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THE NEW TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



Edited by M. R. Ridley, M.A.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

by William Shakespeare



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Editor's General Note

The Text. The editor has kept before him the aim of presenting to the modern reader the nearest possible approximation to what Shakespeare actually wrote. The text is therefore conservative, and is based on the earliest reliable printed text. But to avoid distraction (*a*) the spelling is modernised, and (*b*) a limited number of universally accepted emendations is admitted without comment. Where a Quarto text exists as well as the First Folio the passages which occur only in the Quarto are enclosed in square brackets [] and those which occur only in the Folio in brace brackets { }.

Scene Division. The rapid continuity of the Elizabethan curtainless production is lost by the 'traditional' scene divisions. Where there is an essential difference of place these scene divisions are retained. Where on the other hand the change of place is insignificant the scene division is indicated only by a space on the page. For ease of reference, however, the 'traditional' division is retained at the head of the page and in line numbering.

Notes. Passages on which there are notes are indicated by a † in the margin.

Punctuation adheres more closely than has been usual to the 'Elizabethan' punctuation of the early texts. It is often therefore more indicative of the way in which the lines were to be delivered than of their syntactical construction.

Glossaries are arranged on a somewhat novel principle, not alphabetically, but in the order in which the words or phrases occur. The editor is much indebted to Mr J. N. Bryson for his collaboration in the preparation of the glossaries.

Preface

The Text. The Play was first published in Quarto in 1609. The bibliographical history of the play as a whole presents several peculiarities. In the first place, there are two impressions of the Quarto, the only differences between which are in the title-page and in the fact that one impression has a comparatively lengthy preface. The two title-pages are as follows :—

(1) The / *Historic of Troylus / and Cresseida. / As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties / seruants at the Globe. / Written by William Shakespeare. / 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.*

(2) The / *Famous Historic of Troylus and Cresseid. / Excellently expressing the beginning / of their loues, with the conceited wooing / of Pandarus Prince of Licia (followed by the rest of the title-page as before). After this second title-page comes the following preface: "A neuer writer, to an euer reader. Newes. Eternall reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer stal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer under-tooke anything comicall, vainely: And were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of Commodities, or of Playes for Pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauties: especially this authors Commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serue for the most common Commentaries, of all the actions of our liues shewing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeas'd with Playes,*

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are pleas'd with his Commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, haue found that witte there, that they neuer found in them selues, and haue parted betterwitted then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then euer they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such sauored salt of witte is in his Commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth *Venus*. Amongst all there is none more witty then this: And had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserues such a labour, as well as the best Commedy in *Terence* or *Plautus*. And belecue this, that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrill of your pleasures losse, and Iudgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I belecue you should haue prayd for them rather than beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*"

It will be noticed that whereas one title-page announces, as the Quarto title-pages normally do, that the play has been acted, the other title-page, presumably to square with the Preface, omits any mention of the acting of the play, though it adds a description of Pandarus and his part in the play which is hardly justified by the play as we have it. There have been many explanations of these discrepancies. The play was entered in the Stationers' Register

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in 1603 to James Roberts, "to print when he hath gotten sufficient authority for it," and "as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men," but so far as we know, whether because sufficient authority was never procured, or for some other reason, the play was not printed until after a second entry, this time to Bonian and Walley, in January 1609. One view is that it was intended to act the play in 1603, and that Roberts' entry was just before this intended performance, which did not in fact take place; another is that the only performance had been at Court or at one of the Inns of Court, *i.e.* that the stage with which, according to the Preface, the play had not been "staled" was that of the ordinary public theatre. The discrepancy of the title-pages need not, I think, mean more than that the play was being printed for the first time, contemporaneously with its public appearance. But there are some references of which the natural interpretation seems to be that the play was on the boards by 1604. Nor is this the end of the bibliographical oddities. In the Folio the play does not appear in the general list of plays: it is stowed in between the Histories and the Tragedies without any page enumeration. Again, there have been various hypotheses to account for this. It is certainly possible that the Folio editors were in doubt as to the proper classification of the play, and not unnaturally, since the Quarto title-pages call it a "Famous History," the Preface alludes to it again and again as a "Comedy," and the play is in fact the peculiar kind that it is. On this view, though the Folio editors call it a Tragedy, they tucked it away in a kind of innominate pigeon-hole. It has further been pointed out quite truly that if the page-numbering of the last two pages of *Romeo and Juliet* had been correct, which it is not, the second and third pages of *Troilus* (the only ones which are numbered) would have followed on correctly after *Romeo and Juliet*: but this

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lack of page-numbering does surely suggest some hurry or confusion on the part of the Folio editors. If they had made up their minds in advance where the play was to be put, even if they found it difficult to categorize, the page-numbers would surely have been set at the same time as the text. The impression one gets is that they said, "Set the text first and then we will decide where to include the play."

These bibliographical peculiarities, though no doubt interesting in themselves, are of small importance in determining the text of the play. The relation between Folio and Quarto is close. This may seem a curious statement in view of the statement in the Preface to Griggs' facsimile that there are some four thousand discrepancies, but that statement, though doubtless true in fact, is entirely misleading in implication, since the vast majority of the differences are in alternative spellings and in punctuation. It is, I think, clear that the Folio was not set from the Quarto; there are certain differences which would be easily accounted for by setting from MS., but not in setting from type, e.g. *yea* for *you*, *money* for *an eye*, *lord* for *lad*, *find* for *sing*, *foule* for *foune*, *Fenne* for *sunne*. On the other hand there are some typographical resemblances (e.g. both texts print *teares* for *feares*, and the spellings *refracturie* and *staule* (for 'stall')), and a piece of mispunctuation in III. ii. 114, which point in the other direction.

But it is clear that Folio and Quarto derive from a common original, and each of them I think at only a short remove. The Quarto omissions are mostly explicable as ordinary compositor's errors, his eye being caught by the wrong word, e.g. II. iii. 56-60, or as omissions of difficult passages. There is a certain number of the usual non-significant differences (*just* for *right*, *noble* for *worthy*, and so on), and half a dozen or so cases where F, with or

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without Shakespeare's authority. improves or elaborates an obscure or jejune passage. But F also fairly clearly goes wrong in a certain number of places where Q is right. I do not think that the data are sufficient to determine with any degree of confidence which, if either, text was printed from an autograph. Sir Edmund Chambers' view is that the differences between the texts are intelligible on the assumption that Q was printed from a transcript, F from a copy of Q, corrected perhaps from the autograph, and with the usual 'sophisticating' alterations. Further than that I do not think one can go, though I have indicated reason to doubt whether F was set from Q rather than from either the original or a transcript of the original. Sir Edmund Chambers adds, I am sure rightly, "the alternative possibilities of divergence in both Q and F inevitably entail some eclecticism in the adoption of readings."

Date of Composition. The entry in the Registers for 1603 gives us one limit. As to the other limit there is no certainty and much conjecture. The play has been the occasion for all manner of theories of the disintegrators and revisionists. Fleay, for example, thought that the play was written in three sections, the Troilus-Cressida part in about 1594, the combat and the death of Hector a little later, and some of the Ajax section in 1607. Later, however, Fleay himself produced a new theory, by which Shakespeare and a collaborator produced the whole play in 1593 but Shakespeare got to work in 1602 and replaced the collaborator's work by his own, except for the Prologue and the latter scenes of Act V. This is the sort of ingenious theory which is all very well so long as we resolutely refuse to consider how in fact any dramatist contrives to produce a play. Nor does there seem to be any

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evidence for the theory. Admittedly the play exhibits some curious changes of temper, and certain inconsistencies in plot; but I am not clear that they are more serious than one would expect from a play constructed from such diverse sources. The examination of the various theories, and of the possible contemporary allusions which may be assumed to throw light upon the date of composition, would occupy disproportionate space, and be, I think, of less than no use to the reader who wishes simply to read the play, puzzling and in many ways 'unsatisfactory' specimen of Shakespeare's art though it is. These problems, as well as those of the play's bibliography, are admirably summarised by Sir Edmund Chambers in *William Shakespeare*. He concludes for 1602 as the date.

Sources. The whole Troy story was in the literary air of the Middle Ages, and influenced the immediately succeeding centuries to an extent which is hard for the modern reader to realise. But it is reasonable to see three specific sources on which Shakespeare presumably drew for different parts of this play. For the love-story, Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*; for Hector-Achilles, Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye*, and for Ajax-Thersites, Chapman's *Homer*.

Duration of Action. As often, there are one or two awkward discrepancies, but Daniel's analysis seems as satisfactory as we can hope for. There are four days. I. ii. ends the first day, and then there is an interval; the second and third days end at the end of III. and of V. ii.

Criticism. The play is an odd medley, and the reason for the discordant impression that it commonly produces is, I suppose,

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the incongruous nature of the ingredients in the medley. It is not in any proper sense a tragedy, since none of the characters rise to a tragic height; still less is it an ordinary comedy, though it has comic elements in it, and we go completely astray if we neglect to see that they are comic. Much of it is concerned with what would now be known as the 'debunking' of the Trojan and Grecian heroes of epic, who are, with one or two exceptions, the poorest collection of human beings that Shakespeare ever assembled in one play. And it has the oddest trick of going off without warning into irrelevant disquisitions on political philosophy more characteristic of Euripides in his least dramatic mood than of Shakespeare. Its general flavour is much that of *Measure for Measure* (and, though that is less acrid, of *All's Well*), but here the disillusionment is so complete that Shakespeare cannot be bothered to wrench the situation into a so-called happy ending. Of all his plays it is the only one to which the label 'cynical' could be justly applied. It reads like the work of a man at that flat nadir of disillusionment where not even the ideals that have been shattered have any value left; and so there is none of that savagery which gives *Timon of Athens* a sort of lurid greatness. So, too, the critics who mount themselves on a high moral horse are only riding for a fall. One critic, for example, points out that in Chaucer *Troilus and Cressida* 'meet from time to time, but purity and self-restraint are never infringed,' though in the end *Troilus* so excites 'her pity and her passion that she yields to his sensual desires'; whereas in Shakespeare we find *Cressida* 'free, nay, absolutely indelicate of speech, well seen in such japes as rise readily to the lewd lips of her filthy-minded uncle, and clearly no novice to vicious suggestion and innuendo,' while *Pandarus* is a 'filthy, prurient, self-appointed tool who revels in garbage of words and garbage of

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deeds.' All which does more credit to the critic's moral than to his dramatic sense. No doubt Cressida is by nature a wanton, whose desire is for the nearest available man, and whose choice is determined rather by availability than by character; and no doubt Pandarus is a vulgarly kindly creature who likes helping people to what they want; they are human nature at its least noble. But equally without doubt Shakespeare was not regarding them as texts for a sermon, but as human beings of a particular kind, apt to a particular mood, and above all apt for a particular play written in that mood. And one of them at least, however alien his humour may be to our taste, is meant to be humorous; and we miss the flavour of a good deal of the play if we miss seeing that. Dowden, rather surprisingly, and with a perception the more admirable since it ran counter to the traditions of his age, surely saw the truth when he described the play as a 'comedy of disillusion.' Much of it is satiric, and it has elements of tragedy; but it is not a satire, and still less is it a tragedy: it is a wry-mouthed comedy. That, after all, is how it is described in the Preface, and Thersites, who is called 'the fool,' is clearly a distortion of the professional jester.

Hazlitt.—The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are very amusing and instructive. The disinterested willingness of Pandarus to serve his friend in an affair which lies next his heart is immediately brought forward. "Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter were a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris, Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant Helen, to change, would give money to boot." This is the language he addresses to his niece: nor is she much behind-hand in coming into the plot. Her head is as light and fluttering as her heart. "It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath so

short as a new-ta'en sparrow." Both characters are originals, and quite different from what they are in Chaucer. In Chaucer, Cressida is represented as a grave, sober, considerate personage (a widow—he cannot tell her age, nor whether she has children or no) who has an alternate eye to her character, her interest, and her pleasure: Shakespeare's Cressida is a giddy girl, an unpractised jilt, who falls in love with Troilus, as she afterwards deserts him, from mere levity and thoughtlessness of temper. She may be wooed and won to anything and from anything, at a moment's warning: the other knows very well what she would be at, and sticks to it, and is more governed by substantial reasons than by caprice or vanity. Pandarus again, in Chaucer's story, is a friendly sort of go-between, tolerably busy, officious, and forward in bringing matters to bear: but in Shakespeare he has "a stamp exclusive and professional": he wears the badge of his trade; he is a regular knight of the game. The difference of the manner in which the subject is treated arises perhaps less from intention than from the different genius of the two poets. There is no *double entendre* in the characters of Chaucer: they are either quite serious or quite comic. In Shakespeare the ludicrous and ironical are constantly blended with the stately and the impassioned.

Swinburne.—Alike in its most palpable perplexities and in its most patent splendours, this political and philosophic and poetic problem, this hybrid and hundred-faced and hydra-headed prodigy, at once defies and derides all definitive comment. This however we may surely and confidently say of it, that of all Shakespeare's offspring it is the one whose best things lose least by extraction and separation from their context. That some cynic had lately bitten him by the brain—and possibly a cynic himself in a nearly

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rabid stage of anthropophobia—we might conclude as reasonably from consideration of the whole as from examination of the parts more especially and virulently affected: yet how much is here also of hyper-Platonic subtlety and sublimity, of golden and Hyblæan eloquence above the reach and beyond the snap of any cynic's tooth! Shakespeare, as under the guidance at once for good and evil of his alternately Socratic and Swiftian familiar, has set himself as if prepensely and on purpose to brutalise the type of Achilles and spiritualise the type of Ulysses. The former is an enterprise never to be utterly forgiven by any who ever loved from the very birth of his boyhood the very name of the son of the sea-goddess. . . . It is true, if that be any little compensation, that Hector and Andromache fare here hardly better than he: while of the momentary presentation of Helen on the dirtier boards of a stage more miry than the tub of Diogenes, I would not if I could, and I must not though I would, say so much as a single proper word. The hysterics of the eponymous hero and the harlotries of the eponymous heroine remove both alike beyond the outer pale of all rational and manly sympathy; though Shakespeare's self may never have exceeded or equalled for subtle and accurate and bitter fidelity the study here given of an utterly light woman, shallow and loose and dissolute in the most literal sense, rather than perverse or unkindly or unclean; and though Keats alone in his most perfect mood of lyric passion and burning vision, as full of fragrance as of flame, could have matched and all but overmatched those passages in which the rapture of Troilus makes pale and humble by comparison the keenest raptures of Romeo.¹

¹ From *A Study of Shakespeare*, by permission of W. Heinemann Ltd.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, *king of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROIUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } *his sons.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } *Trojan commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks*

PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*

MENELAUS, *his brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } *Grecian commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Troy, and the Grecian camp.*

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{Prologue

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war : sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps ; and that 's the quarrel. 10
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage : now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions : Priam's six-gated city,
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

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On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard : and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence †
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle ; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are : 30
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.}

Act First

SCENES I AND II

Troy. Before Priam's palace

Enter Pandarus and Troilus

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 !

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 unpractis'd 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 tarry the grinding.

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,
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do :
 At Priam's royal table do I sit,
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So, traitor!—'When she comes!'—When is she thence ?

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

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

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's 40
—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,—
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad 50
In Cressid's love : thou answer'st ' she is fair ;'
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse ; O that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink

Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense †
 Hard as the palm of ploughman : this thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, 60
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

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.

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 70
 between, but small thanks for my labour.

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

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 on 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 ?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, she's a fool to
 stay behind her father, let her to the Grecks ; and so 80

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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,—

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. An alarum*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours ! peace, rude sounds !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus. 90

I cannot fight upon this argument ;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me !

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar ;

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

As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.

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

Between our Ilium and where she resides, 100

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,

Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

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.

Tro. By whom, Æneas ?

Æn. Troilus, by Menclaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed ; 'tis but a scar to scorn ; 110

Paris is gor'd with Menclaus' horn. *Alarum*

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

Tro. Better at home, if ' would I might ' were ' may.'

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

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

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Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd :
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer ;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd 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 Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax.

Cre. Good ; and what of him ?

Ale. They say he is a very man per se,
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, 20
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man
into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his
valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauc'd 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. 30

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 ?

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 ? 40

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

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 arm'd 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. 50

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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.

Cre. What, is he angry too ?

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

60

Cre. O Jupiter ; there 's no comparison.

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

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.

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

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

70

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

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.

Pan. He is elder.

80

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 wit this year.

†

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.

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,—

90

Cre. No, but brown.

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

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

Pan. She prais'd 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

100

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

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,— 110

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?

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. 120

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,—

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. 130

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.

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

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

Cre. With mill-stones. 140

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

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

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing ?

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

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

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair as at his pretty 150
answer.

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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.

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 fork'd one,' quoth he, 160
' pluck 't out, and give it him.' But there was such
laughing ! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd,
and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

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.

Cre. So I do.

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

Cre. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle 170
against May. *A retreat sounded*

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.

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.

Æneas passes

Cre. Speak not so loud.

180

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.

Cre. Who's that ?

Antenor passes

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.

190

Cre. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

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

Hector passes

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

looks ! there 's a countenance ! is 't not a brave man !

Cre. O, a brave man !

Pan. Is a' not ? it does a man's heart good. Look you 200
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 ?

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

Paris passes

Look ye yonder, niece ; is 't not a gallant man too, 210
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 ?

Helenus passes

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 220
marvel where Troilus is. Hark ! do you not hear
the people cry ' Troilus ' ? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder ?

Troilus passes

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

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 ; 230
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.

Common Soldiers pass

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 240

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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.

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

Pan. Achilles ! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well ! Why, have you any discretion, have you any eyes, do you know what a man is ? Is not 250
birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man ?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man : and then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman ! one 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 260
you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

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 !

Enter Troilus's Boy

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you. 270

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.

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, 280

He offers in another's enterprise :

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :

Things won are done ; joy's soul lies in the doing :

That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this :

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did suc :

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach : 290
" Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech."
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exeunt

SCENE III

The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent

*Zennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus,
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 promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infects the sound pine and diverts his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 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
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
 And call them shames, which are indeed nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove 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 affin'd and kin :
 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
 Upon her ancient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk !
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut, 40
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse : where 's then the saucy boat, †
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rivall'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 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 breese
 Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50
 And flies flee under shade, why then the thing of †
 courage
 As rous'd with rage with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
 Retires to chiding fortune. †

Uly.

Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerves and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
 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
stretch'd-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, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish cars
To his experienc'd 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 70
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
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,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions. 80
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
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 enthron'd and spher'd 90
Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the influence of evil planets,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad : but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
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 shak'd,
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,
The primogeniture 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 melts †
 In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters 111
 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 :
 Force should be right ; or rather, right and wrong,
 Between whose endless jar justice resides,
 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,
 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 :

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nes. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
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 forchand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs : with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and silly action,
Which (slanderer) he imitation calls, 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
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending ; with terms unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd, 160
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
 Cries ' Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon right.
 Now play me Nestor ; hem, and stroke thy beard,
 As he being dress'd 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 !
 'Tis 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
 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.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Nes. And in the imitation of these twain,

Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him :
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,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

193

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
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 ;
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

200

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?

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
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general. 220

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

Aga. How?

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 Phæbus: 230
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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

Æn. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
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 great
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 prais'd himself bring the praise forth :
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

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

Æn. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

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

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

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æn. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper with 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, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

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

Trumpet sounds

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260
A prince call'd 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,
That holds his honour higher than his case,
And feeds 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 Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it :
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did couple in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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,
 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 suck'd : he is old now ;
 But if there be not in our Grecian host
 A noble man that hath no spark of fire, †
 To answer for his love, tell him from me
 I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vambrace put my wither'd 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 prove this troth with my three drops of blood.

Æn. Now heavens forbend such scarcity of men !

Uly. Amen.

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

Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor

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 'tis : }

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

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 :

†

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
 As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
 'Tis dry enough—will, with great speed of judgement,
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330
 Pointing on him.

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

Nes. Why, 'tis most meet : who may you else oppose,
 That can from Hector bring those honours off,
 If not Achilles ? Though 't be a sportful combat,
 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 pois'd †
 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
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd
 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 'twere from forth us all) a man distill'd 350

Out of our virtues, who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
 {Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.}

Uly. Give pardon to my speech ; therefore 'tis meet †
 Achilles meet not Hector : let us, like merchants,
 First show foul wares, and think, perchance, they 'll sell ;
 If not, the lustre of the better shall exceed, 360
 By showing worse first. Do not consent
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
 For both our honour and our shame in this
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

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

Uly. What glory our Achilles shares 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 foil'd,
 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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nes. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
And I will give a taste thereof forthwith
To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other : pride alone 390
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere a bone. *Exeunt*

Act Second

SCENE I

*The Grecian camp**Enter Ajax and Thersites**Aj.* Thersites !*The.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils—full, all over, generally ?*Aj.* Thersites !*The.* And those boils did run ?—Say so,—did not the general run then ? were not that a botchy core ? †*Aj.* Dog !*The.* Then would come some matter from him ; I see none now.*Aj.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ? Feel 10
then. *Strikes him**The.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord !*Aj.* Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak : I will beat †
thee into handsomeness.*The.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 proclaim'd fool, I think.

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

The. I would thou didst itch from head to foot ; an 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 raillest every hour on Achilles,
and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cer- †
berus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st
at him.

Aj. Mistress Thersites !

The. Thou shouldst strike him.

Aj. Cobloaf !

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

Aj. (*beating him*) You whoreson cur ! 40

The. Do, do.

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 : you 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 !

50

Aj. You dog !

The. You scurvy lord !

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 ?

Ach. Ay ; what 's the matter ?

The. Nay, look upon him.

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

60

The. Nay, but regard him well.

Ach. Well, why so I do.

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.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Aj. Therefore I beat thee.

The. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters ! his evasions have cars 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. 70

Ach. What ?

The. I say, this Ajax— *Ajax offers to strike him*

Ach. Nay, good Ajax.

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. 80

Ach. Peace, fool !

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.

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. 90

The. I serve thee not.

Aj. Well, go to, go to.

The. I serve here voluntary.

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

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 at either of your brains, a' 100
were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Acb. What, with me too, Thersites ?

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

Acb. What ? what ?

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

Aj. I shall cut out your tongue.

The. 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou after- 110
wards.

Pat. No more words, Thersites ; peace !

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

Acb. There 's for you, Patroclus.

The. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 proclaim'd through all our host : 120

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what : 'tis trash. Farewell.

Aj. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

Ach. I know not ; 'tis put to lottery ; otherwise
He knew his man.

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

Exeunt

SCENE II

Troy. A room in Priam's palace

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus

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 consum'd

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 call'd
 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 !
 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 ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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,
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 employ'd 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,
Or like a star disorb'd ? 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 cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject. 50

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

Tro. What's aught, but as 'tis valued ?

Hec. But value dwells not in particular will ;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god ;

And the will dotes, that is attributive

To what infectiously itself affects,

Without some image of the affected merit.

60

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my will ;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgement : how may I avoid,

(Although my will distaste what it elected)

The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion

To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant

When we have soil'd 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 with full consent bellied his sails ;

The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
 freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt : 80
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'
 If you'll confess he brought home worthy prize,
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cried 'Inestimable!' why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that never Fortune did, 90
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 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,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. (*within*) Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

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

Cas. (*within*) Cry, Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter Cassandra, raving, with her hair about her ears

Cas. Cry, Trojans, 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 elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand ;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110

Cry, Trojans, 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 ?

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain !

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 ?
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.

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
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd 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 ?
 There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended, nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 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 glaz'd, but superficially ; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought †
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons you allege do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination 170
 'Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure and revenge

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners : now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband ? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation 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
To have her back return'd : thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still ;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,

I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes
 And fame in time to come canonize us :
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action
 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 advertis'd their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept :
 This, I presume, will wake him. *Exeunt*

SCENE III

The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles

Enter Thersites, solus

The. How now, Thersites ? what, lost in the labyrinth of
 thy fury ? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

he beats me, and I rail at him : O, worthy satisfaction ! would it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare enginr. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have ! which short-arm'd 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] bone-ache ! for that, methinks, is the curse depending on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers ; and devil Envy say amen. What, ho ! my Lord Achilles !

10
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 slipp'd out of my contemplation :
 but it is no matter ; thyself upon thyself ! The
 common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be
 thine in great revenue ! heaven bless thee from a 30
 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 ?

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

The. Ay ; the heavens hear me !

[*Pat.* Amen.]

Enter Achilles

Ach. Who 's there ?

Pat. Thersites, my lord. 40

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

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 ? 50

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Pat. Thou must 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.

{*Pat.* You rascal !

The. Peace, fool ! I have not done.

Ach. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Thersites.

The. Agamemnon is a fool ; Achilles is a fool ; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.} 6c

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.

Pat. Why am I a fool ?

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* 70

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*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax

Aga. Where is Achilles ?

Pat. Within his tent ; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers ; and we lay by

Our appertainings, visiting of him :

80

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 :

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, 'tis 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 ?

90

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.

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

Nes. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish than

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

their faction : but it was a strong composure a fool
could disunite. 100

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

Re-enter Patroclus

Here comes Patroclus.

Nes. No Achilles with him.

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
To call upon him ; he hopes it is no other 110
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, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, 120

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
 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
 His course, and time, his ebbs and flows, as if †
 The passage and whole stream of his commencement 131
 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
 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 ; 140

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.

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

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.

150

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.

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

Nes. (*aside*) Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

160

Re-enter Ulysses

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,

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 : possess'd he is with greatness,
 And speaks not to himself but with a pride 170
 That quarrels at self-breath : imagin'd worth
 Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
 That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
 And batters down himself : 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 :
 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
 At your request a little from himself. 180

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,
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
 And ruminat himself, shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he ?
 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired, 190

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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,
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) O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. (aside) And how his silence drinks up his applause ! 200

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

Aga. O, no, you shall not go.

Aj. An he be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride :
Let me go to him.

Aly. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Aj. A paltry, insolent fellow !

Nes. (aside) How he describes himself !

Aj. Can he not be sociable ?

Uly. (aside) The raven chides blackness. 210

Aj. I 'll let his humours blood.

Aga. (aside) He will be the physician that should be the
patient.

Aj. An all men were o' my mind,—

Uly. (aside) Wit would be out of fashion.

Aj. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat 's words first : †
shall pride carry it ?

Nes. (*aside*) An 'twould, you 'ld carry half.

Uly. (*aside*) A' would have ten shares.

Aj. I will knead him, I'll make him supple. 220

Nes. (*aside*) He 's not yet through warm : force him with
praises : pour in, pour ; his ambition is dry.

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, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis 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. 230

Aj. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us !
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,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected !

Uly. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure ;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature 240
 Thrice-fam'd beyond all thy erudition :
 But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
 And give him half : and, for thy vigour,
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield †
 To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts : 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 temper'd,
 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 rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

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 : to-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*

Act Third

SCENE I

Troy. A room in Priam's palace

Enter Pandarus and a Servant

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.

Pan. You depend upon a notable 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 ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Pan. Grace ? not so, friend ; honour and lordship are my titles. (*Music within.*) What music is this ?

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, {friend.}

Ser. Who shall I command, sir ?

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.

30

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

Ser. Sudden business ! there 's a stew'd phrase indeed ! 40

Enter Paris and Helen, attended

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.

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 picce it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of 50 harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

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 ?

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

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me, but, 60 marry, thus, my lord, my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 !

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

Hel. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence. 70

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 ?

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 80
out with you.

Hel. 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.

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 lad, thou 100
hast a fine forehead.

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.

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

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,

110

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 !

Heigh-ho !

120

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.

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 arm'd to-day, 130
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. You'll remember your brother's
excuse ?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Hel. Commend me to your niece. 140

Pan. I will, sweet queen. *Exit*

A retreat sounded

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 touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris ;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty 150
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

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

SCENE II

An orchard to Pandarus' house

Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Boy. No, sir ; stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus

How now, how now ?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off.

Exit Boy

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, 10

And give me swift transportance to those fields

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds

Propos'd 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 repured nectar ? death, I fear me,

Sounding destruction, or some joy too fine,

Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness

For the capacity of my ruder powers :

I fear it much, and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my joys,

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus

Pan. She 's making her ready, she 'll come straight : you
must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches 30
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,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ? shame 's a 40
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 watch'd 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 'twere
dark, you 'ld close sooner. So, so ; rub on, and
kiss the mistress. How now ? a kiss in fee-farm !

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you †
shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The 51
falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: †
go to, go to.

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? 60

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd 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 devils of cherubins; they never see
truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer
footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: 70
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.

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 80 is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

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?

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 91 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?

Re-enter Pandarus

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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, 100
you 'll give him me. 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.

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.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, 110
For many weary months.

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

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,
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother : see, we fools !
Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us, 120
When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not,
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man ;

Or that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue ;
 For in this rapture I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel ! Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence. 130

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;
 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss :
 I am asham'd ; O heavens ! 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.

Tro. What offends you, lady ?

Cre. Sir, mine own company. 140

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try :
 I have a kind of self resides with you ;
 But an unkind self that itself will leave,
 To be another's fool. I would be gone :
 Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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, 150
 Or else you love not ; for to be wise and love
 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,
 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 160
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd 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,
 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, 170
 Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,

' As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,' †
 {Yet,} after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 ' As true as Troilus ' shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be !
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old or hath forgot itself, 180
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood ! when they 've said ' as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, 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, 190
 ' As false as Cressid.'

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 pain to bring you together, let all pitiful

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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.

200

Cre. Amen.

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, Pandar to provide this gear ! *Exit*

SCENE III

The Grecian camp

*Flourish. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes,
Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas*

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love, †
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,

From certain and possess'd 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 register'd in promise,
 Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore — 20
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied : but this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage, and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him. Let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him, 30

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent

Uly. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :
Please it our general pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all, 40
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :
I will come last ; 'tis like he 'll question me
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him :

If so, I have derision medicinal,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
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 look'd on. I will lead the way.

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

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. *Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor*

Ach. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ?

Exit

Ach. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Aj. How now, Patroclus ?

Ach. Good morrow, Ajax.

Aj. Ha ?

Ach. Good morrow.

Aj. Ay, and good next day too.

Exit

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

Pat. They pass by strangely : they were us'd to bend, 71
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Ach. What, am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : what the declin'd is,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 lean'd on them as slippery too,
 Do one pluck down another and together
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :
 Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out 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 I

Act. What are you reading ?

Uly. A strange fellow here
 Writes me that man, how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;

As when his virtues shining upon others 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,
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,]
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form :
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travell'd and is married there †
 Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all 111

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,
 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 form'd in the applause
 Where they 're extended ; who, like an arch, reverb'rate
 The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel 121
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there !
 A very horse, that has he knows not what.
 Nature, what things there are,
 Most abject in regard and dear in use !
 What things again most dear in the esteem
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow—
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him— 131
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do !
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 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 140
 And great Troy shrieking.

Ach. I do believe it, for they pass'd 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,
 A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude :
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot
 As soon as done : perseverance, dear my lord, 150
 Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. 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
 That one by one pursue : if you give way,
 Or turn aside from the direct forthright
 Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
 And leave you hindmost : 160
 {Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 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,
 And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer : the welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ; 170
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object : 180
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what stirs not. 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,
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 190
I have strong reasons.

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

Ach. Ha ? known ?

Uly. Is that a wonder ?

The providence that 's in a watchful state
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive depth,
 Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. 200
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
 Which hath an operation more divine
 Than breath or pen can give expressure 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
 To throw down Hector than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump, 210
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing
 ' Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

Exit

Pat. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
 They think my little stomach to the war, 220
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

Ach. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

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

Ach. I see my reputation is at stake,
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O, then, beware ;

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

Ach. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
 To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage, 240
 Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd !

Enter Thersites

The. A wonder!

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.

Ach. How can that be?

The. Why, a' stalks up and down like a peacock,—a 250
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 'twould 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 260
'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.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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. 270

Ach. To him, Patroclus, tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd 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! 280

Pat. I come from the worthy Achilles. •

The. Ha!

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

The. Hum!

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.

290

Pat. Your answer, sir.

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

Pat. Your answer, sir.

The. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

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

The. No ; but 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 300 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 stirr'd,
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*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Act Fourth

SCENE 1

Troy. A street

Enter, at one side, Æneas, and Servant with a torch ; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, 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
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, whererein
You told how Diomed a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

10

Æn. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce ;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance

As heart can think or courage execute.

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 humane gentleness,

Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,

Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love in such a sort

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,

With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

30

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.

What business, lord, so early ?

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

Par. His purpose meets you : 'twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid : 40
 Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
 Haste there before us. I constantly believe,
 (Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night :
 Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality wherefore : I fear
 We shall be much unwelcome.

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 with Servant*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
 Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
 Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen best,
 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 tamed piece ;
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleased to breed out your inheritors :
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more,
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Di. 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 Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that they 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*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

SCENES II AND III

Court of Pandarus' house

Enter Troilus and Cressida

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
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,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd 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.

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

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

Enter Pandarus

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

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle !
 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 ! ah, 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 knock'd 'i the
 head ! *One knocks*

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

My lord, come you again into my chamber.

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Tro. Ha, ha !

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, 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 ?

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 ? 'tis more than I know, I'll be
sworn : for my own part, I came in late. What
should he do here ?

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

Re-enter Troilus

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 5c
 Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
 The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
 Deliver'd to us ; and for him forthwith,
 Fire the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to Diomedes' hand
 The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded ?

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 devil
 take Antenor ! the young prince will go mad : a
 plague upon Antenor ! I would they had broke 's
 neck !

Re-enter Cressida

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

Pan. Ah, ah !

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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

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!

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 chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy 90
father, and be gone from Troilus, 'twill be his death,
'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.

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,
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, 100
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—

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, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and
Diomedes*

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
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 ;
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 own heart. *Exit*

Par. I know what 'tis to love ; 10
And would, as I shall pity, I could help !
Please you walk in, my lords. *Exeunt*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

SCENE IV

A room in Pandarus' house

Enter Pandarus and Cressida

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 ?

If I could temporise with my affections,

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 ?'

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 20
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 strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay, 'tis 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 it possible ?

Tro. And suddenly, where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause ; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure ; forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath :
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æn. (within) My lord, is the lady ready ?

Tro. Hark ! you are call'd : some say the Genius 50
 Cries so to him that instantly must die.
 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 !
 When shall we see again ?

Tro. Here 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,
 And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, 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,
 {They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,}

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise:

How novelty may move, and parts with portion, †

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,
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted. 90

Cre. Do you think I will ?

Tro. No :

But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency. 4

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

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes
Welcome, Sir Diomed ! here is the lady

Which for Antenor we deliver you :
 At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand, 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,
 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 call'd her servant.
 I charge thee use her well, even for my charge ;
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
 I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus :
 Let me be privileg'd 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,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

I'll nothing do on charge ; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; 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,
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

A trumpet sounds

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. 'Tis 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 :

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie

On his fair worth and single chivalry.} *Exeunt*

SCENE V

The Grecian camp. Lists set out

*Enter Ajax, armed ; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calchas, and others*

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 appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Aj. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse ;
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek †
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood ; 10

Thou blow'st for Hector. *Trumpet sounds*

Uly. No trumpet answers.

Ach. 'Tis but early days.

Aga. Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter ?

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

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida

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 ; 20

'Twere better she were kiss'd 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.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Pat. But that 's no argument for kissing now ;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,

[And parted thus you and your argument.]

Uly. 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 triin !

Pat. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

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

Cre. In kissing, do you render or rece ve ?

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, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

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 'tis 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,
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 ticklish reader ! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. *Trumpet within*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Flourish. Enter Hector, armed ; Æneas, Troilus, and
other Trojans, with Attendants

Æn. Hail, all the state of Greece ! what shall be done
To him that victory commands ? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known ? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall 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. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æn. If not Achilles, sir,
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,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood :
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home ;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

80

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,
So be it ; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath : the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

90

Ajax and Hector enter the lists

{*Uly.* They are opposed already.

Aga. } What Trojan 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 provok'd nor being provok'd soon calm'd ;

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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
 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. Hector and Ajax fight

Aga. They are in action.

Nes. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

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

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd : there, Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. *Trumpets cease*

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 commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou couldst say ' This hand is Grecian all,
 And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
 All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my father's ; ' by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member 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 :
 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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

A thought of added honour, torn from Hector.

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

Ilec. 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. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Ilec. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part ;

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin ;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Aj. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Ilec. 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 all arms, as welcome as to one †

That would be rid of such an enemy ;

{But that 's no welcome : understand more clear,

What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks,

And formless ruin of oblivion ;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd 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.

Agc.(to Troilus) My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

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

Hec. Who must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hec. O, you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks !
 Mock not, that I affect the 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 Trojan, 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,
 Despising many forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung the advanced sword i' the air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd,
 That I have said to some my standers by 190
 'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !'

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in, †
 Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 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. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd 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.}

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 Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 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 perty 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,
 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 perus'd 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.

Ach. Behold thy fill.

Hec. Nay, I have done already.

Ach. Thou art too brief : I will the second time,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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

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.

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

Arch. 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 we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him †
To taste your bounties ; let the trumpets blow,
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 upon the heaven nor earth,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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,
To bring me thither ?

Uly. You shall command me, sir.
But 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 belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Exeunt

Act Fifth

SCENE I

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent

Enter Achilles and Patroclus

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 cur of envy ! †

Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news ? †

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, box ; I profit not by thy talk : †
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlot. †

Pat. Male varlot, you rogue, what 's that ?

The. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping ruptures,
{catarrhs,} loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies,
cold palsies, [raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, whissing
lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime- 20
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 ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 pester'd with such waterflies, diminutives of nature ! 30

Pat. Out, gall !

The. Finch-egg !

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep 40
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it :
Fall Greeks, fall 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 50
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 farced 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 !

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses,
Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aj. No, yonder 'tis,

There, where we see the lights.

Hec. I trouble you.

Aj. No, not a whit.

Re-enter Achilles

Uly. Here comes himself to guide you.

Ach. Welcome, brave Hector, welcome, princes all.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 :

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 90

leers than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabblers 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 varlots ! *Exit*

SCENE II

The same. Before Calchas' tent

Enter Diomedes

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 Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance ; after them,
Thersites*

Uly. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 ; 10
she 's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

Cre. Remember ? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then,

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What shall 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 ?

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, Trojan ?

30

Cre. Diomed,—

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

Tro. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, a word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness !

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

Tro. Behold, I pray you !

Uly. Now, good my lord, go off : 40
You flow to great distraction ; come, my lord.

Tro. I prithee 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 ?
O wither'd truth !

Uly. How now, my lord ?

Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian ?—why, Greek !

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-
finger, tickles {these} together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

Dio. 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, my 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.

Tro. O beauty, where is thy faith ?

Uly. My lord,—

Tro. You look upon that sleeve ; behold it well.

Cre. 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 !

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.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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 devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

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

Dio. Why then, farewell,
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 plagu'd.

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.
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 sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit*

Tbe. A proof of strength ; she could not publish more, 110
Unless she said ' My mind is now turn'd whore.'

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, †
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 the attest of eyes and ears ;
As if those organs were deception's 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.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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.

Tbe. 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 ;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight.,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. 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

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 Ariachna'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 slipp'd, dissolv'd and

loos'd,

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are given to Diomed.

†

Uly. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express ?

Tro. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus : never did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

160

Hark, Greek, as much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed :
 That sleeve is mine, that he 'll bear on his helm :
 Were it a casque compos'd 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,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

170

The. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

†

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

Uly. O, contain yourself ;

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Aeneas

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.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, 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 190

almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery,

lechery, still wars and lechery, nothing else holds

fashion ! A burning devil take them ! *Exit*

SCENE III

Troy. Before Priam's palace

Enter Hector and Andromache

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,

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 !

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, arm'd, 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, 'tis true.

Hec. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

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

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

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and pceivish vows :

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd

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 ;

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hec. Hold you still, I say ;
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 Troilus

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,
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,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

40

†

Hec. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hec. How now ? how now ?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,

Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mother ;
 And when we have our armours buckled on,
 The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
 Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth !

Hec. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hector, then 'tis 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'ergalled with recourse of tears,
 Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
 Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
 {But by my ruin.}

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam

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,
 To tell thee that this day is ominous :

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Therefore, come back.

Hec. *Aeneas* is afield ;
And I do stand engag'd 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,

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,
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 amaz'd, 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,

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 curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What says she there ?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart ;

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

The 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.

{*Pan.* Why, but hear you !

Tro. Hence, brother lackey : ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.}

Exeunt severally

SCENES IV-X

Various parts of the field between Troy and the Grecian camp

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Thersites

Tho. Now they are clapper-clawing one another ; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish {young} knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm, I would fain see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten **10**

dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not prov'd 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 :
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :
Have at thee !

20

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

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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

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 chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord. *Exit*

Enter Agamemnon

Ag. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corsés of the kings
Epistrophus and Cadius : Polyxenes is slain,
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes

10

Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers : haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor

Nes. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
 And bid the snail-pac'd 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 they fly or die, like scaling sculls †
 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 :
 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 call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses

Uly. O, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles 30
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to
 him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, 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 lust, in very spite of cunning, †
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax

Aj. Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! *Exit*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nes. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles

Ach. Where is this Hector ?

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

Exeunt

Enter Ajax

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 !

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 ; ha ! have at thee, Hector !

Hec. Pause, if thou wilt.

Ach. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan :

Be happy that my arms are out of use :

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Exit

Hec. Fare thee well :

I would have been much more a fresher man,

20

Had I expected thee.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Re-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 !
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 crush 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

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 ;

In fellest manner execute your aims.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye :

It is decreed Hector the great must die. *Exeunt*

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting : then Thersites

The. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.

Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'loo, Paris, 'loo ! now my 10
double-henn'd spartan ! '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.

The. I am a bastard too, I love bastards : I am a 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 20
the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judge-
ment : farewell, bastard. *Exit*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! *Exit*

Enter Hector

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.
Puts off his helmet and lays down his sword

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons

Ach. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set,
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 unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.

Ach. Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.

10

Hector falls

So, Ilion, fall thou next ! 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.'

A retreat sounded

Hark ! a retire upon our Grecian part.

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,

Pleas'd 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. A retreat sounded

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest, marching. Shouts within*

Aga. Hark ! hark ! what shout is this ?

Nes. Peace, drums !

(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 ;

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, marching

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus

Æn. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field :

Enter Troilus

Tro. Never go home ; here starve we out the night.
Hector is slain.

All. Hector ! The gods forbid !

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

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 ?
 Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
 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 proud abominable tents, †
 Thus proudly pitch'd upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I 'll through and through you, and, thou great-siz'd
 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.

Exeunt Æneas and Trojans

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side,

Pandarus

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker lackey ! ignominy, shame, †

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name ! *Exit*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones !

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

O world ! world ! {world} thus is the poor agent
despis'd ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are †
you set a-work, and how ill requited ! why should
our endeavour be so lov'd and the performance so
loath'd ? what verse for it ? what instance for it ? 40
Let me see :

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

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

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall ;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, 50
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss : †
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for cases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exit*

Notes

ProL. 19. *Stir*; so F. This is usually emended to *Sperr*, meaning to shut up; this suits the preceding context well, but the succeeding context less well. The corruption, if it is a corruption, is not too easy graphically, and I have a suspicion, strengthened by the incomplete line, that something has dropped out, and that we have lost both what Priam's city did and who stirred up the Trojans.

ProL. 23. *A prologue arm'd . . .*; this apparently means that the prologue is 'armed,' *i.e.* literally in armour, as befits the play, but not at all metaphorically 'armed in confidence' of the excellence of either play or actors.

I. i. 57. *spirit of sense*; none of the many conjectures and explanations seems in the least satisfactory. One of two things appears to be needed, either something parallel to *cygnet's down*, or, probably better, a phrase meaning no more than 'to the sense.'

I. ii. 84. *wit*; usually accepted for the *will* of both Q and F.

I. ii. 156. *Two and fifty*; so both Q and F; but the traditional number of Priam's sons was fifty, so that the number 'should' be fifty-one.

I. iii. 42. *Perseus' horse*; here, as in *Henry V* in the Dauphin's panegyric on his horse, Shakespeare gives Perseus a horse unknown to Greek myth, since Pegasus, who did indeed spring from the blood of Perseus' victim, Medusa, was Bellerophon's horse, not Perseus'.

I. iii. 51. *flee*; Q F read *fled*, but the *e:d* error is so common that I think the regularisation permissible.

I. iii. 54. *Retires*; so Q F, and the word can mean 'return'; but

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the sense is weak and something more emphatic, such as 'retorts,' is probably right.

I. iii. 63. *As Agamemnon . . .*; the passage is difficult. One note on it is worth quoting as a warning. "By treating *Agamemnon* and *Nestor* as vocatives, reading *all the hands* in line 63, and *thy* for *his* in line 68, all will be clear as to construction and sense." So no doubt it will, but paraphrase is not emendation. It is impossible to deny that this *may* have been what Shakespeare wrote, but there is not a shadow of proof that it was, and in the absence of proof there is nothing to be done except examine what the compositor gives us as his idea of what Shakespeare wrote, and consider what the balance of the sentence seems to require. Ulysses appears to be saying that the speeches had been such that one felt that Agamemnon was —? and that Nestor was knitting all the Greekish ears, etc. That sense for *such as* seems legitimate enough though compressed, and I do not feel the third-personal allusions to Agamemnon and Nestor to be awkward. Further, on the balance of the sentence *the hand of Greece* ought to be, or to represent, something parallel to *the Greekish ears*, i.e. an object to *bold up*, not a subject. Further, if Nestor has delivered a speech that had the active effect of knitting the Greekish ears to his tongue, it seems feeble to say of Agamemnon that he has delivered a speech so good that it deserves to be recorded in brass. Still further, what Agamemnon does should be suitable to the great leader, as what Nestor does is suitable to the wise counsellor. I suggest that the corruption should be looked for in *and* (because of the following *hand*) perhaps in *in brass*, and possibly in *hand* itself; and further than this I do not believe that conjecture can safely go. Any reader may make his own emendation with as much security as any editor.

I. iii. 73. *mastic*; it is difficult to extract a meaning from the

word as it stands. It may be a misprint for *mastice*, a dialect form of *mastiff* (which is read by some editors); but there seems no special point in Thersites' jaws being like those of a mastiff, or for that matter *massive*, which is another suggestion. Whatever the reading there is possibly an allusion to *Histriomastix* (1599) or *Satiromastix* (1601). But some editors find an allusion the other way about, to this play in *Histriomastix*. And the point is involved with the very complex problem of the possible relation of the play to the poetical and theatrical quarrels of the period.

I. iii. 110. *melts*; F's reading *meets* is usually preferred to Q's *melts*. But it is surely weaker to say that, when things meet 'head on' (*in mere oppugnancy*), they meet, than to say that when they meet in this violent opposition there is general confusion in which they *melt*.

I. iii. 114. *Strength should be lord of imbecility*; the line will no doubt make sense of a kind as it stands; if we 'supply' enough; 'strength (even if wrong) will be lord of weakness (even if right),' and this to some extent fits with the next line. But as the point of the whole passage seems to be that there will be general confusion leading to contradictions, the expected sense would be 'strength will be overcome by weakness.' *Dar'd* has been suggested for *lord*; I should prefer *low'd*, i.e. 'brought low.'

I. iii. 238. I give Q's reading. F omits *great*. None of the explanations seems to me in the least satisfactory. I think there is corruption, but have nothing but mere guesses for the cure of it.

I. iii. 267. *feeds*; so Q, and I see no reason for deserting it in favour of F's more obvious *seeks*; it means, I take it, 'nourishes his reputation,' 'gives grounds for praising him.'

I. iii. 294. *A noble . . . no spark*; so Q. F rationalises with *One*

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noble and *one spark*, but Q's reading seems no more than the common confusion of negatives.

I. iii. 324. This passage apparently means: 'The purpose is as clear as a sum whose total greatness is indicated by small figures. When it is published don't doubt but that Achilles . . .'

I. iii. 339. And this not less crabbed passage apparently means: 'This action will be singularly (*oddly*) critical for our reputation, for the success (whichever way it goes), though that of an individual, will give a sample (*scantling*) of the quality of all his side, just as the table of contents, though small in comparison with the volume it precedes, gives the gist of it.'

I. iii. 357-62. This is the reading of Q. It is rough metrically. But F is not much better.

*Give pardon to my speech ;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares
And think perchance they'll sell, if not
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better. Do not consent*

II. i. 6. *botchy core*; I suspect this of being corrupt, since it is no sort of comment on Thersites' last remark about the general running. *Botch*, however, in the North means a sore, and the phrase can mean 'a boil with an inflamed centre.'

II. i. 14. *unsalted*; so Q. F reads *whinid'st*, usually taken to be a variant of *vinewedst*, meaning 'mildewed.' If this is right *unsalted* looks suspiciously like an instance of simplifying an unusual word, but conducted for once by the composer or transcriber of Q.

II. i. 32. *Cerberus*; the watch-dog of Hades; *Proserpina*, daughter of Demeter, and Queen of Hell for half the year.

II. ii. 166. *whom Aristotle thought . . .* ; Aristotle in fact was doubtful about the fitness of young men to be instructed in *political* philosophy, and Bacon makes the same error (if it is an error) in the *Advancement of Learning* (1605), whence Shakespeare may have derived it.

II. iii. 26. *gilt counterfeit . . . slipp'd*; a counterfeit coin was known as a 'slip.'

II. iii. 130. *His course . . .*; this is one of the places where F is widely different, and, I think one must admit, more Shakespearean:

*His pettish lines (? lunes), his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action . . .*

II. iii. 195. *Cancer . . . Hyperion*; the sun enters Cancer at the summer solstice.

II. iii. 216. *eat's words*; both Q and F read *eate swords*. The 'emendation by division' is, I think, justifiable.

II. iii. 245. *Milo*; the famous athlete of Croton who could lift a bull.

III. i. 55. *in fits*; probably a pun on (*a*) by fits and starts, and (*b*) in sections like stanzas. But even so, I confess I do not see the applicability of it to Pandarus' remark, about which there is nothing to take hold of but a 'chiasmic' construction.

III. i. 83. *disposer*; this is supposed to mean 'Cressid who disposes me to mirth.' But the evidence for so specific a meaning of *disposer* is flimsy, even if there were any reason to suppose that Cressid was particularly mirth-provoking to Paris, and I suspect corruption.

III. ii. 50. *carpenter*; why *carpenter* rather than, e.g., 'mason'? With the famous passage in *Macbeth* (I. vi. 1) in mind it is hard to

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

resist a wild speculation that *carpenter* may have been a nickname for the martlet.

III. ii. 52. *falcon . . . tercel*; in falconry the *falcon* is the female, the *tercel* (a considerably smaller bird) the male.

III. ii. 90. *till merit crown it: no perfection . . .*; so F. Q is highly mysterious, *till merit lower part no affection*, but though it makes no sense it should be recorded since it can hardly come from an original rightly represented by F and may well conceal the true reading.

III. ii. 174. *as earth to the centre*; there seems no evidence that this can mean 'as earth to the sun, as the centre of the solar system.' The two usual meanings of *centre* in this sort of context are either the earth itself, as centre of the Ptolemaic system, or the centre of the earth, and it looks as though the phrase here must mean 'as the earth is symmetrically formed about its centre,' weak though that is as a comparison.

III. ii. 202. *a chamber; which bed*; Hanmer's reading, *a chamber with a bed; which bed*, has been almost universally adopted. But I am not sure that there is not a characteristic point in the ellipse of both Q and F. The only *raison d'être* of a chamber in Pandarus' view is to have a bed in it, so that the two are for practical purposes synonymous.

III. iii. 4. *to love*; all manner of conjectures. F4's *to come* is perhaps the simplest. Deighton's *of lore* would be attractive but for the weakness of 'things' in this context, and the peculiarity of the corruption of *to* into *of*.

III. iii. 110. *married*; so both Q and F. Usually emended to the facile *mirror'd*.

IV. i. 18. *But*; this is the F reading and seems natural enough, but Q reads the mysterious *Lul'd*.

IV. ii. 72. *secrets of nature*; so F. But Q reads *secrets of neighbor* Pandar. It is true that the Pandar may have crept up from the catchword speech-heading which immediately follows, 'Pand,' but *neighbor* is a curious reading, not very easy as a corruption either graphical or auditory.

IV. iv. 78. *portion*; so Q. F reads *person*, and this may be right, the whole phrase meaning intellectual gifts as well as physical beauty.

IV. iv. 96. *Presuming . . .*; this must mean 'Presuming on (*i.e.* wrongly supposing that they will *not* change) their extreme capacity for change.' But it is harsh.

IV. iv. 121. *zeal*; both Q and F read *seale*, and the universal emendation, though easy, is rather suspiciously easy, and I am not sure that one ought not to struggle to get a meaning for the more Shakespearian Q and F *seale*.

IV. v. 8. *sphered bias cheek*; I think that this odd phrase gives the picture of the biased bowl, rounded on one side and flatter on the other, which is not unlike the puffed cheek.

IV. v. 59. *a coasting*; so both Q and F; almost all editors read *accosting*; but see Glossary.

IV. v. 142. *Neoptolemus*; it looks as though this, which ought to mean Achilles' son Pyrrhus, was being used for Achilles himself, as though it were a 'family' name.

IV. v. 163. *all arms*; so Q. F reads *of arms*. Neither is very satisfactory. The sentence which follows appears to mean 'as welcome as you can be to one who would rather see you dead.' But with the reading *all* can it mean 'as worthy of greeting from all as you are welcome to . . .'?

IV. v. 178. *That I affect the untraded oath*; so F. As it stands it is no doubt plain enough with *untraded* in the sense of unhackneyed,

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though *by Mars his gauntlet* does not sound on the face of it a particularly recondite or new-fangled oath. Q reads (*Mock not thy affect, the untraded earth*).

IV. v. 193. *hemmi'd*; this looks like the usual Folio trick of simplifying, the Q reading being the mysterious *sbrupd*, which though no doubt in itself a *vox nibili* must surely conceal some more vigorous word than *hemmi'd*.

IV. v. 274. *entreat him To taste your bounties*; so Q, and the repetition of *bounties* is perhaps awkward. F reads *entreat him. Beat loud the tabourines*.

V. i. 4. *cir of envy*; so Q. F reads *core of envy*, which is no doubt quite possible. But to address the cynic as a dog is not inappropriate.

V. i. 5. *crusty batch*; should one perhaps read *botch* (see II. i. 6)? But I suspect *batch* of being a short form of *batch-loaf*, which means a small crusty loaf: cf. *cobloaf*, II. i. 37.

V. i. 13. *box*; so Q. F reads *boy*, and *box* may have crept in simply by imitation from line 11 and line 24. But *boy* is a slightly odd address from Thersites to Patroclus.

V. i. 14. *varlot*; this is usually in modern editions spelt *varlet*, but *varlot* is a recognised variant spelling, and the rhyme gives an additional point to Thersites' remark.

V. ii. 9. *sing any man at first sight*; this picks up the *familiar*; as we should say, 'she will read him at sight.'

V. ii. 79. The speech-headings here are given as in both Q and F. Modern editions do not give the short *nay do not snatch it from me* to Diomed, but let Cressida continue down to *witbal*. I think the Q and F distribution is quite workable with the proper stage business.

V. ii. 115. *co-act*; the F correction is probably right for Q's *Court*.

V. ii. 154. *five-finger-tied*; so F. Q reads *finde finger tied*.

V. ii. 174. *tickle it for his concupy*; is *He* Diomed or Troilus? is *it* the sword or an indefinite (e.g. 'he'll ruffle it,' 'he'll brazen it out'); and is *concupy* a coinage for 'concupiscence' or a corruption? In any case there is little doubt that Thersites has some coarse *double entendre*.

V. iii. 41. See *Hamlet*, II. ii. 472.

V. v. 22. *scaling*; so Q. Here F, which reads *scaled*, is surely at its trick of 'sophistication.' The schools of fish are no doubt *scaled*, but it is pointless in the context to say so. Halliwell mentions 'dispersed' as a sense which 'scaled "formerly had"' in the North. There is no question of "formerly"; 'to scale' is commonly current as applied to a school (of scholars) dispersing, but is both more naturally and more vividly used in the present, *scaling*.

V. v. 41. *lust*; so Q. F reads *luck*, perhaps rightly, though neither is exactly lucid.

V. vii. 11. *spartan*; so Q. F reads *sparrow*. One would be suspicious of the awkward introduction of the bird into a speech which is full of bull and dog, if it were not that *spartan* is an obvious alteration for a scribe to make who was puzzled by *sparrow*. And *double-henn'd* sounds more appropriate to the bird, though no one has succeeded in explaining what it means. Helen might be said to have two cock-sparrows, but it is hard to see in what sense either Paris or Menelaus is *double-henn'd*. I am inclined to think that it is *spartan* that is right and *double-henn'd* that is wrong.

V. x. 7. *smile at*; I hesitate to alter a reading in which Q and F concur, particularly as the usual attempt to make things better, *smite at*, does not in fact remove the main trouble, which is that the whole line is intrusive, since *with speed* ought to be picked up by

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

brief plagues at once. The line looks much more like an alternative to *Frown on . . . speed*.

V. x. 19. *Niobes*; Niobe boasted of her twelve children against the two of Latona, Apollo and Diana, who in revenge killed the twelve, and Niobe, weeping, was turned to stone.

V. x. 23. *proud*; this can hardly be right, with *proudly* in the next line, but F's *vile* is feebly redundant and looks like a mere attempt to get rid of *proud*, which perhaps conceals the true reading.

V. x. 33. *Why broker lackey . . . name*; these lines (with a slightly different version of Pandarus' opening remark, and reading *brother* and *ignomy and*) occur in F at the end of V. iii. as well as here. Q omits their earlier occurrence, probably rightly. One would say certainly rightly if the play has its intended conclusion. But it has been held that the play should end at line 31 with Troilus' couplet, that the epilogue is an intrusion and that the lines were transferred to this point to introduce it.

V. x. 37. *traitors*; Craig's emendation *traders* is described by an admiring editor as 'certain.' A glance at line 46 makes it superficially attractive, no doubt. But the Q F reading surely gives a more general and stronger sense. The results of the work of both bawds and traitors are earnestly desired, but they themselves are despised even by those who profit from their work.

V. x. 55. *goose of Winchester*; one suffering from syphilis. A *goose of Winchester* was a slang phrase for a type of venereal sore, because the brothels in Southwark were in the Winchester diocese (Dyce).

Glossary

MANY words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves unfamiliar, but for the opposite reason, that Shakespeare uses in their Elizabethan and unfamiliar sense a large number of words which seem so familiar that there is no incentive to look for them in the glossary. It is hoped that a glossary arranged as below will make it easy to see at a glance what words and phrases in any particular scene require elucidation. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the modern equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them.

Prologue

<i>Line</i>	<i>line</i>
2 ORGILLOUS, proud	27 VAUNT, van
4 FRAUGHT, freighted	29 DIGESTED IN, concentrated into
8 IMMURES, confines	

Act First

SCENE I

6 GEAR, business	27 SUFFERANCE, (a) endurance, (b) suffering
7 TO, in addition to	95 TETCHY, fretful
10 FONDER, more foolish	111 MENELAUS' HORN, <i>pun on the cuckold's horn</i>
17 BOLTING, sifting	

SCENE II

20 ADDITIONS, epithets	27 AGAINST THE HAIR, against the grain; <i>i.e.</i> in spite of circumstances
22 HUMOURS, temperaments	

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Act I Sc. ii—*continued*

line

- 29 BRIAREUS, a hundred-handed
giant
30 ARGUS, a hundred-eyed giant
33 COPEd, engaged
91 FAVOUR, complexion
107 GREEK, proverbial for a merry
person
109 COMPASSED, round

line

- 160 FORK'D, *allusion to the cuckold's
horns*
207 LID, *i.e.* eyelid
247 CAMEL, *i.e.* beast of burden
255 DATE, *i.e.* for *sweetening*
256-57 AT WHAT WARD YOU LIE, ON
what defence you rely

SCENE III

- 9 TORTIVE, twisted
11 SUPPOSE, expectation
20 PROTRACTIVE, protracted
21 PERSISTIVE, persistent
25 AFFIN'D, in affinity
27 FAN, winnowing-fan
38 BOREAS, north-wind
39 THETIS, sea-goddess
45 TOAST, *i.e.* a piece of toast
floating on liquor
48 BREESE, gadfly
75 HIS, its
83 DEGREE, rank
VIZARDED, masked
85 CENTRE, earth
87 INSISTURE, (?) consistency
99 DERACINATE, uproot
104 SCHOOLS, universities
117 JAR, conflict
143 FOREHAND, leader
151 PAGEANTS, stages as a show

- 152 THY TOPLESS DEPUTATION, unsur-
passed power deputed to you
153 CONCEIT, notion of acting
154 HAMSTRING, *i.e.* *bowing and
scraping*
156 SCAFFOLDAGE, stage
159 UNSQUAR'D, not fitting into
place
160 TYPHON, a giant
166 DRESS'D, addressed
168 HIS WIFE, Venus
174 GORGET, neck-piece of armour
178 SPLEEN, fit of laughter
190 BROAD, arrogant
191 FACTIOUS FEASTS, banquets for
the discontented
195 EXPOSURE, defenceless
196 RANK, *adv.*
199 FORESTALL, depreciate
205 MAPPERY, map-work
207 HIS, its

GLOSSARY

Act I Sc. iii—*continued*

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
241 DISTAINS, stains	344 TO, compared with
263 RESTY, inert	348 MUTUAL, common
276 COUPLE, embrace	349 ELECTION, ground of choice
297 VAMBRACE, armour for arm	375 SORT, lot
316 KNOTS, <i>i.e. in wood</i>	378 BROILS, grows hot
SEDED, ready to scatter its seeds	FALL, lower
335 SPORTFUL, a 'friendly'	379 IRIS, rainbow
343 PRICKS, points	391 TARRE ON, incite

Act Second

SCENE I

19 A RED MURRAIN O', 'plague on'	71 PIA MATER, brain
20 LEARN ME, learn for me	95 SUFFERANCE, perforce
25 PORPENTINE, porcupine	97 VOLUNTARY, volunteer
37 COBLOAF, <i>dial.</i> small crusty loaf	IMPRESS, a forced levy
38 PUN, pound	113 BROOCH, darling
44 ASINICO, ass	116 CLOTPOLES, thick-heads
69 BOBB'D, thumped	

SCENE II

15 SECURE, careless	133 PROPENSION, inclination
16 TENT, probe	136 PROPUGNATION, defence
19 TITHE, tenth (<i>adj.</i>)	150 RANSACK'D, carried off
DISMES, tenths (<i>cf. American</i>	165 GLOZ'D, commented on
' <i>dime,</i> ' one-tenth of dollar)	190 SPRITELY, high-spirited
48 HARE, timid	PROPEND, propose
71 UNRESPECTIVE, that makes no	192 HATH NO MEAN DEPENDANCE, is
distinction	closely connected with
SIEVE, receptacle for fragments	193 UPON, into
123 DISTASTE, give bad taste to	209 ROISTING, rousing
128 SPLEEN, spirit	

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

SCENE III

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
13 CADUCKUS, wand encircled with snakes	106 FLEXURE, bending
16 IN CIRCUMVENTION, with ingenuity	116 ATTRIBUTE, praise
19 NEAPOLITAN BONE-ACHE, symptom of syphilis	165 PECULIAR, his own SELF-ADMISSION, self-approval
21 PLACKET, a 'skirt'	171 SELF-BREATH, his own words
35 LAZARS, lepers	174 KINGDOM'D, <i>i.e.</i> kingdom divided against itself
42 CHEESE, supposed to be eupeptic	176 DEATH-TOKENS, <i>i.e.</i> of the plague (<i>pun from 'plaguy'</i>)
65 POSITIVE, intrinsically (<i>i.e.</i> no reason need be given)	184 SEAM, fat
71 PATCHERY, trickery	190 STALE HIS PALM, stain his glory
74 DRY SERPIGO, skin disease	204 PHEEZE, beat down
79 SHENT, rated	221 FORCE, stuff (<i>farce</i>)
80 OUR APPERTAININGS (what pertains to us, <i>i.e.</i>) our due	245 ADDITION, title
	247 PALE, palisade

Act Third

SCENE I

47 BROKEN MUSIC, combination of instruments of different classes	66 BOB, cheat
	133 HANGS THE LIP, is melancholy

SCENE II

10 CHARON, the ferryman in Hell	92 ADDITION, name
22 SOUNDING, swooning	169 APPROVE, attest
30 BE WITTY, have your wits about you	172 PLANTAGE, vegetation (<i>supposed subject to influence of moon</i>)
31 FRAYED, frightened	183 CHARACTERLESS, with no record left
44 FILLS, shafts	189 PARD, leopard
49 IN FEE-FARM, in perpetuity	203 SHALL, must
64 ABRUPTION, 'aposiopesis'	

GLOSSARY

SCENE III

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
23 WREST, tuning-key, 'king-pin'	190 OF, for
24 NEGOTIATIONS, business	198 UNCOMPREHENSIVE, immeasur- able
25 MANAGE, control	201 RELATION, description
43 UNPLAUSIVE, non-praising	209 PYRRHUS, Achilles' son
73 AS THEY US'D TO CREEP, as if, according to custom, they were creeping	217 IMPUDENT, shameless
79 MEALY, with the bloom on	223 FOLD, embrace
96 HOW DEARLY EVER PARTED, how- ever richly equipped	231 SEALS A COMMISSION TO A BLANK OF DANGER, gives a signed <i>carte blanche</i> to attack
124 APPREHENDED, thought of	301 CATLINGS, catgut
152 MAIL, coat of mail	304 CAPABLE, intelligent
153 MOCKERY, imitation	

Act Fourth

SCENE I

23 ANCHISES, Æneas' father	63 PULING, whining
24 VENUS, Æneas' mother	77 CHAPMEN, merchants

SCENE II

5 ATTACHMENT, arrest	60 RASH, pressing
31 CAPOCCHIA, simpleton	

SCENE III

1 GREAT, full

SCENE IV

4 VIOLENTETH, rages SENSE, fashion	32 INJURY OF CHANCE, blow in- flicted by Fortune
13 SPECTACLES, objects	44 CONSIGN'D, ratifying

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Act IV Sc. iv—*continued*

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>
47	DISTASTED, made unsavoury	85 LAVOLT, a dance
58	DEEM, judgment	87 PREGNANT, ready
60	IT IS PARTING FROM US, 'it is now farewell'	110 PORT, gate
63	MACULATION, stain	131 ANSWER TO MY LUST, do as I please
65	SEQUENT, following	136 BRAVE, boast
75	QUALITY, good quality	

SCENE V

6	TRUMPET, trumpeter	142 MIRABLE, admirable
9	AQUILON, north-wind	143 OYES, the town crier's cry
28	HARDIMENT, boldness ('in' goes <i>with 'popp'd'</i>)	150 SELD, seldom
31	HORNS, <i>sc.</i> the cuckold's	169 HOLLOW, insincere
57	MOTIVE, movement	213 FAVOUR, face
59	COASTING, hesitating approach	220 BUSS, kiss
61	TICKLISH, wanton	233 QUOTED, observed
103	IMPAIR, insincere	250 PRENOMINATE, forecast NICE, precise
112	TRANSLATE, describe	255 STITHIED, forged
122	OBLIGATION, tie	265 ODD, at odds
128	DEXTER . . . SINIFER, right and left in heraldry	267 PELTING, trivial
141	ADDITION, title	278 KEEP, lodge
		282 BENT, glance

Act Fifth

SCENE I

10	TENT, probe (<i>with pun on ordinary sense</i>)	22 RIVELLED, wrinkled
19	WHISSING, wheezing	FEE-SIMPLE, permanent possession
20	IMPOSTHUME, abscess	TETTER, skin eruption

GLOSSARY

Act V Sc. i—*continued*

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>
27	BUTT, hog'shead	60 FITCHEW, polecat
30	SLEAVE, raw SARCENET, soft silk	61 PUTTOCK, kite
55	SHOEING-HORN IN A CHAIN, <i>i.e.</i> hanger-on	65 LAZAR, leper
57	FARCED, stuffed	92 SPEND HIS MOUTH, give tongue
59	TO BE, if I were	94 IS PRODIGIOUS, portends
		96 LEAVE TO SEE, leave off seeing

SCENE II

10	CLIFF, clef	136	SANCTIMONIES, ratifications
55	LUXURY, lust POTATO-FINGER, <i>potatoes</i> <i>were</i> <i>considered aphrodisiacs</i>	148	ORIFEX, orifice
113	RECORDATION, memorial	149	ARIACHNA, spider
119	ATTEST, witness	155	ORTS, scraps
120	FUNCTIONS, instruments	170	CONSTRING'D, drawn together.
129	SQUARE, measure	171	DIZZY, <i>verb</i>
		191	COMMODIOUS, accommodating

SCENE III

21	FOR, because	86	ANTICS, clowns
27	DEAR, worthy	101	TISICK, consumptive cough (<i>phthisis</i>)
55	RECOURSE, rapid flow		
80	BODEMENTS, forebodings		

SCENE IV

1	CLAPPER-CLAWING, clawing at	8	SLEEVELESS, idle (<i>and literally</i> <i>'without the sleeve'</i>)
8	LUXURIOUS, licentious		

SCENE V

9	COLOSSUS, gigantic statue be- striding the harbour at Rhodes	14	SAGITTARY, archer-centaur (who in Mediæval romance fought for Trojans)
	BEAM, spear	22	SCULLS, schools (of fish)

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SCENE VI

line

11 COGGING, cheating

line

29 FRUSH, batter

SCENE VIII

7 VAIL, setting

| 18 STICKLER, umpire

SCENE X

25 TITAN, sun-god

| 47 PAINTED CLOTHS, cheap substitute for tapestry hangings

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