## XXVI.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

#### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy: HECTOR. TROILUS. PARIS, his Sons. DEIPHOBUS, HELENUS, ÆNEAS, Trojan Commanders. ANTENOR, CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks. PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida. MARGARELON, a bastard Son of Priam. AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General: MENBLAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES, AJAX, ULYSSES, Grecian Commanders. NESTOR. DIOMEDES. PATROCLUS, THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian. ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida. Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes. HELEN, Wife to Menelaus. ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector. CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess. CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas. Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene - Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

#### PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, 1) their high blood chaf'd Have to the port of Athens sent their ships, Fraught with the ministers and instruments Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that wore Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made, To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen, With wanton Paris sleeps: and that's the quarrel. To Tenedos they come; And the deep drawing barks do there disgorge Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city, Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan, And Antenorides, with massy staples, And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts, 2) Sperr up the sons of Troy. 3)

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek, Sets all on hazard: — And hither am I come, A prologue arm'd, — 4) but not in confidence Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited In like conditions as our argument, -To tell you, fair beholders, that our play Leaps o'er the vaunt 5) and firstlings of those broils, 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away To what may be digested in a play. Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are; Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

#### ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace. Enter Troilus armed; and Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet, 6) I'll unarm again: Why should I war without the walls of Troy, That find such cruel battle here within? Each Trojan, that is master of his heart, Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none. Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended? Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength.

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant; But I am weaker than a woman's tear, Tamer than sleep, fonder 7) than ignorance; Less valiant than the virgin in the night, And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. 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 tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

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

Tro. Have I not tarried?

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

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. 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.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth, lesser blench <sup>8</sup>) at sufferance than I do. At Priam's royal table do I sit;

HHVI.

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, - | As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. So, traitor! when she comes! - When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever

I saw her look, or any woman else.

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

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

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, -When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd, Reply not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love: 'Thou answer'st, She is fair; Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice; Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand, In whose comparison all whites are ink, Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman! 9) This thou tell'st me, As true thou tell'st me, when I say - I love her; But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,

Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much. Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends 10) in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! how now, Pandarus? Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; illthought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour,

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

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

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

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

Tro. Pandarus. -

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, -

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

Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum. Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword. But, Pandarus - O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

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 ENEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts, 11)

For womanish it is to be from thence. What news, Æneas, from the field to-day? Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas? Troilus, by Menelaus. Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day! Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were

may. -But, to the sport abroad; - Are you bound thither? Æne. In all swift haste.

Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.

#### The same. A Street.

### Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen. Cres. And whither go they?

Up to the eastern tower, Alex. Whose height commands as subject all the vale, To see the battle. Hector, whose patience Is, as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd: He chid Andromache and struck his armourer; And, like as there were husbandry in war, 12) 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. Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him? Alex. They say he is a very man per se, And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,

or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; 13) 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, 14) his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: 15) He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

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

Alex. 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 | is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I waking.

#### Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

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

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

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

Cres. This morning, uncle.

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

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

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

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

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

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

Cres. What, is he angry too?

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

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man, if you see him? Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

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

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some de-

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

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

Cres. So he is.

Pan. - 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

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

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

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

Pan. Nor his qualities; --

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better. Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,) - Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

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

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true, Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than think on't.
his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, Cres. So I do.

had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

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

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, 16) indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window, - 17) and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

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

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

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter? 18)

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

Cres. Juno have mercy! — How came it cloven? Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

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

Pan. Why, go to then; - But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, -

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

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

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

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin! - Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,

Cres. Without the rack.

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

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer. Pan. But, there was such laughing; - Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; - Did her eyes run o'er too? Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

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

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

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

Cres. What was his answer?

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

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one, quoth he, pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed. 19)

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday;

an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. A Retreat sounded.

we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida. Cres. At your pleasure.

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

#### ENBAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ACT I.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon. Cres. Who's that?

#### ANTENOR passes over.

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

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more. 20.)

#### HECTOR passes over.

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

Cres. O, a brave man!

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

Cres. Be those with swords?

#### Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By God's lid, it does one's heart good: - Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not? - Why, this is brave now. -Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now! - you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

#### HRLENUS passes over.

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

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

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

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

#### TROILUS passes over.

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

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, Pan. Mark him; note him; - O brave Troilus! -Look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more back'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes! -Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall 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.

#### Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

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

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

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

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye, -21) for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie. 22)

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

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

Pan. You are such another!

#### Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you. Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him. Exit Boy. Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: I doubt, he be hurt. - Fare ye well, good niece. Cres. Adieu, uncle.

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

Cres. To bring, uncle, -Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token - you are a bawd. -Exit PANDARUS.

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprize: But more in Troilus thousand fold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be; Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing: Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing: That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not

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: 23)

Agam.

Then though my heart's content 24) firm love doth | The which, - most mighty for thy place and sway, -

#### SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes, What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks? The ample proposition, that hope makes In all designs begun on earth below, Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd; As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap, 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 gav'st surmised shape. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash'd beheld our works; And think 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, the artist and unread, The hard and soft, seem all affin'd 25) 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.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat, Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply 26) 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-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled, Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide, In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness, The herd hath more annoyance by the brize, 27) Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, And flies fled under shade, 28) Why, then, the thing

of courage, 29) As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize, And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key, Returns to chiding 30) fortune.

Ulyss. 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. Besides the applause and approbation

TO AGAMEMNON. Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit. And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life, -To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches, - which were such, As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in brass; and such again, As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears To his experienc'd tongue, - 31) yet let it please both, -

Thou great, - and wise, - to hear Ulysses speak. Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect 32)

That matter needless, of importless burden, Divide thy lips; than we are confident, When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws, We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. 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 33) hath been neglected: And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions. When that the general is not like the hive, 34) To whom the foragers shall all repair, What honey is expected? Degrees being vizarded, The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask. The heavens themselves, the planets, and this cen-

ter, 35) Observe degree, priority, and place, Insisture, course, proportion, season, form, Office, and custom, in all line of order: And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol, In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, And posts, like the commandment of a king, Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets, In evil mixture, to disorder wander, 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 36) The unity and married calm of states Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd, Which is the ladder of all high designs, The enterprize is sick! How could communities, Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities, 37) Peaceful commérce from dividable shores, 38) The primogenitive and due of birth, Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, But by degree, stand in authentic place? Take but degree away, untune that string, And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets In mere 39) oppugnancy: The bounded waters Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores, And make a sop of all this solid globe: Strength should be lord of imbecility, And the rude son should strike his father dead: Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong, (Between whose endless jar justice resides,) Should lose their names, and so should justice too. Then every thing includes itself in power, Power into will, will into appetite; And appetite, an universal wolf, So doubly seconded with will and power, Must make perforce an universal prey, And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon, This chaos, when degree is suffocate, Follows the choking. And this neglection of degree it is,

That by a pace 40) goes backward, with a purpose It hath to climb. 41) 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 Of pale and bloodless emulation: 42) 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. Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd The fever whereof all our power 43) is sick.

ACT I.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses, What is the remedy? Ulyss. 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 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,) He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon, Thy topless deputation 44) he puts on;

And, like a strutting player, — whose conceit Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage, -45) Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming 4 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks, "Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,4 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd, Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff, The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling, From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause; Cries — Excellent! — Tis Agamemnon just. — Now play me Nestor; - hem, and stroke thy beard, As he, being 'drest to some oration. That's done; — as near as the extremest ends Of parallels: <sup>48</sup>) as like as Vulcan and his wife: Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!* 'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus, Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit, And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget Shake in and out the rivet; - And at this sport, Sir Valour dies; cries, O! — enough, Patroclus; — Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion, All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, Achievements, plots, orders, preventions, Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves

As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain (Whom, 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, <sup>49</sup>) 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,) 50)

To match us in comparisons with dirt; To weaken and discredit our exposure, How rank soever rounded in with danger. 51) Ulyss. 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 52) Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, -Why, this hath not a finger's dignity: They call this - bed-work, mappery, closet-war; So that the ram, that batters down the wall, For the great swing and rudeness of his poize, They place before his hand that made the engine: Or those, that with the fineness of their souls By reason guide his execution. Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse Makes many 'Thetis' sons. Trumpet sounds.

#### Enter ÆNBAS.

What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy. Agam. What would you 'fore our tent? Æne. Is this Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this. Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince, Do a fair message to his kingly ears.

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may A stranger to those most imperial looks 53) Know them from eyes of other mortals? How? Agam.

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

Which is that god in office, guiding men? Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon? Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers. Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,

As bending angels; that's their fame in peace; But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls, Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and Jove's accord

Nothing so full of heart. 54) But peace, Æneas, Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips! The worthiness of praise distains his worth, If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth: But what the repining enemy commends, That breath fame blows; <sup>5,5</sup>) that praise, sole pure,

transcends. Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas? Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears. Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

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

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

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

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,) Who in this dull and long-continued truce 56) Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords! | That can from Hector bring those honours off, If there be one among the fair'st of Greece, That holds his honour higher than his ease; That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril; That knows his valour, and knows not his fear; That loves his mistress more than in confession, 57) (With truant vows to her own lips he loves,) 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 are sun-burn'd, and not worth The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas; If none of them have soul in such a kind. We left them all at home: But we are soldiers; And may that soldier a mere recreant prove, That means not, hath not, or is not in love! If then one is, or hath, or means to be, That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he. Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now:

But, if there be not in our Grecian host One noble man, that hath one spark of fire To answer for his love, Tell him from me, -I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver, And in my vantbrace 58) put this wither'd brawn; And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste As may be in the world; His youth in flood, I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ene. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth! Ulyss. Amen.

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

[Excunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.

Ulyss. Nestor. -Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain, Be you my time to bring it to some shape. <sup>59</sup>) Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. 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.

Nest. Well, and how? Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends, However it is spread in general name, Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance, Whose grossness little characters sum up: And, in the publication, make no strain, 60) But that Achilles, were his brain as barren As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
"Tis dry enough, — will, with great speed of judgment, Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose Pointing on him.

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

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,

If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat, Yet in the trial much opinion dwells; For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses, Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd In this wild action: for the success, Although particular, shall give a scantling 61) Of good or bad unto the general; And in such indexes, although small pricks 62) To their subséquent volumes, there is seen The baby figure of the giant mass Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd, He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice: And choice, being mutual act of all our souls, Makes merit her election; and doth boil, As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying, What heart receives from hence a conquering part, To steel a strong opinion to themselves? Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments, In no less working, than are swords and bows Directed by the limbs. Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech; -

Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector. Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares, And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not, The lustre of the better shall exceed, By showing the worse first. Do not consent, That ever Hector and Achilles meet; For both our honour and our shame, in this, Are dogg'd with two strange followers. Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are

they? Ulyss. 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 63) crush In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery; And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw The sort 64) to fight with Hector: Among ourselves, Give him allowance for the better man, For that will physic the great Myrmidon, Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends. If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail, Yet go we under our opinion 65) 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. Nest. 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, 66) as 'twere their bone.

## ACT II. 1)

SCENE I. Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites, --Ther. Agamemnon - how if he had boils? full, all over, generally? Ajax. Thersites, --

MHVI.

ACT II.

Ajax. Dog, ——
Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then.

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

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

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

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

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

Ajax. The proclamation, —
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch. Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say the proclamation, ——
Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf! 2)

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers 3) with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! Ther. Do, do. Beating him.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch! 4)
Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego 5) may tuter thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold 6) among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, 7) I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog! Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him. Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

#### Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man? Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him. Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well. Achil. Well, why I do so.

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

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones:

Ther. And those boils did run? - Say so, - did | mater 8) is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. not the general run, then? were not that a botchy 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.
Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax --

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, Achilles interposes. Ther. Has not so much wit -

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

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

Achil. Peace, fool!

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

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it. Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

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

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to. Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not

voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; 9) Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even 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 ot your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, — whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, - yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars. Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, 10) shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. 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.

Patr. A good riddance. Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all

our host: That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain - I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him? Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: - I'll go learn more of it.

#### SCENE II.

Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else -As honour, loss of time, travel, expence, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

In hot digestion of this cormorant war, — Shall be struck off: — Hector, what say you to't? Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I, As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spungy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out - Who knows what follows? Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes, 11) 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; not 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?

Fye, fye, my brother! Weigh you the worth and honour of a king, So great as our dread father, in a scale Of common ounces? will you with counters sum The past-proportion of his infinite? 12) And buckle-in a waist most fathomless, With spans and inches so diminutive As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame! Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons, You are so empty of them. Should not our father Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons, Because your speech hath none, that tells him so? Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm; You know, a sword employ'd is perilous, And reason flies the object of all harm: Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds A Grecian and his sword, if he do set The very wings of reason to his heels; And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, Or like a star dis-orb'd? - Nay, if we talk of reason, Let's shut our gates and sleep: Manhood and honour Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect 13) Make livers pale, and lustihood deject. Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost The holding.

What is aught, but as 'tis valued? Tro. Hect. 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 14) To what infectiously itself affects, Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my will; My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears, Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores Of will and 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: nor the remainder viands We do not throw in unrespective sieve, 15) Because we now are full. It was thought meet. Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks: Your breath with full consent 16) bellied his sails; The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce, And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd; And, for an old aunt, 17) whom the Greeks held captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning. Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt: 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 cry'd - Go, go,) If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize, (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands, And cry'd - Inestimable!) why do you now The issue of your proper wisdoms rate; And do a deed that fortune never did, 18) Beggar the estimation which you priz'd Richer than sea and land? O theft most base; That we have stolen what we do fear to keep! But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen, That in their country did them that disgrace, We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this? Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice. Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans.

It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes, And I will fill them with prophetic tears. Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders, Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes A moiety of that mass of moan to come. Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears! Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand; Our fire-brand brother, Paris, 19) burns us all. Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe: Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit. Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high

Of divination in our sister work Some touches of remorse? or is your blood So madly hot, that no discourse of reason, Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause, Can qualify the same?

strains

Why, brother Hector, Tro. 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 20) the goodness of a quarrel, Which hath our several honours all engag'd To make it gracious. 21) For my private part, I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons: And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us Such things as might offend the weakest spleen To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity 22) As well my undertakings, as your counsels: But I attest the gods, your full consent 23) Gave wings to my propension, and cut off All fears attending on so dire a project. For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour, To stand the push and enmity of those This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest, Were I alone to pass the difficulties, And had as ample power as I have will, Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done, Nor faint in the pursuit. Paris, you speak

ACT II.

Pri. Like one besotted on your sweet delights: You have the honey still, but these the gall; So to be valiant, is no praise at all. Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself The pleasures such a beauty brings with it; But I would have the soil of her fair rape Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her. What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me, Now to deliver her possession up, On terms of base compulsion? Can it be, That so degenerate a strain as this,

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms? There's not the meanest spirit on our party, Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw, When Helen is defended; nor none so noble, Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd, Where Helen is the subject: then, I say, Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well, The world's large spaces cannot parallel. Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand Have gloz'd, -24) but superficially; not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle 25) thought Unfit to hear moral philosophy: The reasons you allege, do more conduce To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,

Than to make up a free determination 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge, Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice Of any true decision. Nature craves, All dues be render'd to their owners; Now What nearer debt in all humanity Than wife is to the husband? if this law Of nature be corrupted through affection; And that great minds, of partial indulgence <sup>26</sup>) To their benumbed wills, <sup>27</sup>) 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, - these moral laws Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud To have her back return'd: Thus to persist In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong, But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion

Is this, in way of truth; 28) 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.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design: Were it not glory that we more affected Than the performance of our heaving spleens, 29) I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector, She is a theme of honour and renown;

A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds; Whose present courage may beat down our foes, And fame, in time to come, canonize us: 30) For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,

As smiles upon the forehead of this action, For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,

You valiant offspring of great Priamus. -I have a roisting challenge sent amongst The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks, Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits: I was advértis'd, their great general slept, Whilst emulation 31) in the army crept; This, I presume, will wake him. Exeunt.

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#### SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. 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 rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus; 32) if ye take not that little little lessthan-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, 33) and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

#### Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 34) till thy death: then if she, that lays thee out, says - thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer? Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

#### Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. 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?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: - Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell. Ther. I'll decline 35) the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal! Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done. ACT II.

Achil. He is a privileged man. - Proceed, Ther- | Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; If you do say — we think him over-proud, Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. 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.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

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

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody: - Come in with me, Thersites.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry serpigo on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all!

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord. Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers; 36) and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

I shall so say to him. [Exit. Patr. Ulyss. 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 a cause. - A word, my lord.

Takes AGAMEMNON aside. Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him? Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites? Ulyss. He.

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

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

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

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

## Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure. Patr. 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, 37) To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath. 38)

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus; -We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, -Not virtuously on his own part beheld, -Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness 39) he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command. And underwrite 40) in an observing kind 41) His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report -Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give 42) Before a sleeping giant; - Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit. Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him. - Ulysses, enter. Exit ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another? Agam. No more than what he thinks he is. Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say -

Agam. 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.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

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

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

#### Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow. Agam. What's his excuse?

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

In will peculiar and in self-admission. Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,

Untent his person, and share the air with us? Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness; And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse, That 'twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters down himself: What should I say? He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it 43)

Cry - No recovery. 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. Ulyss. 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; 44)

And never suffers matter of the world Enter his thoughts, - save such as do revolve And ruminate himself, - shall he be worshipp'd Of that we hold an idol more than he? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is, By going to Achilles: That were to enlard his fat-already pride; 45) And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion. This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid; And say in thunder — Achilles, go to him. Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him 46)

Over the face.

ACT III.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride: 47)

Let me go to him. Ulyss. Not for the worth 48) that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow, -How he describes Nest.

Himself! Ajax. Can he not be sociable? Ulyss.

The raven Chides blackness. [Aside. I will let his humours blood. Ajax.

Agam. He'll 49) be physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men Were o'my mind, --

Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside. Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it? Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

He'd have ten shares. [Aside.

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple: -Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him 50) with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. To AGAMEMNON.

Nest. O noble general, do not do so. Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles. Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man - But 'tis before his face; I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so? He is not emulous, <sup>5 1</sup>) as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter 52) thus with us!

I would, he were a Trojan! Nest.

What a vice Were it in Ajax now --

If he were proud? Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne? Dio. Or strange, or self-affected? Uluss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet

composure; Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck: Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain, And give him half: and, for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield 53) To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom, Which like a bourn, 54) 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; -But pardon, father Nestor, were your days As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd, You should not have the eminence of him, But be as Ajax. Ajax. Shall Nest. Ay, my good son. Shall I call you father?

Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax. Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles Keeps thicket. Please it our great general To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow, We must with all our main of power stand fast: And here's a lord, - come knights from east to west, And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best. Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace. Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me. Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

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

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not? Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pan-

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [Music within. Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles: - What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts. Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir. Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend? Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend. Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose

request do these men play? Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the

request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul, --

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida? Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that

by her attributes? Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris

from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, | Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo indeed!

#### Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words. Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. -Fair prince, here is good broken music.

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

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir, -

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude. Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits. 1) Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen: -My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll

hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. - But (marry) thus my lord, - My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus — Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord, —

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

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head! Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet

queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no. - And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus, --

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

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he tonight?

Helen. Nay, but my lord, --

Pan. What says my sweet queen? - My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida. Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; 2) come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say -Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

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

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

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

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my

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

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them

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

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love. Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more! For, oh, love's bow Shoots buck and doe: The shaft confounds, Not that it wounds, But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry - Oh! oh! they die! Yet that which seems the wound to kill, Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he! So dying love lives still: Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha! Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha! Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose. Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? - Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field, to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, 3) but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; - you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. - I long to hear how they sped to-day. - You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a heir.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen. Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

Exit. A Retreat sounded.

Par. They are 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,

Give us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, over-shines ourself.

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

#### SCENE II.

The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant, meeting.

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

## Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS. Pan. O, here he comes. - How now, how now? Tro. Sirrah, walk off. Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for wastage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

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

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

#### Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: - she fetches her breath as short as a newta'en sparrow.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring

The eye of majesty.

ACT III.

#### Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. - Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. - What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills. - 4) Why do you not speak to her? - Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. 5) How now, a kiss in feefarm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, 6) for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady. Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's -In witness whereof the parties interchangeably -Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PANDARUS. Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus? Cres. Wished, my lord? - The gods grant! - 0

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

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes. Tro. Fears make devils cherubims; they never see truly.

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

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

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty | Yourself.

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.

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

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. 7) Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; 8) and what truth can speak truest, no truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

#### Re-enter PANDARUS.

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

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

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

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

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart: -

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,

For many weary months. Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? Cres. 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 lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; Ant yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man; Or that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue; For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence, Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth. Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith. Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:

Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss: am asham'd; - O heavens! what have I done? -For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid? Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow

morning, -Cres. Pray you, content you.

What offends you, lady? Tro. Cres. Sir, mine own company.
You cannot shun

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

Cres. 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

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman, (As, if it can, I will presume in you,) To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love; To keep her constancy in plight and youth, Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind That doth renew swifter than blood decays! Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me, -That my integrity and truth to you Might be affronted with the match 9) 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. 10) Cres. In that I'll war with you. Tro.

O virtuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right! True swains in love shall, in the world to come, Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes, Full of protest, of oath, and big compare, 11) Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration, -As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, as earth to the center, -Yet, after all comparisons of truth. As truth's authentic author to be cited, 12) As true as Troilus shall crown up 13) the verse, And sanctify the numbers.

Prophet may you be! If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, When time is old and hath forgot itself, When water drops have worn the stones of Troy, And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, And mighty states characterless are grated To dusty nothing; yet let memory From false to false, among false maids in love, Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said - as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth, As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf. Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son; Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood, As false as Cressid.

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

Tro. Amen. Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and 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 geer!

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

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

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you, The advantage of the time prompts me aloud To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind, That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself, From certain and possess'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition, Made tame and most familiar to my nature; And here, to do you service, and 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. Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner call'd Antenor, Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,) Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor, I know, is such a wrest 14) 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. 15)

Agam. 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. Dio. 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.

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

To use between your strangeness and his pride, Which his own will shall have desire to drink; It may do good: pride hath no other glass To show itself, but pride; for supple knees Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees. Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on A form of strangeness as we pass along; -So do each lord; and either greet him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way. Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me? You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy. Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general? Achil. Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Exeunt.

Agam. The better.

Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR. Achil. Good day, good day. Men. How do you? how do you? [Exit Menelaus.] What, does the cuckold scorn me? Achil. Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax. Ajax.

Achil. Good morrow.

ACT III.

Ay, and good next day too. [Exit AJAX. Ajax. Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles; To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late? 'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is, He shall as soon read in the eyes of others, As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies, Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer; And not a man, for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour for those honours That are without him, as place, riches, favour, 16) Prizes of accident as oft as merit: Which when they fall, as being slippery standers, The love that lean'd on them as slippery too, Do one pluck down another, and together Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me: Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy At ample point all that I did possess, Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out Something not worth in me such rich beholding As they have often given. Here is Ulysses; I'll interrupt his reading. -How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son? Achil. What are you reading? Ulyss. A strange fellow here Writes me, That man - how dearly ever parted, 17) 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. Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses. The beauty that is borne here in the face The bearer knows not, but commends itself To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,

(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself, Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd Salutes each other with each other's form. For speculation turns not to itself, Till it hath travell'd, and is married there Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position, It is familiar; but at the author's drift: Who, in his circumstance, 18) 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 are extended; which, 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 rapt in this; And apprehended here immediately The unknown Ajax. 19)

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse; That has he knows not what. Nature, what things

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 shrinking. Achil. 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?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, A great-sized monster of ingratitudes: Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd As fast as they are made, forgot as soon As done: Perséverance, 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: -Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank, Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours: For time is like a fashionable host, That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand; And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly, Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles. And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek Remuneration for the thing it was; For beauty, wit,

O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in

present.

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating time. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, -That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things past; And give to dust, that is a little gilt, More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. 20) 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 would'st not entomb thyself alive, And case thy reputation in thy tent; Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late, Made emulous missions 2 1) 'mongst the gods themselves, And drave great Mars to faction.

Of this my privacy Achil. I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy The reasons are more potent and heroical: 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love Which one of Priam's daughters. 22)

Achil. Ulyss. 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.

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There is a mystery (with whom relation Durst never meddle 23) 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.

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

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector? Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

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

Patr. O, then beware; Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves: Omission to do what is necessary 24) Seals a commission to a blank of danger: And danger, like an ague, subtly taints Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. 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. A labour sav'd!

#### Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

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

Achil. How so?

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

Achil. How can that be? Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, 25 as who should say - there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said,

Ha! known? | Good morrow, Ajax; and he replies, Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Ther-

> Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

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

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, --

Ther. Ha!
Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent!

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord. Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. You answer, sir.

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

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he? Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight. Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. 27)

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

Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS. Ther. '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.

#### ACT IV.

#### SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

'Tis the lord Æneas.

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

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

Dio. That's my mind too. - Good morrow, lord

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein

You told - how Diomed, a whole week by days, Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy: Did haunt you in the field.

Health to you, valiant sir. Æne. During all question 1) of the gentle truce: But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute. Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm; and so long, health: The same. Court before the House of Pandarus. But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,

With all my force, pursuit, and policy. Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward. - In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive can love, in such a sort, The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

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

Æne. We know each other well. Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

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

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

Par. His purpose meets you; 2) 'Twas to bring this Greek

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

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

Par. There is no help; The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you. Æne. Good morrow, all.

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

Dio. Both alike: He merits well to have her, that doth seek her (Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge; And you as well to keep her, that defend her (Not palating the taste of her dishonour.) With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; 3) You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors; Both merits pois'd, 4) each weighs nor less nor more; But he as he, the heavier for a whore. Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris. -For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight,

A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak, She hath not given so many good words breath, As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death. Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,

But we in silence hold this virtue well, -We'll not commend what we intend to sell. Here lies our way. Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.

#### Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold. Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down; He shall unbolt the gates.

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

Good morrow then. Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me? Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day, Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows, And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,

I would not from thee. Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love, With wings more momentary-swift than thought. You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry; -You men will never tarry. -O foolish Cressid! - I might have still held off, And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's

one up.

Pan. [Within.] What, are all the doors open here? Tro. It is your uncle.

#### Enter PANDARUS.

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

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? -Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid? Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do, and then you flout me too. Pan. To do what? to do what? - let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia! 5) hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did I not tell you? - 'would he were knock'd o'the head!

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. Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. -Knocking.

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in; I would not for half Troy have you seen here. Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

#### Enter ÆNBAS.

Æne. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow. Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here? Pan. Here! what should he do here? Ene. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me. Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: — For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who! - nay, then: -Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware; You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither: 6

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS. Tro. How now? what's the matter? Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: ') There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, 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. Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it. Tro. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here. Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

Exeunt TROILUS and ENEAS. Pan. I'st possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's

#### Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was here? Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter? Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! — what's the matter? Pan. 'Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death: -O poor gentleman! - A plague upon Antenor! Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,

I beseech you, what's the matter? Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! - I will not go. Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; 8) 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; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. - I'll go in, and weep. Pan. Do, do.

Cres. 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.

#### SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Eneas, Deiphobus, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; 9) and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon: - Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose. Tro. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit. Par. I know what 'tis to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help! -Please you, walk in, my lords. Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate. Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dross: No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

#### Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. - Ah sweet ducks! Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! Embracing him. Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart, — as the goodly saying

- o heart, o heavy heart, Why sigh'st thou without breaking? where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart, By friendship, nor by speaking. There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it. - How now, lambs? Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,

That the blest gods - as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities - take thee from me. Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case. Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy? Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too? Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible? Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrazures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: [Exeunt. | As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses 10) to them, | Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit He fumbles up into a loose adieu; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears. 11) Æne. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready? Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genins so

ACT IV.

Cries, Come! to him that instantly must die, -Bid them have patience; she shall come anon. Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root?

Exit PANDARUS. Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

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

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem 12) is this?

Tro. 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 13) 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.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true. Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

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

Cres. O heavens! - be true, again? Tro. Hear why I speak it, love; The Grecian youths are full of quality; They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature

flowing, And swelling o'er with arts and exercise; How novelty may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,) Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not. Tro. Die I a villain then! In this I do not call your faith in question, So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high lavolt, 14) nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell, that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil, That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted. Cres. Do you think, I will? Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeful potency. Æne. [Within.] Nay, good my lord, -

Tro.

Come, kiss; and let us part. Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus! Tro. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true? Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault: While others fish with craft for great opinion, I with great truth catch mere simplicity; 15)

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns, With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Is - plain, and true, - there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNBAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady, Which for Antenor we deliver you: At the port, 16) lord, I'll give her to thy hand; And, by the way, possess thee what she is. 17) Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek, If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe As Priam is in Ilion.

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

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

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus, Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message, To be a speaker free; when I am hence, I'll answer to my lust: 18) And know you, lord. I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth She shall be priz'd; but that you say - be't so, I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, - no.

Tro. Come, to the port. - I'll tell thee, Diomed, 19) This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. -Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk, To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED. Trumpet heard.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet. Æne. How have we spent this morning! The prince must think me tardy and remiss, That swore to ride before him to the field. Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with

him. Dei. Let us make ready straight. Ane. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity, Let us address to tend on Hector's heels: The glory of our Troy doth this day lie On his fair worth, and single chivalry. Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATRO-CLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment 20) fresh and fair,

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

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse. Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe: Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek 21) Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon: Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood; Thou blow'st for Hector. Trumpets sound.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers. Achil.

'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not you Diomed, with Calchas' daughter? By any voice or order of the field? Ulyss. "Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; Hector bade ask. He rises on the toe: that spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA. Agam. Is this the lady Cressid? Dio. Even she. Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss. Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; Twere better, she were kiss'd in general. Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin. -So much for Nestor.

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

Men. I had good argument for kissing once. Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now: For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment; And parted thus you and your argument. Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns! For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns. Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; — this, mine; Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim! Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him. Men. I'll have my kiss, sir: - Lady, by your leave. Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres.

I'll make my match to live, 22)

The kiss you take is better than you give; Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one. Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd. Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true, That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head. No, I'll be sworn. Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn. -

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you? Cres. You may. I do desire it. Ulyss.

Cres. Why, beg then. Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss, When Helen is a maid again, and his. Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due. Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you. Dio. Lady, a word; - I'll bring you to your father. DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.

Nest. A woman of quick sense. Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her! There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, Ulyss. Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out At every joint and motive 23) of her body. O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue, That give a coasting welcome ere it comes, 24) And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts To every ticklish reader! set them down For sluttish spoils of opportunity, 25) And daughters of the game. Trumpet within. All. The Trojans' trumpet. Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ENEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

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

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose, A victor shall be known? will you, the knights Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other; or shall they be divided

Which way would Hector have it? Agam. Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions. Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done. A little proudly, and great deal misprizing The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir, What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing. Ene. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this: -

In the extremity of great and little, Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector; 26) The one almost as infinite as all, The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well, And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy. This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood: 27) In love whereof, half Hector stays at home; Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek. Achil. A maiden battle then? - O, I perceive you.

#### Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed: - Go, gentle knight, Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas Consent upon the order of their fight, So be it; either to the uttermost, Or else a breath; 28) the combatants being kin, Half stints 29) their strife before their strokes begin. [AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists. Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight; Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word; Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue; 30) Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd: His heart and hand both open, and both free; For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows; Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty, Nor dignifies an impair thought 31) with breath: Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes 32) To tender objects; but he, in heat of action, Is more vindicative than jealous love: They call him Troilus; and on him erect A second hope, as fairly built as Hector. Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth Even to his inches, and, with private soul,

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me. 33) [Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight. Agam. They are in action. Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own! Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st: Awake thee! Agam. His blows are well dispos'd: - there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. Trumpets cease. Ene. Princes, enough, so please you. Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again. Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. 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 could'st say - This hand is Grecian all, And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent, Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay, That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother, My sacred aunt, 34) should by my mortal sword Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax: By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms; Hector would have them fall upon him thus: Cousin, all honour to thee!

ACT IV.

I thank thee, Hector: Ajax. Thou art too gentle, and too free a man: I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence A great addition 35) earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus 36) so mirable (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes Cries, This is he,) could promise to himself A thought of added honour torn from Hector. Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides, What further you will do. Hect. We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement: - Ajax, farewell. Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success, (As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire My famous cousin to our Grecian tents. Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me: And signify this loving interview To the expecters of our Trojan part; Desire them home. - Give me thy hand, my cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights. Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here. Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name; But for Achilles, my own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. 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. Hect. I thank thee, most imperious 37) Agamemnon. Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting; -

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither. Hect. Whom must we answer?

The noble Menelaus. Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks! Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath; 38) Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove: She's well, but bade me not commend her to you. Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme. Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft, Labouring for destiny, make cruel way Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, Despising many forfeits and subduements, When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air, Not letting it decline on the declin'd; 39) That I have said to some my standers-by, Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life! And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath, When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in, Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen; But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel, I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire, 40)

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good; But, by great Mars, the captain of us all, Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee: And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. 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. Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention.

As they contend with thee in courtesy. Hect. I would they could. Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow. Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands, When we have here her base and pillar by us. Hect. 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.

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

Hect. 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.

Ulyss. 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. Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou! -

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee; I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector, And quoted joint by joint. 41) Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles. Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee. Achil. Behold thy fill.

Nay, I have done already. Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time, As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb. Hect. 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?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his

Shall I destroy him? whether there, 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! Hect. It would discredit the bless'd 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?

Achil. I tell thee, yea. Hect. 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; But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm, 42) I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag. His insolence draws folly from my lips; But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words, Or may I never -

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin; -And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't: 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. 43) Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field; We have had pelting wars, 44) since you refus'd The Grecians' cause.

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

Hect. Thy hand upon that match. Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent; There in the full convive 45) we: afterwards, As Hector's leisure, and your bounties shall Concur together, severally entreat him. — Beat loud the tabourines, 46) let the trumpets blow That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES. Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, In what place of the field doth Calchas keep? Ulyss. 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.

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

You shall command me, sir. Ulyss. As gentle tell me, of what honour was This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there, That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars, A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord? She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth: But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

### ACT V.

SCENE I. The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. -Patroclus, let us feast him to the height. Patr. Here comes Thersites.

#### Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy? Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news? Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee. Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy. Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, 1) or the patient's wound. Patr. Well said, Adversity! 2) and what need these

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy: I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that? Ther. Why his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs. bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus? Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, 3) thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature! Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg! 4)

Achil. 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 banquetting must all be spent. -

Away, Patroclus. [Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus. Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, - an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, - to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, 5) a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, - I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYS-SES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with Lights.

I were not Menelaus. - Hey-day! spirits and fires!6)

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
No, yonder 'tis; There, where we see the lights. Hect. I trouble you. Ajax. No, not a whit. Here comes himself to guide you. Ulyss.

## Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all. Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord. Good night, sweet Menelaus. 7) Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink,

sweet sewer. Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS. Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two. Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now. - Good night, great Hector. Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss.

ACT V.

To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

Aside to TROILUS.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me. And so good night. Exit DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

Exeunt ACHIL. HECTOR, AJAX, and NEST. Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; 8) but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, 9) there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. - Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

#### SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak. Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

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

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

#### Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid, come forth to him! How now, my charge? Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! - Hark! a word with you.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight. Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; 10) she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; And let your mind be coupled with your words. Tro. What should she remember?

Uluss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly. Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then, -

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are for-

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have

Ther. A juggling trick, to be - secretly open. Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me? Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night. Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan? Cres.

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more. Tro. Thy better must.

Hark! one word in your ear. Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Follow his torch, he goes | Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go. Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Now, good my lord, go off: You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

You have not patience; come. Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments.

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night. Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Why, how now, lord? Ulyss. Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian! - why, Greek! Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter. 11)

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again. Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out. Tro. She strokes his cheek!

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

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then? Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it. Cres. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience. Fear me not, my lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

#### Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now! Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. 12) Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith? My lord, -

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will. Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well. -

He loved me - O false wench! - Give't me again. Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. No matter, 13) now I have't again. I will not meet with you to-morrow night: I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: - Well said, whetstone. Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that. Cres. 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. - Nay, do not snatch it from me; He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it. Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed: 'faith you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter. Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

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

Whose was it? Dio.

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, 14) And by herself, I will not tell you whose. Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm; And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it. Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn, It should be challeng'd. Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; - And yet

it is not;

I will not keep my word.

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

Cres. You shall not go: - One cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.

I do not like this fooling. Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Ay, come: O, Jove! Do come: - I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then. Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. -

Exit DIOMEDES. Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee; But with my heart the other eye doth see. Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find, The error of our eye directs our mind: What error leads, must err; O then conclude, Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Exit CRESSIDA Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore. Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

It is. Ulyss. Why stay we then? Tro. To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act, Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, An esperance so obstinately strong, That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears; As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to calumniate. Was Cressid here?

Ulyss.

I cannot conjure, Trojan. 15)

Tro. She was not, sure. Most sure she was. Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness. Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now. Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood! 16) Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn critics -  $^{17}$ ) apt, without a theme, For depravation, - to square the general sex By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid. Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil

our mothers? Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she. Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes? Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida: If beauty have a soul, this is not she; If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony, If sanctimony be the gods' delight, If there be rule in unity itself, 18) This was not she. O madness of discourse, That cause sets up with and against itself! Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt Without perdition, and loss assume all reason Without revolt; 19) this is, and is not, Cressid! Within my soul there doth commence a fight Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate 20)

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter. Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates; Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven: Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself; The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd; And with another knot, five-finger-tied, 21) The fractions of her faith, orts of her love, The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. Ulyss. May worthy Troilus 22) be half attach'd With that which here his passion doth express? Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well In characters as red as Mars his heart Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy With so eternal and so fix'd a soul. Hark, Greek; As much as I do Cressid love, So much by weight hate I her Diomed: That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm; Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill, My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout, Which shipmen do the hurricano call

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun, Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear In his descent, than shall my prompted sword Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy. 23) Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false! Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself: Your passion draws ears hither.

#### Enter ÆNBAS.

Ene. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord: Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy; Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home. Tro. Have with you, prince: - My courteous lord, adieu:

Farewell, revolted fair! - and, Diomed, Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! 24) Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates. Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt TROILUS, ENEAS, and ULYSSES. Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them. [Exit.

#### SCENE III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace. Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd, To stop his ears against admonishment? Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day. Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in: By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day. Hect. No more, I say.

#### Enter CASSANDRA.

Where is my brother Hector? And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent: Consort with me in loud and dear petition, 25) 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.

Cas. O, it is true. Ho! bid my trumpet sound! Hect. Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother. Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish 26) vows; They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

ACT V.

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

Cas. It is the purpose, 27) that makes strong the vow: But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:

Unarm, sweet Hector. Hold you still, I say; Hect. Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate: Life every man holds dear; but the dear man 28) Holds honour far more precious-dear than life. -

#### Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day? And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade. Exit CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth.

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry: Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong, And tempt not yet the brushes of the war. Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy, I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy. Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion, 29) than a man. Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me

for it. Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,

You bid them rise, and live. 30) Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector. Hect. How now? For the love of all the gods, Tro.

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

Hector, then 'tis wars. Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon 31) my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

#### Re-enter Cassandra, with PRIAM.

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

Pri. 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.

Æneas is a field; And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

But thou shalt not go. Hect. I must not break my faith. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect; 32) but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam. Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

Do not, dear father. Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache. Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodements.

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

Tro. Away! — Away! —
Cas. Farewell. — Yet, soft: — Hector, I take my

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit. Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim: Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight; Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night. Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about

Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums. Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe, come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear? Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisic, a whoreson rascally ptisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, 33) I cannot tell what to think on't. - What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; Tearing the Letter. The effect doth operate another way. -

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.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp. Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. 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, on 34) a sleeveless errand. O'the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals, - that stale old mouseeaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, - is not proved worth a blackberry: -They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and

now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, 35) and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

#### Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

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

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! — Now for thy whore, Trojan! now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.

#### Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

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

Hect. I do believe thee; — live. [Exit. Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

#### SCENE V.

#### The same.

#### Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[Exit Servant.

#### Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, <sup>36</sup>) Upon the pashed <sup>37</sup>) corses of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain; Amphimacus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful sagittary Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

#### Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.

There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls 38)
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath: 39)
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

#### Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance; Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it, Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution; Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a careless force, and forceless care, As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

#### Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [Exit. Dio. Ay, there, there. Nest. So, so, we draw together.

#### Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, 40 show thy face; Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Execunt.

#### SCENE VI.

#### Another part of the Field.

#### Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

#### Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my

office
Ere that correction: — Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

#### Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed; — turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse! Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed. Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon. 41)
Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; 42) have at

you both. [Exeunt fighting.

#### Enter HECTOR.

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

#### Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: — Ha! — Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan. Be happy, that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect.

Hect.

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother?

#### Re-enter TROILUS.

ACT V.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; <sup>43</sup>) I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: — Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day.

[Exit.

#### Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark: —

No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well;

I'll frush it, 44) and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it: — Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

#### Exeunt

#### SCENE VII.

#### The same.

#### Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. 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 arms. 45) Follow me, sins, and my proceedings eye: — It is decreed — Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE VIII.

#### The same.

## Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: — 'ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

#### Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. 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.

#### SCENE IX.

## Another part of the Field. Enter Hegger.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

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

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

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

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

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.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler like, 46) the armies separates.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Excunt.

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

#### SCENE X.

#### The same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! Hark! what shout is that?

Nest.

Peace, drums.

[Within.]

Achilles! Achilles! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is — Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along: — Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent. —
If in his death the gods have us befriended,

If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [Exeunt, marching.

#### SCENE XI.

## Another part of the Field.

Enter ÆNBAS and Trojans.

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

#### Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector? — The gods forbid!

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

And linger not our sure destructions on!

\*\*Ene.\*\* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

\*\*Tro.\*\* You understand me not, that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go into Troy, and say 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 47) upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates; I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts. — Strike a free march to Troy! — with comfort go: Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. 48) [Exeunt ENEAS and Trojans.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But, hear you, hear you! Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live, aye, with thy name. Exit TROILUS.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! -O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance

I'll through and through you! - And thou, great so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? - Let me see: -

> Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing, Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting: And being once subdued in armed tail, Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. -Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted

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