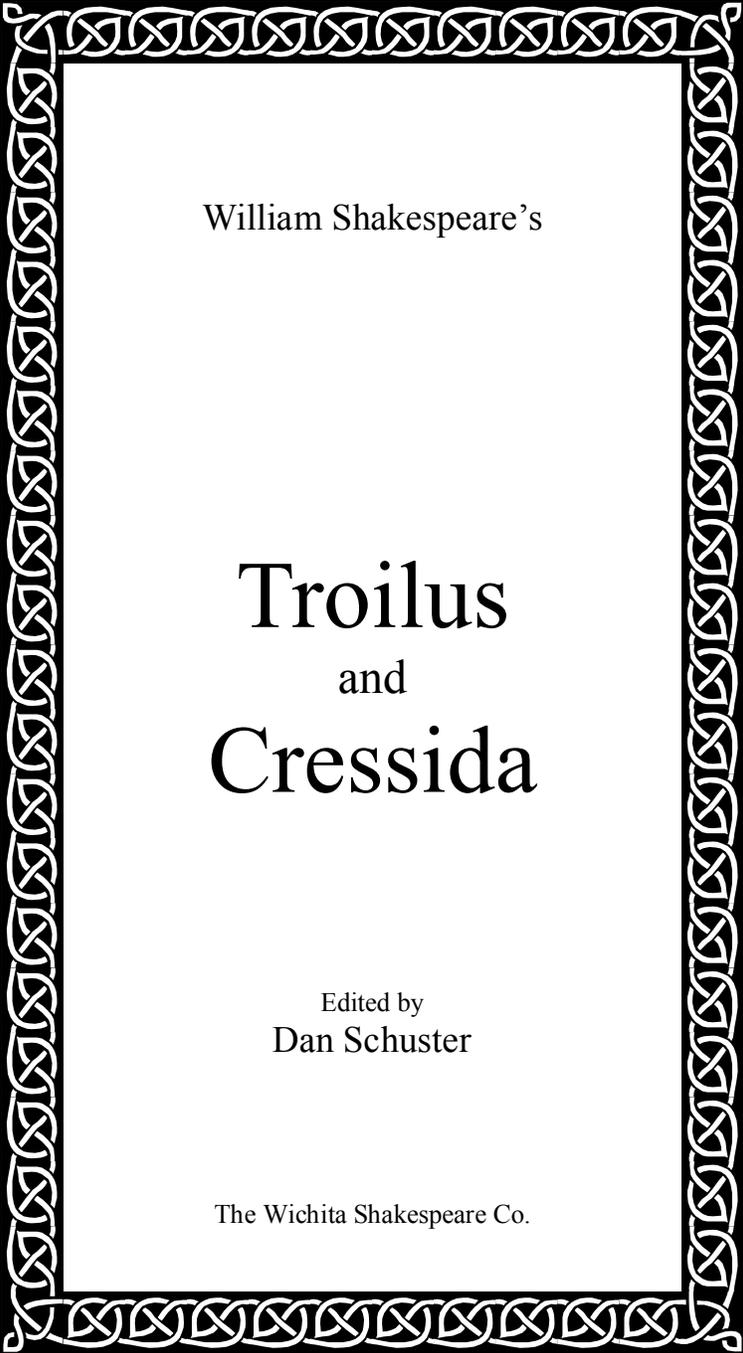


Troilus  
and  
Cressida  
ABRIDGED



Written by  
**William Shakespeare**  
Edited by  
**Dan Schuster**





William Shakespeare's

Troilus  
and  
Cressida

Edited by  
Dan Schuster

The Wichita Shakespeare Co.

# Troilus and Cressida

## Dramatis Personae

PRIAM, King of Troy

*His sons:*

HECTOR  
TROILUS  
PARIS

*Trojans:*

AENEAS, a Trojan commander  
CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks  
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida  
ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector  
CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess  
CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas  
ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida

AGAMEMNON, the Greek general

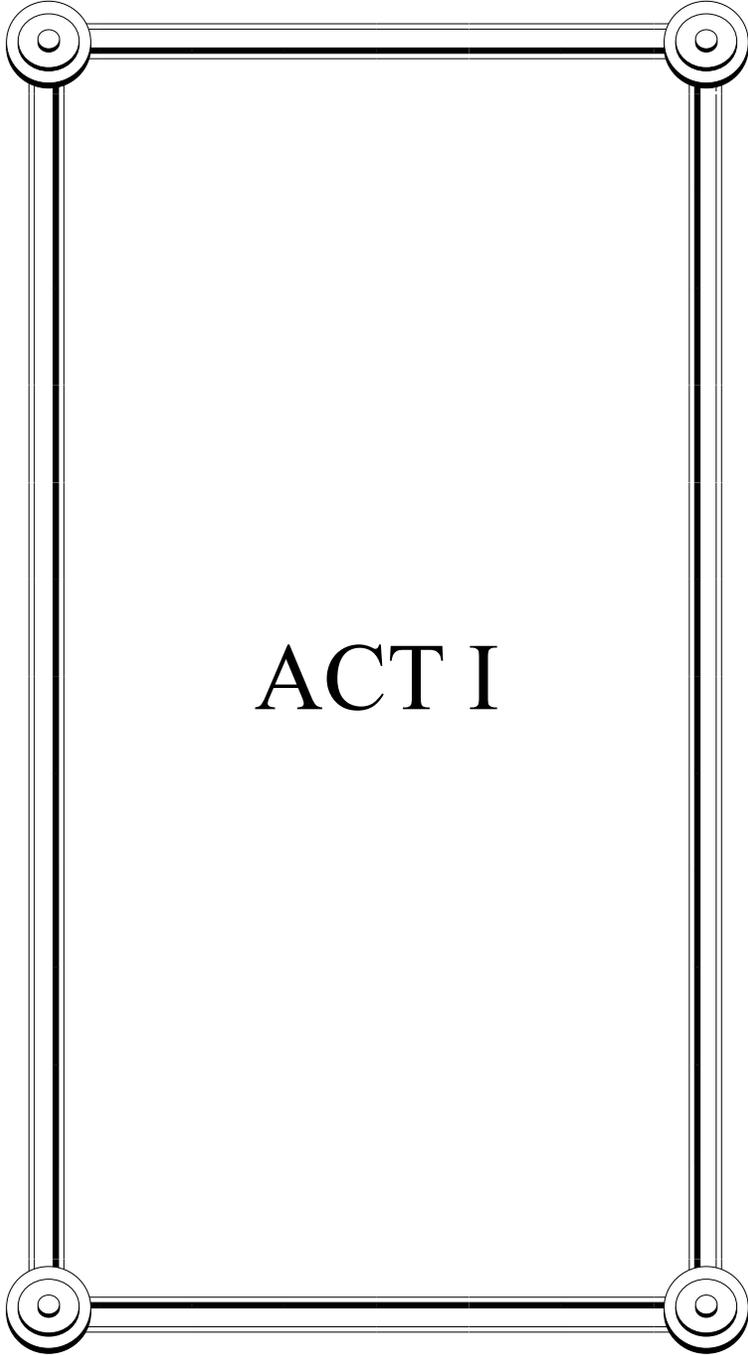
*Greeks:*

ACHILLES, the greatest of the Greek warriors  
AJAX, a Greek warrior  
ULYSSES, a Greek commander  
NESTOR, the oldest of the Greek commanders  
DIOMEDES, a Greek commander  
PATROCLUS, a Greek warrior  
THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Greek  
HELEN, living in Troy with Paris

# Troilus and Cressida

## List of scenes

<b>ACT I</b>		<b>Page</b>
Prologue	Prologue	7
Scene 1	Troy. Before Priam's palace.	8
Scene 2	The Same. A street.	11
Scene 3	The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.	18
<b>ACT II</b>		
Scene 1	A part of the Grecian camp.	25
Scene 2	Troy. A room in Priam's palace.	29
Scene 3	The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.	34
<b>ACT III</b>		
Scene 1	Troy. Priam's palace.	43
Scene 2	The same. Pandarus' orchard.	47
Scene 3	The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.	52
<b>ACT IV</b>		
Scene 1	Troy. A street.	61
Scene 2	The same. Court of Pandarus' house.	63
Scene 5	The Grecian camp. Lists set out.	72
<b>ACT V</b>		
Scene 1	The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.	81
Scene 2	The same. Before Calchas' tent.	83
Scene 3	Troy. Before Priam's palace.	89
Scene 4	Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.	94



## PROLOGUE

### THERSITES

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, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
With massy staples and corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sperr up the sons of Troy.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come  
A prologue arm'd, 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.

**SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's palace.***Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS***TROILUS**

Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:  
 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 skillful 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 further. He that will  
 have a cake out of the wheat must needs 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,--

**PANDARUS**

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

**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 indrench'd. 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,  
 To whose soft seizure the cygnet's down is harsh;  
 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.

10

**TROILUS**

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

**PANDARUS**

I'll meddle nor make no more i' the 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?

*Alarum. Enter AENEAS*

**AENEAS**

How now, Prince Troilus! Wherefore not afield?

**TROILUS**

Because not there;

What news, Aeneas, from the field to-day?

**AENEAS**

That Paris is returned home and hurt.

**TROILUS**

By whom, Aeneas?

**AENEAS**

Troilus, by Menelaus.

**TROILUS**

Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;  
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.

*Alarum*

**AENEAS**

Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

**TROILUS**

Are you bound thither?

**AENEAS**

In all swift haste.

**TROILUS**

Come, go we then together.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. The Same. A street.**

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDRA*

**CRESSIDA**

Who were those went by?

**ALEXANDRA**

Queen Hecuba and Helen.

**CRESSIDA**

And whither go they?

**ALEXANDRA**

Up to the eastern tower,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:  
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,  
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?

**ALEXANDRA**

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

12

**CRESSIDA**

Good; and what of him?

**ALEXANDRA**

This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: he hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**ALEXANDRA**

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?

**ALEXANDRA**

Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter PANDARUS*

**CRESSIDA**

Hector's a gallant man.

**ALEXANDRA**

As may be in the world, lady.

**PANDARUS**

What's that? What's that?

**CRESSIDA**

Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

**PANDARUS**

Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexandra. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

**CRESSIDA**

This morning, uncle.

**PANDARUS**

What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

**CRESSIDA**

Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

**PANDARUS**

Even so: Hector was stirring early.

**CRESSIDA**

That were we talking of, and of his anger.

**PANDARUS**

Was he angry?

**CRESSIDA**

So she says here.

**PANDARUS**

True, he was so: I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, 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. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, I must confess,-- She praised his complexion above 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,-- 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.

14

**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,--

**CRESSIDA**

Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll  
prove it so.

**PANDARUS**

Troilus! Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem  
an addle egg. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled  
his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I  
must needs confess, 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--  
And Cassandra laughed--  
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, an 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.

A retreat sounded

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*

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

**CRESSIDA**

Will he give you the nod?

**PANDARUS**

You shall see.

*HECTOR passes*

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; by God's lid, it does one's heart good.

*PARIS passes*

Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

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 to-day? He's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!

I marvel where Troilus is. Hark, do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'?

**CRESSIDA**

What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes*

**PANDARUS**

'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! O admirable man!

**CRESSIDA**

Here come more.

**PANDARUS**

Asses, fools, dolts! Chaff and bran, chaff and bran!  
 Porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the  
 eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look! 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?  
 You are such a woman one 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**

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 ungain'd 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*

**SCENE III. The Grecian camp. Before  
 Agamemnon's tent.**

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
 DIOMEDES*

**AGAMEMNON**

Princes,  
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
 Is it matter new to us  
 That we come short of our suppose so far  
 That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand?

**ULYSSES**

Agamemnon,  
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit.  
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.

**AGAMEMNON**

Speak, prince of Ithaca.

**ULYSSES**

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,  
 Course, proportion, form,  
 Office and custom, in all line of order;  
 But when the planets  
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
 What plagues and what portents! What mutiny!  
 What raging of the sea! Shaking of earth!  
 Commotion in the winds! Frights, horrors,  
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
 The unity and married calm of states  
 Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken,  
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
 Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
 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! Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking.  
 The general's disdain'd  
 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  
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
 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 discover'd  
 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 awkward action,  
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
 Thy topless deputation he puts on,  
 And, like a strutting player,  
 He acts thy greatness in: At this fusty stuff  
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
 Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.  
 Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
 As he being drest to some oration.'  
 That's done, as near as the extremest ends  
 Of parallels; Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!  
 'Tis Nestor right. 'O, enough, Patroclus;  
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
 In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,  
 All our abilities, natures, shapes,  
 Achievements, plots, orders,  
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

**DIOMEDES**

And in the imitation of these twain--  
 Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
 With an imperial voice--many are infect.  
 Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head  
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
 rails on our state of war,  
 Bold as an oracle.

*A tucket*

**AGAMEMNON**

What trumpet? Look, Nestor.

**NESTOR**

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.

**AENEAS**

Fair leave and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

**AGAMEMNON**

How!

**AENEAS**

Ay; Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

**AGAMEMNON**

This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.

**AGAMEMNON**

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.

**AGAMEMNON**

Speak frankly as the wind;  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:  
That thou shalt know. Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

**AENEAS**

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector,--Priam is his father,--  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown: he bade me this purpose speak.  
Kings, princes, lords!  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That holds his honour higher than his ease,  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
In other arms than hers,--to him this challenge.  
Hector, hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,  
And will to-morrow 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;  
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.

**AENEAS**

Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

**ULYSSES**

Amen.

**AGAMEMNON**

Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;  
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
 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 challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
 However it is spread in general name,  
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

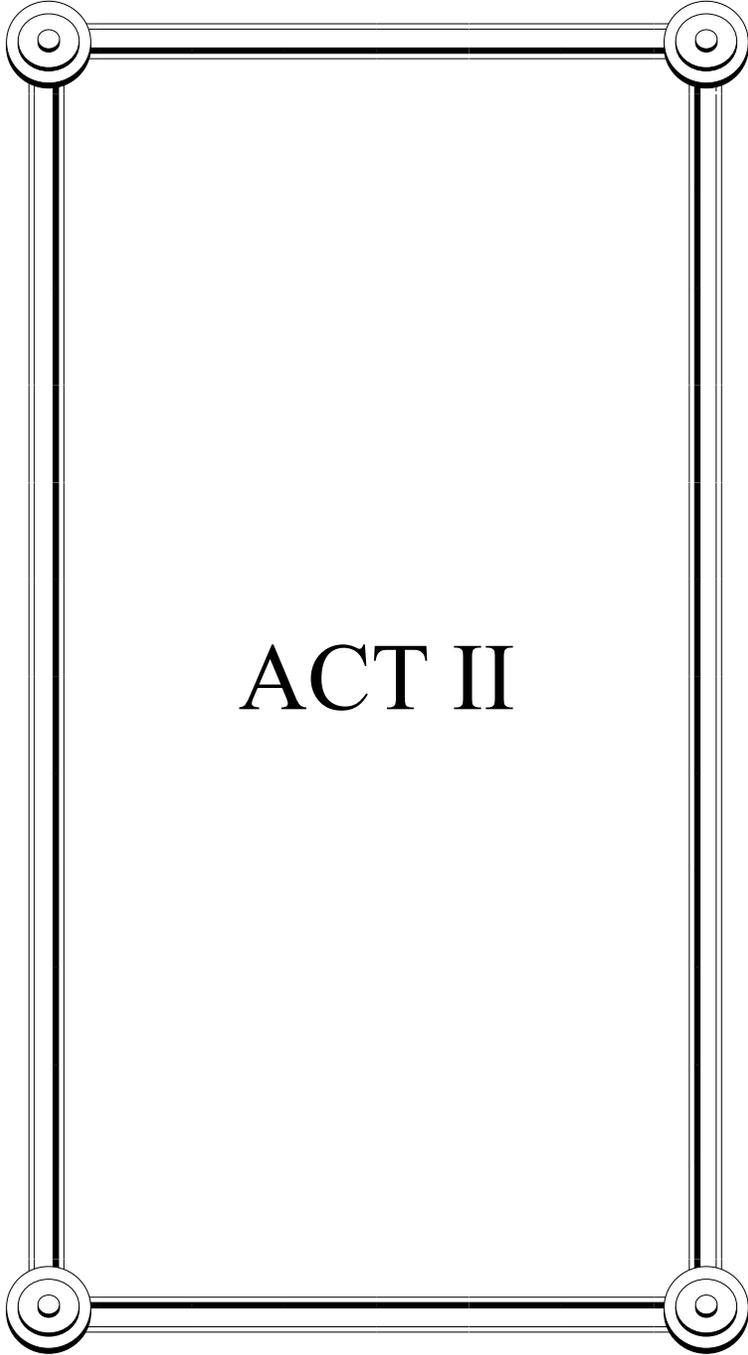
**NESTOR**

Why, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,  
 That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
 If not Achilles?

**ULYSSES**

Give pardon to my speech:  
 What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:  
 But he already is too insolent. No, make a lottery;  
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
 The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves  
 Give him allowance for the better man;  
 For that will physic the great Achilles  
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall  
 His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
 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,  
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Exeunt*



ACT II

**SCENE I. A part of the Grecian camp.**

*Enter AJAX and 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? Were not that a botchy core?

**AJAX**

Dog!

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

Canst thou not hear? Feel, then.

*Strikes him*

**THERSITES**

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

**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, porpentine, 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.

**AJAX**

I say, the proclamation!

**THERSITES**

Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles,  
and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as  
Cerberus is at Proserpine's beauty.

**AJAX**

Cobloaf!

**THERSITES**

Do, do.

**AJAX**

Thou stool for a witch!

**THERSITES**

Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord, thou hast no  
more brain than I have in mine elbows!

**AJAX**

You dog!

**THERSITES**

You scurvy lord!

**AJAX**

*[Beating him]* You cur!

**THERSITES**

Mars his idiot! Do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do!

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**ACHILLES**

Why, how now, Ajax! Wherefore do you thus? How now,  
Thersites! What's the matter, wench?

**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!  
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--

28

**ACHILLES**

What's the quarrel?

**AJAX**

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

**THERSITES**

I serve thee not.

**AJAX**

Well, go to, go to.

**THERSITES**

I serve here voluntary.

**ACHILLES**

Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary: no one 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.

**ACHILLES**

What, with me too, Thersites?

**THERSITES**

To, Achilles! to, Ajax, to--

**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' bitch 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  
To-morrow 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.

**AJAX**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS*

**PRIAM**

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.' Hector, what say you to't?

**HECTOR**

Let Helen go:  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tith 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! Fie, for godly shame!

**HECTOR**

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

**TROILUS**

What is 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**

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 clapp'd your hands  
And cried 'Inestimable!'--why do you now  
Beggard the estimation which you prized  
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving*

**CASSANDRA**

Cry, Trojans, cry!

**PRIAM**

What shriek is this?

**TROILUS**

'Tis our mad sister.

**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. For my private part,  
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:  
 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us  
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
 To fight for and maintain!

**PARIS**

Else might the world convince of levity  
 As well my undertakings as your counsels:  
 But I attest the gods, your full consent  
 Gave wings to my propension and cut off  
 All fears attending on so dire a project.  
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?  
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
 To stand the push and enmity of those  
 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
 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,  
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

**PRIAM**

Paris, you speak  
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

**PARIS**

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?  
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
 When Helen is defended, nor none so noble  
 Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed  
 Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,  
 Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,  
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

**HECTOR**

Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,  
 And on the cause and question now in hand  
 Have glozed, but superficially: not much  
 Unlike young men,  
 The reasons you allege do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
 Than to make up a free determination  
 'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge  
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves  
 All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
 What nearer debt in all humanity  
 Than wife is to the husband?  
 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 return'd: 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 touch'd 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;  
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
 So rich advantage of a promised glory  
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action  
 For the wide world's revenue.

**HECTOR**

I am yours,  
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
 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*

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

*Enter THERSITES*

**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. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. 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 and Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little, little less than little wit from them that they have! I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen. What ho, my Lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS*

**PATROCLUS**

Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

**THERSITES**

If I could have 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! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! Then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.

*Enter ACHILLES*

**ACHILLES**

Who's there?

**PATROCLUS**

Thersites, my lord.

**ACHILLES**

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**

You rascal!

**THERSITES**

Peace, fool! I have not done.

**ACHILLES**

She is a privileged woman. Proceed, Thersites.

**THERSITES**

Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

**ACHILLES**

Derive this; come.

**THERSITES**

Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

**PATROCLUS**

Why am I a fool?

**THERSITES**

Make that demand of the prover. 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 cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! And 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 appertainments, visiting of him:  
Let him be told so; lest perchance he think  
We dare not move the question of our place,  
Or know not what we are.

**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.

*Takes AGAMEMNON aside*

**NESTOR**

What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

**ULYSSES**

Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

**NESTOR**

Who, Thersites?

**ULYSSES**

She.

**NESTOR**

All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction.

**ULYSSES**

Here comes Patroclus.

*Re-enter PATROCLUS*

**PATROCLUS**

Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,  
If anything 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,  
Go and tell him,  
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,  
If you do say we think him over-proud  
And under-honest.

**PATROCLUS**

I shall; and bring his answer presently.

*Exit*

38

**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.

**AGAMEMNON**

Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the  
fairer. He that is proud eats up himself.

**AJAX**

I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

**NESTOR**

*[Aside]* Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

*Re-enter ULYSSES*

**ULYSSES**

Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

**AGAMEMNON**

What's his excuse?

**ULYSSES**

He doth rely on none,  
But carries on the stream of his dispose  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

**AGAMEMNON**

Why will he not upon our fair request  
 Untent his person and share the air with us?  
 Let Ajax go to him.  
 Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led  
 At your request a little from himself.

**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 ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd  
 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,  
 By going to Achilles.  
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,  
 And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

**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 pheeze his pride:  
 Let me go to him.

**ULYSSES**

Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

**AJAX**

A paltry, insolent fellow!

40

**NESTOR**

How he describes himself!

**AJAX**

Can he not be sociable?  
I'll let his humours blood.

**AGAMEMNON**

*[Aside]* He will be the physician that should be the patient.

**AJAX**

An all men were o' my mind,--

**ULYSSES**

Wit would be out of fashion.

**AJAX**

A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first.  
I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

**DIOMEDES**

*[Aside]* He's not yet through warm: force him with praises:  
pour in, pour in.

**ULYSSES**

*[To AGAMEMNON]* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

**NESTOR**

Our noble general, do not do so.

**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.

**DIOMEDES**

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!

**NESTOR**

What a vice were it in Ajax now,--

**ULYSSES**

If he were proud,--

**DIOMEDES**

Or covetous of praise,--

**ULYSSES**

Ay, or surly borne,--

**DIOMEDES**

Or strange, or self-affected!

**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. Here's Nestor;  
 Instructed by the antiquary times,  
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:  
 Put pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
 As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,  
 You should not have the eminence of him,  
 But be as Ajax.

**AJAX**

Shall I call you father?

**NESTOR**

Ay, my good son.

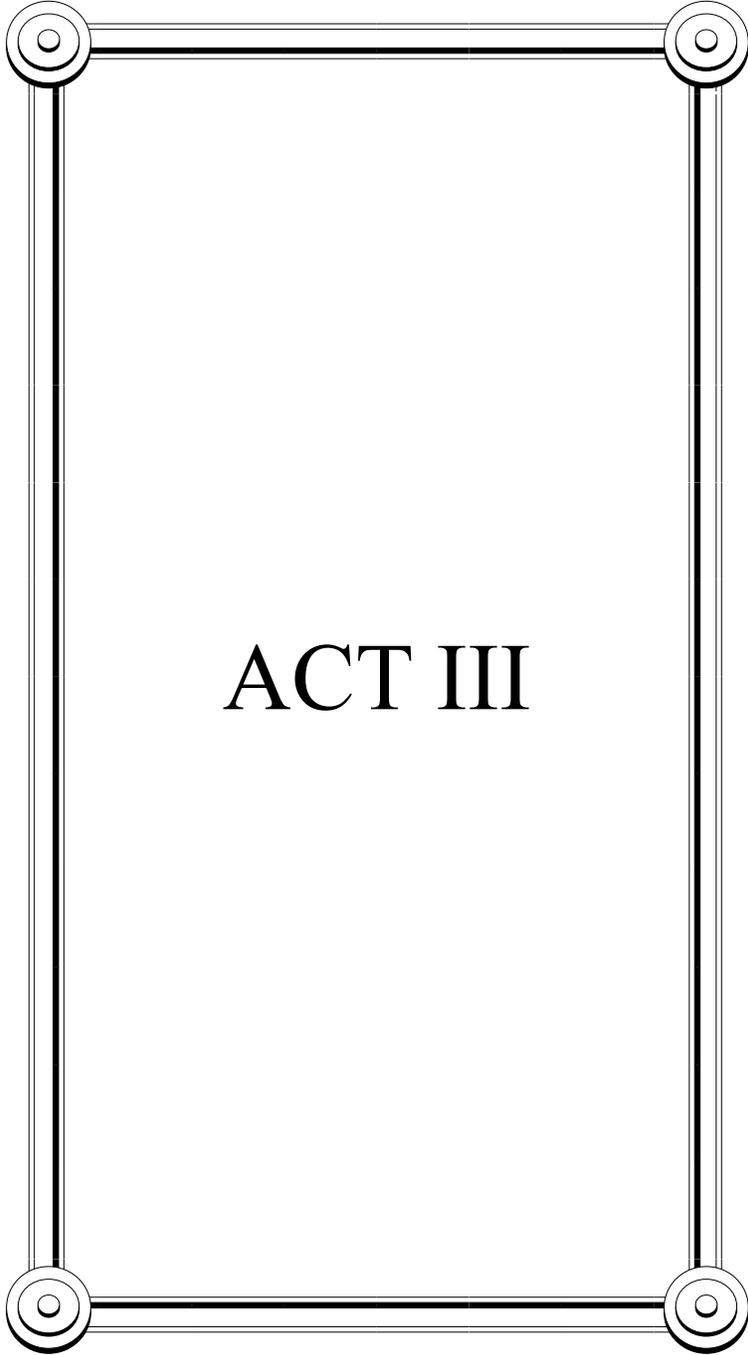
**DIOMEDES**

Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

**ULYSSES**

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: to-morrow  
 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.

*Exeunt*



ACT III

**SCENE I. Troy. Priam's palace.**

*Enter PARIS and HELEN*

*Enter PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS**

Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! 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. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

**PARIS**

You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

**PANDARUS**

Truly, lady, no.

**HELEN**

O, sir,--

**PANDARUS**

Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

**PARIS**

Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

**PANDARUS**

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 sing, 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,--

44

**HELEN**

My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,--

**PANDARUS**

Go to, sweet queen, go to--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 to-night?

**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.

**PARIS**

I spy.

**PANDARUS**

You spy! What do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

**HELEN**

Why, this is kindly done.

**PANDARUS**

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**

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, 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! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

46

**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 to-day?

**PARIS**

Hector, Aeneas, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, 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 to-day. 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,--disarm great Hector.

**HELEN**

'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris.

**PARIS**

Sweet, above thought I love thee.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. The same. 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.

*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 prettiest  
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. Why do you not speak to  
 her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your  
 picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend  
 daylight! So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.

**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.  
 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?  
They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, 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.

*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 blabb'd? 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 to-morrow 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.

**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*

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

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,  
AJAX, and CALCHAS*

**CALCHAS**

Now, princes, for the service I have done you,  
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind  
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,  
And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:  
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

**AGAMEMNON**

What wouldst thou of us, witch? Make demand.

**CALCHAS**

You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you--often have you thanks therefore--  
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,  
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs  
That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

**AGAMEMNON**

Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have  
What she requests of us. Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

**DIOMEDES**

This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to bear.

Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their 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 on him.

**AGAMEMNON**

We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along:  
So do each lord, and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

**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.

54

**AJAX**

Ha?

**ACHILLES**

Good morrow.

**AJAX**

Ay, and good next day too.

*Exit*

**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. 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**

They pass'd 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 devour'd  
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 heroical:  
 '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:  
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,  
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
 'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,  
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'  
 Farewell, my lord: I as your friend speak;  
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

*Exit*

**PATROCLUS**

To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:  
 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.

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire her

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,

To talk with him and to behold his visage,

Even to my full of view.

*Enter THERSITES*

A labour saved!

**THERSITES**

A wonder!

**ACHILLES**

What?

**THERSITES**

Ajax stalks up and down like a peacock,--a stride

and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no

arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning:

The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his

neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in

vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow,

Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think

you of this man that takes me for the general? He's

grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster.

**ACHILLES**

Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

**THERSITES**

Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not

answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his

tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let

Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the

pageant of Ajax.

**ACHILLES**

To him, Patroclus; tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

**PATROCLUS**

Jove bless great Ajax!

**THERSITES**

Hum!

**PATROCLUS**

I come from the worthy Achilles,--

**THERSITES**

Ha!

**PATROCLUS**

Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,--

**THERSITES**

Hum!

**PATROCLUS**

And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

**THERSITES**

Agamemnon?

**PATROCLUS**

Ay, my lord.

**THERSITES**

Ha!

**PATROCLUS**

What say you to't?

**THERSITES**

God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

**PATROCLUS**

Your answer, sir.

58

**THERSITES**

If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other.

**PATROCLUS**

Your answer, sir.

**THERSITES**

Fare you well, with all my heart.

**ACHILLES**

Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

**THERSITES**

No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none.

**ACHILLES**

Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

**THERSITES**

Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

**ACHILLES**

My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;  
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

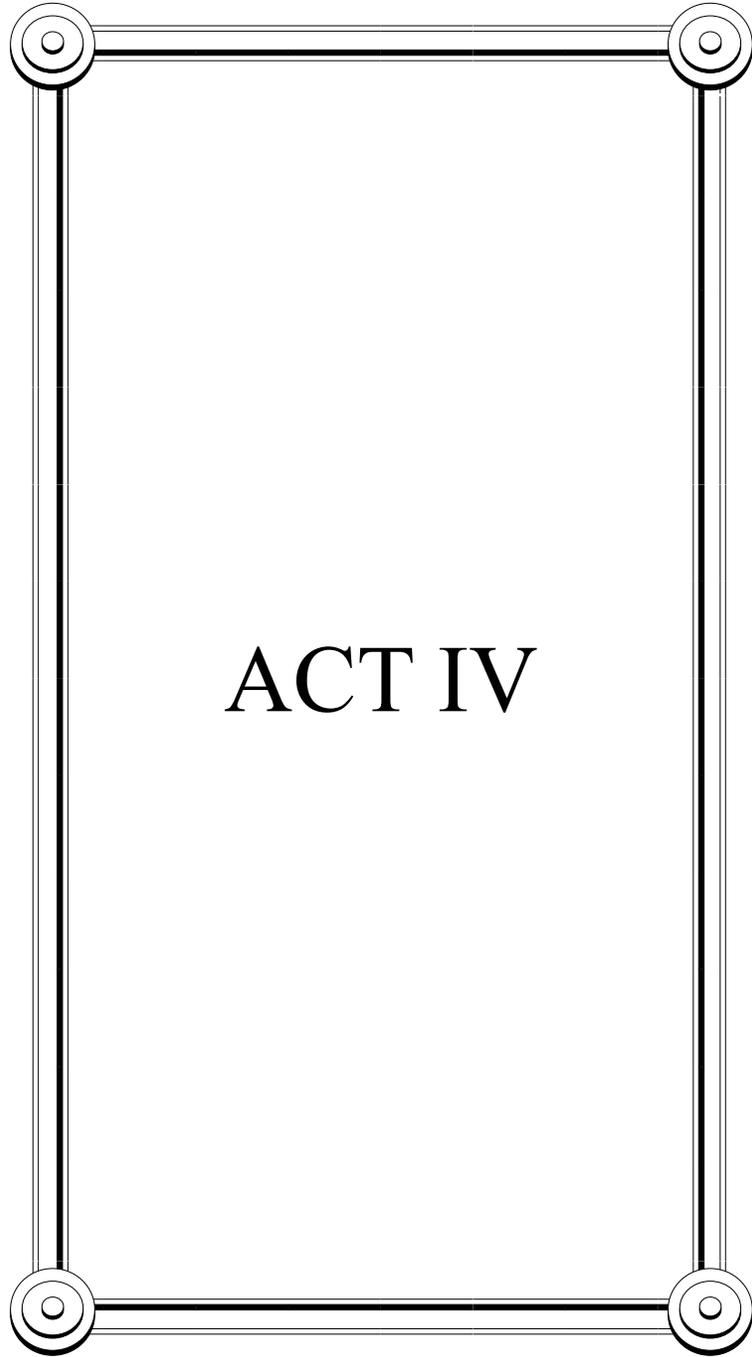
*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**THERSITES**

Would the fountain of your mind were clear again,  
that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a  
tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

*Exit*





ACT IV

**SCENE I. Troy. A street.**

*Enter, from one side, AENEAS, with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DIOMEDES, with torches*

**PARIS**

See, ho! Who is that there?

**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 my force, pursuit and policy.

**AENEAS**

We know each other well.

**DIOMEDES**

We do; and long to know each other worse.

**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: I constantly do think--  
 Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge--  
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:  
 Rouse him and give him note of our approach.  
 With the whole quality wherefore: I fear  
 We shall be much unwelcome.

**AENEAS**

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

**PARIS**

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

**AENEAS**

Good morrow, all.

*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 soilure,  
 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.  
 Here lies our way.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. The same. Court of 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!

**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**

Prithce, tarry:  
 You men will never tarry.  
 O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,  
 And then you would have tarried.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Hark, there's one up.

**TROILUS**

It is your uncle.

**CRESSIDA**

A pestilence on him! Now will he be mocking!  
*Enter PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS**

How now, how now! How go maidenheads? Here, 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! Hast not slept to-night?  
 Would he not, a naughty  
 man, let it sleep? A bugbear take him!

**CRESSIDA**

Did not I tell you?  
*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? 'Tis more than I know, I'll  
 be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What  
 should he do here?

**AENEAS**

Come, come, you'll do him wrong  
 ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him, to be  
 false to him.

*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  
 Paris your brother, the Grecian Diomed,  
 And our Antenor  
 Deliver'd 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**

Prithee, 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! 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 mother, 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 mother;  
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;  
Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,  
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart  
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

**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?

**PANDARUS**

Here, here, here he comes.  
Enter TROILUS  
Ah, sweet ducks!

68

**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?'  
There was never a truer rhyme. How now, lambs?

**TROILUS**

Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,  
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,  
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 it possible?

**AENEAS**

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

**TROILUS**

Hark! You are call'd.  
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

**PANDARUS**

Where are my tears?  
*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 glove.

**CRESSIDA**

And you this charm. 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:  
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:  
 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 Ilion.

**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 call'd 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.  
 Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,  
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.  
 Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES  
 Trumpet within

**PARIS**

Hark! Hector's trumpet.

**AENEAS**

How have we spent this morning!  
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
 That sore to ride before him to the field.

**PARIS**

'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

**AENEAS**

Let us make ready straight.  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth and single chivalry.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. The Grecian camp. Lists set out.**

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,  
PATROCLUS, ULYSSES, and NESTOR*

**AGAMEMNON**

Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,  
Anticipating time with starting courage.  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant  
And hale him hither.

**NESTOR**

Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

**ULYSSES**

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait.  
*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.

**AJAX**

A pox on his kiss; this, mine;  
Ajax 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,  
When Helen is a maid again, and his--

**CRESSIDA**

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

**ULYSSES**

Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

**DIOMEDES**

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

*Exit with CRESSIDA*

**NESTOR**

A woman of quick sense.

*Trumpet within*

**AJAX**

The Trojans' trumpet.

**AGAMEMNON**

Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, and TROILUS*

**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?  
Hector bade ask.

**AGAMEMNON**

Which way would Hector have it?

**AENEAS**

He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

**ACHILLES**

'Tis done like Hector; 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.  
*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*

**ULYSSES**

They are opposed already.

**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;  
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 Ilion 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.

**AENEAS**

Princes, enough, so please you.

**AJAX**

I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

**DIOMEDES**

As Hector pleases.

**HECTOR**

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

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**

Give me thy hand, my cousin;  
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

**AJAX**

Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

**HECTOR**

The worthiest of them tell me name by name;  
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

**AGAMEMNON**

Worthy of arms! As welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy;  
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.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

**ULYSSES**

Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.

**HECTOR**

I must not believe you:  
 There they stand yet, and modestly I think,  
 The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,  
 And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
 Will one day end it.

**ULYSSES**

So to him we leave it.  
 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.

**HECTOR**

I pray you, let us see you in the field.

**ACHILLES**

Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
 To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;  
 To-night all friends.

**HECTOR**

Thy hand upon that match.

**AGAMEMNON**

First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;  
 There in the full convive we: let the trumpets blow,  
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.  
 Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES

**TROILUS**

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

**ULYSSES**

In her tent, most princely Troilus:  
There Diomed doth feast with her to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

**TROILUS**

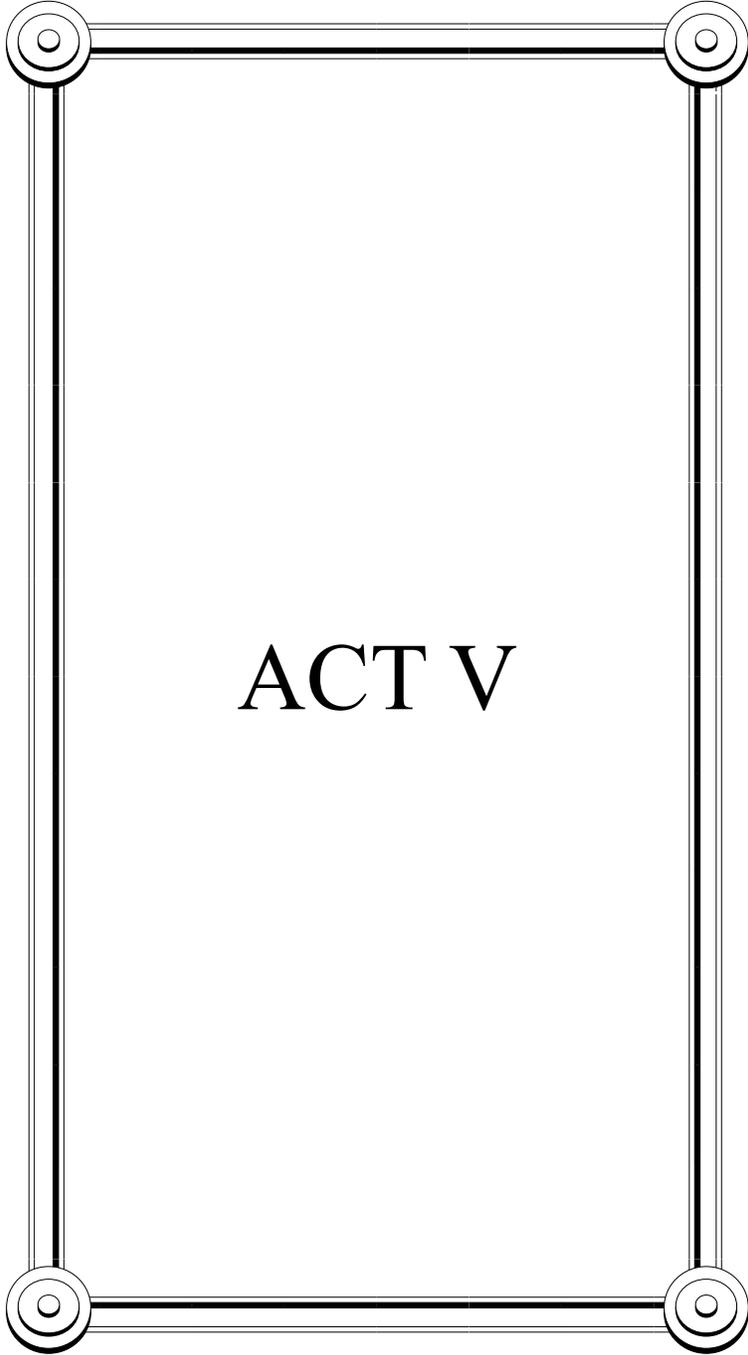
Shall sweet lord, be bound to you so much,  
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

**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**

*Will you walk on, my lord?*  
*Exeunt*



ACT V

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

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**ACHILLES**

I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,  
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 core of envy!  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

**THERSITES**

Why, thou 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**

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, lethargies, cold  
palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing  
lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas,  
incurable bone-ache, and the  
rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take  
again such preposterous discoveries!

**PATROCLUS**

Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest  
thou to curse thus?

**ACHILLES**

My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow'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:  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.

*Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES,  
NESTOR, and DIOMEDES, with lights*  
Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

**AGAMEMNON**

So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.  
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

**HECTOR**

Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

**ACHILLES**

Good night and welcome, both at once, to those  
That go or tarry.

**AGAMEMNON**

Good night.

*Exeunt AGAMEMNON*

**ACHILLES**

Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,  
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

**DIOMEDES**

I cannot, lord; I have important business,  
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.

**ULYSSES**

*[Aside to TROILUS]* Follow his torch; he goes to  
Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company.

**TROILUS**

Sweet sir, you honour me.

**HECTOR**

And so, good night.

*Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following*

**ACHILLES**

Come, come, enter my tent.

*Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, NESTOR, and  
PATROCLUS*

**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; they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets!

*Exit*

**SCENE II. The same. Before Calchas' tent.**

*Enter DIOMEDES*

**DIOMEDES**

What, are you up here, ho?

*Enter 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!

**DIOMEDES**

Will you remember?

**CRESSIDA**

Remember! Yes.

**DIOMEDES**

Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

84

**TROILUS**

What should she remember?

**ULYSSES**

List.

**CRESSIDA**

Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

**THERSITES**

Roguery!

**DIOMEDES**

Nay, then,--

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

What did you swear you would bestow on me?

**CRESSIDA**

I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;  
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

**DIOMEDES**

Good night.

**CRESSIDA**

Diomed,--

**DIOMEDES**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Hark, one word in your ear.

**TROILUS**

O plague and madness!

**ULYSSES**

You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,  
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 pray thee, 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.

Guardian!--why, Greek!

**DIOMEDES**

Foh, foh! 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.

**THERSITES**

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

**DIOMEDES**

But will you, then?

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

Give me some token for the surety of it.

**CRESSIDA**

Here, Diomed, keep this glove.

**TROILUS**

O beauty! Where is thy faith?

**ULYSSES**

My lord,--

**CRESSIDA**

You look upon that glove; 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 to-morrow night:  
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

**DIOMEDES**

I shall have it.

**CRESSIDA**

What, this?

**DIOMEDES**

Ay, that.

**CRESSIDA**

O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!  
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.

**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**

To-morrow will I wear it,  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

**TROILUS**

Wert thou the devil, and worest 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.

**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.

*Exit*

**ULYSSES**

All's done, my lord.

**TROILUS**

It is.

88

**ULYSSES**

Why stay we, then?

**TROILUS**

To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
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!  
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 was not she.

**ULYSSES**

May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
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 fix'd a soul.  
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:  
That glove is mine that he'll bear on his hand.  
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!

**ULYSSES**

I'll bring you to the gates.

*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.  
Ajax will give me anything 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*

**SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's palace.**

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE*

**ANDROMACHE**

When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

**HECTOR**

Get you in:  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

**ANDROMACHE**

My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

**HECTOR**

No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA*

**CASSANDRA**

Where is my brother Hector?

**ANDROMACHE**

Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
 Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
 Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
 Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
 Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

**CASSANDRA**

O, 'tis true.

**HECTOR**

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

**CASSANDRA**

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:  
 They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
 Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.  
 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 to-day?

**ANDROMACHE**

Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

*Exit CASSANDRA*

**HECTOR**

No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;  
 I am to-day 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 to-day 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 the love of all the gods,  
 Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
 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 to-day.

**TROILUS**

Who should withhold me?  
 Not fate, obedience;  
 Not Priam 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.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM*

**CASSANDRA**

Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;  
 Fall all together.

**PRIAM**

Come, Hector, come, go back:  
 Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;  
 Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
 Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt  
 To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
 Therefore, come back.

**HECTOR**

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

**PRIAM**

Ay, but thou shalt not go.

**HECTOR**

I must not break my faith.  
 You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
 Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
 To take that course by your consent and voice,  
 Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

**CASSANDRA**

O Priam, yield not to him!

**ANDROMACHE**

Do not, dear father.

**HECTOR**

Andromache, I am offended with you:  
 Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

*Exit ANDROMACHE*

**TROILUS**

This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
 Makes all these bodements.

**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! Take my leave:  
 Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

*Exit*

**HECTOR**

You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:  
 Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,  
 Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

**PRIAM**

Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!  
*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums*

**TROILUS**

They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,  
 I come to lose my arm, or win my glove.  
*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 tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick 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:  
 The 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*

## SCENE IV. Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.

*Alarums; 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 glove of Troy there on his hand; 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 glove, back to the dissembling luxurious drab.

Soft! Here comes glove, 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 glove, now the glove!

*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting; enter ULYSSES; PATROCLUS enters from tent. THERSITES hides as they enter. PATROCLUS bumps into ULYSSES; startled, he turns to face ULYSSES; PATROCLUS laughs, relieved to see his ally. ULYSSES beckons PATROCLUS to him; as PATROCLUS approaches, ULYSSES stabs him with a dagger. PATROCLUS looks at ULYSSES with a look of betrayal and dies. With a look of satisfaction, ULYSSES exits. THERSITES comes out from hiding and approaches the body of PATROCLUS. At first it appears like THERSITES may grieve over PATROCLUS. Instead she proceeds to pillaging the body for "valuables." As she does this, HECTOR enters and sees her.*

### HECTOR

What art thou, Greek?

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.

**THERSITES**

God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a  
plague break thy neck for frightening me!

*Exit THERSITES; HECTOR approaches PATROCLUS and  
grabs hold of the body*

**HECTOR**

Most putrefied core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

*HECTOR puts body down; ACHILLES enters and sees the very  
end of this; HECTOR exits; ACHILLES approaches body of  
PATROCLUS; he kneels, cradling him; wailing.*

**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!

*ULYSSES has entered and viewed this activity unobserved.  
ACHILLES exits. A satisfied smirk is on ULYSSES face as  
AJAX and DIOMEDES enter from opposite ends.*

**ULYSSES**

O, courage, courage, princes! Great Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:

Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood.

*Exeunt ULYSSES*

**AJAX**

Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

**DIOMEDES**

Troilus, I say! Where's Troilus?

**AJAX**

What wouldst thou?

**DIOMEDES**

I would correct him.

*Enter TROILUS*

**TROILUS**

O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou owest me!

**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!

*Enter HECTOR; he observes the end of the fight as TROILUS  
exits followed by AJAX and DIOMEDES.*

**HECTOR**

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

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 darking of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

**HECTOR**

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

**ACHILLES**

So, Ilium, fall thou next!

*ACHILLES slashes HECTOR's throat from behind; HECTOR  
dies*

Now, Troy, sink down!

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.

On, Grecians, and cry you all amain,

'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

*A retreat sounded*

Hark! A retire upon our Grecian part.

*Enter AJAX and DIOMEDES*

**DIOMEDES**

The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

**ACHILLES**

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

*ACHILLES sheathes his sword and exits followed by AJAX, and  
 DIOMEDES; TROILUS enters and discovers the body of  
 HECTOR; he kneels next to the body; enter AENEAS and  
 PANDARUS*

**AENEAS**

Stand, ho! Yet are we masters of the field:  
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

**TROILUS**

Hector is slain.

**PANDARUS**

Hector! The gods forbid!

**TROILUS**

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!  
 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 Niobes of the maids and wives,  
 Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,  
 Scare Troy out of itself; there is no more to say.  
 You vile abominable tents,  
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,  
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
 I'll through and through you! And, thou Achilles,  
 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;  
 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*

**PANDARUS**

But hear you, hear you!

**TROILUS**

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

*Exit TROILUS; THERSITES enters and goes back to pillaging  
the two bodies*

**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 pander's 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 PANDARUS and THERSITES together*



