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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED

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TORONTO

THE WARWICK SHAKESPEARE

TROILUS
AND CRESSIDA

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

This play has been edited with a view to convenience of reading and study. The text is from the Folio of 1623 (Chatsworth Facsimile: Clarendon Press) and the Quarto of 1609 (Griggs' Facsimile), with occasional reference to the three later Folios. The passages omitted in the Quarto are enclosed between brace brackets { }, and those omitted by the Folio between square brackets [].

The Explanatory Notes are designed to clear up passages which may offer some difficulty, and to suggest guidance in the conduct of the play: differences in the texts are there noted only if they have a serious effect on the meaning: otherwise they appear in the Textual Notes. It is hoped that, together with the Glossary, the Explanatory Notes should meet any difficulties the student may experience. The Glossary contains, almost exclusively, single words which have not been explained in the Notes. I have given merely the meaning applicable in this play, and no more, since I do not conceive that a glossary meant to help in reading a play should be either a concordance or an etymological dictionary.

I have followed the example of the New Cambridge Editors in printing the final *ed* in full (e.g. loved for lov'd), since the *e* is no longer pronounced, but have marked it with an accent where it should be given its old value (e.g. pashèd). Spelling has been modernized, even in the Textual Notes, except where the old spelling is necessary to the understanding of the note. I have, how-

ever, retained the old spelling of two words, since pronounced in the old way they are more expressive in the present context; viz: biles for boils, and divel for devil. I was sorely tempted to print 'Troylus, which is the reading of Q. and F. throughout, but felt that this might seem merely a disturbing affectation. The reader is reminded, however, that Troilus should be pronounced as a dis-syllable, that is, Troylus and not Troilus, as one so often hears. I have, however, retained Troyan for Trojan, simply for the sound. "A Troyan hath been slain" is far more sonorous than "A Trojan hath been slain".

Stage directions for which there is no warrant in either Q. or F. have been enclosed in square brackets.

The reader is advised to look through the Note on the Punctuation before starting the play.

For the Explanatory Notes I have been very largely indebted to my predecessors. I have found extremely useful Green's edition (1833 reprint), which gives notes from Pope to Malone, and have shamelessly pillaged from Mr. K. Deighton, who was responsible for the Arden edition. I am also, naturally, much indebted to the works of Schmidt and Onions, and to the New English Dictionary, for the elucidation of words.

I would like to express my sincere thanks to Professor Bruce Dickins for various help, especially in the Glossary, to Mr. Kenneth Muir for the trouble he has taken to read the whole script and for many valuable suggestions throughout, and finally to Mr. T. S. Eliot for commenting upon my Introduction, and enabling me to better it.

B. D.

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INTRODUCTION

§ 1. PREFATORY COMMENT

Until the war of 1914-1918, *Troilus and Cressida* was, on the whole, ignored, at all events by the general public; it will not be found in selections of Shakespeare's Twenty Best Plays before that date. For it was said to be difficult, unpleasant, cynical: it did not give a picture of the genial, gentle, national poet, whose every work, surely, must arouse in us a feeling of happiness, of being pleased with ourselves, or else release us into a world where tragedy is bearable. This play, clearly, was unbearable, for it was cynical (cynics being men who do not accept the accepted illusions). But since the war the play has become popular, it is frequently acted, and it is read and quoted more than ever before. The war generation, at least, feels the play to be 'true', finding in it a hard core of reality, an unflinching gaze, which is not cynical, but directed to the task of weighing up and valuing. Those who know the work well place it high in the canon.

But it takes some knowing, for it is, admittedly, a difficult play. All Shakespeare's plays, it is true, are difficult for us to grasp wholly—assuming that any of us can ever do so—and this one is really no more elusive than any other. There are, however, surface difficulties which are not present in most of the other plays, and not to the same extent in any other play. I am not referring to the trifling mechanical difficulties of time, such as the apparent contracting of the long-continued truce into a few hours, nor to Antenor being free and captive at the same time, nor to the surprising

retrospective nature of Diomed's conquest of Cressida; such inconsistencies occur in more than one Shakespeare play, and are not noticed in the acting. The chief difficulties are that the intention of the play is not at first sight clear (of which further in the next section); that it contains more stated philosophy, some of it of a highly complex kind, than any other play of Shakespeare's; and that it has a vocabulary and style all its own, highly latinized, subtly analytical, as though Shakespeare were experimenting in language and thought. But familiarity smooths away these prickles; we soon become accustomed to the language; the philosophy becomes pellucid; and perhaps at the end we get a vision of what Shakespeare meant. Whether we like the last or not is another matter. Art is not a baby-comforter, but a bomb; and the play is so powerful, so charged with thought and emotion, breaking out, as it were, into some of the finest poetry Shakespeare ever wrote, that we cannot ignore its challenge; we must face what it has to say. The result is stimulating; we experience a tautening of moral fibre, a spur to clear thinking, and, what is more important, a purge of muddled feeling.

§ 2. THE PLAY

The thing of primary immediate importance in a play is the emotions it arouses, and the state of feeling in which we are left at the end. This, in a play of any lasting value, is a very complex matter, because our thoughts too are part of our emotions, and the emotions themselves are of different depths. The real structure of a play is the complex of emotions aroused in us, how and when they are built up, at what intensity, of what range: and then, how this complex is resolved. The old Aristotelian idea of purgation by pity and fear is an admirable basis; but it is a basis only, it cannot altogether apply to Shakespearian drama, and does not go far enough. To analyse a play detail by detail, as you can a short poem, to discover its structure in this sense, would involve at least a volume, and as far as I know

this has never been done: but we can at least sketch out its main lines.

In this play Shakespeare uses two great and ancient legends to arouse our emotions: the most famous of mediæval love-stories, that of Troilus and Cressida, and the most famous of the stories of classical chivalry, the Tale of Troy. Love and war: these two themes are continuously interwoven, for there is no war-scene in which love is not mentioned, no love-scene in which war is not remembered. The play begins with the themes mingled, with hopes of success in a great love and of glory in battle, and it rises to the highest tension, till both crash together in darkness and disaster.

Thus the two emotional vehicles in the play are the love of Troilus, built up and then shattered, and the love and admiration we feel for Hector so dismally done to death. These are the tragic elements, for the essence of tragedy is the vision of something fine, something beautiful, being ruined or crushed by something lesser and uglier than itself. The predominant sense is, and must be, "Oh the pity of it!" Other elements there are, since that by itself is not enough, and the elements differ, thus producing different kinds of tragedy: the final feelings that we get at the end of *Othello*, or *Macbeth*, or of *Lear*, are quite distinct from each other. But for the moment we are concerned only with the emotional movement of the play—the complicating element will be discussed later—and this is masterly. There is no play of Shakespeare's, I will be bold enough to assert, which is so destructive of the emotions we are most accustomed to feel, and which it to some extent induces us to feel. Our warm sympathy with romantic love, so strongly induced by Troilus's faith, integrity, and simplicity in love, however analytic he may be of his love, is frayed first by Pandarus's too ready acceptance of the surface, then by the silly sentimentality of Paris and Helen, and brought to ruin by the behaviour of Cressida. Our emotions towards chivalry, so well played upon by Hector, are brought to a like disaster amid the sneers of Thersites. But in the

end the broken bits of our emotions are built up into something that can resist the sweeping disillusion.

For that, really, is the final state of mind in which the play leaves us; and it is not cynicism. It is true that in this play Shakespeare seems to have set out to destroy, to 'debunk' as we would say, two of the glorious legends of the past: but debunking is not cynicism: it is seeing through what has come to be false in old loyalties, and searching for new values: "Man's disdain, Is but new beauty's birth." Shakespeare may have destroyed, but he had something to create; he was no Thersites, who found nothing to replace what he riddled with his scathing invective; he was, rather, Zarathustra, who realized that the old sanctuary had to be destroyed before a new sanctuary could be built. War, certainly, he left without a shred of glamour; and we, who see war increasing in its stupid horror, know that he was right: and as regards love, Troilus has faced his tragedy, survived the crumbling of his world, and emerged grown-up from his experience. And there are other positive things in this play, to be touched upon when we come to discuss its themes.

Yet *Troilus and Cressida* is not clearly a tragedy: it can be regarded as a comedy, as its first publisher regarded it (see Appendix B), and it is perhaps this aspect which has caused it to be looked upon as cynical. Mr. John Palmer has gone so far as to suggest that it was, with the other plays of this group, *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well that Ends Well*, Shakespeare's attempt to write 'detached' comedy after the classical manner, as Molière was to do. Comedy there certainly is in the play, apart from the comic figures of Pandarus and Thersites. There is the comedy of Achilles and Ajax—intensely amusing comedy too—and the ironic comedy of the deep policy of Ulysses ending in nothing but the Achilles-Ajax farce, that again being without result, since the effect he wanted was brought about, not by his foxy machinations, but by an entirely unrelated accident, the death of Patroclus. There is, indeed, a merging of forms in this play, as though Shakespeare were searching

for a new medium. It would seem as though, after having written the brilliant comedies, he had something different to say, was seeking for a new medium in which to convey his thought, and did not immediately find it. Thus although *Troilus and Cressida* is among Shakespeare's greatest triumphs, as naked, as near to the bone of reality as the great tragedies, since it does not generalize the thought or emotion in a covering of 'form' as the later plays were to do, to see it, to read it, to know it, is like a plunge into life with its confusions and contradictions of thought and emotion: it is far from that contemplation of a profound and vital issue working itself out in human beings, which we are apt, too apt, to be plunged into when faced by one of the works more generally regarded as his masterpieces. Yet thoroughly to understand any one of Shakespeare's plays it is necessary to know them all, and *Troilus and Cressida* is one of the crucial plays we can least afford to miss.

But no explanation of the play in terms of its events, its thoughts, its emotional vehicles, or its structure, is valid unless account is taken of the poetry, the element which binds the whole play together, and which, more than any other single element, produces the final feeling, and constitutes the seeing or the reading of the play an experience that makes it, 'not a statue, but a breather'. The verse is extraordinarily rich in imagery, perhaps because the emotions and the thoughts had not been altogether perfectly fused into dramatic expression. Yet the play is dramatic enough, since Shakespeare, after all, was a supreme master of the theatre; and this example of his craft acts as superbly as any other. But the poetry here is more insistently 'the thing' than is usual with Shakespeare. It is often highly metaphysical, both in the analytical attack and in the diversity of the imagery, varying from the most 'exalted' similes to metaphors drawn from the kitchen, of which latter a strikingly large number appear in this play, and are, in their effect, at least as magnificent as the others. To indicate instances of this richness, look at the variety of love-imagery in the speeches of Troilus, or the many remarks upon time

scattered throughout the play as a kind of *leit-motif*, time, the chiefly inimical but sometimes kindly element which acts in life as the old common arbitrator, and which will in the end dissolve all.

§ 3. THE THEMES

This brings us to the themes, the intellectual as opposed to the emotional content (though Shakespeare thought things emotionally, in a series of vivid images, the image being the fusion of thought and emotion immediately embodying itself): we are now to ask "What is the play really about?"; not "What is the story?" but what was the impulse which found in the story a convenient symbol? The love and war themes, though of importance, are themselves partly vehicle, not fundamental brain-matter. Yet in this questioning play they are part of it. What is the value of war? of chivalry? of heroism? What is the value of love? of devotion? of sensual love? of sentimental love? These questions are not easily answered. The war is fought for a rotten cause; Hector and Thersites are at one in this, and Diomed expresses the whole sorry business in a few pungent phrases. Yet Hector thinks it worth while to fight, perhaps because a man should not value his life too highly, should not be a prig. Sentimental love—Paris and Helen, and possibly Pandarus—is clearly derided; sensual love—Diomed—is left uncommented except by Thersites; yet the devotion of Troilus, we feel, has been worth while, if only because it has made him explore reality, because it has made him mature.

But besides the themes which go so naturally, so inevitably, with the story, there are two others, one of them argued about, the other implied. The first is that of social order and the position of the individual in society; the second, that of the respective values of intuition and intellect. The second is the more significant: it pervades the play, and lies deeper than the intellectual level, which is the level at which the first theme is debated, in the literal sense of the word.

On the whole, we may say, the Trojans represent intuition, the Greeks intellect, a dry intellect which recognizes no emotional values, an intellect which may be used to great ends, as with Ulysses, or merely for destructive comment, as with Thersites. Intuition is not so plain to see. Troilus acts by intuition, but he is an incessant reasoner—which Pandarus is not; Hector throws over his reason in favour of intuition, as though feeling there were something in life more vital than reason. Intellect does not seem to give rise to any valuable action: and even with the Greek Achilles both the inaction and the action are born of intuition, not of intellect. We remember that he was half Trojan. The theme is not plainly and logically worked out: it is not intended to be: it is more artistically absorbed in the play, more implicit in the characters than the other themes, which are indeed more a matter of reason than of impulse. And though these might have been artistically digested, Shakespeare, perhaps because he did not feel them in his bones as he did the other themes, left them in the stage of argument. He felt them poetically enough for the ideas to call out his most brilliant imagery, but they did not themselves enter into the imagery of the other parts: they are not on tap, so to speak, when other emotions are aroused, as is the case with things that Shakespeare profoundly felt or knew.

Since the social themes evidently formed so much of Shakespeare's thought at the time (they found in part their poetic resolution in the later plays), we may look for a moment to see what they were. The first and most obvious one is the sense of order in the commonwealth. This idea runs sporadically through Shakespeare's plays, at least as late as *Coriolanus*, and is really the mediæval idea which, at the time Shakespeare was writing, was crumbling under the impact of the new capitalism. The speech of Ulysses on 'degree' is a superb anthology of sixteenth-century (and earlier) 'common-places' on the subject, the sort of common-places which the audience would at once respond to, and which were thus of the greatest use to the poetic dramatist.

The less obvious idea, emerging perhaps from the new conceptions of society which were altering the political structure, is the question of the position of the individual in society, a second question inevitably linked up with the first. It is at once mediæval and modern as Shakespeare sees it—mediæval because it takes for granted that the individual is a unit in the structure of the state, must play his part, be of assessable value; modern because it acknowledges the claims of individualism, the right of a man to be something to himself, and his capacity to judge. That Shakespeare was concerned with this point at this period of his development is clear also from *Measure for Measure*, where the Duke says:

Thy self and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thy self upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not . . .

which is precisely the argument Ulysses relied on when trying to stir Achilles out of his sulks.

Yet the most profoundly developed philosophic theme in the play is that embodied in, and expressed by, Troilus himself. He lives by intuition, and is for an absolute acceptance of the values which intuition tells him are the right ones: let others fur their gloves with reasons,

Nay, if we talk of reason
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this crammed reason . . .

He does not, however, merely accept: he broods deeply over the springs of action, watching them at work within himself. From the very beginning we see the sort of man he is. In some respects like Romeo, a young man in love, given wholly to it in all simplicity, he still is introspective. What is this 'love' which is working its effects on him? Why

does the vision of the woman he loves continually obtrude itself upon his waking eyes?

So (traitor) then she comes when she is thence!

the unreality being indistinguishable from the reality. Again when about to achieve the fruition of his love, he wonders what will happen when at last he tastes love's thrice repured nectar. Will it create a tumult in him? Will he lose all distinction in his joys? all sense of values? But having given himself he dedicates himself completely: his faith is pledged for ever.

Thus the shock of the visible proof of Cressida's faithlessness is almost more than he can stand. The impossible has happened: it cannot be true, yet it is true: "This is, and is not Cressid." Everything which kept the world together, which made it coherent, possible to live in, has crashed about his ears: the bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed. The thing which is inseparable has divided; the division is at once enormous and yet so minute that the finest thread cannot enter. Everywhere there is this contradiction, faced with which a man has the choice of only two things: to laugh, or to plunge into despairing action. The "intellectual" might laugh—Thersites would: but for Troilus, clearly, only the second course is open; and, merging his feeling for love and war, he rouses himself, and does fantastic execution among the enemy. It is he who at the end sustains the spirit of the Trojans: but for him, if victory is achieved, it will be a barren one.

If the play ended there, as once, it would seem, Shakespeare meant it to, we should get a different sense at the end of the play from that which we actually do get after listening to the epilogue spoken by Pandarus. He too is shattered: his kindly but fatuous sentimentality has gone the way of Troilus's sublime faith. Yet he too is saying what the rest of the play seems to say, "This is how things happen: have no illusions". But the play also says something which Pandarus does not say, for it leaves us with the feeling that

though we must relinquish our illusions, yet life without such fabricated 'realities' may still be worth while: but we must reconstruct our ideals on surer grounds. And if in the end 'intellect' has won against 'intuition', what a low and dirty victory it was! We must revise our ideas of what is glorious, in love as well as in war. Yet it is only a tentative solution, for this is a questioning play, which tempers the steel of our emotions; which clarifies our minds, but offers no ready-made balm to the wound of living, no scented handkerchief to staunch the tears of things. Dowden described it as "a bitter comedy of disillusion": but we may find it strengthening rather than bitter.

§ 4. THE CHARACTERS

No more need be said of Troilus than has already been said, except that he is self-explicatory, for he tells us what he is, and there is no reason to doubt him. But almost equal to him in importance on the Greek side is Hector, and more lovable because more complete, more emancipated from the almost morbid introspection which often attacks young men at the stage of immaturity at which we see Troilus. Hector has all the gallantry of youth, he is brave and generous, and has a vice of pity in him which ennobles him. He is humane and clear-sighted; his behaviour is in every way perfect, and Shakespeare seems to have taken care to make it so, since he hides from us what he found in his source, that Hector met his end because in his greed to seize the armour of the Grecian king he made himself defenceless. The puzzle about him is his sudden change of front in the debate as to whether the war should go on. After arguing most convincingly against it, he all at once reveals that he is with Troilus and Paris, and has sent a roystering challenge to the Greeks. Why? Is it because he feels that the emotions are more important than the mind—he is in the 'intuition' camp—and like many of us who fought in the last war that, whether the cause is right or wrong, one cannot dissociate one's self from the general movement

of one's fellows? ¹ He is a charming gentle figure, and that is why his death is so important in the play. It seems as though Shakespeare were telling us what many felt in the war of 1914, that in war it is the nice people who perish, the nasty ones who survive.

Paris and Helenus, and the small fry of men on the Greek side, are ineffectual enough, and they are sketched in only so clearly as is necessary to the play. We do not wonder about them, or dovetail them into life as we do Troilus and Hector. They serve their purpose as Helen, Andromache, and Cassandra serve theirs. But Pandarus is another matter.

He is but a silly old sentimentalist, not a figure of evil—nothing so worthy as that. He is, of course, a worn-out sensualist, and, himself no longer capable of enjoyment, is anxious that the young should enjoy themselves. In real life we should rather like him, though we should laugh at him. He has, to be sure, no exalted idea of love, but at least he cannot conceive of love without a touch of sentiment. He did his best, according to his lights, for Troilus, whom he saw wretched from love, and for his niece: he believed he was making them both permanently happy, and it was rough on him when Troilus turned and rent him for an event that was no fault of his. He is not the villain of the piece: there is no villain. and that is the irony of it:

In tragic life, God wot
No villain need be. Passions spin the plot,
We are betrayed by what is false within,

and Meredith was almost echoing Troilus's remark,

But sometimes things are done that we will not,
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves.

That is where the pity lies.

It is Paris and Helen, rather than Pandarus, whom Shakespeare uses to show the ruinous power of wanton lust,

¹ But see the prefatory note to ii. 1.

here not only an expense of spirit in a waste of shame, but a spreading plague. It is Helen especially who is the instrument of destruction:

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian life hath sunk: for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troyan hath been slain.

and Paris is an almost equal partner. In the grim scene of soft infatuation where Pandarus goes to excuse Troilus's absence from supper that evening, a scene in which Pandarus in his senile but well-intentioned flippancy plays idiotic chorus to the duet of superficial, sentimental physical love, Paris outdoes even the old sensualist. "Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, these are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?" Pandarus exclaims, and turns the conversation.

Not much need be said about Cressida; she is to conform to the needs of the story, and is fated from the beginning to be what she is. Yet Shakespeare moulded her to his own purposes, so that she is more than a mere cog in the mechanism of the action. She is likeable enough for us to be able to sympathize with Troilus when she betrays him, and not merely feel that he is well rid of a bundle of worthless rubbish. She is not criminal, she is simply silly. She is sincere enough at any moment, but for the moment only. Nor is she wanton by nature. Her speech, to be sure, is free, but not more so than that of the average Elizabethan 'witty woman', who looked at life frankly: she utters no worse things than Beatrice, or Rosalind, or the Helena of *All's Well that Ends Well*. She is coquettish—but so is Beatrice. She is not altogether sensual, and it is not fair to her to say, as has been said, that she does not blush at the remarks made by her "naughty mocking uncle" on the fatal morning of her transfer to the Greek camp: she evidently chafes, and is most uncomfortable at his jokes. Nor is she without remorse when she has yielded to the solicitations of Diomed: she is still sincere, even there; but it is a brittle

sincerity, which Shakespeare emphasizes by giving her rhymes to speak at that moment. It is impossible to excuse her, but there is no need to revile her, nor to judge her as Ulysses did. Her crime is not sensuality, but shallowness.

On the Greek side only Ulysses and Thersites are of first importance, though Ulysses cannot be altogether separated from Agamemnon, Nestor, and Menelaus, any more than Thersites can be from Achilles, Patroclus, and Ajax. Each comments on the group to which he belongs, and criticizes that to which he does not belong. The first group consists of older men; their policy is pitted against that of the younger men on both sides, so that this play, like others of Shakespeare, can be said to embody to some extent the age-youth opposition. Ulysses is the most important of them. The others offer views of life, vaguely philosophical, but of no trenchancy. It is Ulysses who is the principle of action in the group—wise, experienced, unscrupulous perhaps, the old fox who will use any means to attain his end. But he is not without nobility: the quality of his intellect—and he is all intellect save for certain moments when, in attendance upon Troilus, or talking to Hector, he charms us with his humanity—makes him a figure of worth. He has thought profoundly on political and social questions; he is familiar with the workings of the world; he can weigh, judge, and (usually) bring people to act as he wishes them to act. Thersites too is all intellect, but his is a shallow intellect which leaves out a whole set of values, which may, indeed, be illusory, but which exist in their illusion as firmly as other more material values. He is not pleasant, but he is not afraid of truth. He is Falstaff without Falstaff's winning geniality and childlikeness. He sees through pretensions, lies, hypocrisy, but has nothing to offer in their place. He is purely negative in his bleak intellect; but his rage gives him reality, and his hatreds imply a recognition of their opposites.

Achilles and Ajax are alike, yet can be contrasted. They are both proud, stuffed up with vanity, but Achilles has the

makings of a hero in him. His spirit and his action are stultified in him, but he is no fool. Everyone realizes that he is still capable of great action: he is not like Ajax, an ass, a camel, mostly brawn and broil, who wears his brains in his belly and his guts in his head. We sometimes see Achilles think, Ajax never. In this play the characters are beautifully interwoven, subtly shaded off and contrasted, and the whole tragic comedy, or comic tragedy, throughout shows the utmost care and brilliance in planning and in execution.

§ 5. SOURCES, ETC.

Shakespeare relied for the story of Troilus and Cressida mainly on Chaucer's great poem, *Troilus and Crisseyde*, and he appears to have read Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid*. The story is old, but not Homeric. There is much Troy matter in the *Historia de Excidio Trojæ* of Dares Phrygius, and the *Ephemeris Belli Trojani* of Dictys of Crete—who probably lived between the fifth and seventh centuries—and in two Latin elegiac poems which take up the tale, one by Simon Chèvre d'Or, the other anonymous; but there is nothing of the tale of the lovers. This was first introduced into the story by Benoît de Saint Maure in 1160, and it was from his poem that Boccaccio took the matter for his *Filostrato*, upon which Chaucer founded the English poem.

The Troy story was immensely popular. Guido delle Colonne translated Saint Maure's *Roman de Troie* into Latin prose (it may be that this was the text from which Boccaccio worked), and it was from this Latin version that Lydgate compiled his *Historye, Sege, and dystruccon of Troye*. A Frenchman, Raoul le Fèvre, translated the Italian version back into French, and it was from this that Caxton made up his *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*. It is clear that Shakespeare was familiar with the English works, as he was with those portions of Homer (Books I, II, VII–XI) which Chapman had translated, and published as *Seaven Books of the Iliades of Homere*. In fact, Shakespeare, having

conceived the idea of writing a play on this subject, possibly years earlier (since references to the story occur in *Henry V*, *Measure for Measure*, *Twelfth Night*, and other plays), went to all the sources he could find for vivid detail and verisimilitude. But he did as he wished with his sources. His most striking change is in the character of Cressida (who is not a widow as in Chaucer; but it is not to be assumed that her union with Troilus was not a marriage, a point well argued by Hamill Kenny in *Anglia*, Jan., 1937); and in the creation of Thersites. The general belittling of the Greeks in favour of the Trojans he will have found in his sources, and this was an attitude which went well with the temper of the time: for not only were the Western Europeans descendants of the Trojans, but Henry VIII traced his descent from Brut, the Welsh king whose legend made him a Trojan, a glory which fell upon Elizabeth.

We need not much concern ourselves with the question of topical allusion in this play. A passage here and there may or may not constitute an item in "the war of the theatres"; and whether Ajax was the 'purge' that 'our fellow Shakespeare' gave to Jonson, and whether Marston, the author of *Histrionastix*, was Thersites with his 'mastic jaws', can make little difference to our appreciation of the play. Nor again does it much matter whether Achilles sulking in his tent, sick of a proud heart, was, as Dr. G. B. Harrison suggests, the Earl of Essex, who suffered from a similar 'politic sickness'. No doubt Shakespeare in creating to the life took from life. "In describing the virtues and vices of mankind," Swift once wrote, "it is convenient in every article to have some eminent person in our eye, from whence we copy our description." You cannot create out of the void; but this does not mean that Shakespeare, even if he had Essex in mind, implied any political or personal criticism: and in working from the particular to the general the particular disappears, or remains but as a speck in the final concrete vision.

The student is advised to read the following:

G. Wilson Knight. The chapter on this play in *The Wheel of Fire*.

H. B. Charlton. The chapter on the Dark Comedies in *Shakesperian Comedy*.

Charles Williams. "Troilus and Cressida and Hamlet", the chapter in *Shakespeare Criticism, 1919-35* (World's Classics: ed. Bradby).

These are easily obtainable: less so is the study of *Troilus and Cressida* by Theodore Spencer, in "Studies in English Literature", Vol. XVI, No. 1 (January, 1936: Tokyo), a convincing analysis of the organization and structure of the play.

I have barefacedly borrowed from all of these in writing my Introduction.

NOTE ON THE PUNCTUATION

Although, for reasons given in the Note on the Text, I have in the main adhered to the Folio in respect of the words, I have here as far as possible reproduced the punctuation of the Quarto. The 'sophisticating' Folio is over-punctuated through undue deference for the rules of logic and grammar, whereas I believe the Quarto stops register rhetorical pauses: they are to be regarded as pointing rather than as punctuation, and thus they tell us a great deal as to how the speeches ought to be uttered. Professor P. Alexander claims indeed for the Quarto of this play (as Professor Pollard claims for the Quarto of *Richard II*) that "its colons and commas take us straight into the room where [the play] was written, and we look over Shakespeare's shoulder as he penned it". Professor Alexander argues that "the Quarto shows the emphasis which the light and shade of the punctuation can give in its most expressive form: the grammatical relations between the phrases are taken for granted".

While in the main consenting to this, I cannot but agree with Sir E. K. Chambers when he says that some of the stops are certainly 'palpable errors': so for that reason alone I have not hesitated to depart from the Quarto on occasion. But there is a further reason why I have not unreservedly followed the Quarto. It is that without a measure of compromise, some of the speeches would be incomprehensible to the unaccustomed reader, some passages certainly misinterpreted. As it is, this text with its rhetorical punctuation may give a little difficulty at first: but I hope

that by treating the stops as pointing marks, while constantly remembering that the speeches are utterances of living, breathing, passionate people, the reader will be amply compensated for the slight initial difficulty by the vividness often imparted, the subtlety sometimes revealed.

One effect of the heavy punctuation of the Folio is to make all the characters speak at the same pace, a result leading to the fatal monotony which every producer worth his salt tries to avoid. In actual life every individual has his own pace of speech, as he has of eating or of walking, and such differences are very clearly marked by the Quarto punctuation. Ulysses as a rule speaks slowly, and so does Agamemnon; there are plenty of stops. In the speeches of Pandarus there are very few stops, for he babbles on interminably, one frivolous idea tumbling over another without halt. With Thersites, again, the stopping is very light, and the venom flows out of his mouth without pause. The difference in punctuation, then, indicates a difference in the manner of speech, that is, in character.

Moreover, if we follow the Quarto punctuation, new graces, new meanings even, emerge. We can take an example of how returning to the Quarto both adds grace, and slightly changes the meaning. In modern editions, which on the whole follow the Folio, soon after the entry of Æneas at i. 3. 215, we read:

Agam. . . . the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æneas. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
As bending angels . . .

The Q. punctuation gives us:

Æneas. Courtiers as free as debonair, unarmed
As bending angels . . .

which not only gives a far more charming rhythm, but also a slightly different sense. F., moreover, supports this reading:

Æneas. Courtiers as free, as debonair; unarmed,
As bending angels . . .

which maintains the Q. relation. Besides, the Q. omission of any stop after *unarmed* is very significant, for in one respect it tends to over-punctuate, not taking for granted the natural pause, slight as it may be, at the end of the verse line, but marking it with a comma.

We may now look at one of several passages where a change in punctuation produces a change of sense. In modern versions we find at i. 3. 29,

And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Q. punctuates as follows:

And what hath mass or matter by itself,
Lies rich . . .

and F. has a comma after 'mass', both versions thus giving a different idea of what Shakespeare meant. He did not mean (I think) to utter a tautology, 'mass or matter', as though they meant the same thing: he was defining mass as 'matter by itself'—a reading supported by the definitions and quotations of the *N.E.D.*—which, after distinction with its winnowing fan has puffed the qualities, the lighter things, away, lies. . . . 'There is no point in saying it lies by itself; that is already implied. I believe that here, as in other places, the original meaning is restored by observing the rhetorical punctuation. I have therefore printed here:

And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich . . .

Other places, where a meaning different from that of the usually accepted text emerges from a similar treatment, have been marked in the notes.

Let us now take an example of punctuation amounting to a stage direction; it is to be found in Calchas's speech at the opening of iii. 3. Modern editions read:

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registered in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

The following is the Q. version:

I do beseech you as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit.
Out of those many registered in promise,
Which you say live to come in my behalf:

But see what is happening. By the time we get to *I do beseech* in Calchas's speech, which began slowly, the eager father has become excited, and goes swiftly, saying *I do beseech you as in way of taste*, as a man would when pleading rapidly, following it quickly with *To give me now a little benefit*. That is all he meant to say; it is the end of the speech. He stops, and looks at the faces around him, reads no sympathy in them, and then goes on, no doubt with a gesture of appeal, to remind the Greeks of their promises. In this edition I have not been bold enough to place a full stop after *benefit*, as I feared it would too much break the sense for the modern reader: but I have ventured a colon, which should serve as an indication without creating a stumbling-block.

In one important passage only have I dared, in spite of all possible difficulties, to restore the pointing in defiance of grammar, without compromise. It is in 'Troilus' great speech in iv. 4, when he finds Cressida has to leave him. This is the modern version:

And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two . . .

This is how the Quarto points, expressing how Troilus is choking in his emotion, and can hardly get his words out:

And suddenly, when injury of chance
Puts back, leave taking, justles roughly by:
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure: forcibly prevents
Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two . . .

then, getting more control as he speaks the words come more smoothly.

I need hardly add that, following Q., I have omitted all the irritating commas before and after proper names, 'therefore', and so on, marks which only hold up the speech, and can serve no useful purpose. There seems no use in printing

Come, both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both (v. 6. 11)
when Troilus in the heat of action, as represented by Q.,
burst out

Come both you cogging Greeks have at you both

without any pause save the slight one that cannot be avoided after *Greeks*, which I have marked with a comma. Again, where is the virtue of:

You shake, my lord, at something; will you go? (v. 2. 50)

or of

Marry, this, sir. (ii. 1. 118)

where both phrases, in actual speaking, run on much more easily.

The question marks in Q. are not so much to indicate queries as to suggest a lift in the voice. I have ventured to use them once or twice in this way, e.g. *Ajax renowned?* (iii. 3. 132); but I have felt that in the main they would be too confusing. Exclamation marks are extremely rare in the Quarto, and I have increased them in deference to modern usage, but not to the same extent as other editors.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } his sons.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } Trojan Commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, gone over to the Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian Commander-in-Chief.

MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } Grecian Commanders.

THERSITES, an independent-minded Grecian.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

SERVANT to Troilus.

SERVANT to Paris.

SERVANT to Diomedes.

HELEN, once Wife to Menelaus, now to Paris.

ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE: *Troy, and the Greek camp.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

{ THE PROLOGUE

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgillous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore 5
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that 's the quarrel. 10
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barke 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, 15
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts
Stir up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation tickling skittish spirits, 20
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A prologue armed, but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument, 25

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: 30
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.}

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS [I. i. Troy]

Tro. 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! 5

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night:
 And skillless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part,
 I'll not meddle nor make no farther; he that will have a
 cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding. 15

Tro. Have I not tarried?

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

Tro. Have I not tarried?

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

Tro. Still have I tarried. 20

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

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, 25
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do:

At Priam's royal table do I sit
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So (traitor), then she comes when she is thence!

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw
 her look, or any woman else. 31

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
 As wedgèd with a sigh would rive in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have (as when the sun doth light a storm) 35
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
 But sorrow that is couched in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

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

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus, 45
 When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drowned,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrenched. I tell thee I am mad
 In Cressid's love: thou answer'st she is fair,
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart 50
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
 Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand,
 In whose comparison all whites are ink
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense 55
 Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it. 60

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith I'll not meddle in it; 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. 65

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now Pandarus?

Pan. 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.

Tro. What, art thou angry Pandarus? what, with me? 70

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

Tro. Say I she is not fair? 75

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

Tro. Pandarus— 80

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus—

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pandarus. Sound alarum.*

Tro. Peace you ungracious clamours! peace rude sounds! Fools on both sides, Helen must needs be fair, 86
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! 90

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: 95
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium and where she resides
 Let it be called the wild and wand'ring flood,
 Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark. 100

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS

Æn. How now Prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æn. That Paris is returned home, and hurt. 105

Tro. By whom Æneas?

Æn. Troilus, by Menelaus.

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

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

Tro. Better at home, if ' would I might ' were ' may '. 110
 But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?

Æn. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

Exeunt.

Enter CRESSIDA and [ALEXANDER] her man [I. ii. Troy]

Cre. Who were those went by?

Ale. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ale. Up to the Eastern tower,
 Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
 To see the battle: Hector, whose patience
 Is as a virtue fixed, to-day was moved: 5
 He chid Andromache and struck his armourer;
 And like as there were husbandry in war
 Before the sun rose he was harnessed light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower
 Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw 10
 In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Ale. The noise goes, this; there is among the Greeks
 A lord of Troyan blood, nephew of Hector,
 They call him Ajax.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ale. They say he is a very man *per se* 15
 And stands alone.

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

Ale. 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: there is no man
 hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man
 an attaint but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy
 without cause and merry against the hair; he hath the joints
 of every thing, but every thing so out of joint that he is a
 gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind
 Argus, all eyes and no sight. 29

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

Ale. 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.

Enter PANDARUS

Cre. Who comes here? 35

Ale. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Ale. As may be in the world lady.

Pan. What's that? What's that?

Cre. Good morrow uncle Pandarus. 40

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

Cre. This morning uncle.

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

Cre. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger. 50

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. 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. 56

Cre. What, is he angry too?

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

Cre. O Jupiter, there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him? 61

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

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

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

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees. 65

Cre. 'Tis just, to each of them he is himself.

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

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone barefoot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector. 70

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

Cre. Excuse me. 75

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when th' other's come to 't: Hector shall not have his will this year. 80

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

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better. 85

Pan. You have no judgement niece: Helen herself swore th' other day that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis I must confess) not brown neither—

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown. 90

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then Troilus should have too much, if she praised him above; his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion; I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose. 99

Pan. I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. 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— 105

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

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

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter? 110

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

Cre. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia. 115

Cre. O he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why go to then; but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus— 120

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

Pan. Troilus! why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell. 125

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess—

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin. 131

Cre. Alas poor chin! many a wart is richer.

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

Cre. With mill-stones. 135

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cre. At what was all this laughing? 140

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

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

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer. 146

Cre. What was his answer?

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

Cre. This is her question. 150

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

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't. 161

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you an 'twere a man born in April.

Cre. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. *Sound a retreat.*

Pan. 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.

Cre. At your pleasure. 170

Pan. 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.

Enter ÆNEAS

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That 's Æneas; is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you; but mark Troilus; you shall see anon. 177

Cre. Who 's that?

Enter ANTENOR

Pan. That 's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit I can tell you, and he 's a man good enough; he 's one o' the soundest judgements in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes 'Troilus? I 'll show you 'Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

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Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Enter HECTOR

Pan. 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? 190

Cre. O a brave man!

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

Cre. Be those with swords?

196

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the divel come to him, it 's all one; by God 's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

Enter 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? Would I could see Troilus now! you shall see 'Troilus anon.

Cre. Who 's that?

205

Enter HELENUS

Pan. That 's Helenus, I marvel where 'Troilus is, that 's Helenus, I think he went not forth to-day, that 's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight uncle?

Pan. Helenus no; yes, he 'll fight indifferent well, I marvel where Troilus is: Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest. 211

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter TROILUS

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there 's a man, niece, hem? Brave 'Troilus! the prince of chivalry! 215

Cre. Peace, for shame peace!

Pan. 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 never saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice, O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him, and, I warrant Helen to change would give an eye to boot. 225

Enter common soldiers

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. 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; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece. 231

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

Pan. Achilles! a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well. 235

Pan. 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 so forth, the spice and salt that season a man? 240

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

Pan. You are such another woman, a man knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. 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.

Pan. Say one of your watches. 249

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

Pan. You are such another! 255

Enter [TROIILUS'] BOY

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him].

Pan. Good boy tell him I come. [*exit Boy*] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well good niece. 260

Cre. Adieu uncle.

Pan. I will be with you niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pandarus.* Words, vows, gifts, tears and love's full sacrifice, 266 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: 270
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
 That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
 Men prize the thing ungained more than it is:
 That she was never yet that ever knew
 Love got so sweet as when desire did sue: 275
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
 'Achievement is command; ungained, beseech.'
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exeunt.

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, [I. iii. The
 ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, Greek Camp]
with others

Aga. Princes,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below
 Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters 5
 Grow in the veins of actions highest reared,
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
 Infects the sound pine, and diverts his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor princes, is it matter new to us 10
 That we come short of our suppose so far
 That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim, 15
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave 't surmisèd shape. Why then you princes,

Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works,
 And think them shame, which are indeed nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove 20
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin: 25
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
 Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. 30

Nes. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail 35
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk!
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold
 The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut, 40
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse. Where 's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
 Co-rivalled greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune: even so 45
 Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness
 The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50
 And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage
 As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Uly. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece, 55
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.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [*to Agamemnon*] most mighty, for thy place and
sway, 60
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend, for thy stretched-out
life,

I give to both your speeches; which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver, 65
Should with a bond of air strong as the axletree
On which the heavens ride, knit all Greeks' ears
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

{*Aga.* Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden, 71
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.}

Uly. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down, 75
And the great Hector's sword had lacked 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: 80
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre, 85
 Observe degree, priority and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office and custom, in all line of order.
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered 90
 Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets
 In evil mixture to disorder wander, 95
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states 100
 Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken,
 (Which is the ladder of all high designs)
 The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, 105
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing meets 110
 In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead: 115
 Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice recides),
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing include itself in power,

Power into will, will into appetite; 120
 And appetite (an universal wolf
 So doubly seconded with will and power)
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up himself.

Great Agamemnon,

This chaos, when degree is suffocate, 125
 Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree it is
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. 'The general 's disdain'd
 By him one step below, he by the next, 130
 '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 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot, 135
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

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

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses, 140
 What is the remedy?

Uly. 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 145
 Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day,
 Breaks scurril jests,

And with ridiculous and awkward action,
 (Which slanderer, he imitation calls) 150
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on,
 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit

Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 155
 'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in. And when he speaks,
 'T is like a chime a-mending, with terms unsquared,
 Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped, 160
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles on his pressed bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 Cries ' Excellent! 't is Agamemnon just;
 Now play me Nestor, hem, and stroke thy beard, 165
 As he being dressed to some oration.'
 That 's done, as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet god Achilles still cries ' Excellent!
 'T is Nestor right: now play him me, Patroclus, 170
 Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
 And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport 175
 Sir Valour dies, cries ' 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, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact, 180
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 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.
Nes. And in the imitation of these twain, 185
 Who (as Ulysses says) opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice, many are infect;
 Ajax is grown self-willed, and bears his head

In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him, 190
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war
 Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
 A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure, 195
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Uly. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war,
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand. The still and mental parts 200
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war, 205
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution. 210

Nes. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. *Tucket.*

Aga. What trumpet? look Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent? 215

Æn. Is this great Agamemnon's tent I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

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

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm 220

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

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

Aga. How? 225

Æn. Ay:

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus: 230

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

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

Æn. Courtiers as free as debonair, unarmed 235
As bending angels, that 's their fame in peace:

But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace Æneas,
Peace Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips! 240

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth;
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, tran-
scends.

Aga. Sir you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas? 245

Æn. Ay Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What 's your affair, I pray you?

Æn. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æn. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him: 250
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
 That thou shalt know, Troyan, he is awake, 255
 He tells thee so himself.

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

Sound trumpet.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260
 A prince called Hector, Priam is his father,
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce
 Is resty grown. He bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
 If there be one among the fair'st of Greece, 265
 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
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves) 270
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth
 In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Troyans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it:
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer, 275
 Than ever Greek did couple 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: 280
 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.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind, 285

We left them all at home; but we are soldiers,
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 'That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 'That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he. 290

Nes. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suckled. He is old now,
 But if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, tell him from me:— 295
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vambrace put my witherèd brawn,
 And meeting him will tell him that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste,
 As may be in the world: his youth in flood, 300
 I'll pawn this troth with my three drops of blood.

Æn. Now heavens forfend such scarcity of youth!

Uly. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you first, 305
 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. Manet Ulysses, and Nestor.

Uly. Nestor! 310

Nes. What says Ulysses?

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

Nes. What is 't?

Uly. {This 't is;} 315
 Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles must or now be cropped,
 Or shedding breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

Nes. Well, and how? 320

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

Nes. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance
Whose grossness little characters sum up: 325

And in the publication, make no strain
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya—(though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough) will with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330
Pointing on him.

Uly. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nes. Why, 't is most meet; who may you else oppose
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat, 335
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells:

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate; and trust to me Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success, 340
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;

And in such indexes (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen
'The baby figure of the giant mass 345

Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice (being mutual act of all our souls)
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
(As 't were from forth us all) a man distilled 350
Out of our virtues, who miscarrying,

What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?

{Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working than are swords and bows 355
 Directive by the limbs.}

Uly. Give pardon to my speech; therefore 't is meet
 Achilles meet not Hector: let us, like merchants,
 First show foul wares, and think perchance they 'll sell;
 If not, the lustre of the better yet to show, 360
 Shall show the better. Do not consent
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
 For both our honour and our shame in this
 Are dogged with two strange followers.

Nes. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Uly. What glory our Achilles shears from Hector
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
 But he already is too insolent:
 And we were better parch in Afric sun
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes, 370
 Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foiled,
 Why then, we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery,
 And by device let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector; among ourselves 375
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon
 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, 380
 We 'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men. But hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
 Ajax employed plucks down Achilles' plumes. 385

Nes. Now Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advicc;
 And I will give a taste thereof forthwith
 To Agamemnon; go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were a bone. *Exeunt.*

Enter AJAX, and THERSITES [II. i. The Greek Camp]

Aj. Thersites!

The. Agamemnon—how if he had biles—full, all over,
generally?

Aj. Thersites!

The. And those biles did run (say so) did not the
general run? were not that a botchy core? 6

Aj. Dog!

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

Aj. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel
then. [*Strikes him.*]

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

Aj. Speak then thou vinewed'st leaven, speak; I will
beat thee into handsomeness. 15

The. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness:
but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than
thou learn prayer without book; thou canst strike canst
thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Aj. Toadstool! learn me the proclamation. 20

The. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me
thus?

Aj. The proclamation!

The. Thou art proclaimed a fool I think.

Aj. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch. 25

The. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I
had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loath-
somest scab in Greece; [when thou art forth in the
incursions, thou strikest as slow as another].

Aj. I say the proclamation! 30

The. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Aj. Mistress Thersites!

The. Thou shouldst strike him. 35

Aj. Cobloaf!

The. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Aj. [*beating him*]. You whoreson cur!

The. Do, do. 40

Aj. Thou stool for a witch!

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

Aj. You dog!

The. You scurvy lord! 50

Aj. [*beating him*]. You cur!

The. Mars his idiot! do rudeness, do camel, do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

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

The. You see him there? do you? 55

Ach. Ay, what 's the matter?

The. Nay look upon him.

Ach. So I do: what 's the matter?

The. Nay but regard him well.

Ach. Well, why so I do. 60

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

Ach. I know that, fool.

The. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Aj. Therefore I beat thee. 65

The. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long; I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. 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.

Ach. What?

The. I say this Ajax— [Ajax beats him?]

Ach. Nay good Ajax. 75

The. Has not so much wit—

Ach. Nay I must hold you.

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

Ach. Peace fool! 80

The. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not; he there, that he: look you there!

Aj. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Ach. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

The. No I warrant you, the fool's will shame it. 85

Pat. Good words, Thersites.

Ach. What's the quarrel?

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

The. I serve thee not. 90

Aj. Well, go to, go to.

The. I serve here voluntary.

Ach. Your last service was sufferance: 't was not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress. 95

The. E'en so, a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great

catch an a' knock out either of your brains; a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Ach. What, with me too Thersites? 100

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

Ach. What? what? 105

The. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to—

Aj. I shall cut out your tongue.

The. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words Thersites; peace! 110

The. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brooch bids me, shall I?

Ach. There 's for you Patroclus.

The. 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.*]

Pat. A good riddance.

Ach. Marry, this sir is proclaimed through all our host, That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy, 120 To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare Maintain—I know not what ('t is trash). Farewell.

Aj. Farewell; who shall answer him?

Ach. I know not, 't is put to lott'ry; otherwise 125 He knew his man.

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

Exeunt.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROIILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS

[II. ii. Troy]

Pri. 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 5
 In hot digestion of this cormorant war)
 Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?

Hec. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
 As far as toucheth my particular,
 Yet, dread Priam, 10
 There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out ' Who knows what follows?'
 Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is called 15
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 Hath been as dear as Helen. I mean, of ours; 20
 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?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother! 25
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
 So great as our dread father's, in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The past proportion of his infinite,
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless 30
 With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Helenus. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons, 35
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason; here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a sword employed is perilous, 40
And reason flies the object of all harm;
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, 45
Or like a star disorbed? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this crammed reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject. 50

Hec. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What 's aught but as 't is valued?

Hec. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself 55
As in the prizer; 't is mad idolatry
'To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit. 60

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindlèd by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement: how may I avoid, 65

(Although my will distaste what it elected)
 The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
 When we have soiled them, nor the remainder viands 70
 We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
 Because we now are full: it was thought meet
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails,
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce, 75
 And did him service: he touched the ports desired;
 And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
 Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt: 80
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl
 Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
 And turned crowned kings to merchants:
 If you 'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,
 As you must needs, for you all cried ' Go, go,' 85
 If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
 As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands,
 And cried ' Inestimable!' why do you now
 'The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that Fortune never did, 90
 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!
 But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
 That in their country did them that disgrace, 95
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Enter [above] CASSANDRA raving, with her hair about her ears

Cas. Cry Troyans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. Cry Troyans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

100

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

Hec. Peace sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamours! Let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:

105

Cry Troyans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand:

Our firebrand brother Paris burns us all.

110

Cry Troyans, cry! a Helen and a woe:

Cry cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Exit.

Hec. 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?

115

Tro.

Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such, and no other than event doth form it;

120

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,

125

I am no more touched 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!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

130

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? 135
 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, 140
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. 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. 145

Par. 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 reason were it to the ransacked queen, 150
 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? 155
 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 bestowed, or death unfamed,
 Where Helen is the subject. Then I say, 160
 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glozed, but superficially, not much 165

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons you allege do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distempered blood,
 Than to make up a free determination 170
 '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 rendered to their owners. Now,
 What nearer debt in all humanity 175
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbèd wills, resist the same,
 There is a law in each well-ordered nation 180
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
 As it is known she is, these moral laws
 Of nature and of nations speak aloud 185
 To have her back returned: thus to persist
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.
Tro. Why there you touched the life of our design:
 Were it not glory that we more affected 195
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of Troyan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown,
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200

Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame in time to come canónize us:
 For I presume brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promised glory
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action 205
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus;
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits; 210
 I was advèrtised their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept:
 This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter THERSITES solus [II. iii. The Greek Camp]

The. 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 divels, 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 less than little wit from them that they have: which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp, or rather the [Neapolitan] bonecache: for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I

have said my prayers, and divel Envy say amen. What
ho! my Lord Achilles! 20

Enter PATROCLUS

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

The. If I could ha' 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 revèue:
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. Where 's Achilles? 31

Pat. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

The. Ay; the heavens hear me!

[*Pat.* Amen.]

Enter ACHILLES

Ach. Who 's there? 35

Pat. Thersites my lord.

Ach. Where, where? [O where?] Art thou come?
why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served
thyself in to my table, so many meals? Come, what 's
Agamemnon? 40

The. Thy commander Achilles; then tell me Patroclus,
what 's Achilles?

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

The. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me Patroclus,
what art thou? 46

Pat. Thou may'st tell that knowest.

Ach. O tell, tell.

The. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my lord, I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool. 51

{*Pat.* You rascal!

The. Peace fool! I have not done.

Ach. He is a privileged man: proceed Thersites.

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

Ach. Derive this; come.

The. 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 [this] Patroclus is a fool positive. 61

Pat. Why am I a fool?

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

The. Make that demand to the Creator. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Ach. [Come] Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody: Come in with me Thersites. [Exit.]

The. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a whore, and a cuckold; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. {Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!} [Exit.]

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Pat. Within his tent, but ill-disposed my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here:
He shent our messengers, and we lay by 75
Our appertainings, 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.

Pat. I shall say so to him. [Exit.]

Uly. We saw him at the opening of his tent; 80
He is not sick.

Aj. Yes lion-sick, sick of proud heart; you may call it melancholy if you will favour the man. But by my head 't is pride: but why, why? let him show us a cause. {A word, my lord.} [Takes Agamemnon aside.]

Nes. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him? 86

Uly. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nes. Who, Thersites?

Uly. He.

Nes. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument. 91

Uly. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nes. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Uly. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Enter PATROCLUS

Here comes Patroclus.

Nes. No Achilles with him. 100

Uly. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Pat. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry, .
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state, 105
To call upon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you Patroclus:
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his evasion winged thus swift with scorn, 110

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, 115
 Yea, {and} like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
 Are like to rot untasted. 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; in self-assumption greater 120
 Than in the note of judgement: and worthier than himself
 Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And underwrite in an observing kind
 His humorous predominance: yea, watch 125
 His pettish lunes, his ebbs and flows, as if
 'The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
 That if he overhold his price so much,
 We 'll none of him: but let him like an engine 130
 Not portable, lie under this report:
 'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war':
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.

Pat. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.]

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

Exit Ulysses.

Aj. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Aj. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks him-
 self a better man than I am? 141

Aga. No question.

Aj. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Aga. No noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as

wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 146

Aj. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind is the clearer {Ajax}, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Enter ULYSSES

Aj. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads. 155

Nes. [*aside*]. Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

Uly. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What 's his excuse?

Uly. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any, 160
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

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

Uly. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only
He makes important: possessed he is with greatness, 165
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages 170
And batters 'gainst itself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry no recovery.

Aga. Let Ajax go to him;
Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent;
'T is said he holds you well, and will be led 175
At your request a little from himself.

- Uly.* 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, 180
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
 And ruminatè himself: shall he be worshippèd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he—
 No! this thrice worthy and right valiant lord 185
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
 Nor by my will assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles' is,
 By going to Achilles:
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride, 190
 And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
 And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'
- Nes.* [*Aside to Dio.*] O this is well, he rubs the vein of
 him. 196
- Dio.* [*Aside to Nes.*] And how his silence drinks up his
 applause!
- Aj.* If I go to him—with my armèd fist
 I 'll pash him o'er the face. 200
- Aga.* O no, you shall not go.
- Aj.* An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride;
 Let me go to him.
- Uly.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
- Aj.* A paltry insolent fellow! 205
- Nes.* [*Aside to Uly.*] How he describes himself!
- Aj.* Can he not be sociable?
- Uly.* [*Aside to Nes.*] The raven chides blackness.
- Aj.* I 'll let his humours blood.
- Aga.* [*Aside to Uly.*] He will be the physician that should
 be the patient. 211

Aj. An all men were o' my mind,—

Uly. [*Aside to Aga.*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Aj. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first:
shall pride carry it? 215

Nes. [*Aside to Uly.*] An 't would, you 'ld carry half.

Uly. [*Aside to Nes.*] A' would have ten shares.

Aj. I will knead him, I 'll make him supple.

Nes. [*Aside.*] He 's not yet through warm: force him
with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. 220

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

Nes. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Uly. Why, 't is this naming of him doth him harm; 225
Here is a man—but 't is before his face,
I will be silent.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Uly. Know the whole world he is as valiant—

Aj. A whoreson dog that shall palter thus with us! 230
Would he were a Trojan!

Nes. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Uly. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Uly. Ay, or surly borne. 235

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Uly. Thank the heavens lord, thou art of sweet com-
posure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature 240

Thrice-famed beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain

And give him half, and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield 245

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts; here 's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise: 250

But pardon father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so tempered,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Aj. Shall I call you father?

Nes. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax. 255

Uly. 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. 'T'o-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast; 260

And here 's a lord, come knights from east to west

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let Achilles sleep;

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

Exeunt.

Music sounds within

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant [III. i. Troy]

Pan. Friend! you! pray you a word; do you not follow
the young Lord Paris?

Ser. Ay sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I mean?

Ser. Sir I do depend upon the Lord. 5

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman, I must needs
praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me? do you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially. 10

Pan. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace? not so friend, honour and lordship are my titles, what music is this? 16

Ser. I do but partly know sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pan. Who play they to? 20

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean.

Ser. Who shall I command sir? 25

Pan. Friend we understand not one another, I am too courtly and thou too cunning; at whose request do these men play?

Ser. That 's to 't indeed sir! marry sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person, with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul. 31

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Ser. No sir, Helen, could not you find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, thou hast not seen the Lady Cressid. I come to speak with Paris, from the Prince Troilus. I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. [*Aside.*] Sudden business! there 's a stewed phrase indeed! 40

Enter PARIS and HELEN

Pan. 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!

Hel. Dear lord you are full of fair words. 45

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure sweet queen; fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. 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.

Pan. Truly lady, no. 51

Hel. O sir!

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

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

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen: my lord, will you vouchsafe me a word? 56

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

Pan. Well sweet queen you are pleasant with me, but marry, thus my lord my dear lord, and most esteemed friend your brother Troilus— 61

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you—

Hel. You shall not bob us out of our melody; if you do, our melancholy upon your head! 66

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

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

Pan. Nay that shall not serve your turn; that shall it 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.

Hel. My lord Pandarus?

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen? 76

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Hel. Nay but my lord!

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall
out with you. 80

Hel. [*To Paris*] You must not know where he sups.

Par. [I 'll lay my life,] with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no! no such matter, you are wide, come, your
disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse. 85

Pan. Ay good my lord: why should you say Cressida?
no, your {poor} disposer 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy? what do you spy? Come, give me an
instrument now sweet queen. 90

Hel. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have
sweet queen.

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

Pan. He? no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

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

Hel. Ay, I prithee; now by my troth sweet lord, thou
hast a fine forehead. 100

Pan. Ay you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all.
O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love? ay that it shall i' faith.

Par. Ay good now; love, love, nothing but love. 105

Pan. {In good troth, it begins so.}

Love, love, nothing but love, still 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 ho, they die,

*Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh ho, to ha ha he,
So dying love lives still,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho groans out for ha ha ha—hey ho.*

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

Par. 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. 120

Pan. 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 afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, 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?

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

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen; I long to hear how they sped to-day. 131

You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell sweet queen.

Hel. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*]

Sound a retreat.

Par. '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 touched, 140
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.

Hel. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea what he shall receive of us in duty 145
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
 Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter PANDARUS and TROIILUS' MAN [III. ii. Troy]

Pan. How now where's thy master? at my cousin
 Cressida's?

Man. No sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Enter TROIILUS

Tro. Sirrah walk off. [Exit Man.]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. 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 10
 Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
 Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandar,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid!

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

Tro. 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 palates taste indeed 20
 Love's thrice repurèd nectar? Death, I fear me,
 Sounding destruction, or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle, potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness
 For the capacity of my ruder powers;
 I fear it much, and I do fear besides 25

That I shall lose distinction in my joys
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

Enter PANDARUS

Pan. 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.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom,
 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse, 35
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose
 Like vassalage at unawares encountering
 The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby: here she is now, swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me: what, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills: 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; an't were dark, you'd close sooner: so so, rub on, and kiss the mistress; how now? a kiss in fee-farm! build there carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. 'The falcon as the tercel: for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to. 51

Tro. You have bereft me of all words lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too if she call your activity in question: what billing again? Here's ' In witness whereof

the parties interchangeably '—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [Exit.]

Cre. Will you walk in my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cre. Wished my lord? The gods grant—O my lord!

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

Cre. More dregs than water if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make divels of cherubins; they never see truly. 66

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

Tro. O let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster. 71

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers, thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed—This is the monstrosity in love lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit. 79

Cre. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters? 85

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble: few

words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in my lord?

Enter PANDARUS

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

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

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

Tro. You know now your hostages, your uncle's word and my firm faith. 101

Pan. 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. 106

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

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? 110

Cre. 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 till now not so much
But I might master it; in faith I lie, 115
My thoughts were like unbridled children grown
Too headstrong for their mother: see we fools!
Why have I blabbed: who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But though I loved you well, I woo'd you not, 120
And yet good faith I wished 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,
 Coming in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My soul of counsel from me. Stop my mouth. 125

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty i' faith.

Cre. My lord I do beseech you pardon me, 130
 'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
 I am ashamed; O heaven what have I done!
 For this time will I take my leave my lord.

Tro. Your leave sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave: an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cre. Pray you content you. 136

Tro. What offends you lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try: 140

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 speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so
 wisely. 146

Cre. Perchance my lord I show more craft than love,
 And fell so roundly to a large confession
 To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,
 Or else you love not: for to be wise and love 150
 Exceeds man's might, that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman,
 As if it can I will presume in you,
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth, 155
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays;
 Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
 That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight 160
 Of such a winnowed purity in love;
 How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight, 165
 When right with right wars who shall be most right;
 True swains in love shall in the world to come
 Approve their truths by 'Troilus when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
 Want similes' truth, tired with iteration— 170
 As true as steel; as plantage to the moon;
 As sun to day; as turtle to her mate;
 As iron to adamant; as earth to th' centre—
 {Yet,} after all comparisons of truth,
 (As truth's authentic author to be cited) 175
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy, 180
 And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
 From false to false among false maids in love.
 Upbraid my falsehood; when they've said as false 185
 As air, as water, wind or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,
 Yea let them say to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid. 190

Pan. 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.

Tro. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

199

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

Exeunt [Troilus and Cressida.]

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here

Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this gear!

Exit.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, **[III. iii. The**
 NESTOR, [AJAX], MENELAUS, *and* **Greek Camp]**
 CALCHAS. *Flourish*

Cal. 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 come,
 I have abandoned Troy, left my possession, 5
 Incurred a traitor's name, exposed myself,
 From certain and possessed conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
 Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: 10
 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 registered in promise, 15
 Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, 'Troyan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Troyan prisoner called Antenor,
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefor) 20
 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 25
 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.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him, 30
 And bring us Cressid hither, Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us. Good Diomed
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange,
 Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answered in his challenge. Ajax is ready. 35

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 't is a burden
 Which I am proud to bear.

Exit [i.e. Diomedes with Calchas].

ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS *stand in their tent*

Uly. 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, 40
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him,
 I will come last, 't is like he 'll question me
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent? why turned on him?
 If so I have derision med'cinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride, 45
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
 It may do good, pride hath no other glass
 To show itself but pride; for supple knees

Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on 50

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 looked on. I will lead the way.

Ach. What, comes the general to speak with me? 55

You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nes. Would you my lord aught with the general?

Ach. No.

Nes. Nothing my lord. 60

Aga. The better.

Ach. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Ach. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Aj. How now Patroclus? 65

Ach. Good morrow Ajax.

Aj. Ha!

Ach. Good morrow.

Aj. Ay, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Ach. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Pat. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend, 71

To send their smiles before them to Achilles,

To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars.

Ach. What am I poor of late?

'T is certain, greatness once fall'n out with fortune, 75

Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

As feel in his own fall: for men like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;

And not a man for being simply man, 80

Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that leaned on them as slippery too, 85
 Do one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. But 't is 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, 90
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses,
 I'll interrupt his reading.
 How now Ulysses?

Uly. Now, great 'Thetis' son!

Ach. What are you reading?

Uly. A strange fellow here 95

Writes me that man, how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection:
 As when his virtues shining upon others 100
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Ach. This is not strange Ulysses;
 The beauty that is borne here in the face,
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 [To others' eyes, nor doth the eye itself, 105
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself]
 Not going from itself: but eye to eye opposed
 Salutes each other with each other's form;
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travelled, and is married there 110
 Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Uly. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but at the author's drift,
 Who in his circumstance expressly proves

That no man is the lord of any thing, 115
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting),
 Till he communicate his parts to others;
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
 Till he behold them formed in the applause
 Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverb'rate 120
 The voice again, or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax:
 Heavens what a man is there! A very horse 125
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
 Most abject in regard and dear in use:
 What things again most dear in the esteem
 And poor in worth. Now shall we see to-morrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him, 130
 Ajax renowned! O heavens what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes;
 How one man eats into another's pride, 135
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness.
 To see these Grecian lords! Why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrieking.
Ach. I do believe it, 140
 For they passed by me as misers do by beggars,
 Neither gave to me good word nor look:
 What, are my deeds forgot?
Uly. Time hath (my lord) a wallet at his back
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, 145
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
 Those scraps are good deeds past,

Which are devoured as fast as they are made,
 Forgot as soon as done; persévérance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang 150
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mock'ry. Take the instant way,
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path,
 For emulation hath a thousand sons 155
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide they all rush by
 And leave you hindmost:
 {Or like, a gallant horse fall'n in first rank, 160
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on:} then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours.
 For time is like a fashionable host
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand, 165
 And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was: for beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, 170
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
 That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past, 175
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax; 180
 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; 185
 Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Ach. Of this my privacy,
 I have strong reasons.

Uly. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical: 190
 'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Ach. Ha? known?

Uly. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that 's in a watchful state
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold, 195
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,
 Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state, 200
 Which hath an operation more divine
 Than breath or pen can give expresseure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with 'Troy
 As perfectly is ours, as yours my lord,
 And better would it fit Achilles much 205
 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, 210
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
 Farewell my lord: I as your lover speak,
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. *Exit.*

Pat. To this effect Achilles have I moved you,

A woman impudent and mannish grown 215
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
 In time of action: I stand condemned for this;
 They think my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus;
 Sweet rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid 220
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to airy air.

Ach. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Pat. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Ach. I see my reputation is at stake, 225
 My fame is shrewdly gored.

Pat. O then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
 Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger,
 And danger like an ague subtly taints 230
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Ach. Go call Thersites hither sweet Patroclus;
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 'T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat
 To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's longing, 235
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,

Enter THERSITES

To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view.—A labour saved!

The. A wonder! 240

Ach. What?

The. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

Ach. How so?

The. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and

is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing. 246

Ach. How can that be?

The. Why, a' 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: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 't would out:' and so there is. But it lies as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking; the man's undone for ever; 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, languageless, a monster: a plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. 261

Ach. Thou must be my ambassador {to him,} Thersites.

The. 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.

Ach. 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.

Pat. Jove bless great Ajax!

The. Hum!

Pat. I come from the worthy Achilles. 275

The. Ha?

Pat. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

The. Hum? 279

Pat. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

The. Agamemnon?

Pat. Ay my lord.

The. Ha?

Pat. What say you to 't?

The. God buy you with all my heart. 285

Pat. Your answer sir.

The. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Your answer sir. 290

The. Fare ye well with all my heart.

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

The. 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, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Ach. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

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

Ach. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirred, 300
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

The. 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.*]

*Enter at one door ÆNEAS [and Servant] with a torch; [IV. i.
at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIO- Troy]
MEDES the Grecian [and others] with torches.*

Par. Sec ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æn. Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business 5
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That 's my mind too. Good morrow Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek Æneas, take his hand,
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed a whole week by days 10
Did haunt you in the field.

Æn. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you armed, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute. 15

Dio. 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. 20

Æn. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward, in human gentleness.
Welcome to 'Troy! now by Anchises' life,
Welcome indeed! By Venus' hand I swear:—
No man alive can love in such a sort 25
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise. Jove, let Æneas live,
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But in mine emulous honour let him die, 30
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æn. We know each other well.

Dio. We do, and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love that e'er I heard of. 35
What business lord so early?

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

Par. His purpose meets you; 't was to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,

For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid: 40
 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, 45
 With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
 We shall be much unwelcome.

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

Par. There is no help;
 The bitter disposition of the time 50
 Will have it so. On lord, we 'll follow you.

Æn. Good morrow, all. *Exit Æneas [with Servant].*

Par. And tell me noble Diomed, faith tell me true,
 Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
 Who in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most, 55
 Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike.
 He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
 Not making any scruple of her soil,
 With such a hell of pain, and world of charge:
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her, 60
 Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends;
 He like a puling cuckold would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece:
 You like a lecher, out of whorish loins 65
 Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
 Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more,
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She 's bitter to her country; hear me Paris, 70
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight
 A Troyan hath been slain. Since she could speak
 She hath not given so many good words breath, 75
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.

Par. Fair Diomed you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,
 We 'll not commend what we intend to sell. 80
 Here lies our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter TROIILUS and CRESSIDA [IV. ii. Troy]

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

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

Tro. Trouble him not.
 To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses 5
 As infants' empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Tro. I prithee now to bed.

Cre. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. 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, 10
 I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. 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. 15

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

Pan. [*Within.*] What 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

20

Enter PANDARUS

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Pan. How now, how now, how go maidenheads?
Here you maid! where 's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! 25
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what, to do what? let her say what;
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart, you 'll ne'er be
good, nor suffer others. 30

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia,
hast not slept to-night? would he not (a naughty man), let
it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cre. Did not I tell you? would he were knocked 'i the
head! *One knocks.*

Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see. 35

My lord, come you again into my chamber;
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

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

Knocking.

How earnestly they knock! Pray you come in: 40

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

Exeunt [Troilus and Cressida].

Pan. Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat
down the door? How now, what 's the matter?

[Enter ÆNEAS]

Æn. Good morrow lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who 's there? my Lord Æneas? By my troth I
knew you not: what news with you so early? 46

Æn. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here? what should he do here?

Æn. Come he is here, my lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much to speak with me. 50

Pan. Is he here say you? 't is more than I know, I 'll be
sworn: for my own part, I came in late: what should he
do here?

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

Enter TROIILUS

Tro. How now, what 's the matter?

Æn. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand 60
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Delivered to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand 65
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

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

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and my Lord Æneas, 70
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

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

Exeunt [Troilus and Æneas].

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The divel
take Antenor! the young prince will go mad, a plague upon
Antenor. I would they had broke 's neck! 76

Enter CRESSIDA

Cre. How now? what 's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone? Tell me sweet uncle, what 's the matter? 80

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

Cre. O the gods! What 's the matter?

Pan. 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! 85

Cre. Good uncle I beseech you, on my knees {I beseech you,} what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. 'Thou must to thy father and be gone from Troilus, 't will be his death, 't will be his bane, he cannot bear it. 91

Cre. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not uncle. I have forgot my father, I know no touch of consanguinity, 95

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: 100

But the strong base, and building of my love,

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. I 'll go in and weep—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. 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.

Exeunt.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, [IV. iii.
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES Troy]

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixed
For her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon: good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house, 5
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 't is to love; 10
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in my lords? *Exeunt.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA [IV. iv. Troy]

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. 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? 5
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross,
No more my grief in such a precious loss. 10

Enter TROILUS

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

Cre. O Troilus, Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. 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?* 15

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.*

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

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which 25
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay, 't is too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too? 30

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is 't possible?

Tro. And suddenly, where injury of chance
Puts back, leave-taking, justles roughly by:
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure: forcibly prevents 35
Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two that with so many thousand sighs,
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves:
With the rude brevity and discharge of one. 40
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath, and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu: 45

And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

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

Tro. Hark! you are called: some say the Genius so
Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die: 50
Bid them have patience, she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain to lay this wind, or my
heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! 55
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me my love: be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us. 60

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, 65

And I will see thee.

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

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger: wear this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove; when shall I see you? 70

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens! 'Be true' again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality, 75

{Their loving well composed, with gift of nature,}

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
 (Which I beseech you call a virtuous sin) 80
 Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens, you love me not!

Tro. 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, 85
 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 divel
 That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted. 90

Cre. Do you think I will?

Tro. No:

But something may be done that we will not,
 And sometimes we are divels to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, 95
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æn. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord!

Tro. Come kiss, and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother come you hither!
 And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cre. My lord will you be true? 100

Tro. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault,
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare. 105

Enter [ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMED]

Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
 Is 'plain and true'; there's all the reach of it.

Welcome, Sir Diomed; here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you.

At the port (lord), I'll give her to thy hand, 110
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair, and by my soul fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword—
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion!

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid, 115
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.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously, 120
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge; 125
For by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged by my place and message
To be a speaker free? when I am hence, 130
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!'

Tro. Come to the port. I'll tell thee Diomed, 135
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady give me your hand, and as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*]
Sound trumpet.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æn. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss, 140
'That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'T is 'Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.
{*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.

Æn. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels: 145
'The glory of our 'Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.} *Exeunt.*

Enter AJAX, armed; ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, [IV. v. The
AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, **Greek**
CALCHAS, ETC. **Camp]**

Aga. 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 appallèd air
May pierce the head of the great combatant 5
And hale him hither.

Aj. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse;
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow villain, till thy spherèd bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puffed Aquilon;
Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood: 10
'Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Uly. No trumpet answers.

Ach. 'T is but early days.

Aga. Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

Uly. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait,
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his 15
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

[*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA*]

Aga. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks sweet lady.

Nes. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Uly. Yet is the kindness but particular; 't were better she were kissed in general.

Nes. And very courtly counsel. I 'll begin: so much for Nestor.

Ach. I 'll take that winter from your lips fair lady; Achilles bids you welcome. 25

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Pat. [*Aside to Uly.*] But that 's no argument for kissing now;

For thus popped Paris in his hardiment,
[And parted thus, you and your argument.]

Uly. [*Aside to Pat.*] O deadly gall and theme of all our scorns, 30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Pat. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this mine; Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O this is trim!

Pat. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I 'll have my kiss sir. Lady by your leave. 35

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Pat. Both take and give.

Cre. I 'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one. 40

Cres. You're an odd man; give even or give none.

Men. An odd man lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for you know 't is true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me a' th' head.

Cre. No I 'll be sworn. 45

Uly. It were no match, your nail against his horn;

May I sweet lady beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Uly. I do desire it.

Cre. Why beg then!

Uly. Why then for Venus' sake give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.

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

Dio. Lady a word, I 'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*]

Nes. A woman of quick sense.

Uly. Fie, fie upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, 55

Nay her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body;

O these encounterers so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts 60

To every tickling reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity:

And daughters of the game. *Flourish.*

All. The Trojan's trumpet.

Flourish. *Enter all of Troy, HECTOR [armed];*
ÆNEAS, TROIILUS, with Attendants

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Æn. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done 65

To him that victory commands? or do you purpose

A victor shall be known? will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall they be divided

By any voice or order of the field? 70

Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it?

Æn. He cares not, he 'll obey conditions.

Ach. 'T is done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æn. If not Achilles sir, 75
What is your name?

Ach. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æn. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all, 80
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well;
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek 85
This blended knight, half Troyan and half Greek.

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

[*Re-enter* DIOMEDES]

Aga. Here is Sir Diomed: go gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight, 90
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.*]

{*Uly.* They are opposed already.

Aga.} What Troyan is that same that looks so heavy?

Uly. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless-firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calmed;
His heart and hand both open and both free: 100
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows,
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,
 For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes 105
 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 Æneas, one that knows the youth 110
 Even to his inches: and with private soul
 Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

Alarum.

Aga. They are in action.

Nes. Now Ajax hold thine own!

Tro. Hector thou sleep'st,
 Awake thee! 115

Aga. His blows are well disposed; there Ajax!

Trumpets cease.

Dio. You must no more.

Æn. Princes enough, so please you.

Aj. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hec. Why then will I no more:
 Thou art great lord, my father's sister's son, 120
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
 Were thy commixion Greek and Trojan, so
 That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all, 125
 And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
 All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my father's,' by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member 130
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 {Of our rank feud}: but the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drained. Let me embrace thee, Ajax: 135
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
 Cousin, all honour to thee!

Aj. I thank thee Hector:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee cousin, and bear hence 140
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
 On whose bright crest, Fame with her loud'st 'Oyes'
 Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour, torn from Hector. 145

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

Hec. We'll answer it;
 The issue is embracement; Ajax farewell.

Aj. If I might in entreaties find success,
 As seld I have the chance, I would desire 150
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
 Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hec. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
 And signify this loving interview 155
 To the expecters of our Trojan part;
 Desire them home. Give me thy hand my cousin;
 I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Enter AGAMEMNON and the rest

Aj. Great Agamemnon, comes to meet us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name; 160
 But for Achilles my own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms, as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy;
 {But that 's no welcome: understand more clear, 165
 What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks,
 And formless ruin of oblivion;
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,} 170
 From heart of very heart, great Hector welcome.

Hec. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

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

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
 You brace of warlike brothers: welcome hither. 175

Hec. Who must we answer?

Æn. The noble Menelaus.

Hec. O you my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks;
 Mock not that I affect th' untraded oath;
 Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove;
 She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you. 180

Men. Name her not now sir, she 's a deadly theme.

Hec. O pardon, I offend.

Nes. I have thou gallant Troyan, seen thee oft,
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, 186
 Despising many forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung the advancèd sword i' th' air,
 Not letting it decline on the declined,
 That I have said to some my standers by 190
 'Lo Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still locked in steel, 195

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good,
 But by great Mars the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: let an old man embrace thee;
 And (worthy warrior) welcome to our tents. 200

Æn. 'T is the old Nestor.

Hec. Let me embrace thee good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walked hand in hand with time,
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nes. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
 {As they contend with thee in courtesy.} 206

Hec. I would they could.

Nes. Ha!

By this white beard, I 'ld fight with thee to-morrow:
 Well, welcome, welcome;—I have seen the time. 210

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

Hec. I know your favour Lord Ulysses well;
 Ah sir, there 's many a Greek and Troyan dead
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed 215
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Uly. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
 For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
 Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds, 220
 Must kiss their own feet.

Hec. 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, 225
 Will one day end it.

Uly. 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.

Ach. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou: 230
Now Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hec. Is this Achilles?

Ach. I am Achilles.

Hec. Stand fair I pray thee, let me look on thee. 235

Ach. Behold thy fill.

Hec. Nay I have done already.

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

Hec. O like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st: 240
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Ach. '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 245
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me heavens!

Hec. 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 250
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Ach. I tell thee yea.

Hec. 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, 255
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—

Aj. Do not chafe thee cousin: 260
 And you Achilles, let these threats alone
 Till accident or purpose bring you to 't;
 You may have every day enough of Hector,
 If you have stomach. The general state I fear,
 Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him. 265

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

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

Hec. Thy hand upon that match. 270

Aga. First all you peers of Greece, go to my tent,
 There in the full convive you: afterwards,
 As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
 Concur together, severally entreat him.
 Beat loud the taborins, let the trumpets blow, 275
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt [all but Troilus and Ulysses].

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

Uly. At Menelaus' tent most princely Troilus:
 There Diomed doth feast with him to-night, 280
 Who neither looks on heaven nor on earth,
 But gives all gaze, and bent of amorous view,
 On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
 After we part from Agamemnon's tent, 285
 To bring me thither?

Uly. 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?

Tro. O sir, to such as boasting show their scars, 290

A mock is due; will you walk on my lord?
 She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
 But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS [V. i. The Greek Camp]

Ach. 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.

Pat. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES

Ach. How now, thou core of envy!
 Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news? 5

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

Ach. From whence, fragment?

The. Why thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the tent now? 10

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

Pat. Well said adversity; and what need these tricks?

The. Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
 thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Pat. Male varlet you rogue, what's that? 15

The. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten
 diseases of the south, the guts-gripping ruptures, {catarrhs,}
 loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies [raw eyes,
 dirt-rotten livers, whissing lungs, bladders full of impostume,
 sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache,
 and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter,] take and take
 again such preposterous discoveries!

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

The. Do I curse thee? 25

Pat. Why no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, [no].

The. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Pat. Out, gall!

The. Finch-egg!

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite 35
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. 40
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour or go or stay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away Patroclus! *Exeunt [Achilles and Patroclus].*

The. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax, and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what

I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! sprites and fires! 63

Enter HECTOR, [TROILUS, ULYSSES], AJAX,
AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and*
[DIOMEDES], *with lights*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aj. No, yonder 't is,
There where we see the lights.

Hec. I trouble you.

Aj. No, not a whit.

Enter ACHILLES

Uly. Here comes himself to guide you.

Ach. Welcome brave Hector, welcome princes all.

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

Hec. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night my lord.

Hec. Good night sweet Lord Menelaus.

The. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a'? sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

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

Aga. Good night. *Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

Ach. Old Nestor tarries, and you too Diomed: 80
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

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

Hec. Give me your hand.

Uly. [*Aside to Troilus.*] Follow his torch, he goes to
Calchas' tent, 86
I 'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir you honour me.

Hec. And so good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*]

Ach. Come, come, enter my tent.

Exeunt [Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor].

The. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave, I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses, he will spend his mouth and promise like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come some change, the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word: I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him, they say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after—nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! *Exit.*

Enter DIOMEDES [V. ii. The Greek Camp]

Dio. What, are you up here ho? speak!

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed: Calchas I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROIILUS and ULYSSES [*after them* THERSITES]

Uly. Stand where the torch may not discover us. 5

Enter CRESSIDA

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cre. Now my sweet guardian; hark, a word with you.

[*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar?

Uly. She will sing any man at [first] sight.

The. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted. 11

Dio. Will you remember?

- Cre.* Remember? yes.
- Dio.* Nay but do then,
 And let your mind be coupled with your words. 15
- Tro.* What should she remember?
- Uly.* List!
- Cre.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
- The.* Roguery!
- Dio.* Nay then— 20
- Cre.* I 'll tell you what.
- Dio.* Foh, foh! come tell a pin, you are forsworn.
- Cre.* In faith I cannot; what would you have me do?
- The.* A juggling trick, to be secretly open.
- Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me? 25
- Cre.* I prithee do not hold me to mine oath,
 Bid me do any thing but that sweet Greek.
- Dio.* Good night.
- Tro.* Hold, patience!
- Uly.* How now Troyan? 30
- Cre.* Diomed—
- Dio.* No, no, good night; I 'll be your fool no more.
- Tro.* Thy better must.
- Cre.* Hark, one word in your ear.
- Tro.* O plague and madness! 35
- Uly.* 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.
- Tro.* Behold I pray you!
- Uly.* Nay good my lord, go off: 40
 You flow to great distraction; come my lord.
- Tro.* I pray thee stay.
- Uly.* You have not patience, come.
- Tro.* I pray you stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
 I will not speak a word.
- Dio.* And so good night.

Cre. Nay but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee? 45

O withered truth!

Uly. How now, my lord!

Tro. By Jove

I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian?—why Greek!

Dio. Foh, foh! {adieu,} you palter.

Cre. In faith I do not; come hither once again.

Uly. You shake my lord at something, will you go? 50

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Uly. Come, come.

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

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

The. How the divel luxury with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together; fry lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

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

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. *Exit.* 60

Uly. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA

Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cre. Here Diomed, keep this sleeve. 65

Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Uly. My lord—

{*Tro.* I will be patient, outwardly I will.}

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well,
He loved me (O false wench) give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't?

Cre. It is no matter now I have 't again. 70

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee Diomed, visit me no more.

The. Now she sharpens; well said whetstone!

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What this?

Dio. Ay that.

Cre. O all you gods; O pretty, pretty pledge! 75

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay do not snatch it from me;

Cre. He that takes that doth take my heart withal. 80

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

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

Dio. I will have this; whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter. 85

Dio. Come tell me whose it was.

Cre. 'T was one's that loved me better than you will.
But now you have it take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yond
And by herself, I will not tell you whose. 90

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

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

Cre. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past; and yet it is not.
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then farewell, 96
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

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

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

The. Nor I by Pluto: but that that likes not you, 100
Pleases me best.

Dio. What shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay come; O Jove; do come; I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cre. Good night, I prithee come.

Exit Diomedes.

Troilus farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see. 105

Ah poor our sex, this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind;
What error leads must err: O then conclude
'Minds swayed by eyes are full of turpitude.' *Exit.*

The. A proof of strength; she could not publish more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turned whore.' 111

Uly. All 's done my lord.

Tro. It is.

Uly. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did co-act, 115

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptive functions, 120

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Uly. I cannot conjure Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Uly. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Uly. Nor mine my lord: Cressid was here but now. 125

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics apt without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid. 130

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

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

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

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul this is not she: 135

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight:

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she: O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself, 140

Bi-fold authority: where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt. This is and is not Cressid:

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate 145

Divides more wider than the sky and earth:

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifex for a point as subtle

As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance strong as Pluto's gates, 150

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance, strong as heaven itself,

The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed,

And with another knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love, 155

The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Uly. May worthy Troilus be half attached

With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay Greek, and that shall be divulgèd well 160

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fixed a soul.

Hark Greek, as much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight, hate I her Diomed: 165

That sleeve is mine, that he 'll bear in his helm:

Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill

My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun 170

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

The. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false! 175

Let all untruths stand by thy stainèd name,

And they 'll seem glorious.

Uly. O contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS

Æn. I have been seeking you this hour my lord:

Hector by this is arming him in Troy: 180

Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you prince; my courteous lord adieu;

Farewell revolted fair: and Diomed

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Uly. I 'll bring you to the gates. 185

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.

The. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed, I would
croak like a raven, I would bode, I would bode: Patroclus
will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore:

the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery, still wars and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning divel take them!

Exit.

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE [V. iii. Troy]

And. When was my lord so much ungently tempered,
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hec. You train me to offend you, get you in.

By all the everlasting gods I 'll go! 5

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

Hec. No more I say.

Enter CASSANDRA

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here sister, armed, and bloody in intent;
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I have dreamt 10
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O 't is true.

Hec. Ho bid my trumpet sound.

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

Hec. Begone I say, the gods have heard me swear. 15

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows,
They are polluted offerings more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded, do not count it holy
{To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20
(For we would give much) to use violent thefts
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas.} It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold;
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hec. Hold you still I say; 25
 Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
 Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
 Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROIILUS

How now young man, mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade. 30
Exit Cassandra.

Hec. 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, 35
 I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

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

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

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls, 40
 Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword;
 You bid them rise and live.

Hec. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven Hector.

Hec. How now? how now?

Tro. For th' love of all the gods,
 Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mother, 45
 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!

Hec. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hec. Troilus I would not have you fight to-day. 50

Tro. Who should withhold me?
 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
 Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
 Their eyes o'ergallèd with recourse of tears, 55
 Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
 Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
 {But by my ruin.}

Enter PRIAM and CASSANDRA

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam hold him fast,
 He is thy crutch: now if thou lose thy stay, 60
 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
 Fall all together.

Pri. Come Hector, come, go back:
 Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,
 Cassandra doth foresee, and I myself
 Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt, 65
 To tell thee that this day is ominous:
 Therefore come back.

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

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go. 70

Hec. 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. 75

Cas. O Priam yield not to him!

And. Do not dear father.

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

Exit Andromache.

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

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector! 80
 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, destruction, frenzy, and amazement, 85
 Like witless antics one another meet,
 And all cry 'Hector, Hector's dead:' O Hector!

Tro. Away, away!

Cas. Farewell, yet, soft: Hector I take my leave,
 Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. *Exit.* 90

Hec. 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.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.*] *Alarum.*

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed believe, 95
 I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS

Pan. Do you hear my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read. 100

Pan. 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 curst, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

Th' effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*]

Go wind to wind, there turn and change together. 110

My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Enter THERSITES: excursions [V. iv. **Between Troy and the Grecian Camp**]

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

Enter DIOMEDES and TROILUS

Soft! here comes sleeve and t'other.

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

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire; 20
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

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

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR

Hec. What art thou Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

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

Hec. I do believe thee; live. *Exit.* 30

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

Enter DIOMEDES *and* *Servant* [V. v. **The Same**]

Dio. Go go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse,
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid;
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Troyan,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go my lord. [*Exit.*] 5

Enter AGAMEMNON

Aga. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashèd corsès of the kings 10
Epistrophus and Ccdius; Polyxenes is slain,
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we Diomed, 15
To reinforcement or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR

Nes. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
 And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame;
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
 Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, 20
 And there lacks work; anon he 's there afoot,
 And there thy fly or die, like scalèd skulls
 Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks ripe for his edge
 Fall down before him like the mower's swath: 25
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes,
 Dexterity so obeying appetite
 That what he will he does, and does so much
 That proof is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES

Uly. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles 30
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
 Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handless, hacked and chipped, come to him,
 Crying on Hector: Ajax hath lost a friend, 35
 And foams at mouth, and he is armed and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution,
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force and forceless care, 40
 As if that luck in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX

Aj. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! *Exit.*
Dio. Ay there, there. *Exit.*
Nes. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES

Ach. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face; 45
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where 's Hector? I will none but Hector.

Exeunt.

Enter AJAX [V. vi. The Same]

Aj. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio. Troilus I say! where 's Troilus?

Aj. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aj. Were I the general thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction; 'Troilus I say! what 'Troilus! 5

Enter TROILUS

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

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

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

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon. 10

Tro. Come both you cogging Greeks, have at you both!
Exeunt [*fighting*].

Enter HECTOR

Hec. Yea Troilus? O well fought my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES

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

Hec. Pause if thou wilt.

Ach. I do disdain thy courtesy proud Trojan: 15
Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
 But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
 Till when go seek thy fortune.

*Exit.**Hec.*

Fare thee well.

I would have been much more a fresher man,
 Had I expected thee.

20

Enter TROILUS

How now, my brother?

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him, I'll be ta'en too,

Or bring him off; fate hear me what I say:

25

I reckon not though I end my life to-day.

*Exit.**Enter one in [sumptuous] armour**Hec.* Stand, stand thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark.

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it: wilt thou not, beast, abide? 30

Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]*Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons [V. vii. The Same]**Ach.* Come here about me you my Myrmidons,

Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath,

And when I have the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about;

5

In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed Hector the great must die.

*Exeunt.**Enter THERSITES: MENELAUS and PARIS [fighting]*

The. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it: now
 bull, now dog, loo, Paris loo; now my double-henned

sparrow, loo; Paris loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns ho!

Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter MARGARELON

Mar. Turn slave and fight.

The. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's. 15

The. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am of bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate; one bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us; if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell bastard.

Exit.

Mar. The divel take thee, coward! *Exit.*

Enter HECTOR [V. viii. The Same]

Hec. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life:
Now is my day's work done, I'll take my breath:
Rest sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*Takes off his helmet and lays down his sword.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons

Ach. Look Hector, how the sun begins to set, 5
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun;
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hec. I am unarmed, forego this vantage Greek.

Ach. Strike fellows strike, this is the man I seek. 10

[*Hector falls.*]

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

On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
 ' Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.' *Retreat.*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part. 15

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like my lord.

Ach. 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. 20

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

Exeunt. Sound retreat.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, [V. ix. The Same]
 NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and the rest, marching.*

Shouts within.

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nes. Peace drums!

[*Soldier within.*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain
 Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Aj. If it be so yet bragless let it be, 5
 Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along: let one be sent
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. 10

Exeunt.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, [V. x. The Same]
 and DEIPHOBUS

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

Enter TROIILUS

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! The gods forbid!

Tro. He 's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail
 In beastly sort dragged through the shameful field: 5
 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!

Æn. My lord you do discomfort all the host. 10

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so;
 I do not speak of flight, of fear of death,
 But dare all imminence that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
 Who shall tell Priam so or Hecuba? 15

Let him that will a screech-owl eye be called,
 Go into Troy and say their Hector's dead;
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth, and in a word, 20
 Scare Troy out of itself. {But march away:
 Hector is dead;} there is no more to say.

Stay yet you vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through, and through you; and thou great-sized
 coward,

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: 30
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter PANDARUS

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker, lackey! ignomy and shame,
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan. 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: 40

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armèd 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 Pandar'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, 50
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some gallèd goose of Winchester would hiss.
Till then I 'll sweat and seek about for cases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exit.*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The notes usually deal with the meanings of single words only when the passages need explaining; otherwise such words are placed in the Glossary. Q. refers to the Quarto, 1609, and F. to the First Folio, 1623.

The Prologue

The prologue, spoken by one of the fighters, since he enters armed, is not printed in Q., which lends colour to the supposition that the play was first acted at one of the Inns of Court (see Note on the Text). It would serve a double purpose: the first to explain to the more ignorant theatre-goers what the play was about; the second to attract the attention of the noisy nut-cracking audience to the fact that the play had begun. The opening of the play itself is too quiet to still the hubbub. It must be remembered that there was no curtain, or dimming of lights.

2. **their high blood chafed**; their proud blood heated by anger.

7. **Phrygia**, the country of which Troy was the capital. The ruins of Troy are on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles.

9. **Helen** was the wife of Menelaus, King of Lacedaemon. Paris, who had been promised the most beautiful woman in the world, when in his famous 'judgment' he chose Aphrodite as the most lovely of the three contending goddesses, had abducted her from her husband. She was the daughter of Zeus and Leda.

11. **Tenedos**, an island off the coast of Troas, the naval base of the Greeks in their war against Troy.

13. **Dardan plains**. Dardanus, the son of Zeus and Electra, was the ancestor of the Trojans. Cf. Dardanelles.

15. **Priam's six-gated city**. Priam was king of Troy. Neither the six gates nor their names are Homeric. See also Textual Notes.

18. **corresponsive and fulfilling bolts**: bolts which correspond with, and fit tightly into, the slots or staples.

23. **A prologue armed**. The prologue usually wore a black

cloak; but in his *Poetaster* Jonson had introduced prologue armed to do battle for his play. This prologue is not "armed in confidence" of the merits of either the play or the actors, but is simply dressed in character with the play.

29. **may be digested**; what can be conveniently absorbed in.

Act I—Scene 1

This scene takes us straight to the war theme and the love theme. At the very outset, in l. 3, Shakespeare shows us that Troilus is in the toils of a mental struggle, enduring a "cruel battle here within". We also see him as a philosopher and a poet, while Pandarus is beautifully sketched in. Before we are three-quarters through the scene, the play is heavily charged with emotion; and at the end, after the passages about love, we are sharply reminded of the war. Troilus goes to the field, but with reluctance; he cannot fight upon the argument of Helen. "Fools on both sides!" He might, after seven years of futile war, be forestalling Dryden in the *Secular Masque*:

The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner,
For things are as they were.

The scene would probably take place on the outer stage. Æneas, however, might appear in the gallery, and call down to Troilus.

1. **varlet**. A varlet was a knight's servant, so the word bore no contemptuous implication; gentleman valet might be our nearest equivalent. The audience realizes at once that this person coming in is someone important.

14. **meddle nor make**; a common form. Pandarus means he will stir no more in the business.

26. **lesser blench at sufferance**; less flinch from enduring; but the meaning would seem to require "Not patience . . .".

33. **wedgèd**; split, from the wedge used as an implement for splitting wood.

46. **how many fathoms deep**. Cf. Rosalind: "O that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love" (*As You Like It*, iv. i. 200).

50. **Pour'st in the open . . . The knife that made it**. These eleven lines make a confused passage if logically and grammatically treated. Cressid's eyes, hair, &c., seem to be the objects of two verbs, to pour and to handle. It has been suggested that l. 52 should, by some feat of transposition, be connected with the oil and balm of l. 60. The colon after *heart*

in Q.—which is probably only a rhetorical pause, might be a help if *pour'st in* could be emended to some single word, such as 'torturest'. The Q. punctuation of the next line (reproduced in this text) suggests that possibly eyes, hair, and cheek belong to pour, and gait and voice to handle. But it is more sensible, because more imaginative, to see this speech as a revelation of the over-wrought state of mind in which images and ideas pursue one another, cross and recross; in which metaphor springs up, is abandoned, and then is taken up again, and in which sentences are left unfinished. *O that her hand*; the verb *handlest*, by a very Shakesperian association, makes Troilus think of Cressid's hand. The *that*, a demonstrative pronoun, should be emphasized: unless, indeed, the sentence is an unfinished one.

55. **spirit of sense.** This has provoked many suggestions and emendations. Jonson's reading of it as "the most exquisite power of sensibility" would seem to be at once simple and satisfactory. The same sort of meaning is apparent in iii. 3, where the eye is "that most pure spirit of sense". Cf. also *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 9, "O spirit of love . . .", and ii. 5. 87, "the spirit of humours".

65. **the mends**; a proverbial expression: we should say "the remedy". Pandarus probably meant that she could use cosmetics.

73. **fair a' Friday . . . Sunday**, probably means that Pandarus thinks Cressida as beautiful as Helen "any day", as we would say. It may mean, as Deighton suggests, that Cressida looks as well in everyday clothes as Helen does in her Sunday best, an idea reinforced by Friday being a day of abstinence and Sunday a day of festivity.

77. **stay behind her father.** Cressida's father, Calchas, had deserted to the Greeks on being warned by the oracle that the gods had decided on the destruction of Troy. (Caxton.)

94. **for thy Daphne's love**; for the sake of your love to Daphne. Daphne, however, disappointed Apollo by being metamorphosed into a laurel.

97. **Ilium.** It has been suggested that Ilium here means Priam's palace. But why? Cressid is imagined to be in India, where she resides, that is, sinks down, subsides (from *re-sidere*). See also Textual Note.

107. **a scar to scorn**: the meaning of this is doubtful, probably "a scar to provoke people's scorn". At all events Troilus means that the whole affair is one for contemptuous laughter. The episode is from the *Iliad*, Chapman's translation, iii. 26-60, but this book was not in Chapman's first version.

108. **Menelaus' horn**: the common reference to cuckoldry.

Act I—Scene 2

It is not usual for Shakespeare to have so many static scenes together; but this had to be a comic scene, to reveal Cressida, with a little more of Pandarus; and it is in the nature of the comic to be static. It can be thought of as acted on the front stage, with the returning warriors passing over in the gallery, and should spin along lightly to make a contrast with the first, more weighty scene.

15. **a very man per se**; the quintessence of a man, a complete man. Henryson wrote: O fair Creisseid, the flour and *A per se* /Of Troy and Grece.

20. **particular additions**: the names or titles usually given them. See Glossary, additions.

22. **humours**; states of mind, temperaments, according to the old medical division, the account of which is most popularly given by Jonson in the Induction to *Every Man Out of His Humour*:

. . . Whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far,
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition;
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluents all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.

26. **against the hair**. A common expression, meaning much what we mean by 'against the grain'. Here it means, rather, 'against the ordinary', contrary to the normal. We are getting our first sketch of Ajax.

28. **Briareus**: a giant with a hundred hands.

29. **Argus**: who had a hundred eyes.

41. **cousin**: here niece—often so used, as for nephew (as it is in Lydgate).

43. **Ilium**. In this place Ilium clearly means the palace (as it does in Lydgate). To be quite correct, Ilium is the name of the town, Troy the name of the country.

69. **Condition I had gone barefoot to India**. Deighton

attaches this to Pandarus's previous speech: "I would he were, even if I had to go to India barefoot." It would seem to mean rather, "It is about as true to say that he is himself, as it is true to say that I have been barefoot to India." Such a pleasant expedition was a task which ladies in the days of chivalry enjoined upon their knights to perform. Pandarus was obviously not the sort of person to perform this knightly deed.

80. **this year**; for many a long day.

102. **a merry Greek**; a proverbial expression for a light-hearted irresponsible person. The gay intriguer in *Ralph Roister Doister* is called Mathewe Merygreeke. We still talk about being "as merry as a grig". One term is a corruption of the other, but it is doubtful which is the original.

106. **a tapster's arithmetic**; very simple reckoning, such as might be done in the head. Cf. iii. 3. 250, where Ajax "ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning".

112. **puts me**: an old form of dative use, the ethic dative. Cf. modern French colloquial usage.

124. **an idle head**. Idle, originally 'empty', also had the signification of crack-brained. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 98, "I must be idle", and iii. 4. 11, "You answer with an idle tongue". Whether Cressida is referring to Troilus's head or to Pandarus's own is doubtful.

135. **With mill-stones**. To weep millstones was the way the weeping of hard-hearted people was described. It is implied that Hecuba does not laugh easily. But this is merely another of Cressida's pert interjections tagging on an irrelevant word as she tags 'rack' to 'confess' a few lines above.

137. **fire under the pot of her eyes**, which was more temperate in that it did not make the pot boil over into tears.

151. **two and fifty hairs**, with a pun on 'heirs', more obvious with Elizabethan spelling and pronunciation. Priam had only fifty sons, and unless there is some allusion lost here, some joke that we miss, the number should be 'one and fifty', and so Theobald emended it. There was always, of course, Priam's bastard son, Margarelon, so the number may be right.

155. **the forked one**; an allusion to the cuckold's horns; but Paris was not the cuckold; he was the cuckold-maker.

157. **that it passed**, i.e. outwent everything. Cressida makes a better pun than is usual with her.

164. **born in April**, and so given to showers—of tears.

166. **against May**; in preparation for May. A common expression still in use.

179. **Antenor; he has a shrewd wit**, or had according to Lydgate. See also iii. 3. 22 *seq.*: and note.

181. **a proper man of person**; a really fine fellow.

184. **Will he give you the nod? . . . The rich shall have more**. Possibly some allusion to the card game of nobby. But no attempted explanation or emendation is satisfactory. It would seem that some contemporary joke is lost here.

242. **date in the pie**. Pies were often seasoned with dates, which were, moreover, said to be aphrodisiac. The trend of Cressida's jokes here is too obvious to need glossing.

243. **such another woman** is a stronger expression than 'such a woman'. See Pandarus's remark at l. 255, just before the boy comes in.

244. **at what ward**; in which guard: a fencing term.

249. **Say one of your watches**; when you keep awake at night. Pandarus is punning on Cressida's use of 'watches' in the 'watch and ward' sense.

271. **Things won . . . doing**, or, as we say, "It is better to travel than to arrive". The next four lines develop this idea of the disillusion of fruition, though as far as Cressida is concerned, it is only coquetry. She has been blamed for this, but it seems to have been Shakespeare's notion that young women behaved in this way. Beatrice brought this technique into play against Benedick, and Juliet had in her mind that this was a guile a clever girl might well adopt:

Or if thou thinkst I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo.

(*Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2. 95. Warwick ed.)

277. **Achievement . . . beseech**. Once a man has won a woman he can command her; before that, he has to sue. Cressida goes on to say that therefore, though she loves Troilus, she will not let her love appear in her eyes.

Act I—Scene 3

Here, one imagines, as Pandarus and Cressida walk off, there is a blare of trumpets, the curtains of the recess are drawn back, and the Greek chiefs are revealed seated at the council table.

It is a curious scene, not only because the scene is unlike any other in Shakespeare, except for ii. 2, to follow, but because of the strong comic undercurrent. Both Agamemnon and Nestor make magnificent speeches, extraordinarily rich in imagery; but what do they amount to? The first informs the council-of-war that the ill success of the campaign is Jove's method of

testing their mettle; the second that men only show at their best when they meet trouble and opposition. Very true, no doubt, but of no great practical use in a crisis. Then Ulysses rises, and before uttering his speech of remarkable sagacity, which analyses the situation, and offers a cure, he flatters the two chiefs outrageously. The feeling of comedy recurs, a little more strongly when Ulysses proceeds to describe how Patroclus parodies the great ones, and does it with evident enjoyment.

The entry of Æneas breaks up the conclave; one can imagine Agamemnon coming out of the tent on to the front stage, where the rest of the action of this scene will take place. The quiet colloquy between Ulysses and Nestor would certainly take place on the front stage; but when they go out they could conveniently disappear through the recess, the curtains dropping as they go, so as to allow for the entry of Ajax and Thersites from one of the doors, preferably not the one Æneas came in by. The first remarks of Æneas, over-courteous, reinforce the sense of comedy.

1-30. This rather contorted speech, the images in which "from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped would seem hyperboles", may be briefly paraphrased thus:—Why do you look so depressed? There is nothing new in our disasters; they have been occurring for seven years; everything has gone wrong, and nothing has turned out according to plan. But we need not be ashamed of this, for it is merely that Jove has been testing our persistence. Persistence is not a quality everybody is endowed with, for if it were, all men would be alike. Distinction, that which makes differences, winnows away the lighter, more frivolous qualities, so that what has weight, that is, is valuable, remains unalloyed.

38. **Boreas**; the North wind.

39. **Thetis** was a sea-goddess, mother to Achilles. She is "confounded with Tethys, the wife of Oceanus, and used for the sea, the ocean" (Schmidt).

42. **like Perseus' horse**. The only winged horse in ancient mythology is Pegasus, which belonged to Bellerophon. But Shakespeare is here following Lydgate, who tells us of a ship made out of the blood which issued from the head of Medusa, a ship which "was likened unto a horse flying", and which "flew on the sea like unto a bird". It was called 'Pegase'. A certain confusion was thus caused in the minds of English writers, among them Marlowe.

45. **a toast for Neptune**, that is, a morsel for Neptune (the chief sea-god of the Romans, not of the Greeks) to swallow. In mundane life, a toast was a piece of toast floating in a drink.

51. **flies fled under shade**. Q. and F. both print *fled*, which

is usually emended to *flee*; it would be a quite common e:d misprint. Malone would understand 'are fled'. But if the remark is made in parenthesis, as a poetic shift back in time, which would be quite Shakesperian, the word needs no correction.

61. **thy stretched-out life.** Nestor was very old, and had ruled over three generations of men.

63. **As Agamemnon . . .** This passage has caused much searching of heart. Should *Agamemnon* and *Nestor* be vocatives? And is the grammar above reproach? Though Ulysses speaks a little confusedly—he is not sure of his ground—the general meaning is perfectly clear.

70. **Speak, Prince of Ithaca . . .** may be paraphrased: We are as little likely to hear nonsense from you as it is probable that we shall listen to good sense or a nice voice when Thersites speaks. Shakespeare takes an early opportunity of preparing our minds for Thersites.

73. **When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws.** Shakespeare seems to have developed his notion of Thersites from Chapman's *Iliad*, ii. 181-3, and 189-91, in the last of which we read

Nor could the sacred King himself avoid his saucy vein.

There is no difficulty there, given Shakespeare's genius, but the difficulty lies in *mastic*. Mastic means 'gummy', and also 'yellow', and in all likelihood we could paraphrase, "Thersites' jaundiced jaws from which gummy matter exudes": Rowe, however, emended to 'mastiff' since 'mastie' (masty = mastiff) might by an easy misprint become the 'mastic' of Q.: but then F. has 'masticke'. One explanation, since there seems to be no reason to ascribe tenacious teeth to Thersites, is that some reference to *Histriomastix* (1599) or *Saliromastix* (1601) is intended. This, a matter connected with 'the war of the theatres', would suggest that Thersites was a satirical portrait of Marston or Dekker. Grant White thought that *mastic* was substituted for *mastix* (= scourging), to avoid cacophony.

78. **The speciality of rule hath been neglected:** what makes rule different from anything else, namely command, gradation, has been neglected.

The whole speech is a magnificent, and consummately masterly statement of the mediæval point of view. The idea was a commonplace of the time, and Shakespeare uses it again and again, though never so grandly as here. Jebb pointed out that it resembled a passage (669 *seq.*) in the *Ajax* of Sophocles; Warburton pointed out that certain ideas were drawn from Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Mr. E. E. Kellett was one of the first to remark that it bore a great resemblance to certain

passages in Sir Thomas Elyot's *Governor*. Mr. Kenneth Muir has drawn my attention to a passage in the *Homilies* (1562), "An Exhortation to Obedience". The following passages are relevant:

"Almighty God hath created and appointed all things in heaven, earth, and waters, in a most excellent and perfect order. . . . In earth he hath assigned and appointed Kings, Princes, and other Governores under them, in all good and necessary order. The water above is kept, and raineth down in due time and season. The sun, moon, stars, rainbow, thunder, lightning, clouds, and all birds of the air do keep their order . . . Every degree of people in their vocation, calling, and office, hath appointed to them their duty and order; some are in high degree, some in low; some Kings . . . and every one hath need of other: so that in all things is to be praised the goodly order of God; without the which no house, no city, no commonwealth, can continue or endure, or last. For, where there is no right order, there reigneth all abuse, carnal liberty, enormity, sin, and Babylonical confusion. Take away Kings . . . and there must needs follow all mischief and utter destruction both of souls, bodies, goods, and commonwealth."

Sir Thomas Elyot's remarks occur in the first two chapters of Book I of *The Boke Named The Governour* (1531). They are scattered, but it is possible to give one or two examples.

"For as much as *Plebs* in Latin, and commoners in English, be words made for the discrepance of degrees, whereof procedeth order; which in things as well natural as supernatural hath ever had such a pre-eminence, that thereby the incomprehensible majesty of God, as it were by a bright leme of a torch or candle, is declared to the blind inhabitants of this world. Moreover, take away order from all things, what should then remain? Certes, nothing finally, except some man would imagine eftsoons *Chaos* . . .

". . . A little beast, which of all other is most to be marvelled at, I mean the bee, is left to man by nature, as it seemeth, a perpetual figure of a just governance or rule."

Shakespeare had already used the bee, at great length, in Canterbury's speech, *Henry V*, i. 2.

83. **Degree being vizarded;** if rank is hidden, anyone wearing that mask will look as well. *Mask* may mean masque, play, as Deighton suggests.

89. **the glorious planet Sol.** According to the system of Ptolemy (an Alexandrian of the second century), which had not yet been superseded by the Copernican system, the sun was one of the seven planets which revolved round the earth, the centre of the universe.

92. **the ill aspects of planets evil.** The 'aspect' of a

planet, in astrology, varied with its position with respect to other stars, and could correspondingly connote good or evil.

110. **each thing meets In mere oppugnancy.** Instead of there being harmony when they meet, there is discord. Q. reads *melts* for *meets* (F.), which is defended by some editors. 'Mere' has the extreme sense of 'only', and could be translated 'absolute'.

114. **Strength should be lord of imbecility.** This line has caused a great deal of trouble, for it would seem right and proper for strength to govern imbecility (= weakness, impotence). Taken with the next line, this line does indeed give a sense, but a weak sense; moreover, the second line becomes merely repetitive. Emendations of *lord* have been attempted: *dar'd*, *slave*, *law'd*, *low'd*. The line probably means quite simply that brute strength would rule, and would have nothing to rule but imbecility.

117. **recides** (Q. and F.), usually emended to *resides*, which is contrary to sense. Warburton suggested *presides*. *Recides* means 'falls back, relapses' (*re-cadere*), and gives a perfectly good reading. Moreover, the use of such a word is in conformity with the latinized language of the play, especially in the Greek scenes. Yet it must be admitted that in iii. 2. 141, where Q. has *recids* and F. *recides*, the meaning seems to be *resides*. On the other hand, in i. 1. 97, where Q. has *reides* and F. *recides*, the F. reading might be defended. I have there, however, accepted the usual emendation, *resides*.

159. **with terms unsquared.** These few lines are an example of Shakespeare's method of sustaining and expanding his metaphor. The notes are o'er-wrested, strained in the tuning; and when the chime is a-mending, being tuned, the notes are not yet harmonized, 'squared' with each other.

160. **Typhon:** a monster, father of the hurricane winds.

168. **as like as Vulcan and his wife**, that is, Thersites, when imitating Nestor, resembles him about as much as Vulcan (Hephaestus), deformed and smoke-blackened, resembled Venus (Aphrodite) his wife.

211. **and Achilles' horse Makes many Thetis' sons:** if it is true to say, as the brawny Achilles and his friends do, that our brilliant staff-work is of no value at all, then it would be as true to say that a horse might have been the father of Achilles just as well as Peleus, King of the Myrmidons. Thersites, Ajax, and Achilles seem to have had just the same opinion of staff-officers as Iago had.

230. **Phœbus:** the sun.

231. **that god, in office guiding men;** I retain the Q. and F. punctuation, making the reading different from the usual

god-in-office, guiding men. The old reading makes Æneas still more insolent, and gives point to Agamemnon's suspicion that "This Trojan scorns us".

238. **and, Jove's accord**, the explanations are not very satisfactory. The best seems to be 'that when they feel they are on Jove's side, no one is so stout-hearted'. It may simply mean, 'Jove willing', or 'by God's grace'. Q. reads

and great Joves accord
Nothing so full of heart:

F. reads

and Joves accord,
Nothing

so it might mean, "and the gods nowhere produce such stout-hearted men".

241. **The worthiness of praise . . .**; however worthy of praise a man may be, his worth is lessened if he praises himself. Only an enemy's praise is pure.

253. **frankly as the wind**, which "bloweth wheresoever it listeth".

262. **long-continued truce.** Shakespeare probably got this from Lydgate's *Destruction*, Book III, Chap. VII. This would imply a long interval between Scenes 2 and 3.

269. **more than in confession:** in more than mere words.

270. **With truant vows.** Johnson explains it as "confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves". The suggestion is that vows can fly anywhere. Deighton suggests substituting *truest* for *truant*.

301. **I'll pawn this troth;** I'll risk or stake this truth. Q. reads *prove* for *pawne*, but this would make Nestor a boaster.

313. **Be you my time:** ripen my thought for me, in the way that time normally brings ideas to maturity.

324. **The purpose is perspicuous . . .**: putting two and two together, it is all clear, just as substance is obvious although made up of tiny pieces.

336. **much opinion dwells;** the result will have a great effect on what people think.

337. **dear'st repute . . . fin'st palate.** Our best man against their best man.

339. **Our imputation, &c.** The speech develops the idea of l. 336: our reputation depends on the issue of this first fight. Just as indexes are a small part of a book, but tell you what is going to happen in the book, so this fight will be a presage of the whole war. (We should not say 'index', but 'table of contents'.)

377. **Myrmidon.** Achilles ruled over the Myrmidones, an Achæan race of Phthiotis in Thessaly.

378. **broils in loud applause;** basks in the warmth of praise.

378. **make him fall . . . Iris bends.** Fall is here used in the sense 'to lower', 'make to fall'. In the Iliad, Iris appears as the messenger of the gods, but originally she was the personification of the rainbow.

385. **Ajax employed . . .;** whatever happens, Achilles will feel humiliated at our having preferred Ajax to him as our champion.

Act II—Scene 1

As soon as Ulysses and Nestor go out at one door, or through the curtain, Thersites can dart out of another door, pursued by Ajax. This scene forms an admirable contrast to the preceding one, and should be taken quickly, lightly, but noisily, to mark the difference between the quiet solemnity of the close of the last scene. It is an interval of rest and entertainment between the two great debates, and it also shows us plainly, for the first time, the low under-side of great actions, an aspect only hinted at in the debates, but which illuminates the debates. I do not think that Thersites should be represented as the horrible, scabby creature usually offered us on the stage; if he is, his remarks lose, not, certainly, their virulence, but half their weight. It is shoo-ing his ideas out of court before he has a chance to put them. Ajax can be made as blockish as anybody wishes, all brawn and no brain, but a good fellow for all that, though a bit irritable. Patroclus is a good-looking young man, with the right instincts, but without much character. Achilles is a great man, but a great man gone wrong; something is gnawing at the springs of his action—we shall know what it is before the end—and he is conscious that in some way, which he dares not face, he is being falsified and distorted. Hence his moodiness and his pride, his scoffing and his bad temper.

6. **botchy core:** botched may mean inflamed, or merely patched: core is the hard middle part of a boil. A quibble is meant here: Agamemnon is the core or heart of the Greek side. There is no need to lean heavily on this sort of remark.

12. **The plague of Greece:** possibly the plague Apollo sent the Greek army. (Johnson.) Lydgate has a passage describing the plagues.

13. **beef-witted;** perhaps not only as dull as an ox, but, as Stevens suggests, implying some theory such as that expressed by Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night*: "I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit."

18. **without book:** by heart.

20. **learn me:** find out for me what the proclamation says. See l. 88.

25. **Do not . . .** There is evidently some 'business' here, carried out by Thersites, which annoys Ajax.

32. **Cerberus . . . bark'st at him.** Cerberus was the three-headed dog which guarded the doors of Hades. Proserpina, the daughter of Demeter, dwelt in the lower regions for half the year: a fertility-resurrection myth.

34. **Mistress Thersites!** Woman! Coward!

40. **Do! do!** Go on! beat me!

41. **stool for a witch.** Witches were made to sit on stools in such a way as to make the sitting a torture.

45. **bought and sold;** used as a chattel, fooled. A proverbial expression: e.g. *Richard III*, v. 3. 305-6:

Jockey of Norfolk be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

93. **Your last . . . impress:** You were not beaten voluntarily, you underwent beating. Ajax was the volunteer, you were the conscript.

Act II—Scene 2

This scene, which probably takes place mainly in the recess, is the second great philosophic scene of the play, and is as acutely relevant to our present-day problems as the earlier scene in the Greek camp. The question is asked and argued, "Is war worth while?" The argument, as brilliantly conducted by Hector, is that all reason is against it. Helenus supports him, but we are led to suppose that his conclusion is dictated by fear. Paris, again, speaks as one besotted on his sweet delights, when he argues for continuing the war. Troilus debates well, with glory and honour as his theme, but still Hector has the best of it. Yet at the end, Hector suddenly, without apparent reason, throws in his hand, a reversal it has been found difficult to explain. Perhaps he felt, as many felt in the last war, that though the war was futile, a man has to go with the main emotional current of his fellow-creatures; that life, after all, is not all rational, and that the intuitional forces in man are possibly more right than the intellectual ones, or, possibly, he knows he is wrong, but still cannot avoid acting on the more obvious grounds of dignity and honour. Cassandra's entry is tensely dramatic, and gives life to a scene which might otherwise become a little heavy by being without movement, all on one level, and a little hard for the groundling to follow.

14. **the wound of peace is surety:** what, in the end, is harmful to peace, is a complacent sense of security.

29. **The past proportion of his infinite;** his infinite size, which is past measuring or comparison.

33. **No marvel . . . empty of them:** one need not be surprised at your despising reasons, because you haven't any yourself.

38. **You fur your gloves.** Glove is to be understood as a 'scaly gauntlet'; by furring them Helenus softened his blows, made them ineffective. Cf. "the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." *Hamlet*, iii. i. 84.

50. **Make livers pale.** The liver was considered the seat of the passions, love, courage, &c. Cf. lily-livered.

52. **What's aught but as 'tis valued?** This echoes Hamlet's "There's nothing neither good nor bad but thinking makes it so". Shakespeare may have been thinking of Montaigne, Book I. 40, headed "That the taste of good or evil doth greatly depend on the opinion we have of them". Florio's translation.

53. **But value dwells not in particular will.** Hector here raises the whole question of social values, though not in the same way as Ulysses. Value is not a matter of particular, of individual, opinion. There is a positive as well as a subjective value.

58. **And the will dotes . . . merit.** Johnson explains "the will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities that it affects (likes), that first causes excellence, and then admires it". The word *attributive* is found only in Q.: F. prints *inclineable*, which is preferred by Pope and Deighton. But the Q. word gives a more profound meaning.

61. **I take to-day a wife:** a general proposition, not a public reference to Cressida, though with that meaning to himself.

67. **there can be no evasion . . . honour:** you cannot wriggle out of this by some tricky argument, and still pretend you are acting honourably.

71. **unrespectful sieve:** general refuse-bucket, where no distinction is made of what is thrown in. Sieves, it is true, do select, but *sieve* is an old country word for refuse-bucket. *Sieve* is the Q. reading: F. gives *same*.

77. **an old aunt.** "Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax" (Malone). Lydgate refers to the incident. This explains the cousinship of Ajax and Hector, which later has some importance. "Old aunt" has a contemptuous ring in it, and Troilus seems to have forgotten his father's presence.

82. **a thousand ships.** Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*, xiv. 83:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

90. **And do a deed that Fortune never did . . .** This passage has given rise to a number of tortuous explanations. The simple one would seem to be: "If Fortune is kind to you, why be unkind to yourselves by regarding what she gave you as valueless? It is you, not Fortune, that is cancelling the gift."

94. **But thieves . . . place!** We, who were brave enough to disgrace the Greeks by stealing a thing in their very country, are afraid to guard it in our own! Thus are we proved thieves unworthy to keep it.

S.D. **Enter Cassandra raving, Q.; with her hair about her ears, F.** Editors usually mark her first cries "*(Within)*", and put her entry after Hector has said "It is Cassandra". But she would more effectively come on above, where she would not be seen from the recess. Her appearance might well break up the group in the recess, and enable them to move easily on to the front stage.

110. **firebrand brother.** Paris does not seem much of a firebrand in the play: but Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamt that she would bring forth a flaming torch. (*Æneid*, x. 705.) Or perhaps a prophecy that through Paris Troy would be burnt.

116. **discourse of reason:** argument, reasoning process; a common academic phrase of the time, possibly derived from Montaigne.

139. **pass the difficulties;** pass through, undergo, the difficulties. Cf. *Othello*, i. 3. 130, "the battles, sieges, fortunes That I have passed".

166. **whom Aristotle thought . . .** An obvious anachronism. The usual reading of the passage in the *Nicomachean Ethics* is not 'moral' but 'political' philosophy. Yet the political philosophy Aristotle was speaking of is so difficult to distinguish from moral philosophy, that the 'moral' reading can be maintained. So Bacon used it in *The Advancement of Learning* (1605), and both he and Shakespeare could have pointed to early English, French, and Italian translators in support of their reading. (Deighton, compressed.)

172. **more deaf than adders.** The deafness of adders has Biblical authority: "the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear" (Ps. lviii. 4), while Wyclif was convinced that the adder made herself unable to hear by clapping one ear to the ground, and stopping up the other with her tail! But if any snakes hear, it is not through their ears, since they have a muscle over the ear that forbids hearing.

178. **partial indulgence:** indulgence partial to. The reading here given is that usually adopted, but it is worth noting that both Q. and F. punctuate:

And that great minds of partial indulgence,
To their benumbed wills resist the same,

which gives a good sense if *resist* is taken to mean *oppose*.

189. **in way of truth:** as an abstract question of right. (Deighton.)

202. **canónize us.** Steevens sees a glorious anachronism here: but there is a roll or canon of heroes as well as of saints, and it is the former to which Troilus refers.

Act II—Scene 3

The previous scene, after one which showed us the lesser side of heroes, gave a sense of people moved by a certain intellectual and emotional integrity: their discussion gives a dignity to war. This scene drags us back again to the martial scullery. Beginning with the satiric invective of Thersites, the clear-minded man who sees through even the noble veil which the Trojans have cast over the springs of war, it moves on to the high comedy of the scene where Ajax is made supple to the designs of the old dog-fox Ulysses. Ajax becomes almost a figure of classical comedy, the self-deluded man, or the man too ready to be deluded. The scene is extremely funny, and attains perfection in its kind; yet, as nearly always with Shakespeare, there is just the slightest tinge of criticism against the comic being stretched so far. It is as though he were saying: "Yes, it is funny, certainly; but it isn't really quite so funny as you think, if you look into it."

Thersites will begin the scene by coming to the front of the stage for his soliloquy. It is an effective beginning, whether or not there is a pause after Scene 2.

11. **serpentine craft.** The caduceus, which belongs more strictly to Hermes than to his Roman counterpart Mercury, was adorned with snakes. Mercury, the crafty thief, would steal even the little wits possessed by Ajax and Achilles.

23. **gilt counterfeit . . . slipped.** A 'slip' was a counterfeit brass coin covered with silver. The quibble here is similar to the one in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 52:

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip.

25. **thyself upon thyself!** which Thersites indicates was the worst possible curse he could bestow upon Patroclus.

38. **my cheese, my digestion.** Cheese was popularly supposed to be an aid to digestion.

49. **I'll decline the whole question:** go through every case of it, as you go through every case of a noun when declining it.

S.D. **Enter Agamemnon**, etc.: Q. and F. put the entry here. Modern editors place it two lines lower: but it is clear from the text a little later that the grandees see Achilles before he takes refuge in his tent, which is clearly the recess.

75. **He shent our messengers . . .** but in spite of his shocking behaviour, we waived our due: we might have ordered him to come to us. He must be told that we come to him out of condescension, and not because we are afraid of asserting our superior rank.

92. **he is his argument that has his argument:** a quibble. The subject of his talk, his argument, is Achilles, who now has Thersites, referred to above as Ajax's argument.

101. **The elephant hath joints:** stress *hath*, for it was a vulgar error (see Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*), dating from early Greek times though refuted by Aristotle, that the elephant had no joints in his knees. This supposition was frequently made use of by poets of this period.

103. **Achilles bids me . . .** The heavy punctuation of this speech indicates that it is to be spoken in an impertinently grave and pompous manner.

124. **underwrite . . . predominance;** we seem to admit the predominance he assumes, but still observe him closely.

132. **Bring action:** let us have something that is useful in attack.

161. **In will peculiar . . .** Alone in his will, and alone in his self-approbation. He is the only one to think he is right.

170. **Kingdomed Achilles:** Achilles regarded as a kingdom. The usual parallel to this passage is *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 66:

The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Cf. also the fable in *Coriolanus*, related by Menenius, i. 1. 95 . . .

172. **death-tokens:** the tokens, symptoms, of the plague.

191. **Cancer . . . Hyperion.** The sun enters the sign of Cancer at the summer solstice. Hyperion, really the father of the sun and moon, stands for the sun. The meaning of the passage is, that if Ajax were to go to Achilles, it would be like adding heat to the hot season.

202. **I'll pheeze his pride:** I'll take him down a peg. For the possible meanings of *pheeze*, see Glossary.

209. **I'll let his humours blood:** make his fevered mind cooler by blood-letting. This was a topical allusion, since, as Johnson tells us, in 1600 there was published a collection of

epigrams and satires (no doubt popular) called "The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine".

245. **Bull-bearing Milo**, who not only carried a four-year-old heifer on his shoulders through the Stadium at Olympia, but afterwards ate it up at one meal.

254. **Shall I call you father?** as a sign that I honour you, and feel that I am a chip of your block. A common idea in Shakespeare's time. Cf. Ben Jonson's 'sons', men who would carry on his tradition in poetry.

262. **And cull their flower:** and choose the pick of them. Flower means the flower of their chivalry, as Æneas, at i. 2. 176, is one of the flowers of Troy.

Act III—Scene 1

The stage is left empty after the last scene, and then *Music sounds within*. This stage direction, given in F. only, occurs at the end of ii. 3, no doubt to fill the gap between the withdrawal of the Greeks, and the entry of Pandarus and the servant from opposite sides. It also sets the atmosphere of the scene, which, in ludicrous fashion, is to indicate, not, as is usually said, the horror of sensual love, but the silliness of sentimental love. The music also shows the sort of life that Paris and Helen lead. It goes on through the beginning of the scene, but Pandarus does not take notice of it at once. Modern editors put the S.D. only at l. 16, immediately before Pandarus says, "What music's this?" But the music must usher in the scene, and probably breaks off when Paris and Helen come in.

12. **I hope I shall know your honour better.** The servant is quibbling; *shall* and *honour* should be stressed. Malone explains: "He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*." Pandarus takes this to mean that he is higher in the ranks of nobility than he really is, and denies it, a denial which neatly covers the other supposition also.

31. **love's invisible soul** has given a great deal of trouble. Does it mean the soul of love invisible everywhere else, as Johnson thought? or the ethereal spirit of love embodied in her, as Clarke surmised? Or should we for *invisible* read *visible*, or *indivisible*? The servant would have been hugely tickled at all this fuss being made over his high-spirited phrase-fooling.

39. **Sodden business! . . . stewed phrase.** The servant indicates pretty plainly his view of Pandarus, Paris, and all the rest, by suggesting that the phrase is fit for the stews, and the

business the curative treatment often necessitated by their existence.

47. **broken music**; music arranged for parts. There is a pun here.

54. **in fits**. Steevens thinks, rightly, I believe, an allusion to fits meaning a division or strain of a song, or a measure in dancing. Pandarus's previous remark might be a line in a song. Deighton suggests *i' fecks*.

82. **disposer**. This word has given rise to pages of conjecture. Dyce seems to have proved fairly satisfactorily that it means "she who *disposes* or inclines me to mirth by her pleasant (and rather free) talk": the Elizabethan 'witty woman' in fact.

96. **Falling in . . . three**. This line has occasioned some plausibly scabrous interpretations; but it may merely be, as Deighton suggests, a rather silly joke: if falling out makes them two, then the next movement may make them three.

101. **Ay you may, you may**. When Helen says Pandarus has a fine forehead she makes as though to stroke or kiss it, a suggestion to which Pandarus delightedly consents.

107. **Love, love, nothing but love**. Mr. Richmond Noble in his *Shakespeare's Use of Song* regards this song as true to Pandarus's "character of encouraging physical love, and is appropriate to the emotional ecstasies of Paris and Helen, to whom he sings it. . . . The more Pandarus's song is examined, the more strongly does it impress itself as one of the greatest dramatic song masterpieces in our language." As he points out, it is evident from Pandarus's remark, "Come, give me an instrument", that he accompanies himself. The question arises, where does the instrument come from? Had Helen been playing it 'within' and brought it with her when she came to meet Pandarus? Or does she at about l. 90 signal to the servant, whose exit is nowhere marked, to fetch one?

Modern editors take *hey-ho* out of the song, and turn it into a sigh at the end. Mr. Noble approves. "The old man is fatigued with his effort, hence the sigh of weariness and relief when he has finished." I can see no warrant for this. *Hey-ho* may well be part of the song; and why should the gay old dog be tired? He seems indefatigable.

112. **the wound to kill**: the killing wound.

146. **more palm**; a greater pre-eminence. (Deighton.)

S.D. **Exeunt**. No doubt Paris and Helen go out through the curtain (through which one supposes them to have come in) so as to allow of the immediate entry of Pandarus and Troilus's man from opposite doors without confusing the spatial imagina-

tion. It seems that the servant has remained, in which case he would follow the princely pair, carrying the lute which Pandarus will have handed him.

Act III—Scene 2

So far all has been preparation, but now the play begins to move, though as yet rather slowly. It is a betrothal and wedding scene, which the philosophic Troilus feels profoundly, poetically, and with the utmost simplicity, to which emotions the superficial lubricity of Pandarus act as an admirable foil. Cressida is at the moment sincere, though she may be shallow; but sincere she must be, or the professions of faith at the end of the scene will be shorn of the deadly irony they are clearly intended to convey. Shakespeare could be sure that his audience knew the main lines of the story.

The scene takes place, as we are soon told, in the orchard, or garden, just outside Pandarus's house.

11. **wallow in the lily-beds.** Craig provides a passage from the translation of Ovid, Golding's, Shakespeare is thought to have used: *Metamorphoses*, xii. 445-52, where Hylionome "wallowed her full oft In Roses or in Rosemarye" and sometimes carried "Lillyes wyght". Troilus was probably thinking of fields of asphodel.

29, 30. **you must be witty now:** you must have your wits about you now. (Clarke.)

32. **she fetches her breath.** . . . Cf. the same charm in Cleopatra, who

spoke, and panted
That she did make defect perfection.

(*Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2. 230.)

42. **watched ere you be made tame:** a hawking phrase. Hawks were tamed by being 'watched', i.e. tired by being kept awake. Cf. the Wakefield *Secunda Pastorum*: "But I am so watched I wot not what to do." Milton uses the word in *Samson Agonistes*: "o'er-watch'd and wearied out."

45. **draw this curtain.** Cressida had evidently come in veiled.

let's see your picture follows naturally, for in Elizabethan times pictures often had curtains over them.

47. **rub on, and kiss the mistress:** a quibble on a bowling phrase. A game is called a rubber, and the jack was often called mistress.

48. **build there carpenter.** Shakespeare repeats this idea of building where the air is sweet in *Macbeth*, i. 6. 1:

The air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses
 This guest of summer
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
 By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here.

But the martlet is not to be depended on. In *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9. 28, he

Builds in the weather on the outward wall
 Even in the force and road of casualty.

50. **falcon . . . river:** Pandarus will bet all the ducks in the river that the falcon (the female hawk) is as eager as the tercet (the male hawk).

55. **In witness . . . interchangeably,** and the form of contract goes on, "have set their hands and seals", the seal here being a kiss. Pandarus is acting as witness to the betrothal.

62. **curious:** usually explained as embarrassing, making for anxiety, but it is probably a quite Shakesperian transference; "What dregs does my lady espy by looking too curiously, too closely . . .".

73. **Nothing but our undertakings . . .** This is the mediæval, chivalric idea of love, where the lover asks his mistress to set him fantastic tasks to prove his devotion.

92. **what envy . . . his truth:** the worst envy can do will only provide something for him, in his truth, to mock.

125. **your silence, Coming in dumbness:** your silence, expressive, forward, coming-on, in its very dumbness. Q. and F. both read *coming*, which Pope, almost universally followed, emended to *cunning*.

149. **but you are wise . . . above.** A rather confused passage, unless "or else" means "in other words". Cressida implies that Troilus is not to be deceived, for either he is wise, or else he is not in love. Cressida anticipates Spenser, *The Shepherd's Calendar*:

To be wise, and eke to love,
 Is granted scarce to gods above.

Modern editions print a semicolon after *might*, which alters both sense and rhythm: but even the over-punctuated Folio has only a comma here, the Quarto no stop.

163. **I am as true . . . truth.** Cf. i. 1. 12, "skil-less as unpractised infancy".

170. **want similes' truth, tired with iteration.** This is usually printed, *want similes, truth tired with iteration, . . .* But

what their rhymes lack is not similes, which they have too abundantly, but similes' truth. In fact, they use only worn-out similes, dead metaphors, and they are tired with iteration. I follow F. punctuation: Q. has no comma.

171. **plantage to the moon.** This refers to a supposition, derived from Pliny, that plants submitted to the influence of the moon. See Philemon Holland's translation, i. 99.

196. **constant men.** The sense would require *inconstant*: but Pandarus's mind is full of the idea of the constancy of Troilus, and the speech holds an unconscious foreboding of the event to come.

202. **press it to death:** a reference to the punishing by pressing to death those who would not plead. Here the bed will not bear witness, and Pandarus is quibbling. Cf. Milton on Hobson, Second Poem, l. 26:

As he were prest to death, he cried 'More weight'.

Act III—Scene 3

This scene is, of course, the turning point of the play, as far as the mechanism of the action goes: the decision to exchange Antenor for Cressida is what brings about the woes of Troilus. But the process of inducing emotion in us has only just begun; the emotive music opened gently in the last scene, but we are now to forget it, and return to intellectual exercise, the comedy of Ajax, and the far subtler comedy of Achilles. It is in the conversation, moreover, between Ulysses and Achilles that Shakespeare develops the social philosophy of the individual, as distinct from the social philosophy of the state. Man is virtuous only in so far as he can impart his virtues to other men; and the philosophy balances what Hector said about value not dwelling in particular will. Ulysses does not depend upon sheer reason to persuade Achilles, but upon the appeal to pride, to vanity, as well: the whole being bound together and made emotional by the lovely and evocative developed similes with regard to time.

Although in real life, so to speak, this scene must have taken place before the last, in the sequence of stage events it must come here. We see Troilus and Cressida joined, and then we see the process of separation begin.

4. **things to come.** Calchas was a seer. The implication of this part of the speech is that Calchas, having foreseen the ruin of Troy, had ratted to the other side. See also Textual Note.

22. **Antenor**, whose wisdom was so highly regarded that the art of Ulysses himself had to be called upon to oppose it.

30. **In most accepted pain.** To read *pay* (*paie*) for *pain* (*paine*) with Hanmer and Warburton certainly simplifies the

passage: pay would go with "buy my daughter". But there is another perfectly clear and possible meaning: "My daughter's presence will make up for all that I have done, though as I knew it would be, it was most painful to me to do it."

S.D. **Achilles and Patroclus stand in their tent:** that is, they appear at the curtain of the inner stage.

43. **Why such unplausible eyes are bent? why turned on him?** Hanmer, followed by even the conservative Cambridge (Mass.) editor, omits 'why turned?' on the plea of tautology. Foot-mongering again. Other editors omit the query after bent. Surely it is a matter of emphasis: "Why do people look so glumly? and why especially on him?"

44. **derision med'cinable.** Not derision in our sense, but unreality, pretence. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 370, where Puck says:

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream.

Here it means sham seriousness. Ulysses means that the bunk—to put it pithily—which he will serve up to Achilles, will make it easy for the proud hero to give way. He nevertheless talks sound sense to him.

47. **pride hath no other glass To show itself but pride.** Only by showing him pride will he see what an ass he is making of himself by being proud (show itself = sees itself in). If we sue, he will only become prouder still.

95. **A strange fellow here:** Plato, in the *First Alcibiades*, as Churton Collins pointed out.

97. **or without or in:** either externally, as good looks, martial prowess, &c., or mentally.

102-11. **This is not strange . . . this is not strange at all.** This may seem rather an odd speech for Achilles to make, as though he had suddenly reached the same intellectual level as Ulysses. However, the speech is not really profound. It is only a gloss, made much clearer when the part omitted in F. is included, on what Ulysses has just said. Speculation merely means sight, seeing, vision, as in *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 95:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

All that Achilles is saying is said much better in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 52:

No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

150. **to hang . . . in monumental mock'ry:** a reference to the custom of hanging the armour of dead knights in their churches.

176. **And give to dust . . . o'er-dusted.** The meaning seems obvious, but since the lines have given occasion for much misguided tampering, a paraphrase may be advisable: All give to a worthless thing that has a little glitter more praise than to a really shining thing which is a little smutched.

187. **emulous missions . . . faction.** The noise of these great deeds roused the gods to attempt similar achievements: Mars himself took sides and when he did so, Shakespeare will have seen in Book V of the *Iliad* (Chapman's trs.), he was wounded by Diomedes.

192. **one of Priam's daughters,** namely Polyxena; see l. 206. Afterwards Paris killed Achilles when he was in the act of marrying Polyxena.

195. **Plutus' gold.** F. has *Plutoes gold* (for Q. see Textual Notes). Pluto, though the giver of wealth, was another name for Hades, the god of the lower world: though Shakespeare uses this name in the same way in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3, in both places this is usually emended to Plutus, the god of wealth.

199. **with whom relation . . . meddle.** The meaning seems to be "Of which men never dare to speak". Johnson, however, thought it meant "There is a secret administration of affairs which history was never able to discover". And that's true too.

207. **Pyrrhus,** the son of Achilles. He came later to the Trojan war, and was known as Neoptolemus.

213. **The fool . . . break.** What the exact meaning of this is has eluded commentators. It seems to be something of the nature of "The fool Ajax will slither about on the surface, while you should break through to the depths". It has been suggested that the line is a reference to a story told by Armin, the Shakesperian fool, in his book *Foole upon Foole*, about an idiot of Evesham who walked safely across ice that "would not indure the fall of a brickbat". *Foole upon Foole* does not appear to have been printed until 1605, and though Shakespeare may have heard the story from Armin, or interpolated the line at a later date than the writing of the play, the reference remains just as obscure.

229. **Seals . . . danger:** "gives danger a free hand in attacking him" (Deighton); as we might say, "gives it a blank cheque".

235. **a woman's longing:** a longing like a pregnant woman's craving.

251. **a politic regard:** as one ruminating the deep designs of a politician.

260. **a plague . . . jerkin.** I am not sure of the meaning of this. It possibly means "Reputation (or self-conceit) is a thing a man can either flaunt or be modest about". Or it may mean

that reputation covers a man decently, but it can, like a leather jerkin, be worn inside out, and thus show the seamy side.

267-72. Note the heavy punctuation to indicate pomposity.

Act IV—Scene 1

The actors in the last scene go out through the curtain, and those in this can immediately come on through the doors on each side. The scene, acted rapidly, evidently takes place to the front of the stage. Diomedes' view of the war is as clear as Thersites', but his emotion is bitter rather than virulently mocking. What he says, however, is as devastating.

8. **take his hand** is parenthetical.

9. **Witness the process of your speech:** as is proved by what you yourself have said about him.

13. **all question . . . truce.** Johnson would have 'question' to mean 'interchange of conversation': Deighton follows him in different phraseology. It would seem simpler for the sentence simply to mean "while the truce can in any way be said to last".

17. **and, so long, health.** Neither Q. nor F. has the commas; but they would seem to be necessary to the meaning, which is to wish Æneas health so long as the truce lasts.

23. **Anchises** was the father of Æneas, as Venus, sworn by in the next line, was his mother.

46. **the whole quality wherefore:** we might say, "the why and wherefore".

58. **of her soil:** of her being soiled.

64. **flat tamèd piece:** "a piece [cask] of wine out of which the spirit is all flown" (Warburton). Possibly also a pun, 'piece' meaning 'courtesan'.

77. **Fair Diomed . . . sell.** These four lines are an exhibition of sheer Trojan pride: gentlemanliness as opposed to Greek huckstering.

Act IV—Scene 2

4. **sleep kill those pretty eyes:** close them, 'kill' being equivalent to 'put out'.

12. **venomous wights:** possibly evil-doers by night. Steevens suggested sorcerers. Venomous wights, however, may simply be the opposite of those who love. Night stays with haters, flies with lovers.

23-4, 27-8. Modern editors print these as prose; but one can imagine Pandarus chanting them as a jingle, especially the latter two.

33. **bugbear:** " a sort of hobgoblin, presumably in the shape of a bear, supposed to devour naughty children " (*N.E.D.*).

54. **Hoo!** as we might say ' Pooh!' is probably meant by Q. and F. which print ' Who'. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, end of Act II.

55. **you'll be so true to him, to be false to him:** we should say " so true to him as to be false to him ".

56-7. **Do not you . . . go.** By all means pretend ignorance if you like, but anyway go and get him.

72. **the secrets of nature.** This is the F. reading: Q. has " the secrets of neighbour Pandar ", which might be a gibe, or an indication that everybody would see through the tale. But it looks as though *neighbour* might have been misprinted or misreported for *nature*, and the *Pandar* caught up from the catch-word *Pand.* a line lower down. As it stands, F. is perfectly clear: Æneas will keep his mouth shut.

Act IV—Scene 3

9. **offering to it his heart.** Modern editors make Troilus go out here: there is no necessity, nor even advantage. Paris replies to Troilus briefly and pointedly, and then turns to speak to the lords. At *Exeunt* Troilus goes out by a door, and the others through the curtain into the recess.

Act IV—Scene 4

Scenes 1 and 3 are brisk; this scene, like Scene 2, should go slowly, so as to give full effect to Troilus's magnificent imagery, and to let the meaning go well home. The parting of the lovers, in spite of Cressida's slightly metallic echoing of Troilus's sentiments, is heart-rending, and made all the more so by the grotesque bewailings of Pandarus and the brusquerie of Diomed at the end. The scene also develops the character of Diomed: he is clear-sighted, will be taken in by neither claptrap nor individuals, and will take his fun, without illusion, where he can find it. The type is common, and though of no great value, is by no means disagreeable.

13. **pair of spectacles,** with a pun on spectacles (Deighton).

32. **And suddenly . . .** For the punctuation of this passage, see Note on the Punctuation.

38-40. **We two . . . one:** it took many thousand sighs to bring us together, now we must part with one.

43-5. **As many farewells . . . adieu.** The idea is repeated in a different way: the many farewells they have in their hearts to say, each with its separate sigh and its allotted kisses, Time bundles into one.

47. **Distasted with the salt of broken tears.** Even the single kiss is spoilt with the salt taste of tears. *Broken* may mean 'interrupted', or 'that have burst forth', or there may be an analogy with broken sobs. It does not matter which, the feeling is there, the more so through the ambiguity of the expression. Dr. Caroline Spurgeon suggests a connexion with the food images—"broken meats".

53. **Pandarus' Exit.** There is no S.D. in either Q. or F. It is likely that Pandarus fades out during this scene, but he need not. He could remain in the background, sorrowfully looking on.

55. **merry Greeks!** See note ante, i. 2. 102.

59-60. **Nay, we must use . . . from us.** Each must bear kindly with what the other has to say, for soon there will be no chance to say anything.

62-3. **For I will throw . . . heart:** I will challenge death itself in defence of your loyalty.

78. **parts with person:** graces and ability combined with handsomeness.

85. **lavolt.** The lavolt was a gay dance. Troilus, good, honest, Englishman, could not play these foreign monkey-tricks.

95-6. **When we will tempt . . . potency.** When we test our powers to the breaking-point, depending too much upon their strength, which varies in degree at different times.

116. **So please, you save . . .** Most editors print 'So please you, save . . .' Neither Q. nor F. has any punctuation. The editors' punctuation has led to much explaining of the line. As here printed it means: Pardon me, you yourself plead this fair usage, for which your beauty, not Troilus' begging, deserves the thanks.

125. **even for my charge:** merely because I so bid you (Deighton).

130. **a speaker free?** The query mark does not denote a question, but merely the lilt of the voice which accompanies a question.

131. **I'll answer to my lust.** The usual explanation is that Diomed says he will do as he pleases (lust = will), though many emendations for 'lust' have been attempted. Deighton thinks the ll of *I'll* has been caught up from the line below, and that Diomed says "I speak out plainly when I am at home, and I ask for the same privilege here as an envoy". May it not mean "Here and now, by my privilege, I can say what I like; but anywhere else I must be answerable for what I say". Mr. Kenneth Muir suggests four possibilities: (1) I'll do what I please in my treatment of Cressida: (2) I'll do what my lust

suggests (premonitory pun): (3) I'll treat Cressida well because I wish to do so, and not because of your instructions: and (4) I shall answer you as I wish, i.e. on the field of battle.

Act IV—Scene 5

This complex scene advances the plot, in that we see Cressida beginning to forget Troilus, and Achilles beginning to be roused to action. The first part seems designed to show us the levity of Cressida, the second to increase the extraordinary charm of Hector's character—he is the truest and gentlest of brave gentlemen, in spite of his small lapse of taste in his joke about Menelaus, for which he at once apologizes—so that we may be really sorry when he is foully done to death.

The staging of the scene offers some difficulties. It would seem, since Agamemnon and Co. appear at first, are given no *exeunt*, and then are directed to enter (after l. 158), that their first appearance is in the gallery. Diomed brings Cressida to them there, and she passes along them, being kissed by each, except Ulysses, as she goes. The Trojans appear on the lower stage, and the parties call to each other. Ajax goes to the lower stage (enters the lists) and Diomed is sent down to him. After the fencing-match, the Greeks descend to the lower stage, where the introductions and the rest of the scene take place.

2. **Anticipating time. With starting courage.** Many modern editors follow Theobald in abolishing the full stop after 'time', and placing it after 'courage'. *Starting courage* has given difficulty. It has probably the obvious meaning of "with the first display of courage of the day". Punctuality, as Theobald's punctuation would imply, is hardly a sign of extreme bravery.

6. **trumpet.** We should say trumpeter. Cf. French *trompette*.

8. **thy spherèd bias cheek:** cheeks puffed out like the bias side of a bowl.

9. **Aquilon:** the Greek Boreas, or wind-god. The word *colic* gives the notion of being swollen with wind.

20. **particular:** quibbling on 'general' and 'particular'.

24. **that winter,** which Nestor, by his old age, had left upon her lips.

37. **I'll make my match to live.** "I believe this only means 'I'll lay my life'" (Tyrwhitt).

55. **There's language . . .** Steevens points to a parallel from St. Chrysostom translated by Burton in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part IV, Sec. 2, Memb. 2, Subs. 3, descriptive of a wanton: "They say nothing with their mouths, they speak it in their gait, they speak with their eyes, they speak in the carriage of their bodies."

59. **a coasting welcome**, usually emended to 'accosting welcome'. To coast is to skirt, with the idea of seeking an opening: the tickling reader interprets the inviting glance.

60. **unclasp the tables**. Tables were note-books which were carried about, and which were closed with a clasp.

63. **daughters of the game**: courtesans.

78. **In the extremity** etc. In Hector valour is extremely great, pride extremely little: what looks like aloofness is good manners, not wishing to put himself forward.

83. **This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood**. Ajax was, as Hector says later, his cousin, "my father's sister's son", his mother being the "old aunt" of ii. 2. 77. See note. That is why Thersites calls him a mongrel cur (v. 4. 12).

87. **A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you**. A bloodless fight then? O, I see your little game.

III. **even to his inches**; intimately, in every detail.

142. **Neoptolemus** was really the name of Achilles' son, but is here used as a family name. Hector, for once, proceeds to boast: but the boast is less if the emphasis is laid on 'promise'.

150. **As seld I have the chance**: and I seldom do have the luck to have my requests granted.

S.D. **Enter Agamemnon and the rest F. only**. See introductory note to this scene.

163. **as welcome as to one**: as welcome as you can be to one . . . but Agamemnon realizes he is expressing himself clumsily.

178-9. **Mock not . . . glove**. I know that I am using an unusual oath (one not bandied about, or traded), but do not laugh at me for being affected, since the usual one has been rather blown upon. None of the characters in this play has much sympathy for Menelaus, and on this occasion he very properly takes up Hector, who alone among them all has the grace to apologize. But then cuckoldry in the seventeenth century was a joke.

186. **Perseus**. See note to i. 3. 42.

263-5. **You may have . . . with him**. If you have the wits (or the guts) you can fight Hector any day; but it seems that even the egging on of all our leaders cannot make you move against him.

287. **As gentle tell me**: do me a service by telling me, in the same gracious way, that I am doing you a service. Q. has But for As.

292. **doth Q. dooth F.**, making the obvious rhyme with 'tooth', a rhyme probably exact in Shakespeare's pronunciation.

Act V—Scene 1

After a taste of the glorious and dignified in the contention between Greece and Troy, we get the seamy side of war revealed to us again by the clear but distasteful mind of Thersites. The invective is superb. We are given further insight into Achilles' shilly-shallying. The scene is a swift one between the stately one which precedes it, and the very moving, and poetically philosophical scene which is to come after.

5. **batch:** baking; and why crusty is obvious. Ajax has previously called Thersites 'Cobloaf'. See Glossary.

6. **thou picture of what thou seemest:** you sham!

10. **Who keeps his tent now?** Who is skulking in his quarters now? Patroclus asks, since Achilles seems to have shaken off his mood; he will be disabused in a moment. Thersites takes it as a question, and puns on the word 'tent', which also means a surgeon's probe, or roll of lint.

51. **transformation of Jupiter,** when he became a bull to carry off Europa.

59. **herring without a roe:** lank, bedraggled thing. A proverbial expression.

Act V—Scene 2

The previous scene ends in darkness and confusion, amid the jeers of Thersites, who acts as chorus to this one, the most moving scene in the play, in which Troilus rises to the height of his poetical metaphysics. The two scenes flow together in an atmosphere of uneasiness.

It would seem that Cressida is in the gallery for this scene, possibly at one of the windows. Diomed stands below with Troilus and Ulysses at one corner of the front stage, and Thersites at the opposite one, so that their asides and interjections can be easily caught by the audience.

Note that up to l. 35, Diomed and Cressida speak in verse, the others in prose. Thersites, all of whose remarks are asides, spits his venom throughout the play in prose.

10. **any man may sing her . . . cliff.** Cliff = clef in music, and also has its usual meaning. Thersites is using both meanings ("she's noted"), and punning on them not very decorously.

20. **Nay then—.** Oh well then: and Diomed makes as if to go.

55. **potato-finger:** a fat finger, with an under-meaning of the supposed aphrodisiac qualities of the potato.

73. **Now she sharpens; well said whetstone!** Now she

sharpens his eagerness; well done whetstone! A common use of 'Well said' for 'Well done'.

79. **Nay do not snatch it from me.** Many editors, even conservative ones, give this line to Cressida. But it seems quite right to leave it with Diomed, to whom Q. and F. give it, if we imagine that from the moment Cressida says "Keep this sleeve" (l. 65), both keep hold of it, so that there is a kind of tug-of-war until l. 84. At this point Diomed probably snatches the sleeve from Cressida's hands saying "I will have this". Remember Cressida is 'above'.

89. **Diana's waiting-women yond: the stars, attending on the moon, Diana, the goddess of chastity.**

110-11. **A proof of strength; . . . more.** I give the Q. punctuation, and the speech means: A strong proof; she could not give herself away more plainly unless she said . . .

129-30. **to square . . . rule:** to judge all women by Cressida.

133. **Will a' swagger . . . eyes?** Will he persuade himself against the evidence of his own eyes? Thersites' wholly intellectual attitude can make no contact with Troilus' metaphysics.

139-40. **O madness of discourse, . . . itself.** I use the Q. punctuations: modern punctuations obscure the sense which is: Q mad reasoning, in which cause (the original thing) can set up a double (bi-fold) authority, that acts both for and against it.

144. **conduce a fight.** 'Conduce' has puzzled everybody. The *N.E.D.* gives it with a query as a nonce-word, meaning "there is a being conducted". It might mean that matters in his heart are leading to such a fight.

145-6. **a thing inseparate Divides . . .:** a thing which cannot be anything but one thing, yet splits into two.

148-9. **Admits no orifex . . . to enter.** Yet in the division so made there is no room for even the finest thread to enter. This is the utmost agony of Troilus: reason can be no help because the grounds of reasoning are swept away, the bonds of heaven are dissolved. The thing is, yet it cannot be; therefore it both is and is not.

149. **Ariachne's.** This seems to be an Ariadne-Arachne confusion. Ariadne's thread was that which she gave to Theseus as a clue for finding his way out of the labyrinth: Arachne, afterwards changed into a spider, excelled in the art of weaving, so much so that her 'woof' was broken by Athene in envious rage at its perfection. Shakespeare probably meant Arachne, but may have had Ariadne in mind as well.

158-9. **May worthy Troilus . . . express?** seems to mean: Do you really mean all that you are saying in your outburst?

165. **weight, hate.** Note the comma to bring the stress on 'hate'.

174. **He'll tickle it.** Perhaps one should read 'him' for 'it'; or 'it' may be contemptuous for 'him'. Or 'it' may be a verbal particle, as we say 'I'll foot it'.

184. **wear a castle,** i.e. something huge and solid to protect your head against my blows.

Act V—Scene 3

This 'doom' scene would probably take place in the recess, of which the curtains could open as the actors in the previous scene go out. Troilus, it is to be observed, is not 'on' at the opening of this scene. He, who at the beginning of the play, had no will to fight, now shows himself fierce and determined.

18. **spotted livers in the sacrifice:** a reference to divination, the augurs reading omens in the entrails of beasts. This was done especially by the Haruspices, or Etruscan soothsayers.

38. **better fits a lion.** As Steevens points out, Pliny in his *Natural History*, ch. 16 (Philemon Holland's translation), says: "The lion alone of all wild beasts is gentle to those that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him."

48. **ruthful work,** that is, work to be rued by those on whom it takes effect.

73. **respect:** that owed by a son to his father, but also the idea of 'respectiveness'.

101. **A whoreson tisick:** a tiresome cold. Pandarus cannot help crying at the sad end of his romance.

Act V—Scene 4

From here onward the rest of the play is really one scene, and as always with Shakespeare's battle scenes (cf. the conclusion of *Julius Cæsar*) its movement is very carefully thought out so as to give variety and change of speed. Moments of calm alternate with moments of high excitement, the longest and deepest calm being just before the slaying of Hector. As in *Julius Cæsar* night falls upon the battle-field before the struggle is well over.

8. **sleeveless errand:** a proverbial expression for a fruitless errand. Thersites, of course, is punning here.

14. **the Grecians . . . opinion:** the Grecians are falling into anarchy, and the 'policy', that is, the intriguing of Ulysses, and the ideas of ordered government, are being despised.

20. **Thou dost miscall retire:** retire is quite the wrong word; I was only falling back on a better position. The euphemism is not unknown in modern warfare.

Act V—Scene 5

1. **Troilus' horse.** The incident here referred to is to be found in Lydgate.

6. **Polydamas** etc. The names are all from Lydgate or Caxton. Menon was cousin to Achilles; Margarelon, as we shall see, was a bastard son of Priam; Epistrophus came from beyond the Amazons, and with him brought the Sagittary, a centaur. Caxton (as also Q. and F.) has Epistropus and Cedus.

22. **scalèd sculls** F., scaling sculls Q. Scaled may mean 'scaly' or 'dispersing': if Q. is right, it is clear that the latter is meant here. Sculls is schools (of fish), or shoals. Drayton in Polyolbion (Song xxvi) has: "My silver-scaled sculls about my streams do creep."

Act V—Scene 6

10. **I will not look upon:** I am not going to stand aside as a mere looker-on.

17. **My rest and negligence befriends thee now:** my being out of training and out of practice saves your life for this time. Rest-and-negligence being one idea, the verb is used in the singular.

Act V—Scene 7

6. **execute your arms:** 'arms' (Q. and F.) is often emended to 'aims'; but this seems weak. Mason pointed out two other passages where Shakespeare makes 'execute' mean 'use'. We might paraphrase: In fellest manner bring your arms to the execution of this deed.

10. **my double-henned sparrow** F. Q. reads 'Spartan' for 'sparrow' and Thersites seems to have meant Menelaus, who was king of Sparta. But neither Paris nor Menelaus is double-henned, though Helen is a double hen. This transference of the adjective is not unusual in Shakespeare, as a kind of concentration of meaning. Cf. *ruthful work*, v. 3. 48. On the other hand, as Professor Dickins points out, Paris's first marriage to Oenone might justify his being called 'double-henned'; in which case Thersites is urging on Paris all the time.

Act V—Scene 10

7. **smile at Troy.** Hanmer was the first to emend this to 'smite all Troy', and was followed by Warburton and many

others, including Deighton. But Malone's note seems to prove conclusively that Q. and F. are right.

"Mr. Upton thinks that Shakespeare has the psalmist in view: 'He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision' (Ps. ii. 4). 'The Lord shall laugh him to scorn; for he hath seen that his day is coming' (Ps. xxxvii. 13). In the passage before us (he adds) 'the heavens are the ministers of the gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown on*; but the gods themselves *smile at Troy*; they hold Troy *in derision, for its day is coming*'. The frown-smile opposition is quite Shakesperian, and there are other indications in the play that he had the Psalms in mind."

19. **Niobe**, whose numerous children were all killed by Artemis and Apollo because she thought her fecundity made her superior to Leto, their mother, whose only children they were. Niobe was turned into a stone which shed tears during the summer. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 149: "Like Niobe, all tears."

45. **painted cloths**: painted canvas or other material used as a substitute for the more expensive tapestry.

50. **Brethren . . . hold-door trade**: procurers.

53. **gallèd goose of Winchester**. This apparently refers to the brothels which were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester: a gallèd goose would mean a victim of a disease in those days usually treated by the sweating to which Pandarus refers: Cf. "a stewed phrase", iii. 9. 39. Altogether a scabrous passage. In *1 Henry VI*, i. 3, Gloucester taunts Winchester with hypocrisy, and calls him "Winchester goose". The scene is one of those likely to be by Shakespeare.

TEXTUAL NOTES

Prologue

The prologue appears in F. only.

8. **immures**. emures F. Immure (v) is spelt emure in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii. 1. 131, and iv. 3. 328.

12. **barke**, usually emended to 'barks'. Though such a plural would not be etymologically defensible, Shakespeare may have used it on the analogy of 'fifty sail'.

17. **Antenorides**. Antenoridus F. The classical source for these names is Dares Phrygius, who does not give quite the same names. Shakespeare's source was probably not Lydgate's *Historye, Sege, and dystruccyon of Troye*, where the last name is Anthonydes, but Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, which has Antenorides, which all editors print.

19. **Stir up** (F. *stirre*) is usually, following Theobald, emended to 'sperre up', meaning to shut up. 'Stir up', however, makes sense, though not for the strictly logical grammarian. Preparations for a siege can stir up and tickle the skittish spirits of those about to be besieged.

Act I—Scene 1

15. **must needs** F. must Q.

24. **burn** Q. to burn F.

29. **So (traitor), then she comes when she is thence!** F. The same in Q., without punctuation or brackets. Pope and Rowe, usually followed, emended to 'So traitor!—When she comes!—When is she thence?' F. has a comma after 'comes'.

35. **a storm** Rowe's emendation. a scorne Q. a-scorne F.

97. **resides** reides Q. recides F.

Act I—Scene 2

80. **will** Q.F. Since Rowe this has been emended to wit, even by conservative editors. 'Will' is probably correct: Cressida is punning, not very decorously. See Glossary.

127. **marvellous** Pope. *maruel's* Q.F.
 225. **an eye** Q. *money* F.
 239. **liberality and so forth** F. (with a comma after liberality).
liberality and such like Q.
 243. **such another woman, a man** *such a woman a man*
 Q. *such another woman, one* F. I retain 'another' from F. as
 being the more forcible reading, echoed in l. 255; and I keep
 'a man' as balancing 'woman'; a deliberate antithesis.

Act I—Scene 3

19. **think them shame** F. *call them shames* Q.
 27. **broad** Q. *loud* F.
 36. **patient** F. *ancient* Q.
 54. **Retorts** Dyce. *Retyres* Q.F. A rare use of 'retires'
 at this time would give the meaning 'rallies', but this does
 not fit in with 'selfsame key': 'returns' is a more likely misprint,
 but weaker.
 56. **spirit** F. *spright* Q.
 67. **On which the heavens ride, knit all Greeks' ears** F.
 With 'In' for 'On' (On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish
 ears Q.
 92. **Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,** F. *Corrects the*
influence of evil planets, Q.
 137. **lives** F. *stands* Q.
 149. **awkward** F. *silly* Q.
 159. **unsquared** F. *unsquare* Q.
 219. **ears** F. *eyes* Q.
 228. **bid** Q. *on* F.
 252. **sense** F. *seat* Q. **the** F. *that* Q.
 263. **resty** Q. *rusty* F.
 267. **That seeks** F. *And feeds* Q.
 276. **couple** Q. *compass* F.
 290. **I am he** Q. *I'll be he* F.
 293. **host** Q. *mould* F.
 294. Q. reads: *A noble man that hath no spark of fire.*
 302. **forfend** Q. *forbid* F. **youth** F. *men* Q.
 305. **first** F. *sir* Q.
 324. **The purpose** F. *True the purpose* Q. Q. omits *even*.
 359. **First show foul wares** Q. *Show our foulest wares* F.
 360. **yet to show, Shall show the better.** F. *shall exceed,*
By showing the worse first: Q.

366. **shears** shares Q.F. The pronunciation would be the same but the meaning is 'shears'. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 326:

[The sword] . . . deep entering shar'd
All his right side.

367. **share** Q. wear F. Q. intended a pun, which F. 'sophisticated' away, it would seem: though it is possible that the Q. printer may have picked up 'share' from the line above, and repeated it when he should have printed 'wear'.

Act II—Scene 1

14. **vinewed'st**. unsalted Q. whinid'st F.

35-40. F. reading. Q. reads: *Ther*. Thou shouldst strike him. *Ajax Cobloaf*, He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit, you whoreson cur. Do? Do?

85. **the fool's** Q. for a fool's F.

98. **catch an a' knock out either of your brains**; The text is confused here. Q. reads: "catch and knock at either of your brains, a . . ." F. reads: "catch, if he knock out either of your brains, he . . ."

102. **your grandsires** Theobald. their grandsires Q.F.

110. **peace** Q.F. omits.

111. **brooch** Q.F. Rowe, usually followed, emended to 'brach', bitch-hound.

119. **fifth** first Q. fift F.

Act II—Scene 2

48. **hare hearts** Q. hard hearts F.

58. **attributive** Q. inclinable F.

70. **soiled** Q. spoiled F.

86. **noble** F. worthy Q.

90. **Fortune never** F. never fortune Q.

104. **eld** Ritson. elders Q. old F.

105. **can** F. canst Q.

106. **clamours** Q. clamour F.

There are several small differences such as the last two throughout this scene.

Act II—Scene 3

18. **dependant** F. depending Q.

69. **emulous** Q. emulations F.

75. **shent** Theobald. *sate* Q. *sent* F. 'Sate' may be a misprint for 'rate' used as a past tense. Shakespeare uses 'rate' elsewhere as a participle.

76. **appertainings** Q. *appertainments* F.

95. **composure** Q. *counsel* that F.

102. **flexure** Q. *flight* F.

126-8. F. is followed here, except that *lunes* is substituted for 'lines'. The emendation is Hanmer's, and is usually accepted. The idea of 'lunes' (see Glossary) is carried on through 'tides', both being subject to the moon. The same error, emended by Theobald, occurs in *Merry Wives*, iv. 2. 20.

The Q. reading of the passage is:

His course, and time, his ebbs and flows, and if
The passage, and whole stream of his commencement,
Rode on his tide.

137. **enter you** F. *entertain* Q. Steevens, though adhering to F., omits 'you' for metrical, foot-mongering reasons. But the 'you' is emphatic. "Ulysses, *you* go in!"

148. **what pride is** Q. *what it is* F.

171. **'gainst itself** F. *down himself* Q.

186. **stale** Rowe. *staule* Q.F. If 'stall' is the right reading, it would mean "assign a particular place to", i.e. below Achilles.

188. **titled** F. *liked* Q.

200. **pash** F. *push* Q.

209. **I'll let his** F. *I'll tell his* Q.

214. **eat swords** Q.F. Grey suggested 'eat's words', an emendation by division supported by Ridley.

217-9. **A' would have . . . warm**. Q. gives all this to Ajax, and F. all except the line given to Ulysses. Theobald suggested the arrangement here given, which is generally accepted.

220. **praises** F. *praiers* Q.

240. **Famed** Fam'd Q. *Fame* F.

241. F. repeats **beyond**. Q. has: *all thy erudition*.

247. **a bourn, a pale** F. *a boord a pale* Q.

Act III—Scene 1

6. **noble** F. *notable* Q.

24. F. adds 'friend', probably picked up from two lines above.

50. **performance**. *Nell, he* performance. *Nel. he* Q. performance. *Nel, he* F. It may be, as Professor Alexander argues, that the Q. *Nel.* is a misprint for *Hel.*, which F. slavishly follows.

But Paris refers to 'my Nell' later in the scene, and it is no argument for giving "He is full of harmony" to Helen, that Pandarus says "Truly lady, no". The remark fits equally well as it stands. Nevertheless, the passage is suspect.

81. **You must not . . .** Modern editions give this line to Pandarus. There seems to be no need, since it makes perfectly understandable stage business as it is.

Act III—Scene 2

20. **palates taste** Q.F. both give the plural. Hanmer, usually followed, emended to 'palate tastes'.

21. **reputed** Q. reputed F. The easy r: t error.

23. **tuned too** tun'd to Q. and too F.

64. **fears** Pope tears Q.F.

88. **merit crown it: no perfection** F. merit lower part no affection Q.

107-9. **Boldness . . . months.** Printed as prose in Q.F.

114. **but till now not** Q. but not till now F.

127. **my soul of counsel from me** F. my very soul of counsel Q.

144. **I speak I know not what** F. I know not what I speak Q.

186. **wind or sandy earth** Q. as wind, as sandy earth F.

200-1. **chamber, which bed** Q.F. Hanmer, usually followed, emended to "chamber with a bed, which bed", and the conservative Cambridge (Mass.) editor substitutes 'whose' for 'which'. But Pandarus's mind runs straight from chamber to bed: for him, chamber at this moment means bed.

Act III—Scene 3

4. **things to come** F4. things to love Q. Ff. 1, 2, 3. Something of a *locus desperatus*. Johnson emended 'love' to 'Jove', and the l: J confusion is an easy one: but it involves a comma after 'things', and Calchas says he has abandoned Troy to Jove because he saw what was coming. Deighton preferred 'of lore' as a substitute for 'to love', which makes excellent sense, but is difficult to reconcile with what would happen in the printing-house. Alexander points out that an l: c error occurs in l. 88 of the previous scene.

20. **therefor** I venture this emendation. therefore Q.F.

100. **shining** F. ayming Q.

124-6. **The unknown Ajax . . . what things there are,** F., in lineation and punctuation. Q. has:

Th'unknown *Ajax*, heavens what a man is there?
 A very horse, that has he knows not what
 Nature what things there are.

The full stop after 'are' might be misplaced from the line above, or might be a misprint for a comma. If the latter, Ulysses, instead of rather strangely apostrophizing nature, simply says that Ajax, like a horse, does not know what nature he is of, what things there are . . . &c. A tempting reading.

136. **fasting** Q. feasting F. The Q. reading provides a good Shakesperian antithesis: one man eats while the other fasts. The proud man gets no good from his aloofness.

140. **shrieking** shriking Q. shrinking F.

140-9. **I do believe it . . . as soon as done.** I use here the Q.F. line arrangement. Modern editors vary them.

157. **hedge** F. turn Q.

161. **abject rear** Hanmer. Omitted in Q. abject, neere F.

167-8. **welcome . . . goes** the welcome . . . and farewell goes Q. the welcome . . . and farewels goes F.

169-70. **for beauty . . . service** Q.F. print the lines as here. Most editors print "For beauty, wit" alone, as a defective line. In Johnson's day the accepted reading was:

For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,

on which he comments: "I do not deny that the changes produce a more easy lapse in numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakespeare." Agreed; the foot-mongers again.

176. **give** goe Q.F. The emendation is universally accepted.

182. **not stirs** F. stirs not Q. **once** Q. out F.

195. **Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold** F., except that it prints 'Plutoe's' (see Explanatory Note). Knows almost every thing Q.

196. **deeps** F. depth Q.

208. **our islands** Q. her island F.

223. **airy air** F. air Q. The F. reading seems better. It is far easier to say effectively, and gives the actor a chance for a gesture. It is, indeed, tautological, but so is the famous 'airy nothing' of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But, oh horror! It adds two extra-metrical syllables.

231. **we** F. they Q. Adopting the F. reading, Patroclus begins his speech as a generalization, but as he warms up brings it personally home.

272. **army Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.** F. army. Agamemnon, do this. Q. The sense seems to make F. right: but Achilles may be taking up the joke that Ajax called Thersites 'Agamemnon'.

Act IV—Scene 1

5. **you Prince Paris** F. your prince Paris Q. The Q. reading offers an interesting possibility: but it is hard to see how asides between Æneas and Deiphobus could take place in the way the two evidently meet.

18. **But when** F. Lul'd when Q.

22. **backward, in human gentleness.** Q.F. modernizing 'humane'. The usual version is: backward. In humane gentleness.

42. **do think** F. believe Q.

46. **wherefore: I fear** Q. whereof, I fear F. In Q. 'I fear' begins a new line, altering the arrangement of the succeeding ones.

55. **merits . . . most** F. deserves . . . best Q.

58. **soil** Q. soilure F.

Act IV—Scene 2

10. **joys** Q. eyes F.

13. **tediously** Q. hideously F.

31. **capocchia** Theobald (see Glossary) chipochia Q.F.

66. **Is it concluded so?** F. Is it so concluded? Q. Anyone who has seen the play acted knows the enormous effect the actor can get into the 'so' at the end of the line.

Act IV—Scene 4

4. **And violenteth in** Q. And no less in F.

9. **dross** Q. cross F.

23. **strained** Q. strange F.

49-50. **some say the Genius so Cries come to him** F. some say the Genius Cries so to him Q.

53. **the root** F. my throat Q.

76. **Their loving well composed, with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er . . .**

So F., except that for 'flowing' it has 'flawing', the common a: o error corrected in F2. Q. omits the first line, and reads: And swelling o'er . . .

Line 76 is usually printed

They're loving, well composed, with gifts of nature,
and sometimes 'flowing' is added.

Line 77 usually has either 'flowing' or 'swelling'. Possibly

one was substituted for the other in a correction, and the printer failed to note the deletion mark (as often happened with Shakespeare's deletion marks), but Shakespeare would not have worried about an unmetrical line.

78. **person** F. portion Q.

118. **usage** vsage Q. Ff.3, 4. visage Ff.1, 2.

121. **zeal** Theobald; universally accepted. seal Q.F. Ridley accepts the emendation grudgingly, feeling that some good Shakesperian meaning should be found for 'seal'.

Act IV—Scene 5

61. **tickling** F. ticklish Q.

73. *Ach.* 'Tis done like Hector . . . Q.F. give this speech to Agamemnon. Theobald's correction, supported by Dryden.

74. **misprizing** Q. disprizing F.

92. **breath** Q. breach F.

96. At the end of this line F. adds "thy call him Troilus", repeated lower down. Probably another disregarded deletion.

97. **matchless-firm** I suggest the hyphen: matchless firm Q.F. modern editions 'matchless, firm'.

163. **Worthy of arms** F. worthy all arms Q.

178. **that I affect th' untraded oath** F. thy affect, the untraded earth Q., with the line in brackets.

187. **Despising many** Q. and seen thee scorning F.

193. **hemmed** F. shrupd Q. Shrupd is unintelligible: possibly shrubbed, fenced.

272. **you** F. we Q.

274-5. **entreat him. Beat loud the taborins, let** F. entreat him To taste your bounties, let Q. If F. is right, 'entreat' would have the meaning of 'treat'.

292. **She was beloved, she loved;** F. she was beloved my lord, Q.

Act V—Scene 1

4. **core** F. curre Q.

13. **boy** F. box Q.: probably picked up from l. 11.

18. **raw eyes** etc. For the further horrible diseases enclosed in square brackets, F. merely has 'and the like'.

53. **chain, hanging at his brother's leg** F. a chain at his bare leg Q. The MS. seems here to have had some symbol for 'brother' (possibly 'br') which the Q. compositor could not understand. Two lines higher he prints 'his be the bull' for 'his brother the bull' F.

55. **forced** F. faced Q.
 63. **sprites** Q. spirits F.
 76. **sewer** Rowe. sure Q.F.

80. **Old Nestor tarries, and you too Diomed:** So Q. punctuates, with a full stop after 'Diomed'. This makes it an order to Diomed, showing Achilles' imperiousness. The usual punctuation: Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep . . . makes it a request. Old Nestor tarries, and you too Diomed, F.

Act V—Scene 2

10. **sing . . . cliff** Q. find . . . life F.
 41. **distraction** F. distruction Q.
 58. **la. lo** Q.F. It seems like the common a: o error.
 68-9. **Cres. You look . . . again.** F. Q. gives these lines to Troilus.
 79. **Nay . . . from me.** Q.F. give this line to Diomed. Theobald, usually followed, includes it in Cressida's speech, thus losing a pretty piece of stage business.
 80. **doth take** Q. rakes F. (r: t error, easy to make).
 115. **co-act.** court Q. coact F.
 120. **had deceptious** F. were deceptions Q.
 128-9. **critics apt . . . depravation,** Q. punctuation. This is usually printed: critics, apt, without a theme, For depravation, . . ., which makes no sense at all, and spoils the rhythm. Even F. does not punctuate after 'theme'.
 136. **be sanctimony.** be sanctimonies Q. are sanctimony F.
 157. **bound** F. given Q.
 170. **sun** sunne Q. fenne F.

Act V—Scene 3

4. **get you in** Q. get you gone F.
 20-1. **it is as lawful . . . thefts.** Occurs in F. only, thus:
 it is as lawful:
 For we would count give much to as violent thefts
 It seems there was some marginal addition here, and a deletion mark for one word which the printer did not notice.
 27. **the dear man** Q.F. Pope, followed by others, emended 'the brave man'.
 112. **deeds.** After this there appears, in F. only:
 Pan. Why, but hear you!
 Troy. Hence brother lackey; ignomy and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

These are practically the same lines as introduce Pandarus' appearance at the end of the play. Possibly these lines, and no more, were originally written here; the whole scene cannot have come here, since Pandarus' speech is clearly an epilogue. For further remarks see Introduction, and Explanatory Note on v. 10. 35.

Act V—Scene 5

24. **strawy** Q. straying F.

41. **luck** F. lust Q.

Act V—Scene 8

11. **So Ilion fall thou! now Troy** F. So Ilion fall thou next, come Troy Q.

20. **bait** Q. bed F. bit Ff.2, 3, 4.

Act V—Scene 10

2. **Never go home . . .** F. Q. puts the entry of Troilus a line higher, and gives this line to him. Perhaps this is right, since later he says "Let him that will a screech-owl aye be called, Go into Troy"; but after all, Æneas says "Stand ho!"

23. **vile** F. proud Q.

24. **pight** F. pitcht Q.

33. **ignomy and shame** F. ignominy, shame Q. F. here has a comma after 'ignomy', but not at the end of v. 3.

36. **traitors** Q.F. Deighton, following Craig as 'certain', emends to 'traders', on account of 'good traders in the flesh' below. But traitors and bawds are well linked together as far as mankind's attitude towards them goes; and the 'traders' below tell against rather than for emending to 'traders' above.

38. **loved** Q. desired F.

APPENDIX A

NOTE ON THE TEXT

§ 1. The Printing of the Play.

There are three curious things in connexion with the printing of this play. It was printed in 1609 under the permission, recorded in the Stationers' Register on 28th January of that year, granted to "Richard Bonion, Henry Walleys. Entred for their Copy vnder thandes of Master Segar deputy to Sir George Bucke and master warden Lownes a booke called the history of Troylus and Cressida. vj^d" (Chambers, I. 438). The first point to note is that Bonion and Walley made two issues of the Quarto in that year. The first issue (judged to be so from reasons which will appear) bore on its title-page: "The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. [Ornament.] London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609."

The next issue is exactly the same as regards the text and the head- and running-titles "The history of Troylus and Cresseida.", but the leaf with the title was cut out, and two new leaves substituted, to allow of the inclusion of the Epistle (here printed as Appendix B). The new title-page reads: "The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia . . .", the rest of the page being the same as in the first issue.

The new title cancels the statement that the play had been acted at the Globe, adding "famous" to the subject of the play so as to draw purchasers whom it had before been assumed would have known it by seeing it at the theatre; and the Epistle states explicitly that this was "a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar". The meaning of this will be discussed later.

It is clear that the play was first printed in 1609: but in 1603 (Stationers' Register, 7th February) conditional permission to print had been given to "Master Robertes. Entred for his copie in full Court holden this day to print when he hath gotten sufficient aucthority for yt, The booke of Troilus and Cresseda as yt is acted by my lord Chamberlens Men vj^d" (Chambers, I. 438). That is the second curious thing.

The third is the position the play occupies in the Folio of 1623, and the fact that it does not appear in the 'catalogue', or table of contents. It would seem that Heminge and Condell, the editors, meant to have put it in the middle of the tragedies, immediately after *Romeo and Juliet*. The last page of that play is numbered 79 (it omits pp. 77, 78), while the second leaf of *Troilus and Cressida* is numbered 79, 80, the first leaf being unnumbered. Our play now appears between the Histories and the Tragedies. Pages 79 and 80 have the running-title "The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida", while the remaining pages, which are unnumbered, have merely "Troylus and Cressida". It seems as though Heminge and Condell were suddenly struck with doubt as to whether the play was a tragedy: the Epistle treats it consistently as a comedy, the Quarto calls it a history, and it reads like a tragedy. We might find ourselves in the same difficulty as the editors if confronted with this problem. It is possible, however, that Jaggard, the publisher of the Folio, may have had some trouble with Bonion and Walley over the copyright, thus causing a delay which prevented the play from being put in its original place.

§ 2. The Writing of the Play.

So much for the date of the play's publication. When was it written? Clearly it must have been before February, 1603, when Roberts was given his conditional permission to print it, and we now have to inquire how long before that it was written. The general style, the versification, the tone, show it to belong to Shakespeare's middle period, that of the 'problem', or, as some people mysteriously call them, the 'unpleasant' plays. It is sometimes supposed that the appearance of "a prologue armed" refers to that of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* (1601), which must mean that the play was written after that date, and indeed soon after that date, since, as Sir Edmund Chambers says, "Such a reference would have little point after an interval", and he inclines to put the writing of the play in 1602. The prologue, indeed, in its style something at variance with the rest of the play, might easily have been added after the play was written, but it provides a piece of evidence in support of a first guess that the play was composed and acted in the season 1601-2. Dr. G. B. Harrison, however, would put it earlier. Arguing from certain likenesses of character and behaviour shared by Achilles and the Earl of Essex, he would have us suppose that the play as we have it was performed privately before an anti-Essex audience, either in the summer of 1598, or else about two years later when Essex and his followers were brewing treason. But notorious events of national importance can be used as allusions for longer than a winter after them; and even supposing that Shakespeare had Essex in mind when he created Achilles, he might just as well have built up the character after the execution of Essex in 1601 as during the critical months of his life.

§ 3. The Acting of the Play.

We do not know, then, when exactly the play was written, though the evidence seems to point to the autumn of 1601 or the spring of 1602. But another question arises out of the acting, though the solution seems fairly clear. When

Roberts got his half-permission to print, the play was described as acted by the Lord Chamberlain's men, no place being mentioned: when Bonion and Walley published it, they described it first as acted by his Majesty's servants at the Globe (the company was the same, having changed its name in 1603), but then, in the second issue of the Quarto, as never having been publicly performed before the vulgar. The inference is that it was privately acted, as Malone was the first to suggest: but his view, accepted by others, that it was acted at Court, is contested by Alexander, who argues cogently that it was more likely to have been performed at one of the Inns of Court, where the manner, especially of the epilogue, would not have caused the offence it might have done at Court, and where "the deliberate flouting of tradition as established by Homer and Chaucer" would have been appreciated. This seems to be the solution of the puzzle, and if correct would account for the appearance of the Prologue in the Folio only. An Inns of Court public would not need the explanation this provides, but it would certainly help matters for an ignorant audience. It reads as though it were added later: but if so, the argument from the *Poetaster* reference is fatally weakened. A conclusion to be drawn is that Q. is a pirated copy, and that the pirates did not know the history of the play until, on its issue, someone informed them; so they hastily altered the title-page, and added the Epistle.

§ 4. The Relation Between the Two Texts.

The next problem to determine is, which is the better text, Q. (the Quarto), or F. (the Folio). We can ignore the later folios since they have no authority, and throw no light, except for an occasional possible emendation. Q. is what is known in Professor Pollard's classification as a 'good' quarto, and is substantially the same text as F., even to certain obvious errors, such as the almost certain misprint of 'goe to dust' for 'give to dust' of iii. 3. 176. Professor P. Alexander gives twelve of such points in his pamphlet *Troilus and Cressida 1609* (The Bibliographical

Society, 1928), and though it is not sure that all of these really are misprints, others could certainly be added. A large number of minor differences are scattered throughout the play—many will be found in the Textual Notes—some of them being merely printers' slips (e.g. i. 2. 116, where Q. prints *valianty* but F. correctly has *valiantly*). With these we need not be concerned. But beyond them there are certain differences which are evidently deliberate. For instance, i. 3. 360:

Q. If not; the lustre of the better shall exceed
By showing the worse first:

F. If not, the lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better.

That difference must be due to some authority higher than the printer's, as must be the varying omissions to be touched upon later.

Thus the errors the two texts have in common seem to indicate that F. was set up from Q., the changes being due to improvements by Shakespeare if we like the changes, or to 'improvements' by some bungler (or F. 'sophistication') if we do not. It is certainly unlikely, though not impossible, that two printers at fourteen years' distance, would make the identical mistakes in reading when setting up from the same manuscript. On the other hand, there are certain divergences which would not occur if F. was set up from Q. alone, such as *an eye* Q., *money* F. (i. 2. 225). The theory usually accepted (the Cambridge editors, Clark and Wright: Mr. M. R. Ridley) that both texts derive from a common source, neither at a great remove, is not altogether satisfactory: but what theory is? That proposed by Alexander is very tempting. This reverses the usual assumption that F. is a later text than Q., revised by Shakespeare or another. He argues that Heminge and Condell printed from their company copy—the one Roberts hoped to use—and that Shakespeare gave Bonion and Walley a copy which he had himself corrected: this would shatter the piracy theory, and make Q. a later, and therefore better version

than F. But this still does not get over the difficulty of the common errors, and could only be held by those who accept the Q. readings as being invariably better than the F. readings, which they are not indubitably. The examples which Professor Alexander adduces are not convincing; but on this the reader can satisfy himself by referring to the Textual Notes.

Another difficulty is the omissions. If Q. omitted some passages that F. has, or F. omitted some that Q. presents, we could perhaps say that one version was a careless copy of the other. But in this play both things occur, and there seems to be no system. Alexander is convinced that the omission of certain passages by Q. makes the play run more smoothly; but this is by no means certain, and does not account for the F. omissions; and if it were true, it only shows that Q. was printed from an acting version, not necessarily a later one, or one that Shakespeare preferred.

The inclusion in F. only of the lines at the end of v. 3,

Pan. Why, but heare you!

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

offer no proof either way. Their appearance in F. alone does not argue that Q. was a later version; only that either the F. printer failed to note the deletion marks in his MS. (a frequent occurrence), or that the Q. printer spotted the repetition (supposing there were no deletion marks), and performed the excision himself.

A slight argument for F. being supported by a better, or at any rate fairer, MS. than Q., may be found at v. 1. 51 and 53 (see Textual Notes), where the MS. had some symbol for 'brother' which the Q. printer could not understand: though it is possible that this merely means that the F. printer was brighter than his Q. counterpart.

The difference in punctuation (see Note on the Punctuation) is of no help in determining the claims to merit of the two versions: all it tells us is that Q. is nearer an acting version, but it does not necessarily reveal Shakespeare's final revision as regards words.

The conclusion it seems safest to advance is that F. was printed from Q. and a manuscript, possibly Shakespeare's own, which may or may not have formed the basis of the Q. version: it does not seem likely that Q. was printed from this MS. The F. editors, or the printer, certainly 'sophisticated' the punctuation, and possibly some of the words or expressions.

§ 5. The Present Text.

In view of the puzzle presented by the text, there is nothing for it but to fall back on Sir E. K. Chambers' view that in editing this play a certain eclecticism is unavoidable. But I have in the main followed F. (except as regards punctuation: see Note on the Punctuation), since that, after all, is the authoritative version, Q. not being markedly, or even at all superior, as far as can be judged. Yet I have not hesitated to substitute Q. where the meaning seemed to me clearer, more vigorous, or, to my mind, more characteristic, or where F. seemed to me to bear the marks of 'sophistication'. F. is certainly more carefully printed, and where it differs from Q. the variations may possibly be due to Shakespeare. Everyone is agreed that some places are better in Q., others better in F., but there is a large number of places where there is no agreement. In every case of any importance I have stated the difference in the notes. I have, however, ignored a number of minor differences, besides those of difference in spelling and obvious misprints, as I have the differences in punctuation unless they involve some point of interest. This text is a conservative text: I have incorporated most of the usually accepted emendations (occasionally preferring the text), and have made only two minor ones of my own: the chief difference from other texts will be found in the punctuation, which often, I believe, restores a meaning hitherto obscured.

APPENDIX B

THE EPISTLE

[A never writer, to an ever reader. News.

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook anything comical, vainly. And were but the vain names of comedies changed for the title of commodities, or plays for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities: especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries, of all the actions of our lives showing such a dexterity, and power of wit, that the most displeas'd with plays, are pleas'd with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there, that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came: feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dream'd they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea which brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think

your testerne well bestowed) but for so much worth, as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasures' loss, and judgments', refuse not, nor like this the less, for not being sullied, with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' health) that will not praise it. *Vale.*]

APPENDIX C

SHAKESPEARE'S VERSE

§ 1

The way we talk about English verse grew out of the study of classical metres, which were organized on a basis of long and short syllables. Thus one way of describing English blank verse is to call it the 'iambic pentameter', meaning that it consists of five feet, or units, of two syllables each, the first short, the second long, as *älone*. But it is clear from the start that English verse cannot be measured in this way, and that stress is far more important than duration in an English poem. The iamb thus came largely to mean any unstressed, followed by a stressed, syllable. But stress alone is not the whole story, for there is an infinite gradation in stresses (as you can tell by saying any sentence to yourself), and time cannot be left altogether out of account. As a consequence a number of systems of 'scanning' verse, as we say, have been evolved, many of them useful as they enable us, not only to discuss the subject agreeably, but also to make distinctions. Yet a certain scepticism arises in our minds when we discover that a given line can fulfil the conditions of several systems, is obedient to the scansion of several prosodists all disagreeing among themselves. Moreover, when we come to read verse, we find that these systems rarely help us to conquer difficult passages.

Yet we all recognize verse as such when we read it, or hear it properly spoken; and the first thing we discover about it is that it is a more emphatic medium than prose.

It can more certainly make us stress the word or syllable that the meaning demands than is possible in the "other harmony of prose". Therefore our first business, indeed our instinct, in reading verse, is to find out not only where the natural meaning would bring the stress, but where the swing of the verse brings out the meaning. How, for instance, do we read in its context

When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drowned? (i. 1. 46).

Something like this, I imagine:

Whén I do *tell* thee THERE my hopes lie drówned.

It is easy enough to scan this line according to system: it is an orthodox iambic pentameter with an inversion in the first foot, and a cæsura (pause or gap) in the middle:

Whén I | do téll | thee || thére | my hópes | lie drówned:

but such a scheme gives us very little idea of what the poet was doing: and no explanation of the variety with which Shakespeare endued his handling of the iambic pentameter gives more than a preliminary hint of the variousness of his verse. Let us take a few lines. All are regular except two, where there is inversion in the first foot.

O Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus,
 When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drowned,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrenched; I tell thee I am mad
 In Cressid's love: thou answer'st she is fair,
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair her cheek, her gait, her voice . . .

But is the passage dull? Is it monotonous? Far from it. It is bursting with feeling, glowing with vitality, and iridescent with change.

And it is not dull, we suspect, simply because the scansion we have come to accept does not apply to most English verse, especially dramatic verse. Take the line,

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart.

You can, indeed, scan it thus:

Pour'st in | the ó | pen úl | cer óf | my héart

but have you got any further when you have done so? Is it true that the line as you say it in the least resembles the line as you scan it? Let us be honest about this (I must warn the reader that all this is extremely heterodox), and suggest to the foot-monger that the line really goes something like this:

" Pour'st in the ópen ulcer of my heart "

(\sim represents an unstressed syllable), which simply will not fit in to any normal system of prosody, at least not without the most terrifying contortions, even with the higher stress on the *o* of 'open'.

It is clear that there is something lacking in any merely formal explanation. This is not to deny a great utility in systems of prosody; they are at least fascinating, far more so than any jig-saw or cross-word puzzle: and there is no gainsaying that the pleasure in English verse is often due to the defiance the meaning-stress exhibits towards the tyranny of an underlying, mentally accepted and noted regularity, though this 'counterpointing', as one might call it, can be exaggerated. But whether any of the classical adaptations help us to understand what Shakespeare is doing in his verse at any moment, is more than dubious. Dare we attempt to find out if there is any other system—for system there clearly is—which will make us more at ease in reading and understanding Shakespeare's verse?

§ 2

The first question we have to ask is: What are the requirements of dramatic blank verse? Or, to put it differently, why did Shakespeare, his predecessors and his followers, write in blank verse at all? Dramatic verse, we find, must exhibit several qualities. It must be flexible, that is, it must lend itself to a great diversity of phrasing; it must not demand too much of the lungs of an actor who has to make an audience hear; it must induce the actor by the swing of the verse, and vowel and consonant interplay, to bring the stress on the important or key words; and finally it

must be capable of great differences in speed, and able to produce a number of atmospheres. It must be able to excite or soothe, to make gay or sorrowful; it must, so to speak, be able to dance, sing, think, or mourn. In fact, it must be Protean. A rigid system of prosody, however varied, such as Milton forged out for *Paradise Lost*, can only produce a limited number of atmospheres; all that were needed, indeed, for the purpose which Milton so gloriously executed, but a number quite inadequate for what Shakespeare wanted to do, even in one play. What was of chief importance to Shakespeare was to find a medium which would enable him to produce the feeling he wanted, and to coin dramatically telling phrases.

He did not find the medium ready-made, but it was in process of being created when he began to write plays: Kyd, Peele and others, especially Marlowe, had already achieved considerable progress. They themselves had found formal blank verse, first introduced into this country by the Earl of Surrey, and used in a play, *Gorboduc*, by Sackville and Norton, acted as far back as 1561. The verse of *Gorboduc* is stiff, almost rigidly the iambic pentameter, with few variations. It obviously would not do as it stood, and Shakespeare's predecessors came to use it more freely, playing with the stresses, possibly weaving into it the principles of the old stressed alliterative verse which perhaps came more natural to the English genius: and they must have had in their ears the rough four-stressed metre they may actually have heard in plays of earlier generations, such as the Coventry *Nativity Play*, *Everyman*, *The Play of the Wether*, *Ralph Roister Doister*, and a dozen others. With Marlowe, indeed, the normal verse seems to have been one of four almost equally spaced stresses, which he often reduced for special effect to three, as in:

And ride in triumph through Persépolis,

which he came to vary more and more, especially in *Edward II*. All we need note here, however, is that by the time Shakespeare began to write, verse had already been to a

large extent freed from its early shackles, and that the field was open to any innovator who could make his lines dramatically effective. That, after all, for any poet, would be the final test.

§ 3

He began carefully: he had to feel his way, to obtain mastery by practice, to put each method he tried to the test of actual experience on the stage. So he experimented, experimented curiously and endlessly, to the very close of his dramatist's career, beginning stiffly, with nearly every line 'end-stopped', that is, the rhythm and often the sense, coming to a conclusion at the end of a line. Then he proceeded to 'double-endings', that is, to tacking on an extra syllable to the end of a line; to varying masculine and feminine endings, that is, lines finishing with stressed or unstressed syllables respectively;¹ and more and more to 'enjambment' or 'straddling', to carrying the rhythm over the end of a line into the next one: till at the end we find his verse so free that the phrasing seems almost independent of the ten-syllable structure (ten more and more inclining to become an average rather than a rule), though the ten are still there as a convenient frame to ensure the phrasing being easily mastered and uttered by an actor.

Shakespeare's progress was fairly consistent in this, as consistent as may be with the fact that man is a sensitive, variable creature, and not a machine: he sometimes went back to old styles, and tried the new hesitantly. Sometimes, moreover, an older manner was more suitable for making effective the thing which at a later stage he was trying to do, with the atmosphere he then wished to create. But in the main the fixing of dates by verse tests corresponds very well with the fixing of dates by other evidence—known facts, references, allusions, imagery, and so on—not to speak of the main handling. Here and there a play may be shifted backwards or forwards by a year or two, but not

¹ Using these terms in the same way as we talk of masculine and feminine rhymes.

enough to invalidate the general conclusions which some generations of scholars, working on slightly different prosodic assumptions, have come to.

It is, of course, dangerous to ascribe to Shakespeare every verse we find in a Shakespeare play, since we know that he often had collaborators, and, at the beginning especially, worked from, or even only patched up, an older play. Much that was once accepted as Shakespeare's (certainly, it would seem, in his own day) came to be ascribed to others, and at one time it seemed as though the 'disintegrators', as they are called, would filch away from Shakespeare a great deal of what in all probability really belongs to him; and this they did largely on metrical grounds, though sometimes from a distaste of the sentiments he expressed. But to-day criticism seems to be veering round, and giving more and more back to Shakespeare. The argument, for instance, that such and such a passage is exactly in Marlowe's manner, and that since Shakespeare never wrote in that way it must be Marlowe's passage, is countered by the simple observation, "But here is Shakespeare writing like Marlowe."¹ It is, indeed, highly probable that he could write like nearly everybody he wanted to; and if he thought another man's manner dramatically effective, or wanted to try it out, why, try it out he did.

So we can make fairly free with 'Shakespeare' when examining Shakespeare. Here he is almost at the beginning, writing within the old stiff bounds, but how delightfully, and within the bounds, how freely.

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They are the ground, the books, the academes
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire . . .
 For where is any author in the world
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

(*Love's Labour's Lost*. 1593-4. iv. 3.)

¹ See *A Plea for the Liberty of Interpretation*, by Lascelles Abercrombie. 1930. British Academy.

The lines are all end-stopped, with masculine endings. There are no feminine, or double endings, there is no enjambment, and there is an almost regular succession of five stresses to the line. Now see the difference here:

Ay sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe
 'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
 This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
 And melt, ere they molest.

(*The Tempest*. 1611-2. ii. 1. 276.)

There is infinitely more life in it. But what has happened to the iambic pentameter? If it still exists, it is only by courtesy, perhaps only the courtesy we owe to the valiant prosodists who try to map out neat paths through the luxuriant magnificence of the jungle.

But even a jungle has a principle—one of organic growth; and the principle for Shakespeare was one of phrasing, of bringing the stresses to bear where they would be most effective dramatically, without at all interfering with the way in which the words came trippingly off the tongue. See how he can toss the stresses about where he will, with the carelessness of a giant, it would seem, using as few or as many as he likes, and spacing them out as he will. Take

So are they áll, áll hónorable men. (*Julius Cæsar*. 1599-1600.)

all the stresses bundled up together; or this:—

To-mórrow, and to-mórrow, and to-mórrow. (*Macbeth*. 1605-6.)

with the stresses spaced out equally (the *ands* make a long, but not a stressed syllable): or this:—

Áy, but to díe, and gó we know not whére;
 To líe in cóld obstrúction and to rót;
 This sénsible warm mótion to becóme
 A knéaded clód; and the delíghted spírit
 To báthe in fiéry floóds, or, to resíde
 In thrílling régions of thíck-ribbed íce;

(*Measure for Measure*. 1604-5. iii. 1. 117.)

varying the number of the stresses, four being the normal.

The old pentameter keeps him within a rough time scheme, or breath-unit scheme, within which he can play to whatever extent he feels suitable. On the whole, one would say that when he wants to be swift he uses few stresses, and when he wants to be emphatic, he crams in as many as he conveniently can. And here I would remind the reader that the marks have nothing to do with 'scansion', but are rhetorical marks which can be a little varied to suit slightly different interpretations.

It appears, too, that in his early days Shakespeare experimented with other measures; a triple measure, for instance, as in *The Comedy of Errors* (1529-3):

Ant. E. But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
 But soft! my door is locked. Go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin! (iii. 1. 28.)

which would, one imagines, be tedious without the rhymes, at any rate in the theatre. And rhyme was a frequent resource with Shakespeare, especially at first, when blank verse as he could at that time handle it would not do all that he wanted verse to do. The rhyme sometimes gives charm to too stiff a structure; sometimes it lightens verse which would otherwise be a little heavy, gives spirit to the mass; at other times it is simply an added and appropriate grace.

My dear dear lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford
 In spotless reputation: but away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast . . .

(*Richard II.* 1595-6. ii. 1. 176.)

Again, in his earlier days, he tried the effect of embedding verse forms in his plays, as the sonnet in *Romeo and Juliet*, or the occasional quatrain as in *The Comedy of Errors* and *Richard II.* In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (about 1595-6), he sometimes uses the quatrain separated by a couplet, as it might be the sestet of a sonnet:

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:

Look, when I vow I weep; and vows so born

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you;

Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O develish holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows with her and me, put in the scales

Will even weigh, and both are light as tales. (iii. 2. 122.)

But as Shakespeare progressed, he more and more tended to drop rhyme out of his plays: it is a mark of his immaturity, and when he could make blank verse produce every dramatic effect he wanted, he no longer found much utility in rhyme. It drops completely out of *The Winter's Tale* (1611-2), and virtually out of *The Tempest* (1612-3), the masque being the only notable exception. Like every great artist, he came to use only the most economical means.

§ 4

In our play he is at about the mid-stage of his career. He was master of his medium, though he had not yet attained that supreme virtuosity he was to display in *Lear* (1605-6), and, in a different way, in the final romances. He had already learnt to use that admirable trick of dovetailing blank verses into each other so that a complete verse lies half in one other complete line, and half in a second:

I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love:

so that not the verse, but the phrase, is the important, the dramatic unit. But further than that, he had achieved the stage of being able to do what he liked with his stresses:

Lét it not be beliéved for wómanhood!

Thínk we had móthers; dó not give advántage

To stúbborn crítics ápt withóut a thême

For depravátion, to squáre the géneral séx

By Créssid's rúle. Ráther think thís nó't Créssid. (v. 2. 126.)

It is gloriously free, strikingly emphatic. You can, of course, 'scan' it if you like; and then, though regular enough, it will reveal a far greater complexity than, say, the passage quoted from *Love's Labour's Lost*, with more inversions more variously placed, with more double endings, and with enjambment. But it is not the scansion that makes the dramatic phrase; it is the way the poet forces the actor to bring out the emotion of the moment.

It is noticeable that in the 'Greek' scenes, Shakespeare resorts to a more formal though no less complex verse than he uses in the 'Trojan' scenes.

O, when degree is shaken
 (Which is the ladder of all high designs)
 The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools and brotherhood in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place? (i. 3. 101.)

The Greeks stand for intellect as against intuition, as we have seen in the Introduction; and it would seem as though when Shakespeare wanted to give weight, slowness, the effect of reasoning to the utterances of his characters, he used a more regular verse with more evenly spaced stresses, these too being more even in weight. The more impassioned his characters are, the less they are ruled by laws of metre, the more frequently do they omit stresses, and the more recklessly do they scatter them. Shakespeare no longer feels tied to a ten-syllable line: he can use thirteen, and make them have the right unit-value:

And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage
 (i. 3. 51.)

The short lines, usually of seven syllables, also have the weight of a ten-syllable line:

For it is parting from us. (iv. 4. 60.)

And he uses the three stress line whenever he wishes:

He fumbles up into a lóose adiéu. (iv. 4. 45.)
 That there's no maculation in thy heart. (iv. 4. 63.)

such lines being more common where high emotional tension is needed. In short, at this stage, there was nothing he would not dare, though there are some things he had not yet achieved. At all events, he had conquered scansion, and transformed it into phrasing.¹

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to draw attention to Shakespeare's prose, so neglected in comparison with his verse. There too he was aiming at 'good writing' as little as in his poetry he was aiming at 'good verse'; there too he was intent to forge an instrument which would be dramatically effective; with the result that his best prose, so lucid, so running, so full of life and movement, approximates to his most advanced verse. Superb already in *Hamlet* (1600-1), in *The Tempest* it is triumphant. In *Troilus and Cressida* already it dances, it glides, it shoots forth, it stands still, just as Shakespeare wishes; the phrasing is masterly, dramatically almost perfect, and the student is advised to palate the prose of this play as much as its verse. Each contains a rich field either for analysis or for delight.

¹ It is interesting to see what Shakespeare does with rhyme in this play, to whom he gives it, and with what effect: e.g. when Cressida uses it, it gives her words a sort of brittle sincerity.

GLOSSARY

- a'** (*passim*) he.
a' (i. 1. 73) on.
abruption (iii. 2. 62) breaking off.
act (iii. 3. 131) effect, result.
addition (i. 2. 20; ii. 3. 245; iii. 2. 90; iv. 5. 141) title, especially of honour. An O.M. or a C.M.G. might be considered an 'addition' to-day.
advertised (ii. 2. 211) informed.
affined (i. 3. 25) related to. Cf. affinity.
allowance (i. 3. 376; ii. 3. 133) approbation, praise.
an (i. 1. 39, 64 and 72) if.
an (i. 2. 163, 165) as if.
antics (v. 3. 86) buffoons, farcical actors.
appointment (iv. 5. 1) accoutrement.
asinico (ii. 1. 43) fool. A corrupt form of a Portuguese word meaning 'little ass'.
attachment (iv. 2. 5) arrest, stop.
attest (ii. 2. 132) call to witness; (v. 2. 119) testimony.
beam (v. 5. 9) heavy lance. Cf. 1 *Sam.* xvii. 7.
biles (ii. 1. 2 *et seq.*) boils.
blench (ii. 2. 68) shrink, turn away, flinch.
bobbed (ii. 1. 67) belaboured, pummelled, with subsidiary meaning of mocked, made sport of.
bolting (i. 1. 17) sifting.
brave (iv. 4. 136) boast.
breath (ii. 3. 108) breather, breathing-time; (iv. 5. 92) spell of exercise.
breese (i. 3. 48) gad-fly.
brooch (ii. 1. 111) ornament, whence hanger-on.
capocchia (iv. 2. 31) simpleton. (Italian; fem.)
catlings (iii. 3. 296) catgut.
circumstance (iii. 3. 114) argument: circumduction (Johnson).
cobloaf (ii. 1. 36) a small, round, irregular, and therefore crusty, loaf; in some districts, the one at the end of a batch.
cogging (v. 4. 11) deceitful, cheating.
compassed (i. 2. 104) laid out with a compass, that is, circular: compassed window is thus a bow-window.
complete (iii. 3. 179) perfect.
concupy (v. 2. 174) probably concupiscence. The *N.E.D.* suggests concubine (nonce word).
constring'd (v. 2. 170) gummed together.

convince (ii. 2. 130) convict.
convive (iv. 5. 272) be convivial.

coped (i. 2. 32) encountered.

critics (v. 2. 128) cynics, censorious persons.

curst (v. 3. 105) under a curse.

dependant on (iii. 3. 18) hanging over, impending on.

depravation (v. 2. 129) de-
 traction.

dismes (ii. 2. 19) tenths. Cf. (Fr. *dime*, tithes) avoiding the repetition of tithes in the same line. A dime in America is the tenth part of a dollar.

disorbed (ii. 2. 46) thrown out of its course or orbit.

distaste (ii. 2. 66) dislike, find distasteful; (ii. 2. 123) make distasteful, unsavoury.

distasted (iv. 4. 47) spoilt to the taste, made distasteful.

draught (v. 1. 75) latrine, cesspool, sewer.

embrasures (iv. 4. 36) embraces.

empale (v. 7. 5) make a pale, or fence, around.

emulation (ii. 2. 212) envy.

emulous (ii. 3. 229) envious; (iv. 1. 30) ambitious.

envy (iv. 4. 27) jealousy.

expressure (iii. 3. 202) expression.

extended (iii. 3. 120) displayed.

extenuates (ii. 2. 187) mitigates, lightens.

fancy (iv. 4. 24) love.

favour (i. 2. 87) general complexion; (iv. 5. 213) looks, appearance.

fee-farm (iii. 2. 48) perpetuity, with a rent reserved.

fee-simple (v. 1. 21) possession in perpetuity.

fills (iii. 2. 44) shafts of a cart.

fitchew (v. 1. 88) polecat.

fonder (i. 1. 10) more foolish, more infatuated.

force (ii. 3. 219) forced; (v. 1. 55) to force is to stuff, in older use farce, from the Fr. *farcir*. The Folio in v. 1. 55 prints *farce*. We still use the term 'force-meat', minced meat for stuffing.

fraction (ii. 3. 94) break, rupture.

fraught (Prologue 4) freighted.

fraughtage (Prologue 13) freight.

frayed (iii. 2. 31) frightened, made afraid.

frush (v. 6. 29) shatter.

galls (i. 3. 237) tempers, passions, spirits to resent.

gear (i. 1. 6) business, affair, fuss and bother.

glimpse (i. 2. 24) spark, tincture.

God buy you (iii. 3. 285) good-bye (God be with you).

grated (iii. 2. 182) worn away by time, which acts like a grater.

great morning (iv. 3. 1) broad daylight.

hatched (i. 3. 65) streaked; cf. cross-hatching in drawing.

hedge (iii. 3. 157) shuffle, dodge.

husbandry (i. 2. 7) household economy, or farming precepts.

- ignomy** (v. 10. 33) ignominy: a form in use at least as late as 1805.
- impair** (iv. 5. 103) unbalanced, immature.
- instance** (v. 2. 150, 152) example, especially for argument; (v. 10. 39) saw, proverb.
- instances** (i. 3. 77) circumstances.
- keep** (iv. 5. 278) dwell, keep house. Still in use at Cambridge.
- lifter** (i. 2. 110) thief: here, of course, a pun on 'one who lifts weights'.
- lunes** (ii. 3. 126) lunatic actions, freaks.
- luxury** (v. 2. 55) lasciviousness.
- massy-irons** (Prologue 17; ii. 3. 15) massive, heavy.
- med'cinable** (i. 3. 91 and iii. 3. 44) curative.
- murrain**. See *red murrain*.
- o'er-wrested** (i. 3. 157) overstrung, strained. See note on ii. 3. 23 and Glossary **wrest**.
- opinion** (i. 3. 372 and several places) reputation.
- orgillous** (Prologue 2) proud. Cf. Fr. *orgueilleux*.
- orts** (v. 2. 155) remainder, fragments.
- owes** (iii. 3. 99) owns.
- pace** (i. 3. 128, 132) grade, step, degree of elevation.
- pageant** (ii. 3. 71; iii. 3. 266) show, play. Cf. mediæval pageant.
- pageants** (i. 3. 151) play-acts.
- palter** (ii. 3. 230 and v. 2. 48) juggle, play the fool, treat lightly.
- paradoxes** (i. 3. 184) absurdities (Schmidt).
- parted** (iii. 3. 96) endowed with parts.
- pash** (ii. 3. 200), **pashed** (v. 5. 10), to pash is to beat, bash, batter.
- passion** (v. 2. 178) outburst.
- patchery** (ii. 3. 67) roguery.
- peculiar** (ii. 3. 161) alone, particular to himself; we still sometimes use the word in that sense.
- pelting** (iv. 5. 267) petty, paltry.
- pheeze** (ii. 3. 202) to beat, knock, strike, or whip (Malone): to comb or curry (Johnson): to plague (Deighton): to untwine has been suggested.
- pia mater** (ii. 1. 69) brain; lit. the membrane covering it.
- pight** (v. 10. 24) pitched.
- placket** (ii. 3. 18) woman, by metonymy. We should say skirt.
- porpentine** (ii. 1. 25) porcupine.
- port** (iv. 4. 110, 135) gate.
- possess thee** (iv. 4. 111) tell thee.
- presently** (iv. 3. 6) at once.
- propend** (ii. 2. 190) incline.
- propension** (ii. 2. 133) desire, propensity.
- proposed for** (iii. 2. 12) intended for.
- propugnation** (ii. 2. 136) protection, defensive fighting power.
- pun** (ii. 1. 37) pound.
- puts back** (iv. 4. 33) puts by, brushes aside, denies:

puttock (v. 1. 58) kite (garbage-eating scavenger).

quails (v. 1. 50) courtesans: we might say 'birds'.

rank (i. 3. 73) lit. of unrestrained growth, as in i. 3. 318; here foul, offensive. Shakespeare seems to apply this chiefly to smell; e.g. *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 36: O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.; (iv. 5. 132) overgrown, hypertrophied.

rape (ii. 2. 148) carrying off.

raptures (ii. 2. 122) attacks, seizures; her utterances when she is prophetically rapt.

rash (iv. 2. 60) quick, sudden, urgent.

rate (ii. 2. 89) condemn, disvalue.

recides (i. 3. 117) falls back, relapses, sinks down.

red murrain (ii. 1. 19) skin disease.

reproof (i. 3. 33) set-back, check.

repured (iii. 2. 21) re-purified.

respect (ii. 2. 49) deliberation; thinking out the respectiveness of things.

resty (i. 3. 263) restive, impatient.

retort (iii. 3. 101) give back, reflect.

retract (ii. 2. 141) go back upon, undo.

rivelled (v. 1. 21) wrinkled.

scantling (i. 3. 341) pattern, sample.

schools (i. 3. 104) universities.

seam (ii. 3. 180) fat, lard.

sense (ii. 1. 21) feeling.

serpigo (ii. 3. 70) an itching skin disease; impetigo of the palms of the hands or soles of the feet.

shent (ii. 3. 75) scolded, rated.

sith (i. 3. 13) since, seeing that.

sleave-silk (v. 1. 29) floss-silk.

sort (i. 3. 375) lot, chance. Cf. Fr. *sort*.

sorts (i. 1. 102) assort with, befits.

sounding (iii. 2. 22) swooning, fainting.

spleen (i. 3. 178) impulse, here to laugh. The spleen was regarded as the seat of laughter as well as of melancholy.

stale (ii. 3. 186) make common, use up, smutch.

states of war (ii. 3. 259) war council.

stickler (v. 8. 18) a stickler stood by to part combatants with a stick, when victory could be adjudged without bloodshed (according to Steevens). We might say umpire, as at a fencing match.

stithied (iv. 5. 255) formed on the stithy, or anvil.

subscribes (iv. 5. 105) yields, is merciful.

taborins (iv. 5. 275) small drums, narrower and longer than the tabor, and played with a flute: martial drums.

tarre (i. 3. 390) urge on, incite.

tend (ii. 3. 122) attend upon.

tent (ii. 2. 16) probe; or roll of lint.

testerne (Epistle, l. 25, p. 161) sixpenny piece.

- tetchy** (i. 7. 92) fretful, peevish, testy, touchy.
- tetter** (v. 1. 21) itching skin-eruption.
- traded pilots** (ii. 2. 64) professional pilots.
- unplausible** (iii. 3. 43) ungracious, disapproving.
- untraded** (iv. 5. 178) un-hackneyed.
- vail** (v. 8. 7) setting (not veil).
- vambrace** (i. 3. 297) or vant-brace: the armour for the forearm, the *avant-bras*.
- vaunt** (Prologue 27) van, earliest of.
- vindicative** (iv. 5. 107) eager to vindicate. Vindicative (Schmidt).
- vinewd'st** (ii. 1. 14) most mouldy.
- violenteth** (iv. 4. 4) rages.
- warrant** (ii. 2. 96) justify, acknowledge.
- watery** (iii. 2. 20) usually glossed 'watering'; it might mean waterish, untasting.
- whissing** (v. 1. 19) wheezing.
- will** (i. 2. 80) virility.
- wrest** (iii. 3. 23) lit. a tuning key: here, metaphorically, pivot, possibly with the implication of a moral driving force.

SHAKESPEARE'S STAGE IN ITS BEARING UPON HIS DRAMA.

§ 1. The structure and arrangements of the Elizabethan theatre are still under discussion, and many points of detail remain unsettled. The last twenty years have produced a very extensive and highly technical literature on the subject, chiefly in England, America, and Germany. It is based especially on the new evidence derived from (1) the original stage directions, (2) contemporary illustrations and descriptions. The following summary gives the conclusions which at present appear most reasonable, neglecting much speculative matter of great interest.

§ 2. When Shakespeare arrived in London, soon after 1585, theatrical exhibitions were given there in (1) public theatres, (2) private theatres, (3) the halls of the royal palaces, and of the Inns of Court.

Of the 'public' theatres there were at least three: The Theater, the Curtain, both in Shoreditch, and Newington Butts on the Bankside or Southwark shore. About 1587, the Rose, also on the Bankside, was added. All these were occasionally used by Shakespeare's company before 1599, when their headquarters became the newly built Globe, likewise on the Bankside. Of the 'private' theatres the principal, and the oldest, was the Blackfriars, on the site of the present *Times* office. It was also the property of the company in which Shakespeare acquired a share, but being let out during practically his whole career, does not count in the present connexion. At court, on the other hand, his company played repeatedly. But his plays were written for the 'public' theatre, and this alone had any influence upon his stage-craft.

§ 3. The 'public' theatre differed from the other two types chiefly in being (1) dependent on daylight, (2) open overhead, and (3) partially seatless; and from the court-stages also, in (4) not using painted scenes. While they, again, had the rectangular form, the typical 'public' theatre was a round or octagonal edifice, modelled partly on the inn-yards where companies of players had been accustomed to perform, prior to the inhibition of 1574, on movable stages; partly on the arenas used for bear-baiting and cock-fighting;—sports still carried on in the 'theatres', and in part dictating their arrangements.

The circular inner area, known thence as the 'cock-pit', or 'pit', had accordingly no seats; admission to it cost one penny (*6d.* in modern money), and the throng of standing spectators were known as the 'groundlings'. More expensive places (up to 2s. *6d.*) with seats, were provided in tiers of galleries which ran round the area, one above the other, as in modern theatres; the uppermost being covered with a thatched roof.

§ 4. The Stage (using the term to describe the entire scenic apparatus of the theatre) included (1) the *outer stage*, a rectangular platform (as much as 42 feet wide in the largest examples) projecting into the circular area, from the back wall, and thus surrounded by 'groundlings' on three sides. Above it were a thatched roof and hangings, but no side or front curtains. In the floor was a trap-door by which ghosts and others ascended or descended. At the back were (2) two projecting wings, each with a door opening obliquely on to the stage, the *necess* between them, of uncertain shape and extent, forming a kind of

inner stage. Above this was (3) an upper room or rooms, which included the actors' 'tiring-house', with a window or windows opening on to (4) a *balcony* or gallery, from which was hung (5) a *curtain*, by means of which the inner recess could be concealed or disclosed.

§ 5. The most important divergence of this type of structure from that of our theatres is in the relation between the outer stage and the auditorium. In the modern theatre the play is treated as a picture, framed in the proscenium arch, seen by the audience like any other picture from the front only, and shut off from their view at any desired moment by letting fall the curtain. An immediate consequence of this was that a *scene* (or act) could terminate only in one of two ways. Either the persons concerned in it walked, or were carried, off the stage; or a change of place and circumstances was *suggested* without their leaving it. Both these methods were used. The first was necessary only at the close of the play. For this reason an Elizabethan play rarely ends on a *climax*, such as the close of Ibsen's *Ghosts*; the overpowering effect of which would be gravely diminished if, instead of the curtain falling upon Oswald's helpless cry for "the sun", he and his mother had to walk off the stage. Marlowe's *Faustus* ends with a real climax, because the catastrophe *ipso facto* leaves the stage clear. But the close of even the most overwhelming final scenes of Shakespeare is relatively quiet, or even, as in *Macbeth*, a little tame. The concluding lines often provide a motive for the (compulsory) clearing of the stage.

In the *Tragedies*, the dead body of the hero has usually to be borne ceremoniously away, followed by the rest; so Aufidius in *Coriolanus*: "Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one" Similarly in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. In *Othello*, Desdemona's bed was apparently in the curtained recess, and at the close the curtains were drawn upon the two bodies, instead of their being as usual borne away.

The close of the *Histories* often resembles the dispersing of an informal council after a declaration of policy by the principal person; thus *Richard II.* closes with Bolingbroke's announcement of the penance he proposes to pay for Richard's death; *Henry IV.* with his orders for the campaign against Northumberland and Glendower; *King John* with Falconbridge's great assertion of English patriotism.

In the *Comedies*, the leading persons will often withdraw to explain to one another at leisure what the audience already knows (*Winter's Tale*, *Tempest*, *Merchant of Venice*), or to carry out the wedding rites (*As You Like It*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*); or they strike up a measure and thus (as in *Much Ado*) naturally dance off the stage. Sometimes the chief persons have withdrawn before the close, leaving some minor character—Puck (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*) or the Clown (*Twelfth Night*)—to wind up the whole with a snatch of song, and then retire himself.

§ 6. But the most important result of the exposed stage was that it placed strict limits upon dramatic illusion, and thus compelled the resort, for most purposes, to conventions resting on symbolism, suggestion, or make-believe. It was only in dress that anything like simulation could be attempted; and here the Elizabethan companies, as is well known, were lavish in the extreme. Painted scenes, on the other hand, even had they been available, would have been idle or worse, when perhaps a third of the audience would see, behind the actors, not the scenes but the people in the opposite gallery, or the gallants seated on the stage. Especially where complex and crowded actions were introduced, the most beggarly symbolic suggestion was cheerfully accepted. Jonson, in

the spirit of classicist realism, would have tabooed all such intractable matter; and he scoffed, in his famous Prologue, at the "three rusty swords" whose clashing had to do duty for "York and Lancaster's long jars". Shakespeare's realism was never of this literal kind, but in bringing Agincourt upon the stage of the newly built Globe in the following year (1599) he showed himself so far sensitive to criticisms of this type that he expressly appealed to the audience's imagination—"eke out our imperfections with your thoughts"—consenting, moreover, to assist them by the splendid descriptive passages interposed between the Acts.

It is probable that the Elizabethan popular audience did not need any such appeal. It had no experience of elaborate 'realism' on the stage; the rude movable stages on which the earliest dramas had been played compelled an ideal treatment of *space* and a symbolic treatment of *properties*; and this tradition, though slowly giving way, was still paramount throughout Shakespeare's career. Thus every audience accepted as a matter of course (1) the representation of *distant* things or places simultaneously on the stage. Sidney, in 1580, had ridiculed the Romantic plays of his time with "Asia of one side and Africa of the other", indicated by labels. But Shakespeare in 1593-4 could still represent the tents of Richard III. and Richmond within a few yards of one another, and the Ghosts speaking alternately to each. Every audience accepted (2) the presence on the stage, in full view of the audience, of accessories irrelevant to the scene in course of performance. A property requisite for one set of scenes, but out of place in another, could be simply ignored while the latter were in progress; just as the modern audience sees, but never reckons into the scenery, the footlights and the prompter's box. Large, movable objects, such as beds or chairs, were no doubt often brought in when needed; but no one was disturbed if they remained during an intervening scene in which they were out of place. And "properties either difficult to move, like a well, or so small as to be unobtrusive, were habitually left on the stage as long as they were wanted, whatever scenes intervened" (Reynolds).

Thus in Jonson's *The Case is Altered* (an early play, not yet reflecting his characteristic technique), Jaques, in III. 2, hides his gold in the earth and covers it with a heap of dung to avoid suspicion. In IV. 4, he removes the dung to assure himself that the gold is still there. The intervening scenes represent rooms in Ferneze's palace, and Juniper's shop; but the heap of dung doubtless remained on the stage all the time. Similarly in Peele's *David and Bethsabe*, the spring in which Bethsabe bathes; and in his *Old Wives' Tale*, a 'study' and 'a cross', which belong to unconnected parts of the action.

It follows from this that the *supposed locality of a scene could be changed* without any change in the properties on the stage, or even of the persons. What happened was merely that some properties which previously had no dramatic relevance, suddenly acquired it, and *vice versa*; that a tree, for instance, hitherto only a stage property out of use, became a *tree* and signified probably, a wood. The change of scene may take place without any break in the dialogue, and be only marked by the occurrence of allusions of a different tenor.

Thus in *Doctor Faustus*, at v. 1106 f., Faustus is in "a fair and pleasant green", on his way from the Emperor's Court to Wittenberg; at v. 2143 f., he is back in his

house there. In *Romeo and Juliet*, I 4. 5, Romeo and his friends are at first in the street; at I. 4. 114, according to the Folio, "they march about the stage and serving-men come forth with their napkins"; in other words, we are now in Capulet's hall, and Capulet presently enters meeting his guests. This is conventionalized in modern editions.

§ 7. **The Inner Stage.**—An audience for which the limitations of the actual stage meant so little, might be expected to dispense readily with the concessions to realism implied in providing an actual inner chamber for scenes performed 'within', and an actual gallery for those performed 'aloft'. And the importance and number of the former class of scenes has, in fact, been greatly exaggerated.

Applying modern usages to the semi-mediæval Elizabethan stage, Brandl (*Einstellung* to his revised edition of Schlegel's translation) and Brodmeier (Dissertation on the stage-conditions of the Elizabethan drama), put forward the theory of the 'alternative' scene; according to which the inner and the outer stage were used 'alternately', a recurring scene, with elaborate properties, being arranged in the former, and merely curtained off while intervening scenes were played on the outer, or main stage. But while this theory is plausible, as applied to some of Shakespeare's plays (e.g. the intricate transitions between rooms at Belmont and piazzas at Venice, in the *Merchant*), it breaks down in others (e.g. *Cymbeline*, II. 2, 3; *Richard II.*, I. 3, 4), and especially in many plays by other dramatists.

It is probable that the use of the 'inner stage' was in general restricted to two classes of scene: (1) where persons 'within' formed an integral though subordinate part of a scene of which the main issue was decided on the outer stage; as with the play-scene in *Hamlet*, or where Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered playing chess in *The Tempest*; (2) where a scene, though engaging the whole interest, is supposed to occur in an inner chamber. Thus Desdemona's chamber, Prospero's cell, Timon's cave, Lear's hovel, the Capulet's tomb.

§ 8. **The Balcony.**—There is less doubt about the use of the balcony or gallery. This was in fact an extremely favourite resource, and its existence in part explains the abundance of serenade, rope-ladder, and other upper-story scenes in Elizabethan drama.

From the balcony, or the window above it, Juliet discoursed with Romeo, and Sylvia with Proteus (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. 2); Richard III. addressed the London citizens, and the citizen of Angers the rival Kings. From the window the Pedant in *Taming of the Shrew*, V. 1, hails Petruccio and Grumio below; and Squire Tub, in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, I. 1, puts out his head in answer to the summons of Parson Hugh. But whole scenes were also, it is probable, occasionally enacted in this upper room. This is the most natural interpretation of the scenes in Juliet's chamber (IV. 3, 5). On the other hand, though the Senators in *Titus Andronicus*, I. 1, "go up into the 'Senate House'", it is probable that the debate later in the scene, on the main stage, is intended to be in the Senate-house by the convention described in § 6.

For further reference the following among others may be mentioned:—

- G. F. Reynolds, *Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging* (*Modern Philology*, II. III.); A. Brandl, *Introduction* to his edition of Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare; V. E. Albright, *The Shakesperian Stage* (New York); W. Archer, *The Elizabethan Stage* (*Quarterly Review*, 1908); W. J. Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse and other Studies* (1st and 2nd series); D. Figgis, *Shakespeare, a study*.

From one or other of these, many of the above examples have been taken.

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