



CLIGES

CHRETIEN DE TROYES

Global Grey ebooks

CLIGES

BY
CHRETIEN DETROYES

TRANSLATION BY L. J. GARDINER

1966

Cliges by Chretien DeTroyes.

This edition was created and published by Global Grey

©GlobalGrey 2018



globalgreeyebooks.com

CONTENTS

Introduction

Cliges

were seeking Cliges. They sought and asked for him until they found him at the court of the king, and they have said to him: "God save you, sire. On the part of all the inhabitants of your empire, Greece is yielded and Constantinople given to you, because of the right that you have to it. Your uncle—as yet you know it not—is dead of the grief that he had because he could not find you. He had such grief that he lost his senses: never afterwards did he either eat or drink, and he died a madman. Fair sire, return now hence, for all your barons send for you. Greatly do they desire and ask for you, for they will to make you emperor." Many there were who were blithe at this message, but on the other hand there were man who would gladly have left their homes, and who would have been mightily pleased if the host had set out for Greece. But the expedition has fallen through altogether, for the king sends away his men, and the host disperses and returns home. But Cliges hastens and prepares himself, for his will is to return into Greece, no care has he to tarry longer. He has prepared himself, and has taken leave of the king and all his friends: he takes Fenice with him, and they depart and do not rest till they are in Greece, where men receive him with great joy, as they ought to do their lord, and give him his lady-love to wife; they crown them both together. He has made his lady-love his wife, but he calls her lady-love and dame, nor does she for that cease to be cherished as his lady-love, and she cherishes him every whit as much as one ought to cherish one's lover. And each day their love grew; never did he mistrust her nor chide her for aught. She was never kept in seclusion, as those who came after her later have been kept (for henceforth there was no emperor who was not afraid lest his wife might deceive him, when he heard tell how Fenice deceived Alis, first by the potion that he drank and then by the other treason). For which reason the empress, whoever she be, be she of never so splendid and high degree, is guarded in Constantinople; for the emperor trusts her not as long as he remembers Fenice.

Here ends the work of Chretien.
