A SHAKESPEARE NOW VIRTUAL PLAY READING
Friday, June 5, 2020

Troilus & Cressida

lanterntheater.org/lantern-anywhere
MEET THE COMPANY

Chris Anthony
Paris / Margarelon / Trojan

David Bardeen*
Menelaus / Myrmidon / Trojan

Jake Blouch*
Diomedes / Trojan

Graham Cook
Antenor / Alexander / Servant / Myrmidon / Trojan

Peter DeLaurier*
Priam / Chalchas / Nestor

Charlie DelMarcelle*
Achilles

Jessica Bedford*
Helen / Aeneas / Myrmidon

Scott Greer*
Thersites

Leonard C. Haas*
Agamemnon

Suli Holum*
Andromache / Ajax / Trojan

Anthony Lawton*
Ulysses / Trojan

Jered McLenigan*
Troilus

Bi Jean Ngo*
Cassandra / Patroclus / Trojan

Luigi Sottile*
Hector

Ruby Wolf*
Cressida

Frank X*
Pandarus

Rebecca Smith*
STAGE MANAGER

Thom Weaver
SET AND LIGHTING

Natalia de la Torre
COSTUMES

Christopher Colucci
SOUND AND MUSIC

DIRECTED BY
Charles McMahon*

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WELCOME TO LANTERN ANYWHERE

This new series of virtual artistic programming is designed to enlighten and entertain you during this difficult time when we cannot come together in our theater.

- **Shakespeare NOW**, a virtual play reading series featuring some of your favorite Philadelphia actors
- **Sonnet Sessions**, a video series that explores Shakespearean poetry with Charles McMahon and special guests
- **Backstage at the Lantern**, an expansion of our Lantern Searchlight Blog focused on music, scenic, and costume elements from past and future Lantern productions

This new programming will bring the Lantern into your home, or at least to your laptop or mobile device. We hope that these artistic adventures will bring you some solace and pleasure now when it is needed most. These programs also create opportunities for our theater artists to earn income and practice their craft while theaters across our city – and the world – are closed.

If you would like more information about supporting this programming, please contact Stacy Dutton, Executive Director, at sdutton@lanterntheater.org or 215.829.9002 x101.

The mission of Lantern Theater Company is to produce plays that investigate and illuminate what is essential in the human spirit and the spirit of the times. We seek to be a vibrant, contributing member of our community, exposing audiences to great theater, inviting participation in dialogue and discussion, and engaging audience members about artistic and social issues.

The Lantern’s artistic and education programming is made possible with leadership support from the William Penn Foundation, the Wyncote Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts, as well as funding from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, a state agency funded by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the National Endowment for the Arts. Additional major support is received from the Hilda and Preston Davis Foundation, The Shubert Foundation, CHG Charitable Trust, and the Philadelphia Culture Fund, as well as contributions from numerous corporations, foundations, and theater lovers like you.

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Dramatis Personae

PRIAM - King of Troy
HECTOR – A Son of PRIAM
TROILUS – A Son of PRIAM
PARIS – A Son of PRIAM
MARGARELON – A Bastard Son of Priam

HELEN - Wife to Menelaus
ANDROMACHE - Wife to Hector
CASSANDRA - Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess
CRESSIDA - Daughter to Calchas

ÆNEAS – A Trojan Commander
ANTENOR - A Trojan Commander
CALCHAS - A Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks
PANDARUS - Uncle to Cressida

AGAMEMNON - The Grecian General
MENELAUS – Brother to AGAMEMNON
ACHILLES - A Grecian Commander
AJAX - A Grecian Commander
ULYSSES - A Grecian Commander
NESTOR - A Grecian Commander
DIOMEDES - A Grecian Commander
PATROCLUS - A Grecian Commander

THERSITES - A deformed and scurrilous Grecian

ALEXANDER - Servant to Cressida

Servant to Troilus
Servant to Diomedes

Trojan and Greek Soldiers
ACT I

SCENE I – Troy, Before Priam’s Palace

*Enter TROILUS, and PANDARUS*

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

**PANDARUS**
Will this gear ne'er be mended?

**TROILUS**
The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
And skilless as unpractised infancy.

**PANDARUS**
Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part,
I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will
have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

**TROILUS**
Have I not tarried?

**PANDARUS**
Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry
the bolting.

**TROILUS**
Have I not tarried?

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

**TROILUS**
Still have I tarried.

**PANDARUS**
Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word
'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the
heating of the oven and the baking; nay, you must
stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.
TROILUS
Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,--
So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she thence?

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

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

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

TROILUS
O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,--
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair,'
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
And, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

PANDARUS
I speak no more than truth.

TROILUS
Thou dost not speak so much.

PANDARUS
Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is.

TROILUS
Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!
PANDARUS
I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of
her and ill-thought on of you: gone between and
between, but small thanks for my labour.

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

PANDARUS
Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair
as Helen. But what care I?

TROILUS
Say I she is not fair?

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

TROILUS
Pandarus,--

PANDARUS
Not I.

TROILUS
Sweet Pandarus,--

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

Exit PANDARUS – An alarum

TROILUS
Peace, you ungracious clamours! Peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,--O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo.
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

_Alarum – Enter AENEAS_

**TROILUS**
What news, AEneas, from the field to-day?

**AENEAS**
That Paris is returned home and hurt.

**TROILUS**
By whom, AEneas?

**AENEAS**
Troilus, by Menelaus.

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

_Alarum_

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

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

**AENEAS**
In all swift haste.

**TROILUS**
Come, go we then together.

_Exeunt_
SCENE II – Troy, A street

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER

CRESSIDA
Who were those went by?

ALEXANDER
Queen Hecuba and Helen.

CRESSIDA
And whither go they?

ALEXANDER
Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,
And, 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
In Hector's wrath.

CRESSIDA
What was his cause of anger?

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

CRESSIDA
Good; and what of him?

ALEXANDER
This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their
particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man
into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his
valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with
discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he
hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he
carries some stain of it.

CRESSIDA
But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?
ALEXANDER
They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

CRESSIDA
Who comes here?

ALEXANDER
Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS

CRESSIDA
Hector's a gallant man.

ALEXANDER
As may be in the world, lady.

PANDARUS
What's that- what's that?

CRESSIDA
Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

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

CRESSIDA
This morning, uncle.

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

CRESSIDA
Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

PANDARUS
Even so: Hector was stirring early.

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

PANDARUS
Was he angry?

CRESSIDA
So he says here.
PANDARUS
True, he was so: I know the cause too: he'll lay
about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's
Troilus will not come far behind him: let them take
heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

CRESSIDA
What, is he angry too?

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

CRESSIDA
O Jupiter! There's no comparison.

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

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

PANDARUS
Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

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

PANDARUS
No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

CRESSIDA
'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

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

CRESSIDA
Excuse me.

PANDARUS
He is elder.

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

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

PANDARUS
Nor his qualities.

CRESSIDA
No matter.

PANDARUS
Nor his beauty.

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

PANDARUS
You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself praised his complexion above Paris.

CRESSIDA
Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PANDARUS
So he has.

CRESSIDA
Then Troilus should have too much.

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

CRESSIDA
Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

PANDARUS
Nay, I am sure she does. He is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

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

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

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

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

A retreat sounded

PANDARUS
Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

CRESSIDA
At your pleasure.

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

CRESSIDA
Speak not so loud.

AENEAS passes

PANDARUS
That's AEneas: 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.

ANTENOR passes

CRESSIDA
Who's that?

PANDARUS
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 judgments in 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.

CRESSIDA
Will he give you the nod?

PANDARUS
You shall see.
HECTOR passes

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

CRESSIDA
O, a brave man!

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

CRESSIDA
Be those with swords?

PANDARUS
Swords; 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, is't not? Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

CRESSIDA
What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes

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

CRESSIDA
Peace, for shame, peace!

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

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

PANDARUS
Achilles: a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

CRESSIDA
Well, well.

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

Enter Troilus's Page

Page
Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

PANDARUS
Where?

Page
At your own house; there he unarms him.

PANDARUS
Good boy, tell him I come.

Exit Page

I fear he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

CRESSIDA
Adieu, uncle.

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

CRESSIDA
To bring, uncle?

PANDARUS
Ay, a token from Troilus.
CRESSIDA
By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit PANDARUS

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exeunt
SCENE III - The Grecian camp, Before Agamemnon's tent

Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS

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

NESTOR
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 patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
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.

**ULYSSES**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Speak, prince of Ithaca.

**ULYSSES**

Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected.
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.
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 enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans cheque 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
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaked,
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows; right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever.
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

NESTOR
Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

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

ULYSSES
The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
He apes us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy unmatched deputation he puts on,
Just as a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 'Tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard.'
And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

NESTOR
And in the imitation of these twain--
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice--many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-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.

**ULYSSES**
They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: 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,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide its execution.

*A trumpet sounds*

**AGAMEMNON**

**MENELAUS**
From Troy.

*Enter AENEAS*

**AGAMEMNON**
What would you 'fore our tent?

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

**AGAMEMNON**
Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself AEneas?

**AENEAS**
Ay, Greek, that is my name.

**AGAMEMNON**
What's your affair I pray you?

**AENEAS**
Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

**AGAMEMNON**
He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.
AENEAS
Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
And then to speak.

AGAMEMNON
Speak frankly as the wind;
For I am he.

AENEAS
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,--Priam is his father,--
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,--to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames aren't worth a splintered lance.

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

Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR

ULYSSES
Nestor!
NESTOR
What says Ulysses?

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

NESTOR
What is't?

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

NESTOR
Well, and how?

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

NESTOR
The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
And sure Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

ULYSSES
And wake him to the answer, think you?

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

ULYSSES
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
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
NESTOR
I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

ULYSSES
What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
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
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

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

Exeunt
ACT II

SCENE I - A part of the Grecian camp

Enter AJAX and THERSITES separately

AJAX
Thersites!

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

AJAX
Thersites!

THERSITES
And those boils did run? Say so. Did not the general run then? Were not that a botchy core?

AJAX
Dog!

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

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

Beating him

Feel, then.

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

AJAX
Speak then, thou mildew sodden leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

THERSITES
I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness!

AJAX
Toadstool! Learn me the proclamation.

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

AJAX
The proclamation!
THERSITES
Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

AJAX
Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

THERSITES
I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee.

AJAX
I say, the proclamation!

THERSITES
Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art shot through full of envy! Thou shouldest strike him.

AJAX
[Beating him] You whoreson cur!

THERSITES
Do, do.

AJAX
Thou stool for a witch!

THERSITES
Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assling may tutor thee.

AJAX
You dog!

THERSITES
You scurvy lord!

AJAX
[Beating him] You cur!

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

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

ACHILLES
Why, how now, Ajax! Wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! What's the matter, man?
THERSITES
You see him there, do you?

ACHILLES
Ay; what's the matter?

THERSITES
Nay, look upon him.

ACHILLES
So I do: what's the matter?

THERSITES
Nay, but regard him well.

ACHILLES
'Well!' why, I do so.

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

ACHILLES
I know that, fool.

THERSITES
Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX
Therefore I beat thee.

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

ACHILLES
What?

THERSITES
I say, this Ajax—

Ajax offers to beat him

ACHILLES
Nay, good Ajax.

THERSITES
Has not so much wit--
ACHILLES
Nay, I must hold you.

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

ACHILLES
Peace, fool!

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

AJAX
O thou damned cur! I shall--

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

THERSITES
No, I warrant you; for a fools will shame it.

ACHILLES
What's the quarrel?

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

THERSITES
I serve thee not.

AJAX
Well, go to, go to.

THERSITES
I serve here voluntarily.

ACHILLES
Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary.

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

ACHILLES
What, with me too, Thersites?
THERSITES
There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy
er e your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you
like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

ACHILLES
What, what?

THERSITES
Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! To, Ajax! To!

AJAX
I shall cut out your tongue.

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

PATROCLUS
No more words, Thersites; peace!

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

Achilles stikes THERSITES

ACHILLES
There's for you, Patroclus.

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

Exit

PATROCLUS
A good riddance.

ACHILLES
Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector will, betwixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain--I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.
AJAX
Farewell. Who shall answer him?

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

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

Exeunt
SCENE II – Troy, A room in Priam's palace

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, and PARIS

PRIAM
After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else--
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war--
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?

HECTOR
Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
Yet, dread Priam, there are none among us
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 dead
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

TROILUS
Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? Fie, for godly shame!

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

TROILUS
What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

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

TROILUS
I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired,
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And 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 noble prize--
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands
And cried 'Inestimable!' -- why do you now
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

CASSANDRA
[Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRIAM
What noise? What shriek is this?

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

CASSANDRA
[Within] Cry, Trojans!

HECTOR
It is Cassandra.

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

HECTOR
Peace, sister, peace!

CASSANDRA
Cry, Trojans, cry! Practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry - a Helen and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Exit

HECTOR
Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse?

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

PARIS
Were I alone to pass the difficulties
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

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

PARIS
Sir, I propose not merely to myself.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion!
HECTOR
Paris and Toilus superficially
You've glozed upon the question now in hand.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. If the laws
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

TROILUS
Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
And, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

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

Exeunt
SCENE III - The Grecian camp, Before Achilles' tent

Enter THERSITES, solus

THERSITES
How now, Thersites! What lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! Would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Then there's Achilles, a rare enginer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little, little less than little wit from them that they have! I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS

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

THERSITES
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 lepers. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES
Who's there?

PATROCLUS
Thersites, my lord.

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

THERSITES
Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?
PATROCLUS
Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THERSITES
Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATROCLUS
Thou mayst tell that knowest.

ACHILLES
O, tell, tell.

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

PATROCLUS
You rascal!

THERSITES
Peace, fool! I have not done.

ACHILLES
He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

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

ACHILLES
Derive this; come.

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

PATROCLUS
Why am I a fool?

THERSITES
Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

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

Exit
THERSITES
Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to bleed to death upon.
Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all!

Exit

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX

AGAMEMNON
Where is Achilles?

PATROCLUS
Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

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

PATROCLUS
I shall say so to him.

Exit

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

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

Takes AGAMEMNON aside

NESTOR
What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYSSES
Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NESTOR
Who, Thersites?

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

ULYSSES
The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS

NESTOR
No Achilles with him.

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

AGAMEMNON
Hear you, Patroclus: 
We are too well acquainted with these answers: 
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, 
Cannot outfly our apprehensions. 
Much attribute he hath; yet all his virtues, 
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, 
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, 
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, 
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin, 
If you do say we think him over-proud 
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater 
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself 
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, 
Tell him so.

PATROCLUS
I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Exit

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

Exit ULYSSES

AJAX
What is he more than another?
Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

**AGAMEMNON**

No question.

**AJAX**

Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

**AGAMEMNON**

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

**AJAX**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer.

**AJAX**

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

**NESTOR**

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

*Re-enter ULYSSES*

**ULYSSES**

Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

**AGAMEMNON**

What's his excuse?

**ULYSSES**

He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any.

**AGAMEMNON**

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

**ULYSSES**

He speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself.

AGAMEMNON
Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

ULYSSES
O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale and subjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat already pride.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

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

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

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

AGAMEMNON
O, no, you shall not go.

AJAX
A paltry, insolent fellow!

NESTOR
[Aside] How he describes himself!

AJAX
Can he not be sociable?

AGAMEMNON
He will be the physician that should be the patient.
AJAX
An all men were o' my mind,--

ULYSSES
[Aside] Wit would be out of fashion.

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

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

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

NESTOR
Our noble general, do not do so.

DIOMEDES
You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

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

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

ULYSSES
Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AJAX
A whoreson dog, that shall pelter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!

NESTOR
What a vice were it in Ajax now,--

ULYSSES
If he were proud,--

DIOMEDES
Or covetous of praise,--

ULYSSES
Ay, or surly borne,--
DIOMEDES

Or strange, or self-affected!

ULYSSES
Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half. 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:
Put pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

AJAX
Shall I call you father?

NESTOR
Ay, my good son.

DIOMEDES
Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

ULYSSES
There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Tomorrow Ajax shall cope the best.

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

Exeunt
ACT III

SCENE I - Troy, Priam's palace

Enter PARIS and HELEN

A retreat sounded

PARIS
They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

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

PARIS
Sweet, above thought I love thee.

Exeunt
SCENE II – Troy, Pandarus' orchard

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS separately

PANDARUS
How now, Troilus-
Have you seen my cousin?

TROILUS
No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance!

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

Exit

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

Re-enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS
She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you
must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

Exit

TROILUS
Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose.

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA
PANDARUS
Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby.
Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that
you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again?
You must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?
Why do you not speak to her?
Alas the day, how loath you are to offend
daylight! An 'twere dark, you'd close the sooner.
So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. Nay, go to, go to.

TROILUS
You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PANDARUS
Words pay no debts, give her deeds.
Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

Exit

CRESSIDA
Will you walk in, my lord?

TROILUS
O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

CRESSIDA
Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

TROILUS
What should they grant? What too curious dreg
espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRESSIDA
More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TROILUS
Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

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

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

CRESSIDA
Nor nothing monstrous neither?
TROILUS
Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep
seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking
it harder for our mistress to devise imposition
enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed.
This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will
is infinite and the execution confined, that the
desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

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

TROILUS
Are there such? Such are not we: praise us as we
are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go
bare till merit crown it. Few words to fair faith: Troilus
shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst
shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can
speak truest not truer than Troilus.

CRESSIDA
Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS

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

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

PANDARUS
I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you,
you'll give him me.

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

PANDARUS
Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred,
though they be long ere they are wooed, they are
constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you;
they'll stick where they are thrown.
CRESSIDA
Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

TROILUS
Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

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

TROILUS
And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

*He kisses her.*

PANDARUS
Pretty, i' faith.

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

TROILUS
Your leave, sweet Cressid!

PANDARUS
Leave, an you take leave till to-morrow morning,--

CRESSIDA
Pray you, content you.
TROILUS  
What offends you, lady?

CRESSIDA  
Sir, mine own company.

TROILUS  
You cannot shun Yourself.

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

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

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

TROILUS  
O that I thought it could be in a woman--
As, if it can, I will presume in you--
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a 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.

CRESSIDA  
In that I'll war with you.

TROILUS  
O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantation to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

CRESSIDA

Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
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 stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

PANDARUS

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

TROILUS

Amen.

CRESSIDA

Amen.

PANDARUS

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

Exeunt

INTERMISSION
SCENE III - The Grecian camp, Before Achilles' tent

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

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

AGAMEMNON
What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

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

AGAMEMNON
Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What 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.
DIOMEDES
This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent

ULYSSSES
Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride.

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

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

AGAMEMNON
What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

NESTOR
Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACHILLES
No.

NESTOR
Nothing, my lord.

AGAMEMNON
The better.

Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR

ACHILLES
Good day, good day.

MENELAUS
How do you?

Exit
ACHILLES
What, does the cuckold scorn me?

AJAX
How now, Patroclus!

ACHILLES
Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX
Ha?

ACHILLES
Good morrow.

AJAX
Ay, and good next day too.

Exit

ACHILLES
What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PATROCLUS
They pass by strangely: they were used to bend
To send their smiles before them to Achilles.

ACHILLES
What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: So not a man,
For being simply man, hath any honour,
But honour for those honours that are
Without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall,
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
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.
How now Ulysses!

ULYSSES
Now, great Thetis' son!
ACHILLES
What are you reading?

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

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

ULYSSES
I do not strain at the position,--
It is familiar,--but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there!
A very horse, That has he knows not what.
Nature, what things there are
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow--
An act that very chance doth throw upon him--
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
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
And great Troy shrieking.

ACHILLES
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?

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

ACHILLES
Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

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

ACHILLES
Ha! known!
ULYSSES

Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery 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,
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

PATROCLUS

To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

ACHILLES

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATROCLUS

Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

ACHILLES

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

PATROCLUS

O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

ACHILLES

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

*Enter THERSITES*

A labour saved!

**THERSITES**
A wonder!

**ACHILLES**
What?

**THERSITES**
Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

**ACHILLES**
How so?

**THERSITES**
He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

**ACHILLES**
How can that be?

**THERSITES**
Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates, 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 forever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

**ACHILLES**
Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

**THERSITES**
Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody.
ACHILLES
And therefore send I you. Tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the most magnanimous six-or-seven-times-honoured, Agamemnon, et cetera. Come, thou shalt bear my letter to him straight.

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

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

Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

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

Exit
ACT IV

SCENE I – Troy, A street

Enter, from one side, AENEAS; from the other, PARIS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES

PARIS
See, ho! Who is that there?

ANTENOR
It is the Lord AEneas.

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

DIOMEDES
That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord AEneas.

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

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

DIOMEDES
The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

AENEAS
We know each other well.

DIOMEDES
We do; and long to know each other worse.

PARIS
This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?
AENEAS
I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

PARIS
His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us: My brother Troilus
lodges there to-night: Rouse him and give him
Note of our approach. I fear we shall be
Much unwelcome.

AENEAS
Of that be you assured:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

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

AENEAS
Good morrow, all.

Exit AENEAS

PARIS
And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

DIOMEDES
Both alike:
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 poised, each weighs nor less nor more.

PARIS
You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

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

PARIS
Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But come, here lies our way.

Exeunt
SCENE II – Troy, Courtyard of Pandarus' house

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA

TROILUS
Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

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

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

CRESSIDA
Good morrow, then.

TROILUS
I prithee now, to bed.

CRESSIDA
Are you a-weary of me?

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

CRESSIDA
Night hath been too brief.

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

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

PANDARUS
[Within] What 's all the doors open here?
TROILUS
It is your uncle.

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

Enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS
How now, how now! How go maidenheads?

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

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

CRESSIDA
Come, come, beshrew your heart!
Did not I tell you?

Knocking within

Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TROILUS
Ha, ha!

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

Knocking within

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA

PANDARUS
Who's there? What's the matter? Will you beat
down the door? How now, what's the matter?

Enter AENEAS

AENEAS
Good morrow, lord, good morrow.
PANDARUS
Who's there? My Lord AEnaes! By my troth, I knew you not. What news with you so early?

AENEAS
Is not Prince Troilus here?

PANDARUS
Here? What should he do here?

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

PANDARUS
Is he here, say you? 'Tis more than I know.

AENEAS
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter TROILUS

TROILUS
How now! What's the matter?

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

TROILUS
Is it so concluded?

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

TROILUS
How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them: and, my Lord AEnaes, We met by chance; you did not find me here.
AENEAS
Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS

PANDARUS
Is't possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil
take Antenor! The young prince will go mad: a
plague upon Antenor!

Re-enter CRESSIDA

CRESSIDA
How now! What's the matter? Who was here?

PANDARUS
Ah, ah!

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

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

CRESSIDA
O the gods! What's the matter?

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

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

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

CRESSIDA
O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PANDARUS
Thou must.
CRESSIDA
I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
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
SCENE III - Troy, A street before Pandarus' house

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES

PARIS
It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon.

TROILUS
Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart.

Exit

PARIS
I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!

Exeunt
SCENE IV - Troy, Inside Pandarus' house

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA

PANDARUS
Be moderate, be moderate.

CRESSIDA
Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, and as strong,
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS

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

CRESSIDA
O Troilus! Troilus!

Embracing him

PANDARUS
What a pair of spectacles is here!
Let me embrace too. How now, lambs?

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

CRESSIDA
Have the gods envy?

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

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

TROILUS
A hateful truth.

CRESSIDA
What, and from Troilus too?

TROILUS
From Troy and Troilus.
CRESSIDA

Is it possible?

TROILUS

And suddenly.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a lose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

AENEAS

[Within] My lord, is the lady ready?

TROILUS

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon!

PANDARUS

Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root.

Exit

CRESSIDA

I must then to the Grecians?

TROILUS

No remedy.

CRESSIDA

A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

TROILUS

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

CRESSIDA

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

TROILUS

Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.
CRESSIDA
O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! But I'll be true.

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

CRESSIDA
And you this glove: when shall I see you?

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

CRESSIDA
O heavens, 'be true' again!

TROILUS
Hear while I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy--
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin--
Makes me afeard.

CRESSIDA
O heavens, you love me not.

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

CRESSIDA
Do you think I will?

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

[Within] Nay, good my lord,--

TROILUS

Come, kiss; and let us part.

PARIS

[Within] Brother Troilus!

TROILUS

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

CRESSIDA

My lord, will you be true?

TROILUS

Who, I? - alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity.
Fear not my truth.

Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES

Welcome, Sir Diomed; here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressida and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

DIOMEDES

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

TROILUS

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

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

TROILUS

Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.

Exuent
SCENE V - The Grecian camp, Lists set out

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR

AGAMEMNON
Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

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

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA

AGAMEMNON
Is this the Lady Cressid?

DIOMEDES
Even she.

AGAMEMNON
Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Agamemnon kisses her

NESTOR
Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSSES
Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

NESTOR
And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.

Nestor kisses her

So much for Nestor.

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

Achilles kisses her

MENELAUS
I had good argument for kissing once.
PATROCLUS
But that's no argument for kissing now;
For this popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

_Patroclus steps in front of Menelaus and kisses her_

ULYSSES
O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

PATROCLUS
The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

_Patroclus kisses her again_

MENELAUS
O, this is trim!

PATROCLUS
Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

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

CRESSIDA
In kissing, do you render or receive?

MENELAUS
Both take and give.

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

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

CRESSIDA
You may.

ULYSSES
I do desire it.

CRESSIDA
Why, beg two.
ULYSSES
Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

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

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

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

Exit with CRESSIDA

NESTOR
A woman of quick sense.

ULYSSES
Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

Trumpet within

AGAMEMNON
The Trojans' trumpet. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans

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

AGAMEMNON
Which way would Hector have it?

AENEAS
He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
AGAMEMNON
'Tis done like Hector.

Re-enter DIOMEDES

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

AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists

ULYSSES
They are opposed already.

AGAMEMNON
What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

ULYSSES
The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open and both free.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight

AGAMEMNON
They are in action.

NESTOR
Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TROILUS
Hector, thou sleep'st; Awake thee!

AGAMEMNON
His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

DIOMEDES
You must no more.

Trumpets cease

AENEAS
Princes, enough, so please you.
AJAX
I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

DIOMEDES
As Hector pleases.

HECTOR
Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
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; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impression made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

They embrace

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

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

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

They embrace again

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

DIOMEDES
'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
HECTOR
AEneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.

AENEAS dismisses Trojans, and they exit; he then returns with TROILUS

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

AJAX
Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

AGAMEMNON
Worthy of arms! As welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is 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,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

HECTOR
I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

NESTOR
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,
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 saw like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

AENEAS
'Tis the old Nestor.

HECTOR
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.

NESTOR
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
ULYSSES
I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

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

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

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

ULYSSES
So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

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

HECTOR
Is this Achilles?

ACHILLES
I am Achilles.

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

ACHILLES
Behold thy fill.
HECTOR
Nay, I have done already.

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

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

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

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

ACHILLES
I tell thee, yea.

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

AJAX
Do not chafe thee, cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
HECTOR
I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refused
The Grecians’ cause.

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

HECTOR
Thy hand upon that match.

AGAMEMNON
First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES

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

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

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

ULYSSES
   You shall command me, sir.
This Cressida in Troy - had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

TROILUS
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
Will you walk on, my lord?

Exeunt
ACT V

SCENE I - The Grecian camp, before Achilles' tent

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

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

PATROCLUS
Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES

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

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

ACHILLES
From whence, fragment?

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

PATROCLUS
Who keeps the tent now?

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

PATROCLUS
Out, gall!

THERSITES
Finch-egg!

ACHILLES
My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

THERSITES
With too much blood and too little brain, these two
may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too
little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.
Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one
that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as
earwax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter
there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue,
and oblique memorial of cuckolds. Ask me not,
what I would be, if I were not Thersites;
for I care not to be the louse of a leper,
so I were not Menelaus! Hey-day! Spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, Ajax, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS,
and DIOMEDES

Re-enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES
Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

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

HECTOR
Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

MENELAUS
Good night, my lord.

HECTOR
Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

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

AGAMEMNON
Good night.

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

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

HECTOR
Give me your hand.

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

TROILUS
[Aside to ULYSSES] Sweet sir, you honour me.

HECTOR
And so, good night.

Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following

ACHILLES
Come, come, enter my tent.

Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR

THERSITES
That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most
unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers
than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend
his mouth, and promise, but when he performs,
astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious; the sun
borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his
word. they say he keeps a Trojan
drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll
after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets!

Exit
SCENE II – The Grecian Camp, before Calchas' tent

Enter DIOMEDES

DIOMEDES
What, are you up here, ho? speak.

CALCHAS
[Within] Who calls?

DIOMEDES
Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

CALCHAS
[Within] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THERSITES

ULYSSES
Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA

TROILUS
Cressid comes forth to him.

DIOMEDES
How now, my charge!

CRESSIDA
Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you.

Whispers

TROILUS
Yea, so familiar!

ULYSSES
She will sing any man at first sight.

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

DIOMEDES
Will you remember?

CRESSIDA
Remember? Yes.
DIOMEDES
Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROILUS
What should she remember?

ULYSSSES
List.

CRESSIDA
Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THERSITES
Roguery!

DIOMEDES
Nay, then,--

CRESSIDA
I'll tell you what,--

DIOMEDES
Foh, foh! Come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

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

THERSITES
A juggling trick,--to be secretly open.

DIOMEDES
What did you swear you would bestow on me?

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

DIOMEDES
Good night.

TROILUS
Hold, patience!

ULYSSSES
How now, Trojan!

CRESSIDA
Diomed,--
DIOMENE
No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

CRESSIDA
Hark, one word in your ear.

TROILUS
O plague and madness!

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

TROILUS
I pray thee, stay.

ULYSSES
You have not patience; come.

TROILUS
I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments
I will not speak a word!

DIOMENE
And so, good night.

CRESSIDA
Nay, but you part in anger.

TROILUS
Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

ULYSSES
Why, how now, lord!

TROILUS
By Jove,
I will be patient.

CRESSIDA
Guardian!--Why, Greek!

DIOMENE
Foh, foh! Adieu; you palter.

CRESSIDA
In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
ULYSSES
You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?  
You will break out.

TROILUS  
She strokes his cheek!

ULYSSES  
Come, come.

TROILUS  
Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:  
There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience: stay a little while.

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

DIOMEDES  
But will you, then?

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

DIOMEDES  
Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRESSIDA  
I'll fetch you one.

Exit

ULYSSES  
You have sworn patience.

TROILUS  
Fear me not, sweet lord;  
I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA with TROILUS’ sleeve

CRESSIDA  
Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

TROILUS  
O beauty! Where is thy faith?

ULYSSES  
My lord,—
TROILUS
I will be patient; outwardly I will.

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

*CRESSIA snatches back the sleeve*

DIOMEDES
Whose was't?

CRESSIDA
It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THERSITES
Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!

DIOMEDES
I shall have it.

CRESSIDA
What, this?

DIOMEDES
Ay, that.

CRESSIDA
O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.

*DIOMEDES snatches the sleeve from her*

Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

DIOMEDES
I had your heart before, this follows it.

TROILUS
I did swear patience.

CRESSIDA
You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
DIOMEDES
I will have this: whose was it?

CRESSIDA
It is no matter.

DIOMEDES
Come, tell me whose it was.

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

DIOMEDES
Whose was it?

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

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

TROILUS
Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn, It should be challenged.

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

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

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

DIOMEDES
I do not like this fooling.

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

DIOMEDES
What, shall I come? The hour?
CRESSIDA
Ay, come:--O Jove!--do come:--I shall be plagued.

DIOMEDES
Farewell till then.

CRESSIDA
Good night: I prithee, come.

Exit DIOMEDES

Troilus, farewell! One eye yet looks on thee
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

Exit

ULYSSES
All's done, my lord.

TROILUS
It is.

ULYSSES
Why stay we, then?

TROILUS
To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
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 had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

ULYSSES
I cannot conjure, Trojan.

TROILUS
She was not, sure.

ULYSSES
Most sure she was.

TROILUS
Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYSSES
Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
TROILUS
This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
This is, and is not, Cressid. Strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

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

TROILUS
Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it.
O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

ULYSSES
O, contain yourself
Your passion draws ears hither.
I'll bring you to the gates.

TROILUS
Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSES

THERSITES
Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing
else holds fashion: a burning devil take them!

Exit
SCENE III – Troy, before Priam's palace

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE

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

HECTOR
You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

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

HECTOR
No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA

CASSANDRA
Where is my brother Hector?

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

CASSANDRA
O, 'tis true.

HECTOR
Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

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

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

CASSANDRA
The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.

ANDROMACHE
O, be persuaded.
CASSANDRA
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECTOR
Hold you still, I say;
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS

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

ANDROMACHE
Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

Exit CASSANDRA

HECTOR
No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

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

HECTOR
What vice is that, good Troilus? Chide me for it.

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

HECTOR
O, 'tis fair play.

TROILUS
Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECTOR
How now! how now!

TROILUS
For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers.
HECTOR
Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

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

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM

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

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

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

PRIAM
Ay, but thou shalt not go.

HECTOR
I must not break my faith.

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

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

**TROILUS**
Away! away!

**CASSANDRA**
Farewell. - Yet, soft! Hector: take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

*Exeunt CASSANDRA and ANDROMACHE*

**PRIAM**
Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums*

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

*Enter PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS**
Do you hear, my lord, do you hear?
Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

**TROILUS**
Let me read.

**PANDARUS**
What says she there?

**TROILUS**
Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart:
The effect doth operate another way.

*Tearing the letter*

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

*Exeunt severally*
SCENE IV - Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp

Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES

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

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following

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

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

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

Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting
Enter HECTOR

HECTOR
What art thou, Greek? Art thou for Hector's match? Art thou of blood and honour?

THERSITES
No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave:
a very filthy rogue.

HECTOR
I do believe thee: live.


Exit

HERSITES
God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a
plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's
become of the wenching rogues?
I'll seek them.

Exit
SCENE V - Another part of the plains

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant

DIOMEDES
Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Servant
I go, my lord.

Exit Servant
Enter AGAMEMNON

AGAMEMNON
Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas Hath beat down Menon: Polyxenes is slain, Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR

NESTOR
Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame. There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on horse, anon afoot, And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath: Here, there, and every where, what he will he does, and does so much That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES

ULYSSES
O, courage, courage, princes! Great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance: Patroclus' wounds have roused 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 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it, Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution.
Enter AJAX

AJAX
Troilus! Thou coward Troilus!

Exit

DIOMEDES
Ay, there, there.

NESTOR
So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES

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

Exeunt
SCENE VI - Another part of the plains

Enter AJAX

AJAX
Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES

DIOMEDES
Troilus, I say! Where's Troilus?

AJAX
What wouldst thou?

DIOMEDES
I would correct him.

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

Enter TROILUS

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

DIOMEDES
Ha, art thou there?

AJAX
I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

DIOMEDES
He is my prize; I will not look upon.

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

Exeunt, fighting
Enter HECTOR

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

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES
Now do I see thee, ha! Have at thee, Hector!
They fight. HECTOR gets the better of ACHILLES
HECTOR
Pause, if thou wilt.

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

Exit ACHILLES

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

Re-enter TROILUS

TROILUS
Ajax hath ta'en AEneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off: fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day.

Exeunt
SCENE VII - Another part of the plains

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons

ACHILLES
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 THERSITES and MARGARELON severally

MARGARELON
Turn, slave, and fight.

THERSITES
What art thou?

MARGARELON
I am Margarelon, bastard son of Priam's.

THERSITES
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 the
son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment:
farewell, bastard.

Exit

MARGARELON
The devil take thee, coward!

Exit
SCENE VIII - Another part of the plains

Enter HECTOR

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

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

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

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

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

The Myrmidons stab HECTOR with their spears
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.'

Exeunt
SCENE IX - Another part of the plains

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts within

AGAMEMNON
Hark! hark! What shout is that?

NESTOR
Peace, drums!

Drums Cease


DIOMEDES
The word is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX
If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

AGAMEMNON
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.

Exeunt, marching
SCENE X - Another part of the plains

Enter AENEAS and Trojans

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

Enter TROILUS

TROILUS
Hector is slain.

ALL
Hector! The gods forbid!

TROILUS
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!

AENEAS
My lord, you do discomfort all the host!

TROILUS
You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet! You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you! And, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! With comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Exeunt

End of Play