

Troilus
and
Cressida
ABRIDGED



Written by
William Shakespeare
Edited by
Dan Schuster

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

William Shakespeare's

Troilus and Cressida

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The Wichita Shakespeare Co.

Troilus and Cressida

Dramatis Personae

PRIAM, King of Troy

His sons:

HECTOR
TROIUS
PARIS

Trojans:

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

ACHILLES

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

*ACHILLES sheathes his sword and exits followed by AJAX, and
DIOMEDES; TROIUS 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.

TROIUS

Hector is slain.

PANDARUS

Hector! The gods forbid!

TROIUS

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

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, Ilion, 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.

Troilus and Cressida

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ACT I

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

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?

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.

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

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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?

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 worst 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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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 carries; 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

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,

Exempl'd 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.

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!



ACT V

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.

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

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?

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

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!

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.

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 railest 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.

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.

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

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--

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

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.

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.

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
Beggar 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

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.

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.

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! Practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion 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,

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 afraid.

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?

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.

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!

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?

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

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?

TROILUS

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

CRESSIDA

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

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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 ruminat 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!

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,--

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.



ACT IV

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.

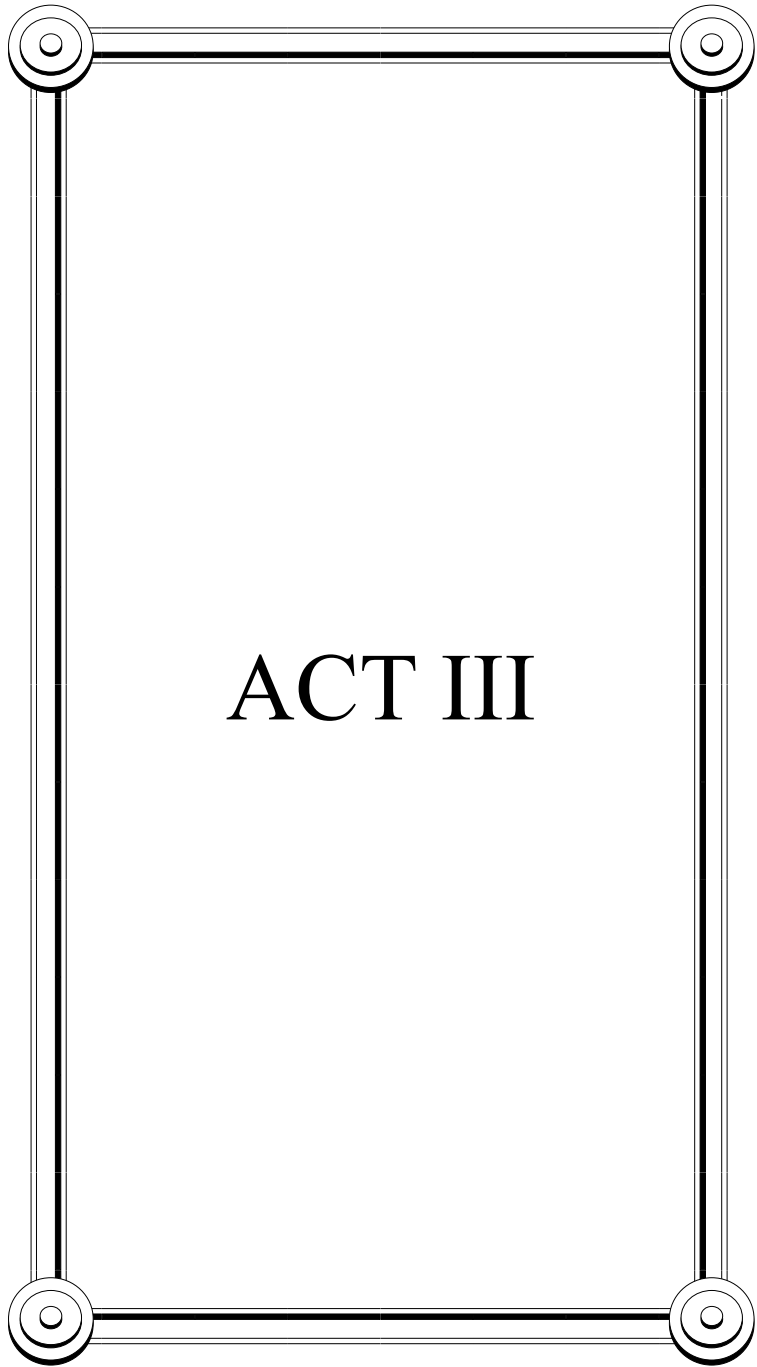
DIOMEDES

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

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

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,--

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.

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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

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.

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 unplausive 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.

**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.

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