pandarus said: "In my opinion she is to be tested by writing, since if she careth no longer for thee, I do not believe that we shall have response from her, and if we have it, we may see clearly by the written words whether thou art to have further hope of her return, or whether she hath become enamored of another man.

(50) "Since she departed, never hast thou written to her nor she to thee. And she might have such cause for her tarrying that thou wouldst say that she was right indeed to stay, and it might be such that thou wouldst take timidity to task rather than any other offense. Write to her then, for if thou doest it, thou wilt see clearly what thou art in search of."

(51) Already was Troilus disgusted with himself; therefore he believed him readily. And having withdrawn apart, he commanded that writing materials should be given him at once. And it was done. Wherefore after reflecting somewhat over what he ought to write, he began, not as one mad, and wrote without delay to his lady. And in this wise he said:

(52) "Youthful lady, to whom Love gave me and whose he holdeth me and, while I am alive, will ever hold me with faith unbroken, since thou in thy departure didst leave here in greater misery than any man believeth, my soul dismayed, it commendeth itself to thy great excellence and cannot send thee other salutation.

(53) "Although thou art become almost a Greek, my letter will not fail to be received by thee, since in a short time one forgetteth not so long a love as that which holdeth and hath held our friendship together, which, I pray, may be eternal. Therefore take it and read it even to the end.

(54) "If the servant might in any case complain of his lord, perhaps I should have reason to complain of thee, considering the faith I gave to thy devoted affection and the many promises and the oath thou madest to every god that thou wouldst return by the tenth day—and thou hast not yet made thy return within forty.

(55) "But since it is fitting that all that pleaseth thee, pleaseth me, I dare not complain, but as humbly as I can, I write thee my mind, more

glowing with love than ever before, and likewise my ardent longing and my life as well, desirous, as I am, to know what thy life hath been since thou wert sent in exchange among the Greeks.

(56) "It seemeth to me, if I have not misinterpreted what is passing in thy mind, that the flatteries of thy father have had much influence upon thee, or a new lover hath entered thy mind, or, although for an old man to become generous is a phenomenon rarely remarked among us, that the avaricious Calchas may have turned liberal, though the intent in thy heart led me to the contrary belief in thy last and bitter plaint.

(57) "And then thou hast tarried so far beyond our proposal, when thou wert according to thy promises under obligation to return so soon. If it were the first or the third reason, thou shouldst have made it plain to me, for thou knowest that I do and did agree to what thou didst wish. For I should have borne it patiently, however much grief it had caused me.

(58) "But much I fear that a new love may be the cause of thy long staying. And if this be true, it would be a greater pain than any I have yet experienced. And if my ardor hath deserved it, thou shouldst not now have reason to know of it. On this account I live wretchedly in such fear that it robbeth me of pleasure and hope.

(59) "This fear maketh me utter heart-rending cries, when I would wish to be at my ease. This fear alone playeth the conqueror in my thoughts. Wherefore I know not what to do. This fear, alas and alack, slayeth me, and I have neither the knowledge nor the power to protect myself from it. This fear hath brought me to such a pass that I am useful neither to Venus nor to Mars.

(60) "My grieving eyes, after thy departure, never left off weeping; eat or drink, rest or sleep I could not thereafter. But always have I uttered bitter moans; and what could most often have been heard upon my lips was the constant naming of thy name and calling upon thee and upon love for comfort. On account of this only I believe that I am not dead.

(61) "Well mayest thou give thought, alas, to what I should do, were I certain of what I suspect. Surely I believe that I would take my life, if I

were convinced of such defection on thy part. And to what purpose should I live on in this world, had I lost hope of thee, my heart's desire, whom I await for my only peace in this tearful life of mine?

(62) "Sweet songs and honest gatherings, birds and dogs and going about taking my pleasure, lovely ladies, temples, and great feasts, in search of which I once was wont to go, one and all I now avoid. Alas, they are hateful to me whenever I take thought that thou, my sweet felicity and my sovereign hope, now dwellest far away from here.

(63) "The bright colored flowers and the soft grass, which make the fields of quite a thousand colors, cannot charm my soul, constrained, O lady, on thine account, by the ardors of love. That part of heaven alone delighteth me under which I believe thou now dwellest, and upon that I gaze and say: 'That part now seeth her from whom I hope reward.'

(64) "I gaze upon the mountains that stand round about, and the place that holdeth thee hidden from me, and sighing I say: 'They have, though they know it not, the love-inspiring sight of the fair eyes for which I grieve far from them in a very distressful life. Now would I were one of them, or would I might now dwell upon one of them so that I might see it.'

(65) "I behold the waters descending to the sea, near which thou now dwellest, and I say: 'Those waters after some flowing will come thither where the divine light of mine eyes hath gone to stay and will be seen by her.' Alas, wretched life of mine! Why can I not go in their place as they do?

(66) "If the sun setteth, I watch him with envy, because it seemeth to me that enamored of my joy—that is, urged on by desire of thee—he returneth more quickly than he is wont, to see thee again. And after some sighing I begin to hate it and my sorrows increase. Wherefore, in fear lest he may take thee from me, I pray that night may fall again quickly.

(67) "Hearing sometimes men name the place where thou dost dwell or sometimes seeing one who cometh from there, rekindleth the fire in my heart, worn out by too much sorrowing, and it seemeth that I feel

some secret joy in my pleasure bound soul and to myself I say: 'Would I might go from here to that place whence he cometh, O sweet my desire.'

(68) "But what doest thou among armed knights, among warlike men and the noise of war, under the tents in the midst of ambushes, often dismayed by the terrors of the clank of arms and of the storms along the coast near which thou dwellest now? Is it not, my lady, a grievous sorrow to thee, who wert wont to lead so pleasant a life in Troy?"

(69) "I have indeed compassion upon thee more than upon myself, who am the properer object thereof. Do thou then return and keep thy promise wholly before I fall into a worse condition. I pardon thee every wound inflicted upon me by thy long tarrying and I ask no amends for it, except the sight of thy fair face, in which, alone is my paradise.

(70) "Ah, I pray thee by that desire which once seized me for thee and thee for me, and likewise by that sweetness which did equally enkindle our hearts, and moreover by that beauty which thou dost possess, gracious lady mine, by the sighs and piteous laments, so many in number, that once we made together,

(71) "By the sweet kisses and by that embrace which once held us so close bound, by the great joy and the sweet converse that made our delight the happier, by that faith as well which it once pleased thee to give to amorous words, when we parted the last time and came not together again thereafter,

(72) "I pray that thou wilt remember me and return. And if perchance thou art prevented, write to me who after the ten days hath hindered thee from making thy return here. Ah, let it not be grievous to thy sweet speech; in this at least content my life, and tell me if I am ever to have more hope in thee, sweet my love.

(73) "If thou wilt give me hope, I will wait, although it is beyond measure grievous to me; if thou wilt take it from me, I will slay myself and put an end to my hard life. But though the harm is mine, let the shame be thine, for thou wilt have brought a subject of thine, who hath committed no fault, to so inglorious a death.

(74) "Pardon if in setting down the words I have failed in the order, and if perchance thou dost behold the letter that I send covered with

stains. For my pain is the great cause both of the one and of the other, since I live and abide in tears, nor doth aught that happens check them. Therefore these so frequent spots are grievous tears.

(75) "And more I say not, although there still remaineth much for me to say, except 'do thou come.' Ah, bring it about, my soul, for thou canst if only thou dost apply thereto all the wit thou art master of. Alas, for thou wilt not know me, so am I changed in my malignant sorrows. Nor do I say more to thee, save only the gods be with thee, and make thee soon to be with me."

(76) Then did he give it sealed to Pandarus, who dispatched it. But the reply was vainly awaited by them for many days. Wherefore the more than human grief of Troilus persisted and he was confirmed in his opinion of his insane dream, not however to such a degree that he ceased to hope that Cressida might indeed yet love him.

(77) From day to day his grief waxed greater with the decline of hope. Wherefore he had to take to his bed, for he was exhausted. But indeed by chance there came to visit him Deiphoebus, for whom he had much love. Not seeing him in his woe, he began to say in a low voice: "Alas, Cressida, make me not to die in such grief."

(78) Deiphoebus then perceived what it was that constrained him, and affecting not to have heard, said: "Brother, why dost thou not now comfort thy sad soul? The gay season cometh and maketh itself fair; the meadows grow green again and afford a pleasing prospect of themselves; and the day hath already come when the term of the truce hath reached its end,

(79) "So that in the usual way we shall be able to make our valor felt by the Greeks. Dost thou no more desire to come in arms with us, for thou wert wont to be the first in dealing blows and as a warrior to be so feared by them that thou didst ever cause them all to flee before thee? Hector hath already given orders to be with him tomorrow outside the moat."

(80) Just as the hungry lion in search of prey that resteth when weary, suddenly starteth up, shaking his mane, if he perceiveth stag, bull, or other thing, desiring only that, so doth Troilus, when he heareth the

doubtful battle begin again, vigor suddenly coursing through his inflamed heart.

(81) And raising his head he said: "Brother mine, in truth I am a trifle weak, but such desire have I for war that I shall soon rise with full vigor from this bed. And I swear to thee, if ever I fought with hard and stern heart against the Greeks, now shall I fight more than ever I did before, in so great hatred do I hold them."

(82) Deiphoebus well understood what these words meant and much did he urge him on, telling him that they would await him there but that for his comfort he should not now delay longer. And they bade each other farewell. Troilus remained with his usual woes and Deiphoebus made swiftly away to his brothers and related the whole matter to them.

(83) This they readily believed because of the behavior already noticed. And in order not to make him sad on that account they took counsel together to make no mention of it and to give him relief. For they immediately sent messages to their ladies that each of them should go and visit him and make entertainment for him with melodies and singers, so that he should forget his irksome life.

(84) In but a little time the chamber was filled with ladies, and music, and song. On one side of him was Polyxena, who seemed an angel in looks; on the other sat the fair Helen; Cassandra, also, stood in front of them; Hecuba was there and Andromache, and many sisters-in-law and female relatives were gathered together.

(85) Each one comforted him as far as lay within her power, and someone asked him how he felt. He answered not, but regarded now one and now another, and in his faithful mind held remembrance of his Cressida. Nor more than with sighs did he disclose this, and yet some measure of delight did he feel both because of the singing and their beauty.

(86) Cassandra, who had heard by chance what her brother Deiphoebus had said, almost as if she were making fun of him because he appeared so dispirited and wore so rueful a look, said: "Brother, by thee to thy great malease was felt, as I learn, the accursed love, by which we are all to be undone, as we may see if we but wish to.

(87) "And since, albeit, matters were thus to be, would that thou wert enamored of a noble lady, instead of having brought thyself to wasting away on account of the daughter of a wicked priest, a man of evil life and of small importance. Here is the honored son of a great king who leadeth his life in sorrow and weeping because Cressida hath departed from him."

(88) Troilus was disturbed when he heard his sister, both because he heard dispraise of her whom he loved most and because perceiving that his secret had come to her ears—not knowing how,—he thought that she must know it through the oracles of the gods. Nevertheless he said: "It might appear true, were I to keep silent."

(89) And he began: "Cassandra, thy desire to guess at every secret more than other people, with thine imaginings, hath already many times caused thee sorrow. Perhaps it would be wiser for thee to hold thy peace than to speak thus at random. Thou dost cast thy speech before all, nor do I know what thou meanest about Cressida.

(90) "Wherefore when I see thee speak too much, I have a mind to do what I have not yet done, that is, to reveal thy ignorance. Thou sayest that excessive love for Cressida maketh me pale, and thou dost wish to turn it to my great shame. But thus far thine Apollo, the god thou hast mocked, hath not clearly shown thee the truth respecting this matter.

(91) "Cressida never pleased me by such love, nor do I believe that there is or ever was anyone in the world who would dare maintain this lie. And if, as thou dost keep saying, it were true, I swear by my faith I would never have let her go hence, unless Priam had slain me first.

(92) "Not that I believe he would have permitted it, as he permitted Paris to abduct Helen, of which we now have such reason to be proud. Therefore check thy ready tongue. But let me suppose indeed that it were established that, as thou sayest, I were in this grievous sorrow on her account, why is not Cressida in every respect worthy of any great man, of whatsoever sort thou wishest?

(93) "I do not wish to speak of her beauty, which, in the judgment of every man, surpasseth that of the highest, since the fallen flower is soon brown. But let us come simply to the matter of her nobility, which thou

dost so much disparage, and now let everyone admit the truth, if I tell it, and should another deny it, I pray him to set forth the reason why.

(94) "Nobility is to be found wherever virtue is. This no one who understandeth it, will deny. And all virtues are to be seen in her if the effect may be argued from the cause. But also separately must one arrive at such felicity, just to satisfy this woman who speaketh of everybody without knowing what it is she chattereth of.

(95) "If perchance mine own eyesight and what others say of her deceiveth me not, none more chaste than she will ever be known or hath ever been. And if I hear the truth, unassuming and modest she is beyond others, and certainly her appearance showeth it. And likewise she is silent and retiring where it is fitting, which in woman is a sign of noble nature.

(96) "In her behavior appeareth her discretion and in her speech, which is so sound and judicious and full of all reason. And this year I saw in part how much she had of it in the excuse she made for the perfidy of her father. And in her weeping she gave evidence with eloquent words of her high minded and very sincere scorn.

(97) "Her ways are very open and therefore meseemeth they need no defense either by me or by another. And I do not believe there are any knights in this city, be there as many courteous ones as you will, whom she would not mate in the middle of the chessboard in courtesy and liberality, provided only there should suffice her the means to do it.

(98) "And this I know because I have already been where she hath honored me and others so highly that on royal thrones sit many who would have experienced a feeling akin to embarrassment at it and who, like base men, would have left them in neglect. If she hath always been modest here, let her praiseworthy renown declare it.

(99) "What more, Lady Cassandra, will ye now demand in a woman? Her blood to be royal? All those upon whom you see crowns or scepters or imperial robes are not kings. Already many times have ye heard, a king is he who is worthy for his virtue, not for his power. And if this lady might, dost thou not believe that she would rule as well as thou?

(100) "Much better than thou would she wear it, I mean, if thou understandest me, the crown. Nor would she be, as thou art, a silly and conceited woman, who snappest at every person. Would the gods had made me worthy to have her for my lady so that, as the report circulateth among you, I might hold in the highest praise what the Lady Cassandra holdeth in dispraise.

(101) "Now be off with a curse to you; since ye cannot talk with reason, spin. Correct your ugliness and let be the virtue of others. Lo here a new sorrow and a new misfortune that a mad woman for vanity's sake is minded to disparage what deserveth praise, and if she be not listened to, it grieveth her."

(102) Cassandra held her peace and fain would she have been at that moment elsewhere. She mingled with the ladies without saying aught else. And when she was gone from his presence, she repaired straight to the royal palace. Nor did he ever again give her opportunity to visit him there. She was not so willingly seen and listened to in that place.

(103) Hecuba, Helen, and the others commended what Troilus had said. And after a while they all did comfort him in pleasing wise with words and with mirth and with sport. And then they all went forth together, each one returning to her house. And after that they did often visit him again as he lay weak upon his couch.

(104) With the continuance of his grief Troilus became strong enough to bear it patiently. And also on account of the ardent desire he had of displaying his valor against the Greeks, he shortly recovered the strength he had lost through the too bitter pains he had endured.

(105) And besides that Cressida had written to him and explained how she loved him more than ever. And many false excuses had she set down for her so long tarrying without return and requested still another delay for her home coming, which was never to be, and he had granted it to her, hoping to see her again, but he knew not when.

(106) And then in many battles fought with his adversaries he showed how great was his worth in arms. And his sighs and the other bitter laments which he had had to utter on account of these struggles, he sold to the enemy dear beyond all thought, though not so dear as his

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wrath desired. But afterward death, which dissolveth everything, set at peace love and the strife which love bringeth.

EIGHTH PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the eighth part of the Filostrato, in which first of all Troilus with letters and with messages maketh further trial of Cressida, who beareth him in hand with words. Soon by means of a garment snatched by Deiphoebus from Diomedes Troilus recognizeth a brooch which he had given to Cressida and Cressida to Diomedes. Troilus grieveth with Pandarus and despaireth of his lady entirely. Last of all he was slain, as he issued forth to battle, by Achilles and his woes end. And first of all Troilus with letters and with messages maketh further trial of the fidelity and love of Cressida.

(1) He was, as hath been said, already acquainted with suffering, and more severe was it made for him by the profound sorrow, that man might never tell, which his father, he himself, and his brothers felt on account of the death of Hector, in whose sovereign courage the forts and walls and gates of Troy had faith. This for a long time kept him in sorrow and tribulation.

(2) But not for that reason did he take leave of love, although hope failed him sorely; rather he sought in every manner and fashion, as is wont to be the way with lovers, how he might be able to recover what formerly was wont to be his sweet and only thought, ever excusing her for her failure to return, believing that 'twas because she could not.

(3) He dispatched many letters to her, writing what he felt for her both night and day, reminding her of the sweet time and the troth plighted for her return. Often he sent Pandarus to her, reproaching her courteously for her long stay, whenever any truce or pact was granted between them.

(4) And likewise he had frequently in his mind the thought that he would like to go there in the light habit of a pilgrim. But he knew not how so to disguise himself that it would seem to him that he had sufficiently concealed the truth. Nor could he find an adequate excuse to offer, should he be recognized disguised in such a habit.

(5) Nor had he from her aught but fair words and great but ineffectual promises. Wherefore he began to surmise that they were all idle tales and to conceive the suspicion of what was the truth, as is often wont to happen to one who goeth over without omission all the evidence he hath in hand, for his suspicion was not an empty one.

(6) And well he knew that a new love was the cause of so frequent and so great lies. And he assured himself that neither paternal flatteries nor devoted caresses would ever have had so much effect in her heart. Nor was there opportunity for him to see by what ways he might become the surer of what his unlucky dream had shown him.

(7) In her love his faith had lessened much, just as it happeneth that he who loveth ill, willingly believeth aught that increaseth his pains in love. But that it was indeed true of Diomede, as he at first suspected, he was assured not long after by a chance that deprived him of any excuse and forced him to believe it.

(8) Timid and in suspense on account of his love Troilus was not without torment, when, after a very prolonged engagement between the Trojans and Greeks, he heard that Deiphoebus, proud of such spoils and very well pleased with himself, had returned with an ornamented garment snatched from the grievously wounded Diomede.

(9) And while he was having it borne before him through Troy, Troilus came up unexpectedly, and among all he commended him highly, and the better to see it, he held it a time, and while he gazed at it, his eyes wandering now here now there all over it, it chanced that he saw upon the breast a brooch of gold, set there perchance as a clasp.

(10) Which he recognized at once as that which he had given to Cressida when in grief he took leave of her that morning, when for the last time he had passed the night with her. Wherefore he said: "Now do I see indeed that my dream, my suspicion, and my thought are true."

(11) Troilus, when he departed hence, sent for Pandarus, and when the latter had come to him, he began to complain of the long love he had had for his Cressida, and openly to disclose the treachery he had suffered, grieving bitterly on account of it, calling upon death alone for solace.

(12) And then he began to say in the midst of his tears: "O Cressida mine, where now is the faith, where the love, where the desire, where the so pleasing guerdon given me by thee at thy departure? Diomedes possesseth all and I, who loved thee more, have been left in weeping and distress on account of thy deceit.

(13) "Who will ever believe in any oath, in any love, in any woman, when he looketh well to thy treacherous lying? Alas, for I know not. Nor did I ever think that thou hadst a heart so rigid and hard that for another man I should ever come forth from thy soul, for I love thee more than myself, and I did ever await thee in my deception.

(14) "Now hadst thou, while thou wert dwelling with Calchas, no other jewel that thou mightest give thy new lover, Diomedes I mean, save that one that I had given thee with so many tears in remembrance of poor wretched me? Naught else but spite did make thee do it, that and to reveal right clearly thy mind.

(15) "I see that thou hast driven me quite out of thy breast and in mine I still hold against my will and with irksome grief the image of thy fair face. Oh, alas for me, born as I was in an evil hour!, this thought killeth me and spoileth me of any hope of future joy and is to me cause of anguish and distress.

(16) "Thou hast wrongfully driven me forth from thy mind, wherein I thought to dwell forever and in my place thou hast falsely set Diomedes. But by the goddess Venus I swear to thee, I shall soon make thee sorrow for it with my sword, in the first encounter, if it happeneth that I may find him, provided I may overcome him in strength,

(17) "Or he will slay me and 'twill be dear to thee. But I hope indeed that divine justice will have regard to my bitter grief, and likewise to thy great iniquity. O highest Jove, in whom I know that justice hath a sure

refuge and in whom beginneth entirely the noble virtue by which men live and move, are thy just eyes cast elsewhere?

(18) "What are thy burning thunderbolts doing? Do they repose? Or dost thou hold thine eyes no longer turned upon the faults of human kind? O true light, O bright skies by which earthly minds are cheered, put an end to her in whose bosom are lies and deceits and betrayals and deem her ever more unworthy of pardon.

(19) "O Pandarus mine, who hast blamed me with so much insistence for putting faith in dreams, now canst thou perceive what is found out through them; thy Cressida proveth it to thee. The gods have pity upon us mortals and in diverse wise do they make manifest to us that which is unknown to us, and very often known to our good.

(20) "And this is one of the ways, that showeth itself sometimes in sleep. Many times already have I remarked it, now that I come to think of it. Would indeed I had died then, since in future time I look forward to no solace, no joy, no pleasure, nor diversion. But by thy counsel I desire to wait, to die in arms with my enemies.

(21) "May the gods send Diomedes in my way the first time that I go forth to battle. This do I desire among my great woes, that I may let him know by experience how my sword cutteth and put him to death with groans on the field of battle. And then I care not if I die provided only that he die and that I find him wretched in the realm of darkness."

(22) Pandarus listened to all with sorrow, and perceiving the truth, he knew not what to say. On the one hand, love of his friend inclined him to remain here; on the other, shame for Cressida's transgression did oftentimes invite him to depart. And he knew not in his own mind how to decide what he ought to do, and either alternative did grieve him sore.

(23) Thus he spake at last, in tears: "Troilus, I know not what I ought to tell thee. I blame her, as thou dost say, as much as I can, and for her great misdeed I purpose to bring forward no excuse, nor do I wish ever to go again where she may be. What I did once, I did for thy love, putting behind all honor of mine.

(24) "And if I pleased thee, it is very grateful to me. I cannot do otherwise than what I am now doing, and, like thyself, enraged am I

because of it. And if I should see any way of making amends, be assured that I should be zealous to do so. May the gods, who can change all, bring it to pass. I pray them with all my might to punish her, so that she may not again sin in like fashion."

(25) Great were the laments and the bitterness but Fortune still ran her course. She loved Diomedes with all her heart and Troilus wept. Diomedes thanked the gods and Troilus, on the contrary, grieved. Troilus did ever enter the battles and more than others did he seek Diomedes.

(26) And many times did they come together face to face with ugly and vile reproaches, and great blows they exchanged with one another, now thrusting with lance and now with sword in hand, intemperately selling each other their love very dear. But Fortune had not ordained that one should work his will upon the other.

(27) The wrath of Troilus did not at diverse times fail to be very harmful to the Greeks, so that few came forth to oppose him that he did not topple in death from their horses, if only they would await him, such vicious blows he dealt. And one day, after a long stalemate, when he had already killed more than a thousand, Achilles slew him miserably.

(28) Such was the end that came to the ill-conceived love of Troilus for Cressida; and such was the end that came to his wretched grief, to which none other was ever equal; such was the end that came to the brilliant splendor that he held in store for the royal throne; such was the end of the vain hopes of Troilus in base Cressida.

(29) O youths, in whom amorous desire gradually riseth with age, I pray you for the love of the gods that ye check the ready steps to that evil passion and that ye mirror yourselves in the love of Troilus, which my verses set forth above, for if ye will read them aright and will take them to heart, not lightly will ye have trust in all women.

(30) A young woman is fickle and is desirous of many lovers, and her beauty she esteemeth more than it is in her mirror, and abounding vainglory hath she in her youth, which is all the more pleasing and attractive the more she judgeth it in her own mind. She hath no feeling for virtue or reason, inconstant ever as leaf in the wind.

(31) And many women also, because they are descended from noble lineage and can count their ancestors, believe that they deserve advantage over others in loving, and think that civility is an outrage, and that they can turn up their noses and go about with a disdainful air. Shun all such and hold them base, for beasts they are and not noble ladies.

(32) The perfect lady hath a stronger desire to be loved and taketh delight in loving; she discerneth and seeth what is to be eschewed; she avoideth and chooseth; foresight she hath and looketh to the fulfilment of her engagements. All such ladies are to be followed, but choice should not be made in haste, for they are not all wise, because they may be older and age lesseneth worth.

(33) Therefore be advised and have compassion upon Troilus and upon yourself at the same time and all shall be well. And piously make prayer for him to Love that Troilus may rest in peace in that region where Love dwelleth and that Love may kindly grant you the boon of loving so wisely that ye shall not die in the end for an evil woman.

NINTH PART

ARGUMENT

Here beginneth the ninth and last part of the Filostrato, in which the author addresseth his work. He instructeth it to whom it belongeth, and with whom it is expected to take its way, and what it is expected to accomplish. And at this point he bringeth his work to an end.

(1) "Happy times are wont to be the inspiration of sweet verses, my piteous song. But in my affliction Love hath unnaturally drawn thee from my grieving soul nor do I know the reason why, if it come not from hidden virtue, inspired and stirred in the piercèd heart by the supreme excellence of our lady.

(2) "She, as I know, for I often feel it, cannot forget my existence, and moreover she cannot think of me as another sort of man. And hence, I believe, ariseth the real reason for thy long speaking. And I am satisfied thereat, for more from that than from my bitter woes hath it come. But whatever it may have been, we are arrived at the end desired by me.

(3) "We have reached the haven which we have come seeking, now among the rocks and now upon the open sea, sailing with zephyr and with stormy winds, following over the uncertain sea the noble light and the revered sign of that star which maketh every thought of mine quick and keen to the proper end, and then did make itself known by me.

(4) "Here then, I judge, the anchors are to be cast and an end put to our course and here shall we make offering, with complete good will, of those thanks which the grateful pilgrim is expected to render to him who hath guided us. And on the shore, which is now near by, shall we place

upon the ship of our loves fitting garlands and other honors which are his due.

(5) "Then thou, a little rested, wilt go away to the gentle lady of my thoughts. O happy thou, for thou shalt see her, which I cannot do, weary and sorrowful that I am. And when thou art joyfully received into her hand, recommend me humbly to her high excellence, which alone can give me felicity.

(6) "And in the almost tearful habit in which thou art, I pray thee declare to her how wearily I live in the griefs of another, the woes, the sorrows, the sighs, and the bitter moans in which I am and have been sorrowful since the bright rays of her fair eyes were concealed from me by her departure, for I lived in happiness by their presence alone.

(7) "If thou dost see her make ready in her angelic face to listen respectfully to thee, or sigh for the hardships I have endured, pray her as earnestly as thou canst, that it may please her presently to return or to command my soul to flee from me, for wherever it is to go, much better is death than such a life.

(8) "But see to it that thou dost not make so high an embassy without Love, for thou wouldst be perchance quite ill received, and also thou wouldst not have understanding without him. If thou goest with Love, thou wilt, I believe, be honored. Now go, for I pray Apollo to lend thee so much grace that thou mayest be listened to and she may send thee back to me with a happy response."