

Troilus and Cressida: Philadelphia Artists Collective Workshop Draft.

## **PROLOGUE**

PANDARUS

In Troy, there lies the scene: from isles of Greece  
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore  
Their crownets regal from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps - and that's the quarrel.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,  
A prologue armed, but not in confidence  
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away,  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Like, or find fault, do as your pleasures are,  
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

## **ACT I: SCENE II. Troy.**

Enter CRESSIDA and HELEN, gossiping

CRESSIDA

Helen—  
And whither go they?

HELEN

Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is as a virtue fixed, to-day was moved:  
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose he was harnessed light,  
And to the field goes he, where every flower  
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

CRESSIDA

What was his cause of anger?

HELEN

The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks  
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector,  
They call him Ajax.

CRESSIDA

Good, and what of him?

HELEN

They say he is a very man per se, and stands alone.

CRESSIDA

So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

HELEN

This man, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion,  
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant.

CRESSIDA

But how should this man that makes me smile make Hector angry?

HELEN

They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame  
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

CRESSIDA

Who comes here?

HELEN

Your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS, exit HELEN

CRESSIDA

Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PANDARUS

Good morrow, cousin Cressid. How do you, cousin? What were you talking of when I came?

CRESSIDA

Hector.

PANDARUS

Hector was stirring early.

CRESSIDA

That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PANDARUS

I know the cause too: he'll lay about him today, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him, let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

CRESSIDA

What, is he angry too?

PANDARUS

Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

CRESSIDA

O Jupiter! There's no comparison.

PANDARUS

What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

CRESSIDA

Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

PANDARUS

Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

CRESSIDA

Then you say as I say, for I am sure, he is not Hector.

PANDARUS

No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

CRESSIDA

'Tis just to each of them: he is himself.

PANDARUS

Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

CRESSIDA

So he is.

PANDARUS

Condition I had gone barefoot to India.

CRESSIDA  
He is not Hector.

PANDARUS  
Himself? No, he's not himself - would a' were himself! Well the gods are above, time must friend or end; well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRESSIDA  
Excuse me-

PANDARUS  
He is elder-

CRESSIDA  
Pardon me, pardon me-

PANDARUS  
Th'other's not come to't - you shall tell me another tale when th'other's come to't; Hector shall not have his wit this year.

CRESSIDA  
He shall not need it if he have his own.

PANDARUS  
Nor his qualities-

CRESSIDA  
No matter.

PANDARUS  
Nor his beauty.

CRESSIDA  
'Twould not become him, his own's better.

PANDARUS  
You have no judgment, Niece. I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRESSIDA  
Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

PANDARUS  
Nay, I am sure she does: She came to him th'other day into the compassed window – and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin –

CRESSIDA

Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PANDARUS

Why he is very young and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

CRESSIDA

Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

PANDARUS

But to prove to you that Helen loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin –

CRESSIDA

Juno have mercy! How came it cloven?

PANDARUS

Why you know 'tis dimpled; I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

CRESSIDA

O, he smiles valiantly.

PANDARUS

Does he not?

CRESSIDA

O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PANDARUS

Why go to then, but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus: I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin – indeed she has a marvellous white hand I must needs confess –

CRESSIDA

Without the rack.

PANDARUS

And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

CRESSIDA

Alas, poor chin! Many a wart is richer.

PANDARUS

But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er –

CRESSIDA  
With mill-stones.

PANDARUS  
And Cassandra laughed –

CRESSIDA  
But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes – did her eyes run o'er too?

PANDARUS  
And Hector laughed.

CRESSIDA  
At what was all this laughing?

PANDARUS  
Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

CRESSIDA  
An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

PANDARUS  
They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

CRESSIDA  
What was his answer?

PANDARUS  
Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin and one of them is white.'

CRESSIDA  
This is her question.

PANDARUS  
That's true, make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs', quoth he, 'and one white – that white hair is my father and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one', quoth he, 'pluck't out and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed and Paris so chafed and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

CRESSIDA  
So let it now, for it has been while going by.

PANDARUS  
Well, cousin. I told you a thing yesterday – think on't.

CRESSIDA  
So I do.

PANDARUS  
I'll be sworn 'tis true, he will weep you an 'twere a man born in April.

CRESSIDA  
And I'll spring up in his tears an 'twere a nettle against May.

A retreat is sounded

PANDARUS  
Hark, they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here and see them as they pass toward Ilium, good niece? Do, sweet niece Cressida.

CRESSIDA  
At your pleasure.

PANDARUS  
Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

AENEAS passes

CRESSIDA  
Speak not so loud.

PANDARUS  
That's Aeneas, is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon – if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

HECTOR passes

PANDARUS  
That's Hector, that, that, look you, that, there's a fellow! Go thy way Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks: there's a countenance, is't not a brave man?

CRESSIDA  
O, a brave man.

PANDARUS  
Is a' not? It does a man's heart good, look you what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? Look you there, there's no jesting, there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say; there be hacks!

CRESSIDA  
Be those with swords?

PANDARUS  
Swords, anything, he cares not an the devil come to him, it's all one; by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

PARIS passes

Look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home today? He's not hurt – why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! I marvel where Troilus is – hark, do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'?

CRESSIDA  
What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes

PANDARUS  
Where? Yonder? 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

CRESSIDA  
Peace, for shame, peace!

PANDARUS  
Mark him, note him, O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks and how he goes! O admirable youth, he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen to change would give an eye to boot. I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRESSIDA  
There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

PANDARUS  
Achilles? A drayman, a porter, a very camel!

CRESSIDA  
Well well.

PANDARUS  
'Well, well?' Why, have you any discretion, have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?



CRESSIDA

Ay, a minced man, and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

PANDARUS

You are such a woman – a man knows not at what ward you lie.

CRESSIDA

Upon my back to defend my belly, upon my wit to defend my wiles, upon my secrecy to defend mine honesty, my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

PANDARUS

Say one of your watches.

CRESSIDA

Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

PANDARUS

You are such another! Fare ye well, good niece.

CRESSIDA

Adieu, uncle.

PANDARUS

I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRESSIDA

To bring, uncle?

PANDARUS

Ay, a token from Troilus.

CRESSIDA

By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit PANDARUS

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice  
He offers in another's enterprise;  
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:  
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing;  
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:  
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is;  
That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:  
Achievement is command, ungain'd beseech.  
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exeunt

**ACT I SCENE III The Grecian camp.**

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, and others

AGAMEMNON

Princes,  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below  
Fails in the promised largeness: cheques and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infects the sound pine and diverts his grain  
Tortive and errant, from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us  
That we come short of our suppose so far  
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand,  
Sith every action that hath gone before  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works  
And call them shames, which are indeed nought else  
But the protractive trials of great Jove  
To find persistive constancy in men?

ULYSSES

Agamemnon,  
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down  
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
But for these instances:  
The specialty of rule hath been neglected,  
And look how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order.  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye  
Corrects the the influence of evil planets  
And posts like the commandment of a king  
Sans check to good and bad; but when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,  
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate,  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaked,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
Then enterprise is sick. How could communities,  
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows: each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy; the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores  
And make a sop of all this solid globe;  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead.  
Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking;  
And this neglection of degree it is  
That by a pace goes backward with a purpose  
It hath to climb. The general's disdained  
By him one step below, he by the next,  
That next by him beneath –so every step,  
Exemplified by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever.  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

NESTOR

Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

AGAMEMNON

The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
What is the remedy?

ULYSSES

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs; with him Patroclus  
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests,  
And with ridiculous and silly action –  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls –  
He pageants us: sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on.  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,  
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon right;  
Now play me Nestor: hem, and stroke thy beard,  
as he being dressed to some oration.'  
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth.

NESTOR

And in the imitation of these twain,  
Who as Ulysses says opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice, many are infect:  
Ajax is grown self-willed and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place,  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him,  
Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
To match us in comparisons with dirt.

ULYSSES

They tax our policy and call it cowardice,  
Count wisdom as no member of the war,  
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand:

A trumpet

AGAMEMNON

What trumpet? Look.

DIOMEDES

From Troy.

Enter AENEAS

AGAMEMNON

What would you 'fore our tent?

AENEAS

Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

AGAMEMNON

Even this.

AENEAS

May one that is a herald and a prince  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

AGAMEMNON

With surety stronger than Achilles' arm  
'Fore all the Greekish heads which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.  
Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?

AENEAS

Ay, Greek, that is my name.

AGAMEMNON

What's your affair I pray you?

AENEAS

Sir, pardon, 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

AGAMEMNON

He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.

AENEAS

Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him;  
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear.

AGAMEMNON

Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

AENEAS

Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents  
And every Greek of mettle let him know  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

Trumpet sounds

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince called Hector – Priam is his father –  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet  
And to this purpose speak: kings, princes, lords,  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That loves his mistress more than in confession  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
In other arms than hers, to him this challenge:  
Hector in view of Trojans and of Greeks  
Shall make it good or do his best to do it,  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,  
And will tomorrow with his trumpet call  
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.  
If any come, Hector shall honour him;  
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires  
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth  
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

AGAMEMNON

This shall be told our lovers, Lord Aeneas.  
If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home; but we are soldiers,  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love.  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

NESTOR

Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grandsire suck'd; he is old now;  
But if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man that hath one spark of fire  
To answer for his love, tell him from me  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver

And, meeting him, tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste  
As may be in the world.

AGAMEMNON

Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;  
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent,  
So shall each lord of Greece from tent to tent.  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR

ULYSSES

Nestor!

NESTOR

What says Ulysses?

ULYSSES

I have a young conception in my brain:  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NESTOR

What is't?

ULYSSES

This 'tis:  
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil  
To overbulk us all.

NESTOR

Well, and how?

ULYSSES

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NESTOR

And in the publication make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As banks of Libya – though Apollo knows  
'Tis dry enough – will with great speed of judgment,  
Ay with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

ULYSSES

And wake him to the answer, think you?

NESTOR

Yes, 'tis most meet. Who may you else oppose  
That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells.

ULYSSES

Give pardon to my speech: therefore 'tis meet  
Achilles meet not Hector; let us like merchants  
First show foul wares and think perchance they'll sell:  
If not,  
The lustre of the better shall exceed  
By showing the worse first. Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honour and our shame in this  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

NESTOR

I see them not with my old eyes – what are they?

ULYSSES

What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share with him.  
But he already is too insolent,  
And it were better parch in Afric sun  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes  
Should he 'scape Hector fair; if he were foiled  
Why then we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lott'ry  
And by device let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort to fight with Hector; among ourselves  
Give him allowance for the better man.  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,  
We'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,  
Yet go we under our opinion still  
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:  
Ajax employed plucks down Achilles' plumes.



NESTOR

Now Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice  
And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon – go we to him straight.  
Two curs shall tame each other, pride alone  
Must tar the mastiffs on as 'twere a bone.

Exeunt

**ACT I. SCENE I. Troy: Troilus' Room.**

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

TROILUS

Why should I war without the walls of Troy  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field. Troilus, alas, hath none.

PANDARUS

Will this gear ne'er be mended?

TROILUS

The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant,  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skillless as unpractised infancy.

PANDARUS

Well, I have told you enough of this. For my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther: he that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding.

TROILUS

Have I not tarried?

PANDARUS

Ay, the grinding, but you must tarry the bolting.

TROILUS

Have I not tarried?

PANDARUS

Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leavening.

TROILUS

Still have I tarried.

PANDARUS

Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too or you may chance to burn your lips.

TROILUS

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do:  
At Priam's royal table do I sit  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts –  
So traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she thence?

PANDARUS

Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

TROILUS

I was about to tell thee – when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.  
But sorrow that is couched in seeming gladness  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

PANDARUS

An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's – well, go to – there were no more comparison between the women; but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but –

TROILUS

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,  
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrenched. I tell thee I am mad  
In Cressid's love, thou answer'st 'she is fair,'  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,  
Handlest in thy discourse – O that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink  
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman – this thou tell'st me,  
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her.  
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

PANDARUS

I speak no more than truth.

TROILUS

Thou dost not speak so much.

PANDARUS

Faith, I'll not meddle in't – let her be as she is; if she be fair 'tis the better for her; an she be not,  
she has the mends in her own hands.

TROILUS

Good Pandarus, how now Pandarus!

PANDARUS

I have had my labour for my travail, ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of you, gone  
between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TROILUS

What, art thou angry, Pandarus, what, with me?

PANDARUS

Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen; an she were not kin to me she would  
be as fair o'Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? 'tis all one to me –

TROILUS

Say I she is not fair?

PANDARUS

I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father – let her to the Greeks,  
and so I'll tell her the next time I see her; for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th'matter.

TROILUS

Pandarus –

PANDARUS

Not I.

TROILUS

Sweet Pandarus –

PANDARUS

Pray you speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it and there an end.

Exit PANDARUS. An alarum

TROILUS

Peace, you ungracious clamours, peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides, Helen must needs be fair

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument,

It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus – O gods how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo.

As she is stubborn, chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India, there she lies, a pearl;

Between our Ilium and where she resides

Let it be called the wild and wand'ring flood,

Ourselves the merchant and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Exit

## **ACT II SCENE I. The Grecian Camp**

Enter AJAX (with proclamation) and THERSITES

AJAX

Thersites!

THERSITES

Agamemnon, how if he had boils -- full, all over, generally?

AJAX

Thersites!

THERSITES

And those boils did run – say so – did not the general run then?

AJAX

Dog!

THERSITES

Then would come some matter from him, I see none now.

AJAX

Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?

Pulling his ear

Feel then.

THERSITES

The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel, beef-witted lord!

AJAX

Speak then, thou whinid'st leaven, speak! I will beat thee into handsomeness.

THERSITES

I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness, but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou?

AJAX

Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

THERSITES

Dost thou think I have no sense thou strikest me thus?

AJAX

The proclamation!

THERSITES

Thou art proclaimed a fool I think.

AJAX

Do not, porcupine, do not, my fingers itch –

THERSITES

I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.

AJAX

Chasing him

Mistress Thersites –

THERSITES

Thou sodden-witted lord, thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows. Thou scurvy-valiant ass, thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

AJAX  
You dog!

THERSITES  
You scurvy lord!

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

ACHILLES  
Why how now, Ajax, wherefore do ye thus?  
How now, Thersites, what's the matter, man?

THERSITES  
You see him there, do you?

ACHILLES  
Ay; what's the matter?

THERSITES  
Nay look upon him.

ACHILLES  
So I do – what's the matter?

THERSITES  
Nay but regard him well.

ACHILLES  
Well, why I do so.

THERSITES  
But yet you look not well upon him, for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACHILLES  
I know that, fool.

THERSITES  
Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX  
Therefore I beat thee.

THERSITES  
Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

ACHILLES  
What?

THERSITES  
I say, this Ajax –

Ajax offers to beat him

ACHILLES  
Nay good Ajax.

THERSITES  
Has not so much wit –

ACHILLES  
Nay I must hold you.

THERSITES  
As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight!

ACHILLES  
Peace, fool!

THERSITES  
I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not – he there, that he, look you there.

AJAX  
O thou damned cur, I shall –

ACHILLES  
Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THERSITES  
No I warrant you, the fool's will shame it.

PATROCLUS  
Good words, Thersites.

ACHILLES  
What's the quarrel?

AJAX  
I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THERSITES  
I serve thee not.

AJAX  
Well, go to, go to.

THERSITES  
I serve here voluntarily.

ACHILLES  
Your last service was sufferance – 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary and you as under an impress.

THERSITES  
E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACHILLES  
What, with me too, Thersites?

THERSITES  
There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

ACHILLES  
What, what?

AJAX  
I shall cut out your tongue!

THERSITES  
'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

PATROCLUS  
No more words Thersites, peace!

THERSITES  
I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

ACHILLES  
There's for you, Patroclus.

THERSITES  
I will see you hanged like clotpoles ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.



Exit

PATROCLUS  
A good riddance.

ACHILLES  
Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:  
That Hector by the fifth hour of the sun  
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy  
Tomorrow morning call some knight to arms  
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare  
Maintain – I know not what – 'tis trash. Farewell.

AJAX  
Farewell – who shall answer him?

ACHILLES  
I know not, 'tis put to lottery; otherwise he knew his man.  
Exit ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

AJAX  
O, meaning you! I will go learn more of it.

Exit ACHILLES

**ACT II SCENE II. Troy: A room in Priam's palace.**

Enter HECTOR carrying a letter, with TROILUS and PARIS

HECTOR  
After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:  
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,  
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed  
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,  
Shall be struck off.'  
Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I  
As far as toucheth my particular,  
Yet,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'  
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure, but modest doubt is called  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To th'bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes  
Hath been as dear as Helen, I mean, of ours;  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours  
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us  
(Had it our name) the value of one ten,  
What merit's in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up?

TROILUS

Fie, fie, my brother,  
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king  
So great as our dread father in a scale  
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
The past proportion of his infinite,  
And buckle in a waist most fathomless  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame.

HECTOR

Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
The keeping.

TROILUS

What's aught but as 'tis valued?

HECTOR

But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer. 'tis mad idolatry  
To make the service greater than the god.

TROILUS

I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will,  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion  
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour.  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant  
When we have soiled them, nor the remainder viands  
We do not throw in unrespective sieve

Because we now are full. It was thought meet  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails,  
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce  
And did him service; he touched the ports desired  
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning.  
Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt.  
Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships  
And turned crowned kings to merchants.  
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went  
(As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go'),  
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize  
(As you must needs for you all clapped your hands  
And cried 'Inestimable!'), why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate?  
O, theft most base,  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

CASSANDRA

[Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

PARIS

What noise, what shriek is this?

TROILUS

'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

CASSANDRA

[Within] Cry, Trojans!

HECTOR

It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving

CASSANDRA

Cry, Trojans, cry, lend me ten thousand eyes  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECTOR

Peace, sister, peace.

CASSANDRA

Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,  
Soft infancy that nothing canst but cry,  
Add to my clamours: let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
Cry, Trojans, cry, practise your eyes with tears!  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand –  
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.  
Cry, Trojans, cry, a Helen and a woe!  
Cry, cry! Troy burns – or else let Helen go!

Exit

HECTOR

Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains  
Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood  
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause  
Can qualify the same?

TROILUS

Why brother Hector,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it,  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds  
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures  
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel  
Which hath our several honours all engaged  
To make it gracious.

PARIS

Were I alone to pass the difficulties  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done.  
Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wiped off in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up  
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

HECTOR

Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glossed, but superficially – not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood.  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? If this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.  
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back returned. Thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still,  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

TROILUS

Why, there you touched the life of our design!  
Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes  
And fame in time to come canonize us.

HECTOR

I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dun and factious nobles of the Greeks  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.  
I was advertised their great general slept  
Whilst emulation in the army crept:  
This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt

**ACT II SCENE III. The Grecian camp: Before Achilles' tent.**

Enter THERSITES, solus

THERSITES

How now, Thersites? What, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! Would it were otherwise – that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! Or rather the Neapolitan bone-ache, for that methinks is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen. What ho!

Enter PATROCLUS

PATROCLUS

Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

THERSITES

If I coul'dve remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation, but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself. The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Amen. Where's Achilles?

PATROCLUS

What, art thou devout? Wast thou in prayer?

THERSITES

Ay, the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES

Who's there?

PATROCLUS

Thersites, my lord.

ACHILLES

Where, where? Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

THERSITES

Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATROCLUS

Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THERSITES

Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATROCLUS

Thou mayst tell that knowest.

ACHILLES

O, tell, tell.

THERSITES

I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my lord, I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

PATROCLUS

Why am I a fool?

THERSITES

It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

ACHILLES

Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.

Exit

THERSITES

Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery: all the argument is a whore and a cuckold – a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. War and lechery confound all!

Exit

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX

AGAMEMNON

Where is Achilles?

PATROCLUS

Within his tent, but ill disposed my lord.

AGAMEMNON

Let it be known to him that we are here.  
He shent our messengers and we lay by  
Our appertanings visiting of him.

PATROCLUS

I shall say so to him.

Exit

ULYSSES

We saw him at the opening of his tent: he is not sick.

AJAX

Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart, you may call it melancholy if you will favour the man but, by my head, 'tis pride. But why, why? Let him show us the cause.

NESTOR

What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYSSES

Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NESTOR

Who, Thersites?

ULYSSES

He.

Re-enter PATROCLUS

PATROCLUS

Achilles bids me say he is much sorry  
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure  
Did move your greatness and this noble state  
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other  
But for your health and your digestion sake,  
And after-dinner's breath.

AGAMEMNON

Hear you, Patroclus.

We are too well acquainted with these answers,  
But his evasion wing'd thus swift with scorn  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his virtues



Not virtuously on his own part beheld  
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss.  
We come to speak with him, and you shall not sin  
If you do say we think him over-proud  
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater  
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself  
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on.

PATROCLUS

I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Exit

AGAMEMNON

In second voice we'll not be satisfied –  
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.

Exit ULYSSES

AJAX

What is he more than another?

AGAMEMNON

No more than what he thinks he is.

AJAX

Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

AGAMEMNON

No question.

AJAX

Will you subscribe his thought and say he is?

AGAMEMNON

No, noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

AJAX

Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

NESTOR

Yet he loves himself – is't not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES

ULYSSES

Achilles will not to the field tomorrow.

AGAMEMNON

Why will he not upon our fair request  
Untent his person and share the air with us?

ULYSSES

Things small as nothing for request's sake only  
He makes important. Possessed he is with greatness.

AGAMEMNON

Let Ajax go to him.  
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent.

ULYSSES

O Agamemnon, let it not be so.  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles; shall the proud lord  
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
And ruminates himself, shall he be worshipped  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm nobly acquired,  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles.

NESTOR

[Aside to DIOMEDES] O this is well – he rubs the vein of him.

DIOMEDES

[Aside to NESTOR] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

AJAX

If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.

AGAMEMNON

O no, you shall not go.

AJAX

An a' be proud with me, I'll feeze his pride.  
Let me go to him.

ULYSSES

Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX

A paltry, insolent fellow! Can he not be sociable? I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

DIOMEDES

You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYSSES

Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.  
Here is a man -- but 'tis before his face,  
I will be silent.

NESTOR

Wherefore should you so?  
He is not emulous as Achilles is.

ULYSSES

Know the whole world he is as valiant --

AJAX

A whoreson dog that shall pelter thus with us. Would he were a Trojan.

ULYSSES

Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure:  
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck.  
But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,  
Let Mars divide eternity in twain  
And give him half; and for thy vigour  
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield  
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom  
Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
Thy spacious and dilated parts.  
There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles  
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general  
To call together all his state of war.  
Fresh kings are come to Troy -- tomorrow  
We must with all our main of power stand fast.  
And here's a lord, come knights from east to west  
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAMEMNON

Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

Exeunt

**ACT III SCENE I. Troy: Priam's palace.**

Enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS

[Aside] I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus. I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Enter PARIS and HELEN, singing

PANDARUS

Fair be to you, my lord, fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them – especially to you, fair queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

HELEN

Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PANDARUS

You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

HELEN

Nay this shall not hedge us out, we'll hear you certainly.

PANDARUS

Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry thus my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus –

HELEN

My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord –

PANDARUS

Go to, sweet queen, to go – commends himself most affectionately to you –

HELEN

You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

PANDARUS

Sweet queen, sweet queen, that's a sweet queen, i' faith –

HELEN

And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

PANDARUS

Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And, my lord, he desires you that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

HELEN

My Lord Pandarus –

PANDARUS

What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

PARIS

What exploit's in hand? Where sups he tonight?

HELEN

Nay, but my lord –

PANDARUS

What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

PARIS

I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida.

PANDARUS

No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

PARIS

Well I'll make excuse.

PANDARUS

Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? -- no, your poor disposer's sick.

PARIS

I spy –

PANDARUS

You spy? What do you spy? Now, sweet queen, my niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HELEN

She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

PANDARUS

He? No she'll none of him: they two are twain.

HELEN

Falling in after falling out may make them three.

PANDARUS

Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN

Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

PANDARUS

Ay, you may, you may –

HELEN

Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all, O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid –

PANDARUS

Love! Ay, that it shall i' faith.

PARIS

Ay, good now: [sings] love, love, nothing but love.

PANDARUS

In good troth, it begins so.

Sings

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For O love's bow

Shoots buck and doe.

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry, Oh, O, they die,

Yet that which seems the wound to kill

Doth turn O, O to ha ha he,

So dying love lives still.

O, O a while, but ha ha ha

O, O groans out for ha ha ha – Heigh-ho!

HELEN

In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PARIS

He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PANDARUS

Is this the generation of love: Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers; is

love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field today?

PARIS

Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have armed today, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

HELEN

He hangs the lip at something – you know all, Lord Pandarus.

PANDARUS

Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped today. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PARIS

To a hair.

PANDARUS

Farewell, sweet queen.

HELEN

Commend me to your niece.

PANDARUS

I will, sweet queen.

Exit

A retreat sounded

PARIS

They're come from field – let us to Priam's hall  
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you  
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel  
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more  
Than all the island kings t' disarm great Hector.

HELEN

'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;  
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,  
Yea, overshines ourself.

PARIS

Sweet, above thought I love thee.

Exeunt

**SCENE III. The Grecian camp: Before Achilles' tent.**

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES and AJAX. ACHILLES and PATROCLUS at tent.

ULYSSES

Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:  
Please it our general to pass strangely by him  
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him;  
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me  
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turned, on him.

AGAMEMNON

We'll execute your purpose and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along.

ACHILLES

What, comes the general to speak with me?  
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

AGAMEMNON

What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

NESTOR

Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACHILLES

No.

NESTOR

Nothing, my lord.

AGAMEMNON

The better.

Exeunt AGAMEMNON, and NESTOR

ACHILLES

Good day, good day.

AJAX

How now, Patroclus!



ACHILLES  
Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX  
Ha?

ACHILLES  
Good morrow.

AJAX  
Ay, and good next day too.

Exeunt AJAX and DIOMEDES

ACHILLES  
What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PATROCLUS  
They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,  
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,  
To come as humbly as they used to creep  
To holy altars.

ACHILLES  
What, am I poor of late?  
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too. What the declined is,  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
As feel in his own fall; But 'tis not so with me:  
Fortune and I are friends. I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess,  
Save these men's looks, who do methinks find out  
Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses,  
I'll interrupt his reading. How now, Ulysses!

ULYSSES  
Now, great Thetis' son!

ACHILLES  
What are you reading?

ULYSSES  
A strange fellow here  
Writes me that man, how dearly ever parted,

How much in having, or without or in,  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection –  
As when his virtues shining upon others  
Heat them and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver.

ACHILLES

This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,  
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
Not going from itself, but eye to eye opposed,  
Salutes each other with each other's form,  
For speculation turns not to itself  
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there  
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

ULYSSES

I do not strain at the position –  
It is familiar – but at the author's drift,  
Who in his circumstance expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
Though in and of him there be much consisting,  
Till he communicate his parts to others;  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them formed in the applause  
Where they're extended. I was much wrapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.  
Heavens, what a man is there! – a very horse  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are  
Most abject in regard and dear in use!  
What things again most dear in the esteem  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see tomorrow –  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him –  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do  
While some men leave to do;  
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,  
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
To see these Grecian lords – why even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast  
And great Troy shrieking.

ACHILLES

I do believe it, for they passed by me  
As misers do by beggars: neither gave to me  
Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

ULYSSES

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude;  
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.  
The present eye praises the present object.  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might, and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive  
And case thy reputation in thy tent.

ACHILLES

Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

ULYSSES

But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroic.  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.

ACHILLES

Ha, known?

ULYSSES

Is that a wonder?  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy  
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much  
To throw down Hector than Polyxena.  
Farewell, my lord; I as your lover speak –  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

Exit

PATROCLUS

To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you.  
A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemned for this:  
They think my little stomach to the war,  
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.  
Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak, wanton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.

ACHILLES

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATROCLUS

Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

ACHILLES

I see my reputation is at stake  
My fame is shrewdly gored.

PATROCLUS

O, then, beware!

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves;  
Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger,  
And danger like an ague subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

ACHILLES

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus,  
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace.  
My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;  
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

**ACT II SCENE II Troy: Pandarus' orchard.**

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS, meeting

PANDARUS

How now, how now! Have you seen my cousin?

TROILUS

No, Pandarus, I stalk about her door  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon  
And give me swift transportance to those fields  
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds  
Proposed for the deserver/ O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings  
And fly with me to Cressid!

PANDARUS

Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

Exit

TROILUS

I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense – what will it be,  
When that the watery palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice repured nectar? Death, I fear me,  
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness  
For the capacity of my ruder powers.  
I fear it much and I do fear besides  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,  
As doth a battle when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS

She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush and  
fetches her wind so short as if she were frayed with a sprite. I'll fetch her; it is the pretties villain  
– she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

Exit

TROILUS

Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encountering  
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA

PANDARUS

Come, come, what need you blush? -- shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? You must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'th'thills. Why do you not speak to her? So, so, rub on and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! Build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. Go to, go to.

TROILUS

You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PANDARUS

Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'-- Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

Exit

CRESSIDA

Will you walk in, my lord?

TROILUS

O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

CRESSIDA

Wished, my lord! The gods grant --O my lord--

TROILUS

What should they grant? What makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRESSIDA

More dregs than water if my fears have eyes.

TROILUS

Fears make devils of cherubims, they never see truly.

CRESSIDA

Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

TROILUS

O let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRESSIDA

Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TROILUS

Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers, thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

CRESSIDA

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TROILUS

Are there such? Such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove. Our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

CRESSIDA

Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS

What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?

CRESSIDA

Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

PANDARUS

I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch chide me for it.

TROILUS

You know now your hostages: your uncle's word and my firm faith.

PANDARUS

Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won; they are burs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown.

CRESSIDA

Boldness comes to me now and brings me heart:  
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day  
For many weary months.

TROILUS

Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRESSIDA

Hard to seem won, but I was won, my lord,  
With the first glance that ever -- pardon me --  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant;  
I love you now, but not till now so much  
But I might master it -- in faith I lie --  
My thoughts were like unbridled children grown  
Too headstrong for their mother -- see, we fools!  
Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But though I loved you well, I woo'd you not,  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,  
For in this rapture I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

TROILUS

And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

PANDARUS

Pretty i' faith.

CRESSIDA

My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me --  
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss;  
I am ashamed -- O heavens, what have I done?  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TROILUS

Your leave, sweet Cressid!



PANDARUS

Leave? An you take leave till tomorrow morning--

CRESSIDA

Pray you, content you --

TROILUS

What offends you, lady?

CRESSIDA

Sir, mine own company.

TROILUS

You cannot shun yourself.

CRESSIDA

Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you,

But an unkind self that itself will leave

To be another's fool. I would be gone.

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

TROILUS

Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

CRESSIDA

Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love

And fell so roundly to a large confession

To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,

Or else you love not – for to be wise and love

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

TROILUS

O that I thought it could be in a woman--

As, if it can, I will presume in you--

To feed for aye her ramp and flames of love,

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays,

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnowed purity in love --

How were I then uplifted! But, alas,

I am as true as truth's simplicity

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRESSIDA

In that I'll war with you.

TROILUS

O virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right!  
True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,  
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tired with iteration --  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to th'centre--  
Yet after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse  
And sanctify the numbers.

CRESSIDA

Prophet may you be!

If I be false or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory  
From false to false among false maids in love  
Upbraid my falsehood; when they've said 'as false  
As air, as water, wind or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'  
Yea, let them say to stick the heart of falsehood,  
'As false as Cressid.'

PANDARUS

Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's.  
If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all  
pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name: call them all Pandars; let all  
constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars. Say  
amen.

TROILUS

Amen.

CRESSIDA  
Amen.

PANDARUS

Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death, away!  
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear.

Exeunt

## **INTERMISSION**

### **ACT IV SCENE I. Troy: A Street**

Enter, from one side, AENEAS, and from the other, PARIS, DIOMEDES, and HECTOR.

PARIS

See ho, who is that there?

DIOMEDES

It is the Lord Aeneas.

AENEAS

Is the prince there in person?  
Had I so good occasion to lie long  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

DIOMEDES

That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.

PARIS

A valiant Greek, Aeneas, take his hand,  
Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

AENEAS

Health to you, valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce;  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance  
As heart can think or courage execute.

DIOMEDES

The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm and, so long, health!  
But when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life  
With all y force, pursuit, and policy.

PARIS

This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
What business, lord, so early?

AENEAS

I was sent for to the king, but why I know not.

PARIS

His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek  
To Calchas' house and there to render him  
For the enfreed Antenor the fair Cressid.  
Let's have your company or, if you please,  
Haste there before us. [to AENEAS] I constantly believe --  
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge --  
My brother Troilus lodges there tonight.  
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear  
We shall be much unwelcome.

AENEAS [to PARIS]

That I assure you.  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

PARIS [to AENEAS]

There is no help:  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. –On, lord, we'll follow you.

AENEAS

Good morrow.

Exit.

PARIS

And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,  
Even in the soul of sound good fellowship,  
Who, in your thoughts merits fair Helen best,  
Myself or Menelaus?

DIOMEDES

Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her,  
Not making any scruple of her soil,  
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;  
And you as well to keep her that defend her,  
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.  
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more,  
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

PARIS

You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

DIOMEDES

She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,  
For every false drop in her bawdy veins,  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak  
She hath not given so many good words breath  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

PARIS

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;  
But we in silence hold this virtue well"  
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.  
Here lies our way.

Exeunt

**ACT IV. SCENE II. Troy: Pandarus' house.**

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA

TROILUS

Dear, trouble not yourself, the morn is cold.

CRESSIDA

Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down,  
He shall unbolt the gates.

TROILUS

                    Trouble him not.

To bed, to bed; sleep kill those pretty eyes,

And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought.

CRESSIDA  
Good morrow, then.

TROILUS  
I prithee now to bed.

CRESSIDA  
Are you a-weary of me?

TROILUS  
O Cressida, but that the busy day,  
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.

CRESSIDA  
Night hath been too brief.

TROILUS  
Beshrew the witch! With venomous wights she stays  
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

CRESSIDA  
Prithee tarry;  
You men will never tarry.  
O foolish Cressid, I might have still held off  
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

PANDARUS  
[Within] What's all the doors open here?

TROILUS  
It is your uncle.

CRESSIDA  
A pestilence on him! Now will he be mocking -- I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS  
How now, how now, how go maidenheads? Hear you, maid, where's my cousin Cressid?

CRESSIDA

Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!  
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

PANDARUS

To do what? To do what? Let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

CRESSIDA

Come, come, beshrew your heart! You'll ne'er be good nor suffer others.

PANDARUS

Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch, ah, poor chipochia! Hast not slept tonight? Would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? A bugbear take him!

CRESSIDA

Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' the head!

[Knocking within]

Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber.

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TROILUS

Ha, ha!

CRESSIDA

Come, you are deceived: I think of no such thing.

[Knocking within]

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in --

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA

PANDARUS

Who's there? What's the matter? Will you beat down the door? How now! What's the matter?

Enter AENEAS

AENEAS

Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PANDARUS

Who's there? My Lord Aeneas! By my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

AENEAS

Is not Prince Troilus here?

PANDARUS

Here? What should he do here?

AENEAS

Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him.  
It doth import him much to speak with me.

PANDARUS

Is he here, say you? It's more than I know, I'll be sworn -- for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

AENEAS

Whoa -- nay then! Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware; you'll be so true to him to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Re-enter TROILUS

TROILUS

How now, what's the matter?

AENEAS

My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,  
My matter is so rash: there is at hand  
The Grecian Diomed  
Delivered to us, and for him forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The Lady Cressida.

TROILUS

Is it so concluded?

AENEAS

By Priam and the general state of Troy;  
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

TROILUS

How my achievements mock me!  
I will go meet them, and, my Lord Aeneas,  
We met by chance -- you did not find me here.

AENEAS

Good, good, my lord, the secrets of nature  
Have not more gift in taciturnity.



Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS

PANDARUS

Is't possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! The young prince will go mad -- a plague upon Antenor -- I would they had broke 's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA

CRESSIDA

How now, what's the matter? Who was here?

PANDARUS

Ah, ah!

CRESSIDA

Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord?  
Gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PANDARUS

Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRESSIDA

O the gods! What's the matter?

PANDARUS

Pray thee, get thee in; would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

CRESSIDA

Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

PANDARUS

Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death, 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.

CRESSIDA

O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PANDARUS

Thou must.

CRESSIDA

I will not uncle: I have forgot my father,  
I know no touch of consanguinity,  
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me  
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine,

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood  
If ever she leave Troilus. Time, force, and death  
Do to this body what extremes you can,  
But the strong base and building of my love  
Is as the very centre of the earth  
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep--

PANDARUS

Be moderate, be moderate.

CRESSIDA

Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste  
And violenteth in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief.  
My love admits no qualifying dross,  
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS

PANDARUS

Here, here, here he comes! Ah, sweet ducks!

CRESSIDA

O Troilus, Troilus!

Embracing him

PANDARUS

What a pair of spectacles is here -- let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

'--O heart, heavy heart!

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again:

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart

By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a  
verse -- we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

TROILUS

Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity  
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

CRESSIDA  
Have the gods envy?

PANDARUS  
Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

CRESSIDA  
And is it true that I must go from Troy?

TROILUS  
A hateful truth.

CRESSIDA  
What, and from Troilus too?

TROILUS  
From Troy and Troilus.

CRESSIDA  
Is't possible?

TROILUS  
And suddenly -- where injury of chance  
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.  
We two that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other must poorly sell ourselves  
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
Injurious time now with a robber's haste  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,  
He fumbles up into a lose adieu,  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss  
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

AENEAS  
[Within] My lord, is the lady ready?

TROILUS  
Hark! you are call'd.  
[To PANDARUS] Bid them have patience, she shall come anon.

PANDARUS

Where are my tears, rain to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

Exit

CRESSIDA

I must then to the Grecians?

TROILUS

No remedy.

CRESSIDA

A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks.  
When shall we see again?

TROILUS

Hear me my love: be thou but true of heart --

CRESSIDA

I true? how now, what wicked deem is this?

TROILUS

Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from us  
I speak not 'be thou true' as fearing thee,  
For I will throw my glove to Death himself  
That there's no maculation in thy heart,  
But 'be thou true' say I to fashion in  
My sequent protestation: be thou true  
And I will see thee.

CRESSIDA

O you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers  
As infinite as imminent -- but I'll be true.

TROILUS

And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

CRESSIDA

And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TROILUS

I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet be true!

CRESSIDA

O heavens, 'be true' again?

TROILUS

Hear while I speak it, love:  
The Grecian youths are full of quality,  
They're loving well composed, with gifts of nature flowing,  
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;  
How novelty may move, and parts with person --  
Alas a kind of godly jealousy,  
Which I beseech you call a virtuous sin,  
Makes me afeard.

CRESSIDA

O heavens, you love me not!

TROILUS

Die I a villain, then!  
In this I do not call your faith in question  
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,  
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games -- fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.  
But I can tell that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil  
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

CRESSIDA

Do you think I will?

TROILUS

No,  
But something may be done that we will not,  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

AENEAS

[Within] Nay, good my lord,--

TROILUS

Come, kiss and let us part.

PARIS

[Within] Brother Troilus!

TROILUS

                                Good brother, come you hither;  
And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

CRESSIDA

My lord, will you be true?

TROILUS

Who, I? Alas it is my vice, my fault:  
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit  
Is 'plain and true': there's all the reach of it.  
[Enter AENEAS, PARIS, and DIOMEDES  
Welcome Sir Diomed! Here is the lady  
Which for Antenor we deliver you;  
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
And by the way possess thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair and by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressida and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilium.

DIOMEDES

                                Fair Lady Cressid,  
So please you save the thanks this prince expects:  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

TROILUS

Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously  
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee  
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises  
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.  
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge,  
For by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

DIOMEDES

                                O be not moved, Prince Troilus.

Let me be privileged by my place and message  
To be a speaker free; when I am hence  
I'll answer to my lust. And know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth  
She shall be prized, but that you say 'be't so,'  
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'

TROILUS

Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.  
Lady, give me your hand and as we walk  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

Exeunt

**ACT IV SCENE V. The Grecian camp.**

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and  
THERSITES.

AGAMEMNON

Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,  
Anticipating time with starting courage.  
Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

ULYSSES

'Tis he -- I ken the manner of his gait:  
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA

AGAMEMNON

Is this the Lady Cressid?

DIOMEDES

Even she.

AGAMEMNON

Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

NESTOR

Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSSES

Yet is the kindness but particular --

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

NESTOR

And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.  
So much for Nestor.

ACHILLES

I'll take what winter from your lips, fair lady.  
Achilles bids you welcome.

PATROCLUS

Patroclus kisses you.

ULYSSES

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRESSIDA

You may.

ULYSSES

I do desire it.

CRESSIDA

Why, beg then.

ULYSSES

Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss.

CRESSIDA

I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

DIOMEDES

Lady, a word. I'll bring you to your father.

[Exit with CRESSIDA]

ULYSSES

Fie, fie upon her!  
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.  
O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every ticklish reader. Set them down  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity



And daughters of the game.

Trumpet within

NESTOR  
The Trojans' trumpet!

AGAMEMNON  
Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, and TROILUS, and PARIS.

AENEAS  
Hail all you state of Greece! What shall be done  
To him that victory commands, or do you purpose  
A victor shall be known? Will you the knights  
Shall to the edge of all extremity  
Pursue each other, or shall be divided  
By any voice or order of the field?  
Hector bade ask.

AGAMEMNON  
Which way would Hector have it?

AENEAS  
He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

AGAMEMNON  
'Tis done like Hector.

ACHILLES  
But securely done:  
A little proudly and great deal misprizing  
The knight opposed.

AENEAS  
If not Achilles, sir,  
What is your name?

ACHILLES  
If not Achilles, nothing.

AENEAS  
Therefore Achilles. But, whate'er, know this:  
In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that which looks like pride is courtesy:  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,  
In love whereof half Hector stays at home,  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

ACHILLES

A maiden battle, then. O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES

AGAMEMNON

Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax; as you and Lord Aeneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it, either to the uttermost  
Or else a breath. the combatants being kin  
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists

AGAMEMNON

What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

ULYSSES

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,  
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous:  
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects, but he in heat of action  
Is more vindicative than jealous love/  
They call him Troilus, and on him erect  
A second hope as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Aeneas, one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches and with private soul  
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight

AGAMEMNON

They are in action.

NESTOR

Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TROILUS

Hector, thou sleep'st; awake thee!

AGAMEMNON

His blows are well disposed; there, Ajax!

DIOMEDES

You must no more.

Trumpets cease

AENEAS

Princes, enough, so please you.

AJAX

I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

DIOMEDES

As Hector pleases.

HECTOR

Why then will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan, the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy, my mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's', by Jove multipotent,  
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, Ajax;  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms!  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.  
Cousin, all honour to thee.

AJAX

I thank thee, Hector

Thou art too gentle and too free a man.  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition earned in thy death.

AENEAS

There is expectance here from both the sides  
What further you will do.

HECTOR

We'll answer it:  
The issue is embracement. Ajax, farewell.

AJAX

If I might in entreaties find success,  
As seld I have the chance, I would desire  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

DIOMEDES

'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

HECTOR

Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin,  
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

AJAX

Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

AGAMEMNON

Worthy of arms! As welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy --  
But that's no welcome; understand more clear,  
What's past and what's to come is strewed with husks  
And formless ruin of oblivion.  
But in this extant moment, faith and truth,  
Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
Bids thee with most divine integrity,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome!

HECTOR

I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON

[To TROILUS] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

ULYSSES

I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

HECTOR

I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

ULYSSES

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome!  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

ACHILLES

I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!  
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee,  
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

HECTOR

Is this Achilles?

ACHILLES

I am Achilles.

HECTOR

Stand fair, I pray thee, let me look on thee.

ACHILLES

Behold thy fill.

HECTOR

Nay I have done already.

ACHILLES

Thou art too brief. I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECTOR

O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er,  
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACHILLES

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body  
Shall I destroy him -- whether there, or there, or there?  
That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

HECTOR

It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question. Stand again!  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACHILLES

I tell thee, yea.

HECTOR

Wert thou an oracle to tell me so  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag:  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words  
Or may I never--

AJAX

Do not chafe thee, cousin.

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone  
Till accident or purpose bring you to't.  
You may have every day enough of Hector  
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

HECTOR

I pray you, let us see you in the field.  
We have had pelting wars since you refused  
The Grecians' cause.

ACHILLES

Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

Tomorrow do I meet thee, fell as death,  
To-night all friends.

HECTOR

Thy hand upon that match.

Exit ACHILLES, PATROCLUS following

AGAMEMNON

First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;  
There in the full convive we. Afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him.  
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt

**ACT V. SCENE I. The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.**

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

ACHILLES

I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine tonight,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

PATROCLUS

Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES

ACHILLES

How now, thou cur of envy,  
Thou crusty botch of nature, what's the news?

THERSITES

Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

ACHILLES

From whence, fragment?

THERSITES

Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

PATROCLUS

Who keeps the tent now?

THERSITES

The surgeon's box or the patient's wound.

PATROCLUS

Well said, adversity, and what need these tricks?

THERSITES

Prithee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk. Thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

PATROCLUS

Male varlet, you rogue, what's that?

THERSITES

Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, loads o'gravel in the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, and incurable bone-ache, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

PATROCLUS

Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

THERSITES

Do I curse thee?

PATROCLUS

Why no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

THERSITES

No? Why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

PATROCLUS

Out, gall!

THERSITES

Finch egg!

ACHILLES

My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in tomorrow's battle:  
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,  
A token from her daughter, my fair love,  
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it.  
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour or go or stay,



My major vow lies here: this I'll obey.  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent,  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.  
Away, Patroclus!

Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, separately.

THERSITES

With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, THERSITES hides and overhears.

TROILUS

My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

ULYSSES

At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus.  
There Diomed doth feast with him tonight,  
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

TROILUS

Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much  
To bring me thither?

ULYSSES

You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That wails her absence?

TROILUS

O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was beloved, she loved, she is, and doth:  
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Exeunt Troilus and Ulysses

THERSITES

That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he  
leers than I will a serpent when he hisses; he will spend his mouth and promise like Brabbler the  
hound, but when he performs, astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious: there will come some

change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I'll after. Nothing but lechery -- all incontinent varlets!

Exit.

**ACT V. SCENE II. The Grecian Camp: Before Calchas' tent.**

Enter DIOMEDES to tent. TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THERSITES

ULYSSES  
Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA

TROILUS  
Cressid comes forth to him.

DIOMEDES  
How now, my charge!

CRESSIDA  
Now, my sweet guardian, hark, a word with you.

Whispers

TROILUS  
Yea, so familiar?

ULYSSES  
She will sing any man at first sight.

THERSITES  
And any man may sing her, if he can take her clef: she's noted.

DIOMEDES  
Will you remember?

CRESSIDA  
Remember, yes.

DIOMEDES  
Nay, but do then!  
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROILUS  
What shall she remember?

ULYSSES

List!

CRESSIDA

Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THERSITES

Roguery!

DIOMEDES

Nay then--

CRESSIDA

I'll tell you what--

DIOMEDES

Fo, fo, come tell a pin! you are forsworn.

CRESSIDA

In faith, I cannot -- what would you have me do?

THERSITES

A juggling trick -- to be secretly open.

DIOMEDES

What did you swear you would bestow on me?

CRESSIDA

I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath.

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

DIOMEDES

Good night.

TROILUS

Hold, patience!

ULYSSES

How now, Trojan?

CRESSIDA

Diomed--

DIOMEDES

No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

TROILUS  
Thy better must.

CRESSIDA  
Hark, one word in your ear.

TROILUS  
O plague and madness!

ULYSSES  
You are moved, prince, let us depart, I pray,  
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself  
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;  
The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

TROILUS  
Behold, I pray you.

ULYSSES  
Nay, good my lord, go off;  
You flow to great distraction, come, my lord.

TROILUS  
I prithee, stay.

ULYSSES  
You have not patience, come.

TROILUS  
I pray you stay. By hell and all hell's torments  
I will not speak a word.

DIOMEDES  
And so good night.

CRESSIDA  
Nay, but you part in anger.

TROILUS  
Doth that grieve thee?  
O withered truth!

ULYSSES  
How now, my lord?

TROILUS

By Jove,

I will be patient.

CRESSIDA

Guardian, -- why Greek --

DIOMEDES

Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.

CRESSIDA

In faith I do not; come hither once again.

ULYSSES

You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?

You will break out.

TROILUS

She strokes his cheek.

ULYSSES

Come, come.

TROILUS

Nay stay, by Jove I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience. Stay a little while.

THERSITES

How the devil Luxury with his fat rump and potato-finger tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

DIOMEDES

Will you then?

CRESSIDA

In faith, I will, la, never trust me else.

DIOMEDES

Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRESSIDA

I'll fetch you one.

Exit

ULYSSES

You have sworn patience.

TROILUS

Fear me not, sweet lord.

I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel. I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA

THERSITES

Now the pledge, now, now, now!

CRESSIDA

Here Diomed, keep this sleeve.

TROILUS

O beauty, where is thy faith?

ULYSSES

My lord--

TROILUS

I will be patient outwardly, I will.

CRESSIDA

You look upon that sleeve, behold it well:  
He loved me--O false wench!--Give't me again.

DIOMEDES

Whose was't?

CRESSIDA

It is no matter now I have't again.  
I will not meet with you tomorrow night.  
I prithee Diomed, visit me no more.

THERSITES

Now she sharpens. well said, whetstone!

DIOMEDES

I shall have it.

CRESSIDA

What, this?

DIOMEDES

Ay, that.

CRESSIDA

O all you gods -- O pretty, pretty pledge,  
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,  
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

DIOMEDES

I had your heart before -- this follows it.

TROILUS

I did swear patience.

CRESSIDA

You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not.  
I'll give you something else.

DIOMEDES

I will have this -- whose was it?

CRESSIDA

It is no matter.

DIOMEDES

Come, tell me whose it was.

CRESSIDA

'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.  
But, now you have it, take it.

DIOMEDES

Whose was it?

CRESSIDA

By all Diana's waiting-women yond,  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIOMEDES

Tomorrow will I wear it on my helm  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TROILUS

Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,  
It should be challenged.

CRESSIDA

Well well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not:  
I will not keep my word.

DIOMEDES

Why, then, farewell.  
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

CRESSIDA

You shall not go; one cannot speak a word  
But it straight starts you.

DIOMEDES

I do not like this fooling.

THERSITES

Nor I, by Pluto. but that that likes not you pleases me best.

DIOMEDES

What, shall I come? The hour?

CRESSIDA

Ay, come. O Jove! -- do come -- I shall be plagued.

DIOMEDES

Farewell till then.

CRESSIDA

Good night! I prithee, come.

Exit DIOMEDES

Troilus farewell, one eye yet looks on thee,  
But with my heart the other eye doth see.  
Ah, poor our sex, this fault in us I find:  
The error of our eye directs our mind.  
What error leads must err: O then conclude,  
Minds swayed by eyes are full of turpitude.

Exit

THERSITES

A proof of strength she could not publish more,  
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'



ULYSSES  
All's done, my lord.

TROILUS  
It is.

ULYSSES  
Why stay we then?

TROILUS  
To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
But if I tell how these two did co-act,  
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?  
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
An esperance so obstinately strong,  
That doth invert th'attest of eyes and ears,  
As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
Created only to calumniate.  
Was Cressid here?

ULYSSES  
I cannot conjure, Trojan.

TROILUS  
She was not, sure.

ULYSSES  
Most sure she was.

TROILUS  
Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYSSES  
Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.

TROILUS  
Let it not be believed for womanhood.  
Think we had mothers, do not give advantage  
To stubborn critics, apt without a theme,  
For depravation, to square the general sex  
By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid.

ULYSSES  
What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

TROILUS

Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THERSITES

Will 'a swagger himself out on's own eyes?

TROILUS

This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida.  
If beauty have a soul this is not she.  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse  
That cause sets up with and against itself --  
Bi-fold authority, where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt! This is and is not Cressid.  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature: that a thing inseparate  
Divides more wider than the sky and earth,  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle  
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.  
Instance, O instance, strong as Pluto's gates,  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.  
Instance, O instance, strong as heaven itself,  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed,  
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

ULYSSES

May worthy Troilus be half attached  
With that which here his passion doth express?

TROILUS

Ay Greek, and that shall be divulged well  
In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy  
With so eternal and so fixed a soul.  
Hark Greek, as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.  
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm:  
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it; not the dreadful spout  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

THERSITES

He'll tickle it for his concupy.

TROILUS

O Cressid, O false Cressid, false, false, false!  
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name  
And they'll seem glorious.

ULYSSES

O, contain yourself:  
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter AENEAS

AENEAS

I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.  
Hector by this is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home.

TROILUS

Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.  
Farewell, revolted fair; and Diomed,  
Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head!

ULYSSES

I'll bring you to the gates.

TROILUS

Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSES

THERSITES

Would I could meet that rogue Diomed. I would croak like a raven, I would bode, I would bode.  
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for  
an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery, still, wars and lechery, nothing else  
holds fashion -- a burning devil take them!

Exit

**ACT V. SCENE III. Troy: Priam's palace.**

Enter HECTOR and CASSANDRA

CASSANDRA

Where is my brother Hector?

HECTOR

Ho! Bid my trumpet sound.

CASSANDRA

No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

HECTOR

Be gone, I say, the gods have heard me swear.

CASSANDRA

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:  
They are polluted off'rings, more abhorred  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.  
O, be persuaded -- do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just. It is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to use violent thefts  
And rob in the behalf of charity.  
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,  
But vows to every purpose must not hold.  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECTOR

Hold you still I say.  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.  
Lie every man holds dear, but the brave man  
Holds honour far more precious--dear than life.

Enter TROILUS

How now, young man, mean'st thou to fight today?  
No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth.  
I am today i' the vein of chivalry.  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand today for thee and me and Troy.

TROILUS

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

HECTOR

What vice is that? Good Troilus, chide me for it.

TROILUS

When many times the captive Grecian falls,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise and live.

HECTOR

O 'tis fair play.

TROILUS

Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECTOR

How now? How now?

TROILUS

For th'love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother,  
And when we have our armours buckled on  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

HECTOR

Fie, savage, fie!

TROILUS

Hector, then 'tis wars.

HECTOR

Troilus, I would not have you fight today.

TROILUS

Who should withhold me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;  
Not you, my brother, with your true sword drawn  
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way  
But by my ruin.

CASSANDRA

Come, Hector, come, go back.

I tell thee that this day is ominous.  
Therefore, come back.

HECTOR

Aeneas is afield  
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

CASSANDRA

O, farewell, dear Hector!  
Look how thou diest, look how thy eye turns pale,  
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark how Troy roars, how Hecuba cries out,  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!  
Behold: Distraction, Frenzy and Amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet  
And all cry 'Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!'

TROILUS

Away, away!

CASSANDRA

Farewell -- yet, soft; Hector, I take my leave,  
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exits]

HECTOR

Go in and cheer the town. We'll forth and fight,  
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.  
Exit HECTOR. Alarums

TROILUS

They are at it -- hark! Proud Diomed, believe  
I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS

Do you hear my lord, do you hear?

TROILUS

What now?

PANDARUS

Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

TROILUS  
Let me read.

PANDARUS  
A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too and such an ache in my bones that unless a man were cursed I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there?

TROILUS  
Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.  
Th'effect doth operate another way. [Tearing the letter]  
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.  
My love with words and errors still she feeds,  
But edifies another with her deeds.

Exeunt severally

**ACT V. SCENE IV. The Plans between Troy and the Grecian camp.**

Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES

THERSITES  
Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on. That dissembling, abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm. I would fain see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain with the sleeve back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals – that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses – is not proved worthy a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles, and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles and will not arm today; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft, here comes sleeve and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following

TROILUS  
Fly not, for shouldst thou take the river Styx,  
I would swim after.

DIOMEDES  
Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly, but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude --  
Have at thee!

THERSITES

Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy whore, Trojan! -- now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting, Enter HECTOR

HECTOR

What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

THERSITES

No! No, I am a rascal, a scurvy railing knave, a very filthy rogue.

HECTOR

I do believe thee, live.

Exit

THERSITES

God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me! But a plague break thy neck for frightening me. What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another -- I would laugh at that miracle; yet in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

Exit

**SCENE V.** Another part of the plains.

Enter DIOMEDES and AGAMEMNON

AGAMEMNON

Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon, bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner,  
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,  
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised. The dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers – haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR

NESTOR

Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,  
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field.

Enter ULYSSES



ULYSSES

O, courage, courage, princes, great Achilles  
Is arming – weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.  
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,  
Ajax hath lost a friend  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done today  
Mad and fantastic execution,  
Engaging and redeeming of himself  
With such a careless force and forceless care  
As if that lust, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX

AJAX

Troilus, thou coward Troilus!

Exit

DIOMEDES

Ay, there, there!

NESTOR

So so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES

Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face,  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.  
Hector? Where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

Exeunt

**ACT V. SCENE VI. Another part of the plains.**

Enter AJAX

AJAX

Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES

DIOMEDES

Troilus, I say, where's Troilus?

AJAX

What wouldst thou?

DIOMEDES

I would correct him.

AJAX

Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office  
Ere that correction. Troilus I say, what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS

TROILUS

O traitor Diomed, turn thy false face, thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

DIOMEDES

Ha, art thou there?

AJAX

I'll fight with him alone -- stand, Diomed.

DIOMEDES

He is my prize, I will not look upon.

TROILUS

Come, both you cogging Greeks, have at you both!

Exeunt, fighting. Enter HECTOR

HECTOR

Yea, Troilus, O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES

Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector.

They fight.

HECTOR

Pause if thou wilt.

ACHILLES

I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  
Be happy that my arms are out of use.  
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again.  
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Exit

HECTOR

Fare thee well.  
I would have been much more a fresher man,  
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS

TROILUS

Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas -- shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him. I'll be ta'en too,  
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say,  
I reckon not though I end my life today.

Exit

HECTOR

Now is my day's work done, I'll take good breath.  
Rest sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him. Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES

Look Hector, how the sun begins to set,  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECTOR

I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHILLES strikes HECTOR. HECTOR falls

ACHILLES

So Ilium, fall thou next, come Troy, sink down!  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.

A retreat sounded

Hark, a retire upon our Grecian part.  
The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,  
And stickler-like the armies separates.  
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,  
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

Exeunt

**SCENE X. Another part of the plains.**

Enter AENEAS and PARIS

AENEAS  
Stand, ho! Yet are we masters of the field.

TROILUS  
Never go home, here starve we out the night:  
Hector is slain.

AENEAS  
Hector? The gods forbid!

TROILUS  
He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail  
In beastly sort dragged through the shameful field.  
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed,  
Sit, gods, upon your thrones and smile at Troy!  
I say at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on.

AENEAS  
My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TROILUS  
You understand me not that tell me so.  
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,  
But dare all imminence that gods and men  
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:  
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd  
Go in to Troy and say there, 'Hector's dead.'  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
Cold statues of the youth, and in a word  
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away;  
Hector is dead, there is no more to say.

Stay yet! You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly pitched upon our Phrygian plains,  
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
I'll through and through you;  
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.  
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort go:  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Exeunt AENEAS and PARIS

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS

PANDARUS

But hear you, hear you --

TROILUS

Hence, broker-lackey! Ignomy and shame  
Pursue thy life and live aye with thy name!

Exit

PANDARUS

A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world, world, world -- thus is the poor agent despised. O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? What verse for it? What instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting,  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of panders' hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall.  
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made.  
It should be now, but that my fear is this:  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,  
And at that time bequeathe you my diseases.

Exit