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ENGLISH TRANSLATION
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Source: Merveilles & contes, Vol. 4, No. 1 (May 1990), pp. 118-139

Published by: Wayne State University Press Stable URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/41390039

Accessed: 21/01/2015 09:15

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THE COMPLETE TALE OF TROYLUS AND ZELLANDINE FROM THE PERCEFOREST NOVEL: AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Susan McNeill Cox

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ook Three, Chapter 46: How Troylus leaves to go to Zellandine and how he was enchanted there with many other adventures that befell him in that country.

. . . his [Troylus'] only desire was to find the whereabouts of the beautiful Zellandine whom he loved more than himself . . . but one day it happened that the noble and kind Troylus was riding along the shore being sorry that he would not obtain any news from the beautiful Zellandine nor from her country. Thus, riding along in a pensive mood, he saw a large ship which unlucky winds had driven off course in spite of the efforts of her crew. When Troylus saw the ship, he realized, from the appearance of the sailors, that they had had bad fortune. And in order to know the truth, he approached them and found that they had disembarked. He greeted them and addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen sailors, God bless you."

"My Lord," said the master of the ship, "may your day be blessed."

"Master," answered Troylus, "it seems to me that the seas acted against you."

"My Lord, you speak the truth. For our intention was to arrive in Great Britain, but we landed instead on the shores of Scotland. And we must therefore return from whence we came; the orders that bring us here are very urgent."

"In the name of God," said Troylus, "tell me where you come from and what are your orders, if you are allowed to tell."

"My Lord," said the sailor, "I am willing to let you know that we are from Zelland and the task that leads us to Great Britain is not such a great secret that we cannot speak of it. Let us tell you, therefore, that we are looking for a knight named Zellandin, for Zelland, our King, sent orders for his return with all possible speed, because of an extraordinary accident which happened in our country; for Zellandine,

our King's daughter, upon returning from Great Britain the other day after having attended the festivities honoring the return of the noble King Perceforet, she had this terrible thing happen to her two days afterwards. It was so terrible an accident that it is hardly believable. According to what I heard, she was staying among the young maids and she fell into such a deep sleep that she never woke up, without having eaten, nor drunk anything; and yet she has not changed color; her father is more unhappy than any man in the world could be. And we left to search for his son Zellandin, but the bad weather compelled us to land here."

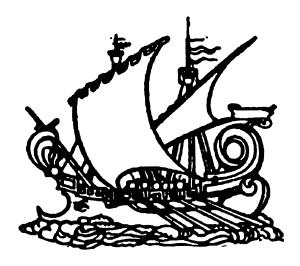
When Troylus heard this news, it should not be such a great surprise if he became very sad, because Zellandine was the woman he loved the most in all the world; but, because grieving would not be of any use to him, he regained his courage and said:

"In the name of God, Lords, you have told me something absolutely astonishing. But tell me then, did the father of the young maid ask for the advice of any doctors?"

"Yes, of course," said the sailors, "but their efforts were useless."

"Well, handsome Lords," said Troylus, "since it is so and that you are compelled to return to Zelland before you set off again for Great Britain, I beg of you to take me with you, and I would be infinitely grateful for this. To tell you the truth, I know a little bit about medicine, being myself the son of one of the best doctors in the world, and I would be very happy if I were able to heal the young princess."

"My Lord," said the sailor, "I will gladly take you there."



After these words, Troylus boarded the ship, and the sailors raised the sails and navigated the ship onto the open seas, for the weather had become favorable. And they set sail until they landed in Zelland, then they headed back to sea towards Great Britain. And when Troylus found himself in the country where he was told his princess was dwelling, he rejoiced. But as he was aware of her condition, he became so sad that it would be difficult to console him. That is why he decided that he would not stop his search until he had found her again.

[Troylus, however, is obliged to stop on his way because of a big wind that slowed him down; he meets a shepherd who takes him to the lady of his manor. She offers him lodging and dinner. After the repast, the lady asks Troylus what brings him to the island of Zelland.]

"My Lady," says Troylus, "many a knight leaves his country to seek glory and honor; but I am among many knights the most ignorant and unworthy; I will find with pleasure a way to devote myself until I can make a name for myself among the gallant knights. Know, therefore, that when I was in Great Britain, a knight from Zelland did accomplish so much in short time, that he is honored among the most valiant knights; and now that I am in his country, I would very much like to know if he is here or where I may find him."

"My Lord," said the lady, "the knight of whom you speak is not here; it seems that he is in Great Britain; how auspicious it would be if he were here, and his father, Zelland, too, who is searching for him, because he has a sister who is gravely ill, and there is no one who knows how to cure her. This is why her father sent for Zellandin to help, and to know if in Great Britain there is some doctor who could find a remedy for her illness."

"My Lady," said Troylus, "It is a shame because the maid is beautiful, wise, and well-bred. But, tell me, I beg you, what accident befell her?"

"My Lord," said the lady, "a month ago today, the princess returned home from a party that took place in Great Britain. I will tell you also that upon his return, there were very many ladies from Great Britain invited to honor him at the feast; but when the feast was over, she stayed in a room with two other young ladies, her cousins. The same day it happened that she removed from the hand of her cousin a flax distaff and began to spin, but she did not even finish the first spin when she fell into a swoon and took to an unfortunate spell of sleep, and she slept so deeply that she has not woken up since, and without eating or drinking, and without losing color or weight; these circumstances of her illness surprised everyone and they wondered

how she could live in such a state, but it is said that the goddess, Venus, whom she had always honored, keeps her in good health."

"In the name of God, my Lady," said Troylus, "I am very sad to learn of the misfortune of the young maid because, in the past, she honored me with her friendship in Great Britain. I beg of you please to tell me where she is because I promise you that if I can, I will help her with pleasure and I will comfort her in her misfortune. For all the honor and all the goodness that I have inside of me I owe to her, and I swear that if my knightly body could be of help to her, I would not hesitate to offer my life for her love."

"My Lord," said the Lady, "Heaven protect you from evil and danger, for all acts of good will should be taken into account to accomplish a good deed. And as far as I am concerned, I wish she would recover, since my son is a valiant young knight who loves her very much, and I fear much for his life if the princess dies." When Troylus heard the lady say that she had a son who was so much in love with the princess, he was immediately overcome by jealousy which is an evil when it robs one of patience.

[The lady understood that Troylus loves Zellandine and to get rid of him, she makes him lose his memory. Troylus woke up dazed not knowing where he was nor why; he sets out walking and arrives at the palace of Zellande where he is taken as a crazy man. But the real madman of court declares that Troylus is the one who will cure Zellandine of her illness. It is for that reason that the King Zelland takes him under his protection. One day, the King takes him to the temple of the goddess Venus, where the King is going to pray for the recovery of his daughter. Troylus falls asleep in the court. That is when the goddess Venus approaches him and dampens his eyes and forehead with her saliva. Troylus wakes up. He recovers his memory yet without understanding what happened to him. The guard of the temple explains to him and also tells him what provoked the princess' illness.]

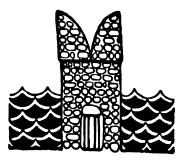
[the guardian speaks]

"Let me tell you what the midwives said about this situation. They have a custom in this country that when a woman is eight days from delivery she goes in the company of other women to perform her devotions in this temple before the three goddesses whom she worship. Now, I tell you that the day that the pregnant women should give birth, they prepare one of their rooms the most comfortable way they can, as benefits a noble lady. And then they have a great buffet served with food and drink put into the room. There are three vessels of the best beverage, three goblets, and three knives. And when the pregnant woman is ready to deliver, the three goddesses who came for the birth go so discretely to this table that no one is able to see them. And there each goddess finds her plate garnished with all the best food, her cup filled and her goblet and her knife, as well as the best sliced bread. The goddess, Lucina, sits at the head of the table

for it is she who brings the creature to earth, dead or alive. Next to her sits the goddess, Venus; as soon as the creature comes to earth, she blesses every part of his body with love, and so fully that each limb would receive warmth- as much as each newborn can receive, male or female, and give it the grace of life until the baby is an adult. Next to her is Sarra, the goddess of destinies, who ordains life and everything that will happen, sweet or bitter, according to the goddesses. But the midwives suspect that perhaps the goddesses were not entertained as well as they would have wished and consequently all three of them, or two, or only one of them may be insulted; that's why this misfortune happened."

"Certainly, my dear friend," says Troylus, "I have heard up until now so many good things about the maid that I am sad for her trouble and misfortune, but tell me, if you please, where is the maid sleeping?"

"Well, my Lord," says the kind man, "she dwells in a fortified tower alone and isolated from the people where her father, Zellandin, has left her in the care of the Gods."



[King Zelland's sister arrives; Troylus who is ashamed of his adventure (the episode of his madness) at court, comes out of the temple and takes the road leading to the forest.]

... he decided that he would never rest until he knew where the beautiful Zellandine was lying ill, and he would never know any happiness until having other news of her; he rode along therefore for several days, not knowing where to find the Jumel Castle, because he didn't know the way and because the country was so sparsely populated; in all of this region there was only the Jumel Castle where there was anyone living. He rode through several regions and finally he was very near the Castle of the Three Goddesses for which he was wonderfully joyous, because he thought he would go and pray before the altar of Venus so that she would be kind enough to advise him. So he went down to the entrance of the temple, and when he tied his

horse to a tree, he entered and immediately recognized the image of Venus; so he turned towards her, kneeled down and said fervently:

"Goddess Venus, who comforts me of my passion, because I languish so much as a lover that there is no comfort for me other than in the good which will not abandon me, and this kind of hope promises me that if the beautiful maid dies, she would be the cause of my despair and of my life or death; and thus I would have lost all joy and will finish my life in shame although it seems to me that if no one can die shamefully if it is for love."

The noble knight stayed for so long in prayer before Venus that the sun went down and it began to become dark and obscure in the temple for there were very few windows. And the knight, who had not yet finished worshipping the Goddesses, insisted so much that she heard no one but him. And she is so compassionate and inclined to help all the lovers asking for aid heard his prayers; and also she takes great pleasure in giving the ultimate rewards to lovers. And it happened thus soon that the knight who had not ceased to ask for help and comfort heard the feminine voice who spoke thus in this way:

"Noble knight, do not lose heart,
See if you are capable of such an accomplishment of prowess
And penetrate inside the tower,
Where the lady of noble appearance
Is sleeping, as stiff as stone,
And afterwards you could through the opening
Find the fruit where lies a remedy,
The poor maid will be cured."

When Troylus heard the feminine voice and the words that she recited in poetic form, he was quite astonished. Because it seemed to him that if he were able to understand what the poem instructed, he would cure the princess, but he was disappointed that he was unable to understand the meaning of these words, to such an extent that he couldn't help himself from saying aloud:

"Haha, very noble goddess who has comforted me so much, once I am in the tower, teach me how to find the opening and the way to pick up the fruit and put it to work to cure the maid." And as soon as Troylus heard these words, he heard the same voice that spoke to him in this way:

The words don't need explanation. Nevertheless, I say one thing: "Love will find the opening,
And Venus who knows the way
To find the fruit, will pick it up.
Nature will arrange it.

If you are a man, go right away, Do not make long speeches here."

As soon as Troylus had heard this second poem, he began to think, but he did not understand any more than before. He got up however and left the temple, then he got on his horse and began to ride, pondering the verses whose meaning he could not find, except that he said to himself that he would not give up hope before finding the tower where the maid was lying.

And he rode all night until dawn, and he arrived at a swamp where he found the dwelling place of an old lady who had left her cattle there. When Troylus arrived at the house, he found that the woman was awake, he greeted her in the name of the sovereign God; the woman answered him politely and said:

"My Lord, you are welcome. Where are you coming from at this hour?"

"Well, my Lady, I am looking for the Jumel Castle, I beg of you to show me the way."

"My Lord," said the Lady, "you are not far from it, because as soon as there is a bit more sunlight, from here you will be able to see one of the two castles, and particularly, the one where the beautiful Zellandine is asleep."

"My Lady," said Troylus, "thank you very much because I did not know where I was."

The noble Troylus was very happy when he found out where he was; he set out again and took leave from the Lady, and he rode so far that he saw the Jumel Castle before him, which gave him much joy, and he would have been even happier, if he had known in which tower the princess was sleeping. He rode so much the rest of the morning until he was in front of one of the towers which was on one side of the fortress, surrounded by a big moat and a raised drawbridge. When the knight saw that one could only enter by the bridge which was raised, he was very unhappy, because he thought that the one that he loved the most in the world was sleeping inside. He looked at the tower, which was extraordinarily high and whose every door and window was solidly cemented and covered with great stones, except for one single window at the top of the tower on the eastern side. While Troylus was looking at the tower that was solid. he saw a messenger quickly leaving the fortress; and when he came to Troylus, he asked him which building that was.

"My Lord," said the messenger, "this is the Jumel Castle which belongs to Zelland, the Lord of this island."

"My friend," said Troylus, "is there in the tower his daughter who sleeps continually without waking up?"

"In the name of God, Sir," said the messenger, "I'm telling you that she is asleep in this tower, right in front of you."

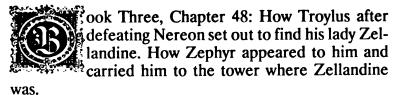
"Well, kind Sir," said Troylus, "the tower seems to be very strong, for I don't see any entrances on any side except for one single window at the top of the tower."

"My Lord," said the messenger, "the maid is sleeping on that floor, and no one visits her except her father, Zelland, and they say he enters the tower through an underground passageway. And because he believes that the Gods will come to cure her, he put her to sleep so high and he made the window face towards the east because he has great confidence in the God of the sun. And the maid would not be able to live more than one day if he did not give her food every time that she needed it."

"Well, kind man," said Troylus, "you are speaking of something extraordinary, but in all good faith, don't you know of another entrance other than that high window?"

"My Lord," said the messenger, "all the other entrances are walled up except this window which is the entrance for the Gods."

The messenger left and Troylus remained in the same place, very surprised at the news furnished by the messenger; but after having thought for a long time, he turned around and headed towards a nearby grove of trees, for he did not want to be seen by the inhabitants of the fortress until he had found a way to enter the castle. Troylus reached the grove and let his horse graze, he sat down on a tree stump, thinking of a way that he could enter the tower, because he remembered very well that Venus promised to show him the way to cure the maid, provided that he could enter the room where she was sleeping.



All day the knight studied how he would be able to enter the tower; and he was not able to make any decisions, except what he said to himself: that first of all he had to cross the moat, and then he will decide what to do next. Troylus thought so much about this task that he forgot to drink and eat until night came. And then Love took control of his heart and body, for he imagined the beauty of Zellandine and remembered that he himself had no value without her virtues of which he was enamored ever since she sent him his crown of nine golden letters. He mounted his horse and said that he would never give up his plan before having crossed the tower's moat. And know,

reader, that mad love led him to the edge of the moat, and like a frenzied man, he jumped in, but Fortune, who usually favors the brave, did so much for him that he reached the other side, and, thus, Troylus found himself on dry land without any injury. Then Troylus found the wall of the tower so solid that no one could make a notch in it without a huge effort. Now, he happened to abandon his horse and he started to look for a place where he could dig a foothold, which he could not find; thus, climbing the wall did not seem possible.

When Troylus realized that, he became very sad; he sat down on

the ground where he bemoaned [his fate] saying:

"Oh, Love! promising happiness, honor, joy, pleasure, and all exquisite delights, you highly provided for me and enriched [my life] until this day, yet even so without letting me reach my deserved goal. How well you know how to sell at such a high price and to make me buy so dearly the fortunes of love! And when those who believe that they have paid their dues think they have earned satisfaction, they find themselves farther from it than when they began. Oh, God of Lovers, provider of justice to all creatures to whom you have from the beginning promised many gifts, the lovers would never be able to manage to repay, were it not for the goddess Venus, your merciful and dear mother, comforter of the half-desperate. Are you ready to reveal their treasures and relinquish your treasures so generously that you, outrageous promiser and miserly donor, would not dare to look at her. Indeed, if it were not for all the confidence that I have in Venus, I would relinquish all her promises."

While Troylus moaned about the subject, he suddenly heard a dreadful gust of wind coming from Great Britain which subsided quickly; but it very much seemed to him that a whirlwind had fallen on a pond that was close to one of the sides of the tower. When this storm quieted down, Troylus thought he saw coming a messenger over the moat who was heading directly towards him. Troylus got up and said:

"Valet, for whom do you come and what are you looking for?"
"Sir," said the valet, "I belong to a knight from Scotland who sent me to this island to find another knight from Great Britain."

"What is the name of your master?" said Troylus

"Sir," said the valet, "I cannot tell you that now, for that is forbidden."

But when Troylus knew that he was from Scotland, he quickly thought that he had come to search for him to attend his sister, Priande's, wedding party; and he was very sad for he did not want at all to be recognized; that is why he decided that he would not reveal his identity as long as Zellandine was not in better state than she was presently. But to find out more from the messenger, he asked him which knight he was looking for.

"Sir," said the messenger, "his name is Troylus of Royalville;

could you give me any information about him?"

"Certainly," said Troylus, "I think that he could be on this island, but it is up to you to obtain information, I do not want to get involved in this because I do not know his friends from foes."

"Upon my word," said the messenger, "if you knew me as well as I know you, you would not hide the knight, for I can help your needs more than most others, and he would never be able to succeed without my help."

"Who are you, handsome sir who is able to help him so much?" said Troylus.

"I am," said the handsome valet, "as I am and the things are as I told you."

And when Troylus heard the valet's answer, he was very surprised. He started to have doubts and to be afraid, so that he would not want to disappoint him; and that is why he said to him:

"Truthfully," sir, "I would like for you to go where he is until he

has heard your words, to know if you speak the truth."

"Sir," said the valet, "if I thought he was somewhere else, I would not be here; and as it is not my intention to hide him, I know well that you are Troylus who comes to enter in this tower by Venus' urging; but if you want to enter here, it would be advisable to you to talk to me, and as for the rest concerning you both, good will come out of it."

When Troylus heard the messenger's words, he was greatly amazed, for as soon as he had seen him walking with dry feet upon the water, he was completely astonished; but at that moment, he was filled with wonder even more than when he heard named and recalled the things he thought no one could speak of except himself. And to know more of the subject of his secret and of his intention, he said to him.

"Handsome sir, who are you who thinks that I am Troylus of Royalville?"

"Troylus," said the messenger, "I am he who is able to put you in this tower right now, without hurting you, without deceiving you, and without damaging you, provided that you promise to do as I ask."

"How," said Troylus, "do you have the power to put me in this

tower in spite of my weight?"

"Certainly," said the messenger, "as easily as I crossed this water with dry feet, I will put you in the tower without a ladder, and I will bring you down when the time comes."

"Upon my word," said Troylus, "this would be the biggest wonder that I will ever see."

"However," said the messenger, "I will do it if you want to follow my instructions."

Troylus, because of the valet's words, became very pensive, for his only desire was to be with his lady, seeing that Venus had promised to cure her of the inconvenience that arose, as you have already heard. Thus, it happened that by the great desire that he had to be with his lady, he granted himself permission to do as he pleased. And then the messenger said:

"Troylus, since you want to follow my will, I will transport you to the tower where the maiden lies, and when you are there, govern yourself by the advice of the goddess Venus, provided that, after midnight, when I will call you, you will come to the window and speak to me: and you will do what I will tell you, except that you will not have injury to your body, as I promised you; on the contrary, you will profit from it, as you will see hereafter."

"Indeed, my friend," said Troylus, "you promise me as much as I desire in order to see the truth. There is nothing that I would not do for you as a reciprocal favor."

"Truly, Troylus, you have told me much," said the messenger, "that in this case I would do you a favor as a friend, in another circumstance if it would happen."

At the same time, Troylus felt that he was taken and carried in the air and he did not realize it until he was seated on the windowsill, looked around him, but did not see anyone. He entered into the tower, and found in the middle of the room a glowing lamp that was burning very brightly.

Then he changed color, because of the desire that he had to find the beautiful Zellandine whom he loved more than himself. And for fear that he may be disappointed, he did not dare to look around himself to see if she was in the room or not. And as Troylus soon became aware, he saw, along one of the walls of the room, a luxurious and noble looking canopy bed fit for a queen, because the top and the curtains were whiter than snow; and he was completely astounded, and his blood began to rise to his face and his body heated up because he thought that it was the bed where the maiden had been sleeping for such a long time.

The knight greatly hesitated to approach the bed, as does a true lover who must be brave in his thoughts and timid in his actions. And, nevertheless, when he was a bit reassured he decided to approach the maiden to see if it was Zellandine, for he could be accused of cowardice if he had not gone to see the lady for whom he had

previously had such a great longing and desire, having seen that she was so close. He then walked up to the curtains and pulled them apart. And he saw there, lying down, the person whom he loved the most in the world, completely nude. And for that reason, his heart and his body weakened so much that he was forced to sit down on the side of the bed. While the knight, governed by the power of Love, was still sitting there, he heard the princess breathing in her sleep, so gradually that she seemed like a sweet apparition to him. But he could not fully see her because the light was not strong enough.

Fortunately for him, he found a candle that he lit, then he put it in a silver candlestick that he found at the foot of the bed. And then Troylus clearly saw the maiden's face and she was sleeping so peacefully as if she was sleeping naturally, as rosy complexioned as she was. white and tender. This is why Troylus felt more love than ever, for it did not seem at all that she was in an unnatural state, if he could call her and she would wake up. Then he leaned his face close to her and

said in a low voice:

"Wake up, my love, and speak to me."

The maiden, who was neither able to wake up nor to speak, did not answer him at all, nor give any sigh of recognition. Yet when Troylus saw this, he said to himself that he had been told the truth about her. Then he touched her with his finger several times, but she did not move at all. And when Troylus saw that she was not waking up, neither to the touch, nor to spoken words, he became very sad; and then he began to look at the maid who was sleeping, beautiful like a goddess, tender and ruby red like a rose, and with skin like a fleur de lis. And then in the tears he said:

"Oh, beautiful, good, wise, and discreet love, I am again very sad when I see you in such a state. And where does this come from? Is this the magic spell of a person who is envious of the goods and graces that the gods lent you? Or is it the god's vengeance, by way of the mother's or father's mistake? Because I am sure that nature formed you so that in all things you are pleasing to the gods and to the world. Ah, dear friend! I must have much anger in my heart, since fortune honored me so much that she consented that I come before you without fear that someone would come unexpectedly to disturb us, and I see you in such a state that you can neither speak to me nor answer me. This is why the wise say that nothing in the world is perfect are right, for even the most perfect lack something."

While Troylus suffered in admiration of the maiden's exquisite beauty, Love commanded him to give her a kiss and Troylus said to

her:

"Maiden, endure that I kiss you."

The knight was about to kiss her, but Reason and Discretion interfered and said:

"Sir Knight, it is not proper for a man to enter a place where a maid is alone in privacy, without previous permission; and he knows he must not touch her while she is sleeping."

Having heard within himself these words, the knight leaned back away from his friend. And then, Desire began to direct him and said: Only for this reason he should not stop and in such a case, Reason should not interfere, and that Honor did not try to interfere because the kiss serves as medicine in many ways, and especially, it revives those who have fainted and it helps to cure the disorder.

And when Troylus heard this answer, it pleased him very much. It was convenient that Reason could not oppose him. Thus, he kissed the maiden more than twenty times. Troylus, having greatly feasted his eyes while kissing the maiden, saw that she did not move, except that she became more flushed; and he said to himself that it was because she was sleeping so deeply. But since she changed color, that was a sign that she had had some sort of sensation. And when he saw her, thus renewed of her rosy complexion, she appeared to him so beautiful that he was unable to resist kissing her so many times that the infinite number has not been recorded. The gallant knight revelled in the wonder of kissing the maiden, but his pleasure pushed him into doing more and more to see if she would respond. But when he realized that she would not move at all, he began to lament strongly, saying:

"Ah, Venus, goddess of lovers! People say that you fulfill all the promises that your son, the god of love, makes to those who engage in your service. Oh, kind lady! You yourself promised me that if I were able to enter this tower, Love would direct me to the opening where the fruit which will cure the maiden lies, and that you must teach me how to find it, for I do not know where this plant grows. And for that, noble goddess, please keep your promise, because if the maiden does not recover, know that nothing will be more certain than my death."

While the knight moaned, he admired the maiden; it happened that he was unable to keep himself from kissing her many times, because of her beauty. While he was kissing her, the goddess Venus appeared invisibly before him and spoke to his heart thus:

"How can you be so cowardly, young knight, since you are alone next to such a beautiful maiden whom you love more than any other and yet you are not lying by her side."

And when the young knight heard these words, he was overcome by the urge to act upon his desire. Venus rekindled his heart with her flame, and he wanted to take off his clothes. But Loyalty, following the god of love's advice, told him that that would be betrayal to do that. Because he who goes against his beloved should not be considered a friend. When Troylus thought about this advice, he restrained himself from carrying out his plan. As soon as Venus saw that the knight was repressing himself, she was angry and disappointed. She then took her firebrand and set Troylus ablaze and it was as if the heat made him lose his mind. She appeared before him to impress upon him that a coward would never be committed to her lady, neither the maiden nor he would want that, no matter how angry she would be. Thus, the knight stood up and quickly disarmed, undressed, and got under the covers with the maiden who was there, completely unclothed, white and tender. Immediately, Troylus was in a high state [of happiness]; he said to himself that a man has never been as happy as he was, if only the maiden would speak, which she had not done so far, because the time has not come yet. And although this lack of speech much hindered his happiness, he followed only Venus' advice, and he acted according to her wishes, and so much so that the beautiful Zellandine could no longer be rightly considered a virgin. This happened to her during her sleep, and without moving at all, except at the end when she let out a heavy sigh. At that moment, Troylus thought that she should have spoken. And he was so frightened that he did not dare to utter a word; instead, he backed away a little bit to deny any accusation if she confronted him and accused him of being disloyal. While he was pondering this, his mysterious messenger who delivered him inside the tower, appeared at the window and said:

"Come, Sir Knight, keep your word, for this time, that will suffice, for you have found the fruit that will cure the beautiful maiden."

When Troylus heard his name called, he stood up, got dressed, put on his armor, and went to the window where he who had transported him was waiting. Troylus, who was sorry to have to leave, said:

"Ah, messenger, why did you return so soon? You are taking me away from the best joy in the world."

"Don't worry," said the messenger, "if you stay any longer, bad

luck will befall you. Climb on me and come then."

While Troylus got on top of the messenger, he heard someone open the door; but in order that you may know who opened the door, I warn you that when Troylus frolicked with the maiden, the candle that he lit so he could see more clearly was so bright that Zelland who was in his bed could see it. When he saw that there was more light in the tower than usual, he sat up to get a better look, and as he was a

bit worried, he got up all at once and went through the secret passageway that led to her room in the tower, and arrived at Zellandine's door.

And when he found that the door was locked, he said to himself that there was no reason to suspect any mortal, but he thought that it was one of the gods who was visiting his daughter. When Zelland found the door was bolted, he was sure that the gods had come to the tower to bring some sort of relief to his daughter; he thought he would go there to see. So, he went to wake up his sister who was sleeping in a room near his and told her:

"My sister, get up and come with me to the tower where my daughter lies, because I am sure that one of the gods came to visit her."

When this lady heard her brother, she got up as quickly as she could, then they both followed the secret path, and finally reached the tower; they climbed to the top, and they arrived at the locked door. Then they saw through a crack in the wall around the door, before they arrived at the door, and saw that the light was off.

"Indeed," Zelland said, "the gods came"; then he unlocked the door. And when it was opened, Zelland and his sister, as it seemed to them, saw a fully armed knight shining clear and bright in the moonlight, standing on the windowsill. Outside, as it seemed to them, there was a huge extraordinary bird. And then they saw that the knight climbed astride the bird's back, and then the bird flew away carrying the knight so quickly that they soon lost sight. When Zelland and his sister saw this marvelous sight, they were truly astounded.

"Goodness," said Zelland, "upon my word, dear sister, we saw some wonders, but would you ever believe that that was Mars, the god of war, our direct ancestor, who visited my daughter, and now he leaves as honorably as you well saw. Let's go see how Zellandine is doing."

"I would really like to," said the lady, who took a torch and lit it from the candle. Then they both went to the bed and found the young lady sleeping as usual, but they saw that her bed had been very disturbed. And Zelland who was worried leaned down and looked directly at his daughter, and saw that she did not look as good as usual, but, on the contrary, her face was paler. He said to his sister:

"Know that the God who left from here gave my daughter some sort of medicine to cure her. For her face is very pale. I am sure that with our cousin's [Mars] help, she will be cured." "Truly," said the lady,

"I think so also."

But you [reader] understand that when the messenger called Troylus who was sleeping with the young lady, the knight was sadder than humanly possible. Because he never would have wanted to leave, but he had to keep his word [to his messenger]. Then he kissed the maiden and kissed her several more times upon leaving. He found a ring on her finger, removed it, and put it on the little finger of his left hand; then he took another ring off his finger; the one she had previously given him at the beginning of their engagement, and put it on the finger from which he had removed the other. And as she [still] did not say a word, he said to her:

"My dear and perfect friend, dear lady, I am leaving you because I have to go."

The knight, Zelland, and his sister watched the young lady for a long time and afterwards they left, and he said to the beautiful Zellandine:

"Goodbye my daughter." Then he said to his sister who was staying there accompanied by another young lady:

"Sister, I recommend my daughter to you."

"Sir," she said, "I take full charge of my niece."

Then the lady ordered the attending lady to make the bed. But she had hardly remade the bed when she suspected that Mars, the god of war, had had far too much contact with her niece. But in honor of the ladies, she hid [her thoughts] as you will hear fully hereafter.

And now ends the story of Zelland, his sister, and of the beautiful Zellandine who received medicine which will be explained when it happens. And we return now to Troylus to tell what befell him, after the big bird took him from the window carrying him on his shoulders as you were told.

Zellandine, pregnant from Troylus, gave birth to her baby. How she woke from her sleep and of the wonders that befell her.

[Note from the translators-editors: the preceding episode consists of the last pages of Book 3, Chapter 48. After an interruption of several chapters, the story of the two lovers, continued in Chapter 55, whose beginning we are not translating, resumes Troylus' adventures in the intermediate chapters.]

... The story mentions here that ... The maiden's aunt left the tower after remaking the bed and tidying the room; she thought that Mars, the god of war, had slept with her niece which she did not mention to anyone. The young lady remained in her bed as she had been for nine months without waking up, and without another visitor

other than her aunt who came to see her every day. The only food she had was a bit of goat's milk that the good lady made her swallow. So it happened that at the end of nine months, one night the beautiful Zellandine delivered a handsome baby boy. And as soon as she gave birth, her aunt came to see her as she used to do regularly. When she approached the bed, there she found the beautiful child next to his mother who was sleeping as always. When the good lady saw that she was still sleeping, she was very surprised, and even more so when she saw the new born baby stretch his neck lovingly, as if he were searching for his mother's breast; but it happened that he found instead her little finger and began to suck it forcefully. And as he sucked he began to cough. The lady who was watching all of this felt sorry for the infant, and picked him up and said:

"Ah, young creature, it is not a surprise that you are coughing because it is only a little liquor that you sucked."

Hearing these words, the young lady woke up and stretched her arms as would someone who did not know what happened to her. Then the lady said to her:

"Zellandine, my beautiful niece, how are you; speak to me." When Zellandine heard her aunt, she answered thus,

"My dear aunt, I slept well yesterday, and now I feel that I am ill, and I do not know how this could have happened."

"Not yesterday," said the lady, "but a long time ago, because since then you have not given any sigh of waking up. You have been carrying this beautiful child inside you for nine months, a child you delivered today. But I do not know who the father is."

When the young lady heard her aunt and saw her beautiful son, she was very astounded because she doubted that what she saw was real. Then she began to cry because she did not believe that any man could have done something with her body. But the lady felt sorry for her and said:

"My beautiful niece, do not cry at all for that, and so that you know what has happened to you, I will tell you."

So she told her the story from the beginning to the end, how she fell asleep, how the king had her set up in this tower so that the gods could visit her.

"So it happened, my beautiful niece," said the lady, "that Mars, the god of war, our direct ancestor, visited you more artfully than any other god. But it seems to me that that was for your good health and also in order that our noble lineage be continued. He was so taken by you that he fathered your handsome son which renewed your health; for this reason you will give him thanks and praise and you will not

have any worries, because I will hide so well this adventure, that it will never be known."

When the beautiful Zellandine heard what happened to her, she was so alarmed that she could not speak. Then her aunt said to her:

"Do not be discouraged, but eat well because I will put your child in such a secret place that he will never be found or known until it pleases the gods. And now that I have spoken enough, the true cause of your adventure came to mind which I had forgotten until now. Often speaking in this way, one memory sparks another. And so that you have reason to comfort yourself, I will tell it to you. Because you have survived so gently the Destiny's anger, who made a curse at your birth, you should be joyful about this wonder. Know then, my niece, that when your mother gave birth to you, she requested that I prepare the room for the three goddesses who witnessed the women's birthing. I prepared the room in the most noble manner I knew; I set the table with food and drink, as it should be, putting before the place of each goddess a setting of bread and [a glass of] wine; then I closed the room and I went away; but I stayed near the door to listen to what the goddesses were saying. And then the three goddesses, Lucinda, Themis, and the beautiful Venus came: Venus being the last to enter. Then they sat down at the table to eat. But, Themis, the goddess of destinies, was upset because she did not have a knife, for it had fallen under the table; and it is for that reason that she was not as kind as the others. After they had eaten, beginning with Lucinda, 'My ladies, we have been well received here. For that reason, This child shall be born with a complete and healthy body and he will grow if he is well taken care of. Now it is your turn, lady Themis who is the goddess of destinies.' 'Certainly ladies,' said Themis, 'you are right, but as I am the one who did not have a knife, I give her this destiny:

That from the first spin of linen that she pulls from the distaff, a splinter will prick her finger and in this way, she will immediately fall asleep, and will not wake up until it [the splinter] is sucked out.

When Venus heard what her companion had foretold as destiny

to the creature, she said:

'My lady, you are upset, and that weighs me down, but by my art, I will see that the splinter will be sucked out and I will arrange

everything.'

And then they left so quickly that I never knew what became of them. And that, my beautiful niece, is what I remember now, and never before did I recall this. But I think that this happened so that this destiny was not prevented by me. For that reason, you can know the cause of your adventure whose ending should comfort you since now it is a question of Mars who is a very powerful god."

While the lady was speaking to her niece, she did not stop crying. Then she remade the maiden's bed. While she was doing that, she saw a bird with a magnificent human face and a body of a woman below the chest enter the room through the window. He went towards the bed where the child was and picked him up, spread his wings, and flew out the window saying: "Do not worry about the child." When the lady and Zellandine heard these words and saw the beautiful new born creature being carried away, they were very astonished; especially the beautiful Zellandine who was very sad, but the lady comforted her. After some time, when the beautiful Zellandine was cured, the lady informed King Zelland; he was so joyful that he gave a party that lasted for eight days, praising the god who had so well cured his daughter.

One very nice day near the end of April, it happened that Zellandine was sitting at on of the windows in her room, alone and without companion, but completely content in her heart and body, a state she had not enjoyed previously. And as she looked up, she noticed the purity of the sky and the greenness of the garden. Afterwards, she looked in the mirror; she was very pleased with her face because it did not seem at all that she had had a baby. Youth and health began to fill her body and beautified her, so much that she began to feel warmth in her heart. In this warm mood, she remembered her friend, Troylus. But when she considered that she had lost her virginity, it seemed to her that she would never again be in his grace, that he had abandoned her instead of looking for her. She felt great sadness which lasted until new thoughts came to her mind. Because it seemed that her situation was so very well concealed, and that Troylus knew nothing, since he was so far away from her. Many thoughts came to the beautiful Zellandine; she finally began to look at the ring that Troylus had given her when she left for Brittany in exchange for another that she had given him. But she had hardly looked when she saw that the ring that she had on her finger was the one that she had given to Troylus and not the one that he had given to her. So she was very confused, and did not know what to think. Because it seemed to her that Troylus had come to her rescue during her sleep although he could not have reached her because of the high, fortified tower which surrounded her; considering this very intensely, she was so deep in meditation that she did not know what to say or do. Here stops the story of the beautiful Zellandine, and we return to Troylus to tell how he came to see her in Zelland.



sook Three, Chapter 56. How Troylus of Royalville, after the wedding of Estonne and his sister, Priande, sets off for Zellande to go see his lady Zellandine, and the adventures

that befell him on the way.

[The magic bird had taken Troylus from the tower so that he would arrive on time for his sister, Priande's, wedding. It happens naturally that he encounters many perilous adventures that prevent him from having a reunion with his lover for many months. The goddesses intervene once again to do him a favor and to inform him of the birth of his son by means of a dream or trance. Troylus finally succeeded in reaching Zelland where he finds out that King Zelland wants Zellandine to marry a royal knight, clearly against the young lady's wishes; Troylus participates incognito in a tournament, and defeats his rival, Neroen. During the banquet, Troylus and Zellandine are seated at the same table. We transcribe the text from Chapter 56, starting with page 159 recto.]

After the knights, ladies, and young ladies were seated at the tables, the servants began to serve them with honor. Troylus was very anxious. He did not dare to speak to the young lady because Zelland was across from her, and Neroen, his rival, was next to her. Zelland who was courteous, asked Troylus to eat well; during the banquet, he asked him:

"Sir Knight, where are you from?"

"Truthfully, Sir," said Troylus, "I am from Royalville in Scotland." When Zellandine heard that the knight was from Royalville, she blushed from head to toe, and remembered as soon as Troylus, that she had not seen him for a year. And then she did not dare to raise an eye to see the knight's face, her glance fell by chance on the knight's right hand; she noticed that on his big finger he wore a gold ring with an emerald. She immediately recognized this ring and did not know what to think, for it was clearly the ring that he exchanged in the tower during her sleep. The beautiful Zellandine, recognizing the ring, was overcome by the desire to speak to the knight to know where this on [the ring] came from. But she was patient and waited until after the banquet when the dances and the songs started.

Neroen made a decision and went to Zelland to ask him for his daughter's hand in marriage. Zelland granted it to him after consulting the nobles of the Royalty. He sent for his daughter, and in the presence of his council of advisors, he told her that he had promised

her to the valiant and wise Neroen.

"Dear Sir and Father," answered the young lady, "I ask you for time until tomorrow at noon."

"Upon my word, my daughter," said Zelland, "I agree." The counselors left, and the young lady was very sad because her father wanted her to marry Neroen, to which she was unable to consent, for her heart was already given to Troylus. So she meditated within herself, thinking that she would rather flee to the forest which would eventually lead her to Great Britain, than to take Neroen as her husband. Then she thought to herself that she would wander off to secretly find the mysterious knight. Since he was from Scotland, she wondered if he would accompany her to Great Britain. She called one of her ladies in waiting, and told her to go to the hostel where the knight was staying, and to ask him to come secretly to talk to her. Thus when Zellandine requested that he be summoned by the young lady, because she would not rest until she had spoken to the knight, she secretly led him to Zellandine's room.

When kind Troylus learned from the young lady secretly sent by Zellandine, he was happy at heart, and when he came to her house into her secret room, that she looked directly at him and she knew that it was her friend, Troylus; she was so overcome with joy that she could hardly speak. When the beautiful Zellandine had recognized her friend and knew for sure that it was he, she asked him who he was, and where he obtained that ring that he had on his finger. Troylus did not hide anything, on the contrary, he told her he was Troylus.

Afterwards, concerning the ring, he told her at length how he went to Zelland, how he became mad, how he recovered his senses, how he slept with her, and how he exchanged the rings; then he told her how he was carried out of Zelland through the window, and how, upon returning to Zelland, he had seen in a vision his handsome, young son and how the three goddesses had told him that he had a son who they were taking care of.

As soon as Troylus had told his adventures to his lady and they renewed their bond, you cannot imagine the great happiness they felt being together. However, the young lady became very ashamed and began to cry very hard because her friend, by his indiscretion, had taken her virginity. But when Troylus saw her crying so tenderly, he began to comfort her, and said, guessing why she was crying:

"My Lady, do not worry. You should be happy, for it was necessary that it happened to you as it did to break the spell of your sleep. And I kindly request that you tell me what happened since you woke up."

"My Lord," answered the maiden, "since the gods and fortune wanted you to take my virginity while I was sleeping, and that I can not be blamed by any man except you who comforts me, I should feel reassured." Then she told him everything, detail by detail, and how it had been destined at her birth that this should happen to her, as her aunt had told her.

"I want thus that you know," she said, "that I did not wake up until I delivered our beautiful son who sucked my finger instead of my breast, and then I woke up very tired and exhausted. However, my aunt who was there at that moment comforted me. I took my son and I branded him with an Israel stone, as is the custom, to avoid the magic spells which many ladies subject him to. Soon after, a bird with a woman's head took my son and carried him away saying, 'Do not worry about the child.'

This adventure did not disturb us very much because we thought that the gods had recalled the child. At that time we thought that Mars, the god of war, was the father. "

When Troylus heard of Zellandine and their son's adventure, he said that the child which he had seen during his voyage was his son and that the lady who was keeping him had prophesied Britain's glory [through him].

"And I know that this is true," said Troylus, "because he had the mark that you branded on our son."

When Troylus had told her this and saw that she was still pensive, he said:

"My Lady, what are you thinking about?" "Alas," she said, "don't I have a reason to be unhappy since you are the man I love the most in the world, nevertheless my father wants me to become Neroen's wife, but I could never fall in love with him. Tomorrow I must consent to the marriage if you do not help me."

While saying this, she began to cry miserably and she fainted. But Troylus held her in her arms and when she came back to her senses, they deliberated about what they would do. It was decided that Zellandine would go to Great Britain with Troylus who promised her to take her as his wife in complete safety and security. Three horses were saddled immediately, one for Troylus, another for her and one for the maid; then she took her rings and when everything was ready, all three of them left secretly, and when they were about to leave, Zellandine called one of her maids and said:

"Sister, tell my father and my aunt that Mars, the god of war, is taking me to his country because they want to marry me against my will, and god bless you."

They left from there and took the most direct route they could towards the sea in order to eventually cross it. Kind Troylus' intention was to attend King Perceforet's party accompanied by his wife. But now ends the story of Troylus and that of the beautiful Zellandine to tell, in the fourth volume, of the noble festivities that King Perceforet planned and ordained the honor of the sovereign creator of all things.