

**LANTERN  
THEATER  
COMPANY**

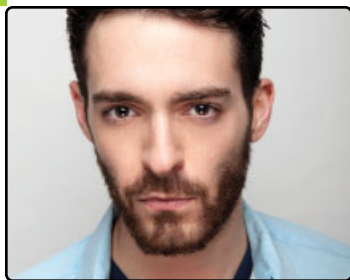


# Troilus & Cressida

A SHAKESPEARE NOW VIRTUAL PLAY READING  
FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 2020

[lanterntheater.org/lantern-anywhere](https://lanterntheater.org/lantern-anywhere)

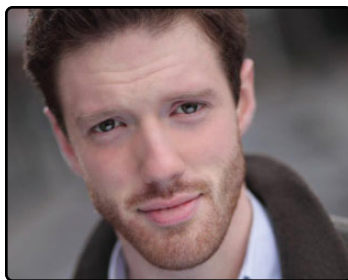
# MEET THE COMPANY



**Chris Anthony**  
*Paris / Margarelon / Trojan*



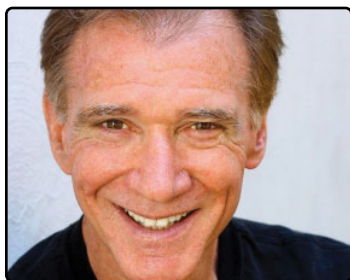
**David Bardeen\***  
*Menelaus / Myrmidon / Trojan*



**Jake Blouch\***  
*Diomedes / Trojan*



**Graham Cook**  
*Antenor / Alexander / Servant / Myrmidon / Trojan*



**Peter DeLaurier\***  
*Priam / Chalcas / Nestor*



**Charlie DelMarcelle\***  
*Achilles*



**Jessica Bedford\***  
*Helen / Aeneas / Myrmidon*



**Scott Greer\***  
*Thersites*



**Leonard C. Haas\***  
*Agamemnon*



**Suli Holum\***  
*Andromache / Ajax / Trojan*



**Anthony Lawton\***  
*Ulysses / Trojan*



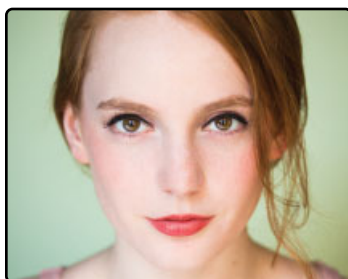
**Jered McLenigan\***  
*Troilus*



**Bi Jean Ngo\***  
*Cassandra / Patroclus / Trojan*



**Luigi Sottile\***  
*Hector*



**Ruby Wolf\***  
*Cressida*



**Frank X\***  
*Pandarus*

**Rebecca Smith\***  
STAGE MANAGER

**Thom Weaver**  
SET AND LIGHTING

**Natalia de la Torre**  
COSTUMES

**Christopher Colucci**  
SOUND AND MUSIC

**Meghan Winch**  
DRAMATURG

**Hannah Spear**  
ZOOM HOST

DIRECTED BY  
**Charles McMahon\***

# WELCOME TO LANTERN ANYWHERE

LANTERN  
THEATER  
COMPANY

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

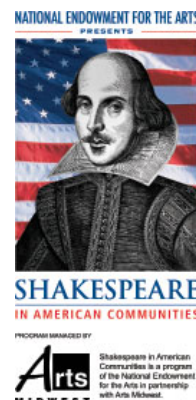
- ◆ **Shakespeare NOW**, a virtual play reading series featuring some of your favorite Philadelphia actors
- ◆ **Sonnet Sessions**, a video series that explores Shakespearean poetry with Charles McMahan and special guests
- ◆ **Backstage at the Lantern**, an expansion of our Lantern Searchlight Blog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

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

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

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

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



COVER: Trey Lyford and David Bardeen in *Othello* (2020). Photo: Mark Garvin.

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# **TROILUS AND CRESSIDA by William Shakespeare**

Edited by Charles McMahon for the Lantern's Shakespeare *NOW* series

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*(revised 5/27/20)*

## **Dramatis Personae**

PRIAM - King of Troy

HECTOR – A Son of PRIAM

TROILUS – A Son of PRIAM

PARIS – A Son of PRIAM

MARGARELON – A Bastard Son of Priam

HELEN - Wife to Menelaus

ANDROMACHE - Wife to Hector

CASSANDRA - Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess

CRESSIDA - Daughter to Calchas

ÆNEAS – A Trojan Commander

ANTENOR - A Trojan Commander

CALCHAS - A Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks

PANDARUS - Uncle to Cressida

AGAMEMNON - The Grecian General

MENELAUS – Brother to AGAMEMNON

ACHILLES - A Grecian Commander

AJAX - A Grecian Commander

ULYSSES - A Grecian Commander

NESTOR - A Grecian Commander

DIOMEDES - A Grecian Commander

PATROCLUS - A Grecian Commander

THERSITES - A deformed and scurrilous Grecian

ALEXANDER - Servant to Cressida

Servant to Troilus

Servant to Diomedes

Trojan and Greek Soldiers

## ACT I

### SCENE I – Troy, Before Priam’s Palace

*Enter TROILUS, and PANDARUS*

**TROILUS**

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

**PANDARUS**

Will this gear ne'er be mended?

**TROILUS**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Have I not tarried?

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Have I not tarried?

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Still have I tarried.

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.  
At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,--  
So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she thence?

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**PANDARUS**

I speak no more than truth.

**TROILUS**

Thou dost not speak so much.

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

**PANDARUS**

I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

**TROILUS**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Say I she is not fair?

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Pandarus,--

**PANDARUS**

Not I.

**TROILUS**

Sweet Pandarus,--

**PANDARUS**

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

*Exit PANDARUS – An alarum*

**TROILUS**

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

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,  
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

*Alarum – Enter AENEAS*

**TROILUS**

What news, AENEAS, from the field to-day?

**AENEAS**

That Paris is returned home and hurt.

**TROILUS**

By whom, AENEAS?

**AENEAS**

Troilus, by Menelaus.

**TROILUS**

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

*Alarum*

**AENEAS**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**AENEAS**

In all swift haste.

**TROILUS**

Come, go we then together.

*Exeunt*



## **SCENE II – Troy, A street**

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER*

**CRESSIDA**

Who were those went by?

**ALEXANDER**

Queen Hecuba and Helen.

**CRESSIDA**

And whither go they?

**ALEXANDER**

Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:  
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,  
And to the field goes he; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

**CRESSIDA**

What was his cause of anger?

**ALEXANDER**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Good; and what of him?

**ALEXANDER**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**ALEXANDER**

They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

**CRESSIDA**

Who comes here?

**ALEXANDER**

Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter PANDARUS*

**CRESSIDA**

Hector's a gallant man.

**ALEXANDER**

As may be in the world, lady.

**PANDARUS**

What's that- what's that?

**CRESSIDA**

Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

This morning, uncle.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

**PANDARUS**

Even so: Hector was stirring early.

**CRESSIDA**

That were we talking of, and of his anger.

**PANDARUS**

Was he angry?

**CRESSIDA**

So he says here.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

What, is he angry too?

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

O Jupiter! There's no comparison.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Excuse me.

**PANDARUS**

He is elder.

**CRESSIDA**

Pardon me, pardon me.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

Nor his qualities.

**CRESSIDA**

No matter.

**PANDARUS**

Nor his beauty.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Why, Paris hath colour enough.

**PANDARUS**

So he has.

**CRESSIDA**

Then Troilus should have too much.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

So I do.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

*A retreat sounded*

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

At your pleasure.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Speak not so loud.

*AENEAS passes*

**PANDARUS**

That's Aeneas: is not that a brave man? He's one of  
the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark  
Troilus; you shall see anon.

*ANTENOR passes*

**CRESSIDA**

Who's that?

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Will he give you the nod?

**PANDARUS**

You shall see.

*HECTOR passes*

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

O, a brave man!

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Be those with swords?

**PANDARUS**

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

*PARIS passes*

Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Would I could see Troilus now!  
You shall see Troilus anon.

**CRESSIDA**

What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes*

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Peace, for shame, peace!

**PANDARUS**

Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! He ne'er saw

three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!  
Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess,  
he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?  
Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to  
change, would give an eye to boot.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Well, well.

**PANDARUS**

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

*Enter Troilus's Page*

**Page**

Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

**PANDARUS**

Where?

**Page**

At your own house; there he unarms him.

**PANDARUS**

Good boy, tell him I come.

*Exit Page*

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

**CRESSIDA**

Adieu, uncle.

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

To bring, uncle?

**PANDARUS**

Ay, a token from Troilus.

**CRESSIDA**

By the same token, you are a bawd.

*Exit PANDARUS*

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

*Exeunt*



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

*Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS*

#### AGAMEMNON

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

#### NESTOR

With due observance of thy godlike seat,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk!  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so

Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide  
In storms of fortune.

### ULYSSES

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

### AGAMEMNON

Speak, prince of Ithaca.

### ULYSSES

Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
But for these instances.  
The specialty of rule hath been neglected.  
When that the general is not like the hive  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre  
Observe degree, priority and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office and custom, in all line of order;  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans cheque to good and bad: but when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues and what portents! What mutiny!  
What raging of the sea; shaking of earth!  
Commotion in the winds; frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken,  
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows; right and wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,

Must make performe an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below, he by the next,  
That next by him beneath; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever.  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

**NESTOR**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

And in the imitation of these twain--  
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice--many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,

Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
To match us in comparisons with dirt.

**ULYSSES**

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

*A trumpet sounds*

**AGAMEMNON**

What trumpet? Look, Menelaus.

**MENELAUS**

From Troy.

*Enter AENEAS*

**AGAMEMNON**

What would you 'fore our tent?

**AENEAS**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself AEneas?

**AENEAS**

Ay, Greek, that is my name.

**AGAMEMNON**

What's your affair I pray you?

**AENEAS**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.

**AENEAS**

Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:  
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,  
And then to speak.

**AGAMEMNON**

Speak frankly as the wind;

For I am he.

**AENEAS**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

This shall be told our lovers, Lord AEneas;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.  
Fair Lord AEneas, let me touch your hand;  
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR*

**ULYSSES**

Nestor!

**NESTOR**

What says Ulysses?

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

What is't?

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

Well, and how?

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

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

**ULYSSES**

And wake him to the answer, think you?

**NESTOR**

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

**ULYSSES**

Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better yet to show,  
Shall show the better. Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honour and our shame in this  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

**NESTOR**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

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

*Exeunt*

## ACT II

### SCENE I - A part of the Grecian camp

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES separately*

**AJAX**

Thersites!

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

Thersites!

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

Dog!

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

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

*Beating him*

Feel, then.

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

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

**THERSITES**

I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness!

**AJAX**

Toadstool! Learn me the proclamation.

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

The proclamation!



**THERSITES**

Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

**AJAX**

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

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

I say, the proclamation!

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

*[Beating him]* You whoreson cur!

**THERSITES**

Do, do.

**AJAX**

Thou stool for a witch!

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

You dog!

**THERSITES**

You scurvy lord!

**AJAX**

*[Beating him]* You cur!

**THERSITES**

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

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**ACHILLES**

Why, how now, Ajax! Wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! What's the matter, man?

**THERSITES**

You see him there, do you?

**ACHILLES**

Ay; what's the matter?

**THERSITES**

Nay, look upon him.

**ACHILLES**

So I do: what's the matter?

**THERSITES**

Nay, but regard him well.

**ACHILLES**

'Well!' why, I do so.

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

I know that, fool.

**THERSITES**

Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

**AJAX**

Therefore I beat thee.

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

What?

**THERSITES**

I say, this Ajax—

*Ajax offers to beat him*

**ACHILLES**

Nay, good Ajax.

**THERSITES**

Has not so much wit--

**ACHILLES**

Nay, I must hold you.

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

Peace, fool!

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

O thou damned cur! I shall--

**ACHILLES**

Will you set your wit to a fool's?

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

What's the quarrel?

**AJAX**

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

**THERSITES**

I serve thee not.

**AJAX**

Well, go to, go to.

**THERSITES**

I serve here voluntarily.

**ACHILLES**

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

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

What, with me too, Thersites?

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

What, what?

**THERSITES**

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

**AJAX**

I shall cut out your tongue.

**THERSITES**

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

**PATROCLUS**

No more words, Thersites; peace!

**THERSITES**

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

*Achilles stikes THERSITES*

**ACHILLES**

There's for you, Patroclus.

**THERSITES**

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

*Exit*

**PATROCLUS**

A good riddance.

**ACHILLES**

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

**AJAX**

Farewell. Who shall answer him?

**ACHILLES**

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

**AJAX**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, and PARIS*

### PRIAM

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

### HECTOR

Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I  
Yet, dread Priam, there are none among us  
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'  
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dead  
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
What merit's in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up?

### TROILUS

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

### HECTOR

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

### TROILUS

What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

### HECTOR

But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry  
To make the service greater than the god  
And the will dotes that is attributive

To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of the affected merit.

**TROILUS**

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

**CASSANDRA**

*[Within]* Cry, Trojans, cry!

**PRIAM**

What noise? What shriek is this?

**TROILUS**

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

**CASSANDRA**

*[Within]* Cry, Trojans!

**HECTOR**

It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving*

**CASSANDRA**

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

**HECTOR**

Peace, sister, peace!

**CASSANDRA**

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

*Exit*

**HECTOR**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**PARIS**

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

**PRIAM**

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

**PARIS**

Sir, I propose not merely to myself.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up  
On terms of base compulsion!



**HECTOR**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**HECTOR**

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

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter THERSITES, solus*

#### **THERSITES**

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

*Enter PATROCLUS*

#### **PATROCLUS**

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

#### **THERSITES**

Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death; then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lepers. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*Enter ACHILLES*

#### **ACHILLES**

Who's there?

#### **PATROCLUS**

Thersites, my lord.

#### **ACHILLES**

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

#### **THERSITES**

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

**PATROCLUS**

Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee,  
what's thyself?

**THERSITES**

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

**PATROCLUS**

Thou mayst tell that knowest.

**ACHILLES**

O, tell, tell.

**THERSITES**

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

**PATROCLUS**

You rascal!

**THERSITES**

Peace, fool! I have not done.

**ACHILLES**

He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

Derive this; come.

**THERSITES**

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

**PATROCLUS**

Why am I a fool?

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

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

*Exit*

**THERSITES**

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

*Exit*

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Where is Achilles?

**PATROCLUS**

Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

**AGAMEMNON**

Let it be known to him that we are here.

**PATROCLUS**

I shall say so to him.

*Exit*

**ULYSSES**

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

**AJAX**

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

*Takes AGAMEMNON aside*

**NESTOR**

What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

**ULYSSES**

Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

**NESTOR**

Who, Thersites?

**ULYSSES**

He.

**NESTOR**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

*Re-enter PATROCLUS*

**NESTOR**

No Achilles with him.

**PATROCLUS**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Hear you, Patroclus:

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

**PATROCLUS**

I shall; and bring his answer presently.

*Exit*

**AGAMEMNON**

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

*Exit ULYSSES*

**AJAX**

What is he more than another?



Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages  
And batters down himself.

**AGAMEMNON**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

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

**DIOMEDES**

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

**AJAX**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

O, no, you shall not go.

**AJAX**

A paltry, insolent fellow!

**NESTOR**

*[Aside]* How he describes himself!

**AJAX**

Can he not be sociable?

**AGAMEMNON**

He will be the physician that should be the patient.

**AJAX**

An all men were o' my mind,--

**ULYSSES**

*[Aside]* Wit would be out of fashion.

**AJAX**

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

**NESTOR**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

Our noble general, do not do so.

**DIOMEDES**

You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

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

**ULYSSES**

Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

**AJAX**

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

**NESTOR**

What a vice were it in Ajax now,--

**ULYSSES**

If he were proud,--

**DIOMEDES**

Or covetous of praise,--

**ULYSSES**

Ay, or surly borne,--



**DIOMEDES**

Or strange, or self-affected!

**ULYSSES**

Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;  
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:  
But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,  
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,  
And give him half. I will not praise thy wisdom,  
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor;  
Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:  
Put pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,  
You should not have the eminence of him,  
But be as Ajax.

**AJAX**

Shall I call you father?

**NESTOR**

Ay, my good son.

**DIOMEDES**

Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

**ULYSSES**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

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

*Exeunt*

## **ACT III**

### **SCENE I - Troy, Priam's palace**

*Enter PARIS and HELEN*

*A retreat sounded*

#### **PARIS**

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

#### **HELEN**

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

#### **PARIS**

Sweet, above thought I love thee.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE II – Troy, Pandarus' orchard

*Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS separately*

**PANDARUS**

How now, Troilus-  
Have you seen my cousin?

**TROILUS**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

*Exit*

**TROILUS**

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

*Re-enter PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS**

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

*Exit*

**TROILUS**

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

*Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA*

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

You have bereft me of all words, lady.

**PANDARUS**

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

*Exit*

**CRESSIDA**

Will you walk in, my lord?

**TROILUS**

O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

**CRESSIDA**

Wished, my lord! The gods grant,--O my lord!

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

**TROILUS**

Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Nor nothing monstrous neither?

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**TROILUS**

Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

**CRESSIDA**

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

**TROILUS**

And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

*He kisses her.*

**PANDARUS**

Pretty, i' faith.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**TROILUS**

Your leave, sweet Cressid!

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Pray you, content you.

**TROILUS**

What offends you, lady?

**CRESSIDA**

Sir, mine own company.

**TROILUS**

You cannot shun Yourself.

**CRESSIDA**

Let me go and try:

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

**TROILUS**

Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**TROILUS**

O that I thought it could be in a woman--  
As, if it can, I will presume in you--  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!  
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;  
How were I then uplifted, but, alas!  
I am as true as truth's simplicity  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

**CRESSIDA**

In that I'll war with you.

**TROILUS**

O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most right!  
True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,  
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers.

**CRESSIDA**

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood! When they've said 'as false  
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, or stepdame to her son,'  
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
'As false as Cressid.'

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Amen.

**CRESSIDA**

Amen.

**PANDARUS**

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

*Exeunt*

*INTERMISSION*



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

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

#### CALCHAS

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

#### AGAMEMNON

What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

#### CALCHAS

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

#### AGAMEMNON

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

**DIOMEDES**

This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to bear.

*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS*

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent*

**ULYSSES**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

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

**ACHILLES**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

**NESTOR**

Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

**ACHILLES**

No.

**NESTOR**

Nothing, my lord.

**AGAMEMNON**

The better.

*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR*

**ACHILLES**

Good day, good day.

**MENELAUS**

How do you?

*Exit*

**ACHILLES**

What, does the cuckold scorn me?

**AJAX**

How now, Patroclus!

**ACHILLES**

Good morrow, Ajax.

**AJAX**

Ha?

**ACHILLES**

Good morrow.

**AJAX**

Ay, and good next day too.

*Exit*

**ACHILLES**

What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

**PATROCLUS**

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

**ACHILLES**

What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too: So not a man,  
For being simply man, hath any honour,  
But honour for those honours that are  
Without him, as place, riches, favour,  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:  
Which when they fall,  
Do one pluck down another and together  
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:  
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess,  
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out  
Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;  
I'll interrupt his reading.  
How now Ulysses!

**ULYSSES**

Now, great Thetis' son!

**ACHILLES**

What are you reading?

**ULYSSES**

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

**ACHILLES**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast  
And great Troy shrieking.

**ACHILLES**

I do believe it; for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me  
Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

**ULYSSES**

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

**ACHILLES**

Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

**ULYSSES**

But 'gainst your privacy

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

**ACHILLES**

Ha! known!

## ULYSSES

Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery in the soul of state;  
Which hath an operation more divine  
Than breath or pen can give expresseure to:  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy  
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much  
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'  
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

*Exit*

## PATROCLUS

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

## ACHILLES

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

## PATROCLUS

Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

## ACHILLES

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

## PATROCLUS

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

## ACHILLES

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:  
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,  
To talk with him and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view.

*Enter THERSITES*

A labour saved!

**THERSITES**

A wonder!

**ACHILLES**

What?

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

How so?

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

How can that be?

**THERSITES**

Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,--a stride and a stand: ruminates, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out;' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

**ACHILLES**

Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

**THERSITES**

Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody.

**ACHILLES**

And therefore send I you. Tell him I humbly desire the  
valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector  
to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure  
safe-conduct for his person of the most magnanimous  
six-or-seven-times-honoured, Agamemnon,  
et cetera. Come, thou shalt bear my letter to him straight.

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

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

*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**THERSITES**

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

*Exit*



## ACT IV

### SCENE I – Troy, A street

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

#### PARIS

See, ho! Who is that there?

#### ANTENOR

It is the Lord AENEAS.

#### AENEAS

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

#### DIOMEDES

That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord AENEAS.

#### PARIS

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

#### AENEAS

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

#### DIOMEDES

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

#### AENEAS

We know each other well.

#### DIOMEDES

We do; and long to know each other worse.

#### PARIS

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

**AENEAS**

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

**PARIS**

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

**AENEAS**

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

**PARIS**

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

**AENEAS**

Good morrow, all.

*Exit AENEAS*

**PARIS**

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

**DIOMEDES**

Both alike:  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:  
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more.

**PARIS**

You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

**DIOMEDES**

She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:  
For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

**PARIS**

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

*Exeunt*



**TROILUS**

It is your uncle.

**CRESSIDA**

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

*Enter PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS**

How now, how now! How go maidenheads?

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

*Knocking within*

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

**TROILUS**

Ha, ha!

**CRESSIDA**

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

*Knocking within*

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

*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA*

**PANDARUS**

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

*Enter AENEAS*

**AENEAS**

Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

**PANDARUS**

Who's there? My Lord AEneas! By my troth,  
I knew you not. What news with you so early?

**AENEAS**

Is not Prince Troilus here?

**PANDARUS**

Here? What should he do here?

**AENEAS**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**AENEAS**

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

*Re-enter TROILUS*

**TROILUS**

How now! What's the matter?

**AENEAS**

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

**TROILUS**

Is it so concluded?

**AENEAS**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**AENEAS**

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

*Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS*

**PANDARUS**

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

*Re-enter CRESSIDA*

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

Ah, ah!

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

O the gods! What's the matter?

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

O you immortal gods! I will not go.

**PANDARUS**

Thou must.

**CRESSIDA**

I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;  
I know no touch of consanguinity;  
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me  
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!  
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,  
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,  
Do to this body what extremes you can;  
Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,  
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart  
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

*Exeunt*



### **SCENE III - Troy, A street before Pandarus' house**

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES*

#### **PARIS**

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

#### **TROILUS**

Walk into her house;

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

*Exit*

#### **PARIS**

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

*Exeunt*

## SCENE IV - Troy, Inside Pandarus' house

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA*

**PANDARUS**

Be moderate, be moderate.

**CRESSIDA**

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

*Enter TROILUS*

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

O Troilus! Troilus!

*Embracing him*

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Have the gods envy?

**PANDARUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

And is it true that I must go from Troy?

**TROILUS**

A hateful truth.

**CRESSIDA**

What, and from Troilus too?

**TROILUS**

From Troy and Troilus.

**CRESSIDA**

Is it possible?

**TROILUS**

And suddenly.

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

**AENEAS**

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

**TROILUS**

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon!

**PANDARUS**

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

*Exit*

**CRESSIDA**

I must then to the Grecians?

**TROILUS**

No remedy.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers  
As infinite as imminent! But I'll be true.

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

And you this glove: when shall I see you?

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

O heavens, 'be true' again!

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

O heavens, you love me not.

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Do you think I will?

**TROILUS**

No.

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

**AENEAS**

*[Within]* Nay, good my lord,--

**TROILUS**

Come, kiss; and let us part.

**PARIS**

*[Within]* Brother Troilus!

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

My lord, will you be true?

**TROILUS**

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

*Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES*

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

**DIOMEDES**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**DIOMEDES**

O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:

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

**TROILUS**

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

*Exuent*

## **SCENE V - The Grecian camp, Lists set out**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

**ULYSSES**

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

*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA*

**AGAMEMNON**

Is this the Lady Cressid?

**DIOMEDES**

Even she.

**AGAMEMNON**

Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

*Agamemnon kisses her*

**NESTOR**

Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

**ULYSSES**

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

**NESTOR**

And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.

*Nestor kisses her*

So much for Nestor.

**ACHILLES**

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

*Achilles kisses her*

**MENELAUS**

I had good argument for kissing once.

**PATROCLUS**

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

*Patroclus steps in front of Menelaus and kisses her*

**ULYSSES**

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

**PATROCLUS**

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

*Patroclus kisses her again*

**MENELAUS**

O, this is trim!

**PATROCLUS**

Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

**MENELAUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

In kissing, do you render or receive?

**MENELAUS**

Both take and give.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**CRESSIDA**

You may.

**ULYSSES**

I do desire it.

**CRESSIDA**

Why, beg two.



**ULYSSES**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**DIOMEDES**

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

*Exit with CRESSIDA*

**NESTOR**

A woman of quick sense.

**ULYSSES**

Fie, fie upon her!

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

*Trumpet within*

**AGAMEMNON**

The Trojans' trumpet. Yonder comes the troop.

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

**AENEAS**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Which way would Hector have it?

**AENEAS**

He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

**AGAMEMNON**

'Tis done like Hector.

*Re-enter DIOMEDES*

**AGAMEMNON**

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

*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists*

**ULYSSES**

They are opposed already.

**AGAMEMNON**

What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

**ULYSSES**

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

*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight*

**AGAMEMNON**

They are in action.

**NESTOR**

Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

**TROILUS**

Hector, thou sleep'st; Awake thee!

**AGAMEMNON**

His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

**DIOMEDES**

You must no more.

*Trumpets cease*

**AENEAS**

Princes, enough, so please you.

**AJAX**

I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

**DIOMEDES**

As Hector pleases.

**HECTOR**

Why, then will I no more:  
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy; by Jove multipotent,  
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
Cousin, all honour to thee!

*They embrace*

**AJAX**

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

**AENEAS**

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

**HECTOR**

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

*They embrace again*

**AJAX**

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

**DIOMEDES**

'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

**HECTOR**

Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home.

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

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

**AJAX**

Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

**AGAMEMNON**

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

**HECTOR**

I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

**NESTOR**

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft  
Labouring for destiny make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never saw like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

**AENEAS**

'Tis the old Nestor.

**HECTOR**

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

**NESTOR**

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.

**ULYSSES**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**ACHILLES**

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

**HECTOR**

Is this Achilles?

**ACHILLES**

I am Achilles.

**HECTOR**

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

**ACHILLES**

Behold thy fill.

**HECTOR**

Nay, I have done already.

**ACHILLES**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**ACHILLES**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**ACHILLES**

I tell thee, yea.

**HECTOR**

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

**AJAX**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**ACHILLES**

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

**HECTOR**

Thy hand upon that match.

**AGAMEMNON**

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

*Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES*

**TROILUS**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**TROILUS**

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

*Exeunt*

## ACT V

### SCENE I - The Grecian camp, before Achilles' tent

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**ACHILLES**

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

**PATROCLUS**

Here comes Thersites.

*Enter THERSITES*

**ACHILLES**

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

**THERSITES**

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

**ACHILLES**

From whence, fragment?

**THERSITES**

Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

**PATROCLUS**

Who keeps the tent now?

**THERSITES**

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

**PATROCLUS**

Out, gall!

**THERSITES**

Finch-egg!

**ACHILLES**

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



Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.  
Away, Patroclus!

*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**THERSITES**

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

*Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS,  
and DIOMEDES*

*Re-enter ACHILLES*

**ACHILLES**

Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

**AGAMEMNON**

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

**HECTOR**

Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

**MENELAUS**

Good night, my lord.

**HECTOR**

Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

**ACHILLES**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Good night.

*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS*

**ACHILLES**

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

**DIOMEDES**

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

**HECTOR**

Give me your hand.

**ULYSSES**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**HECTOR**

And so, good night.

*Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following*

**ACHILLES**

Come, come, enter my tent.

*Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR*

**THERSITES**

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

*Exit*

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

*Enter DIOMEDES*

**DIOMEDES**

What, are you up here, ho? speak.

**CALCHAS**

*[Within]* Who calls?

**DIOMEDES**

Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

**CALCHAS**

*[Within]* She comes to you.

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

**ULYSSES**

Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter CRESSIDA*

**TROILUS**

Cressid comes forth to him.

**DIOMEDES**

How now, my charge!

**CRESSIDA**

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

*Whispers*

**TROILUS**

Yea, so familiar!

**ULYSSES**

She will sing any man at first sight.

**THERSITES**

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

**DIOMEDES**

Will you remember?

**CRESSIDA**

Remember? Yes.

**DIOMEDES**

Nay, but do, then;  
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

**TROILUS**

What should she remember?

**ULYSSES**

List.

**CRESSIDA**

Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

**THERSITES**

Roguery!

**DIOMEDES**

Nay, then,--

**CRESSIDA**

I'll tell you what,--

**DIOMEDES**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**THERSITES**

A juggling trick,--to be secretly open.

**DIOMEDES**

What did you swear you would bestow on me?

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

Good night.

**TROILUS**

Hold, patience!

**ULYSSES**

How now, Trojan!

**CRESSIDA**

Diomed,--

**DIOMEDES**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Hark, one word in your ear.

**TROILUS**

O plague and madness!

**ULYSSES**

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

**TROILUS**

I pray thee, stay.

**ULYSSES**

You have not patience; come.

**TROILUS**

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

**DIOMEDES**

And so, good night.

**CRESSIDA**

Nay, but you part in anger.

**TROILUS**

Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

**ULYSSES**

Why, how now, lord!

**TROILUS**

By Jove,

I will be patient.

**CRESSIDA**

Guardian!--Why, Greek!

**DIOMEDES**

Foh, foh! Adieu; you palter.

**CRESSIDA**

In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

**ULYSSES**

You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?  
You will break out.

**TROILUS**

She strokes his cheek!

**ULYSSES**

Come, come.

**TROILUS**

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

**THERSITES**

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

**DIOMEDES**

But will you, then?

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

Give me some token for the surety of it.

**CRESSIDA**

I'll fetch you one.

*Exit*

**ULYSSES**

You have sworn patience.

**TROILUS**

Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA with TROILUS' sleeve*

**CRESSIDA**

Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

**TROILUS**

O beauty! Where is thy faith?

**ULYSSES**

My lord,--

**TROILUS**

I will be patient; outwardly I will.

**CRESSIDA**

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

*CRESSIDA snatches back the sleeve*

**DIOMEDES**

Whose was't?

**CRESSIDA**

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

**THERSITES**

Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!

**DIOMEDES**

I shall have it.

**CRESSIDA**

What, this?

**DIOMEDES**

Ay, that.

**CRESSIDA**

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

*DIOMEDES snatches the sleeve from her*

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

**DIOMEDES**

I had your heart before, this follows it.

**TROILUS**

I did swear patience.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

I will have this: whose was it?

**CRESSIDA**

It is no matter.

**DIOMEDES**

Come, tell me whose it was.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

Whose was it?

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

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

**CRESSIDA**

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

**DIOMEDES**

I do not like this fooling.

**THERSITES**

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

**DIOMEDES**

What, shall I come? The hour?



**CRESSIDA**

Ay, come!--O Jove!--do come!--I shall be plagued.

**DIOMEDES**

Farewell till then.

**CRESSIDA**

Good night: I prithee, come.

*Exit DIOMEDES*

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

*Exit*

**ULYSSES**

All's done, my lord.

**TROILUS**

It is.

**ULYSSES**

Why stay we, then?

**TROILUS**

To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
An esperance so obstinately strong,  
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,  
As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
Created only to calumniate.  
Was Cressid here?

**ULYSSES**

I cannot conjure, Trojan.

**TROILUS**

She was not, sure.

**ULYSSES**

Most sure she was.

**TROILUS**

Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

**ULYSSES**

Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

**TROILUS**

This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida:  
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against itself!  
This is, and is not, Cressid. Strong as Pluto's gates;  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:  
Strong as heaven itself;  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed;  
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

**ULYSSES**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**ULYSSES**

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

**TROILUS**

Accept distracted thanks.

*Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSES*

**THERSITES**

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

*Exit*

### **SCENE III – Troy, before Priam's palace**

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE*

**ANDROMACHE**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**ANDROMACHE**

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

**HECTOR**

No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA*

**CASSANDRA**

Where is my brother Hector?

**ANDROMACHE**

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

**CASSANDRA**

O, 'tis true.

**HECTOR**

Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

**CASSANDRA**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**CASSANDRA**

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.

**ANDROMACHE**

O, be persuaded.

**CASSANDRA**

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

**HECTOR**

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

*Enter TROILUS*

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

**ANDROMACHE**

Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

*Exit CASSANDRA*

**HECTOR**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**TROILUS**

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

**HECTOR**

O,'tis fair play.

**TROILUS**

Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

**HECTOR**

How now! how now!

**TROILUS**

For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers.



Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry, 'Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!'

**TROILUS**

Away! away!

**CASSANDRA**

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

*Exeunt CASSANDRA and ANDROMACHE*

**PRIAM**

Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums*

**TROILUS**

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

*Enter PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS**

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

**TROILUS**

Let me read.

**PANDARUS**

What says she there?

**TROILUS**

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

*Tearing the letter*

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

*Exeunt severally*

## SCENE IV - Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp

*Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES*

### THERSITES

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

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following*

### TROILUS

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

### DIOMEDES

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

### THERSITES

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

*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting  
Enter HECTOR*

### HECTOR

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

### THERSITES

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

### HECTOR

I do believe thee: live.

*Exit*

**THERSITES**

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

*Exit*



## **SCENE V - Another part of the plains**

*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant*

### **DIOMEDES**

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

### **Servant**

I go, my lord.

*Exit Servant*

*Enter AGAMEMNON*

### **AGAMEMNON**

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

*Enter NESTOR*

### **NESTOR**

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

*Enter ULYSSES*

### **ULYSSES**

O, courage, courage, princes! Great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution.

*Enter AJAX*

**AJAX**

Troilus! Thou coward Troilus!

*Exit*

**DIOMEDES**

Ay, there, there.

**NESTOR**

So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES*

**ACHILLES**

Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:

Hector? Where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

*Exeunt*

## SCENE VI - Another part of the plains

*Enter AJAX*

**AJAX**

Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter DIOMEDES*

**DIOMEDES**

Troilus, I say! Where's Troilus?

**AJAX**

What wouldst thou?

**DIOMEDES**

I would correct him.

**AJAX**

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

*Enter TROILUS*

**TROILUS**

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

**DIOMEDES**

Ha, art thou there?

**AJAX**

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

**DIOMEDES**

He is my prize; I will not look upon.

**TROILUS**

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

*Exeunt, fighting*

*Enter HECTOR*

**HECTOR**

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

*Enter ACHILLES*

**ACHILLES**

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

**HECTOR**

Pause, if thou wilt.

**ACHILLES**

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

*Exit ACHILLES*

**HECTOR**

Fare thee well:

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

*Re-enter TROILUS*

**TROILUS**

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

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE VII - Another part of the plains**

*Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons*

### **ACHILLES**

Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;  
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:  
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:  
And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your aims.  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:  
It is decreed Hector the great must die.

*Exeunt*

*Enter THERSITES and MARGARELON severally*

### **MARGARELON**

Turn, slave, and fight.

### **THERSITES**

What art thou?

### **MARGARELON**

I am Margarelon, bastard son of Priam's.

### **THERSITES**

I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard  
begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard  
in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will  
not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard?  
Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the  
son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment:  
farewell, bastard.

*Exit*

### **MARGARELON**

The devil take thee, coward!

*Exit*

## **SCENE VIII - Another part of the plains**

*Enter HECTOR*

**HECTOR**

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

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

**ACHILLES**

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

**HECTOR**

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

**ACHILLES**

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

*The Myrmidons stab HECTOR with their spears  
HECTOR falls*

So, Ilium, fall thou next! Now, Troy, sink down!  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.  
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,  
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE IX - Another part of the plains**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

Hark! hark! What shout is that?

**NESTOR**

Peace, drums!

*Drums Cease*

**Soldiers** [*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles.

**DIOMEDES**

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

**AJAX**

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

**AGAMEMNON**

March patiently along: let one be sent  
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.  
If in his death the gods have us befriended,  
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

*Exeunt, marching*

## **SCENE X - Another part of the plains**

*Enter AENEAS and Trojans*

**AENEAS**

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

*Enter TROILUS*

**TROILUS**

Hector is slain.

**ALL**

Hector! The gods forbid!

**TROILUS**

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

**AENEAS**

My lord, you do discomfort all the host!

**TROILUS**

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

*Exeunt*

*End of Play*