

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

PRO In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece  
The princes proud, their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore  
Their crownets regal from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps-and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come,  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their war-like fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
with massy staples  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sperr up the sons of Troy.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits  
On one and other side, Troyan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard-and hither am I come  
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence  
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away,  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

TRO Why should I war without the walls of Troy  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Troyan that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!  
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,  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.  
Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench at suffrance than I do.  
At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts-  
when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

PROLOGUE

Troy and the Greek camp before it

[Enter AGA, MEN, NES, ULY, DIO, AJA]

[Enter HELEN]

[Enter PARIS]

[Discover AEN, HEC, and TRO]

[Exuent all but PROLOGUE]

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Troy. Before PRIAM'S palace

Enter TROILUS armed

[Closes eyes]

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.  
PAN Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever  
I saw her look, or any woman else.  
TRO O Pandarus! I tell thee I am mad  
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st 'She is fair'-  
Pourest in the open ulcer of my heart-  
PAN I speak no more than truth.  
TRO Thou dost not speak so much.  
PAN Faith, I'll not meddle in it. Let her be as she is.  
I have had my labour for my travail, ill thought on of  
her and ill thought on of you; gone between and between, but  
small thanks for my labour.  
TRO What, art thou angry, Pandarus? What, with me?  
PAN Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as  
Helen. An she were not kin to me, she would be as fair a Friday  
as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? 'tis all one to me.  
TRO Say I she is not fair?  
PAN I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay  
behind her father. Let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her  
the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no  
more i' th' matter.  
TRO Pandarus!  
PAN Not I.  
TRO Sweet Pandarus!  
PAN Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all  
as I found it, and there an end.  
TRO Peace, you ungracious clamours! Peace, rude sounds!  
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.  
I cannot fight upon this argument;  
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.  
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.

[Enter PANDARUS]

[Startling TROILUS]

Exit. Sound alarum

Exit

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Troy. A street

Enter CRESSIDA and PANDARUS

PAN Good morrow, cousin Cressid.  
CRE Good morrow, uncle Pandarus, what news from field to-day?  
PAN Hector, whose patience  
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd.  
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer.  
CRE What was his cause of anger?  
PAN The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks  
A lord of Troyan blood, nephew to Hector;  
They call him Ajax.  
CRE Good; and what of him?  
PAN They say he is a very man per se, and stands alone.  
CRE So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.  
But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?  
PAN They say he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle and

struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking. He'll lay about him today, I can tell them that. And there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

CRE What, is he angry too?

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

CRE O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

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

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

PAN Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

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

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

CRE 'Tis just to each of them: he is himself.

PAN Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were!

CRE So he is. He is not Hector.

PAN Himself! no, he's not himself. Would 'a were himself! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRE Excuse me.

PAN He is elder.

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

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

PAN Nor his qualities.

CRE No matter.

PAN Nor his beauty.

CRE 'Twould not become him: his own's better.

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

CRE Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

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

CRE So I do.

[Sound a retreat]

PAN Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here and see them as they pass toward Ilium?

I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

AENEAS passes

CRE Speak not so loud.

PAN 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

CRE Who's that?

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

CRE Will he give you the nod?

PAN You shall see.

HECTOR passes

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?

CRE O, a brave man!

PAN Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what

hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there. There's no jesting; there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say. There be hacks.

CRE Be those with swords?

PAN Swords! anything, 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? Why, this is brave now. ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

CRE What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes

PAN Where? yonder? That's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus. There's a man, niece. Hem! Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

CRE Peace, for shame, peace!

PAN Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way. Had I a sister were a grace or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

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

PAN Achilles? A drayman, a porter, a very camel!

CRE Well, well.

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

CRE By the same token, you are a bawd.

PAN I will be with you, niece, by and by.  
To bring a token from Troilus.

Exit PANDARUS

CRE 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 belov'd knows nought that knows not this:  
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.  
That she was never yet that ever knew  
Love got so sweet as when desire did 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.

Exit

ACT II. SCENE 2.

Troy. PRIAM'S palace

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, &?

HEC After so many hours, lives, speeches, spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks: [Enter NESTOR]  
 NES 'Deliver Helen, and all damage else-  
 As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,  
 Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd  
 In hot digestion of this cormorant war-  
 Shall be struck off.' [Exit]

HEC Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
 Every tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes  
 Hath been as dear as Helen-I mean, of ours.  
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours  
 To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,  
 Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
 What merit's in that reason which denies  
 The yielding of her up?

TRO Fie, fie, my brother!  
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,  
 With spans and inches so diminutive  
 As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

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

TRO Nay, if we talk of reason,  
 Let's shut our gates and sleep.

HEC She is not worth what she doth cost the keeping.

TRO What's aught but as 'tis valued?

HEC But value dwells not in particular will:  
 It holds his estimate and dignity  
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
 As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry  
 To make the service greater than the god.

TRO I take to-day a wife, and my election  
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
 Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,  
 Although my will distaste what it elected,  
 The wife I chose? There can be no evasion  
 To blench from this and to stand firm by honour.  
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant  
 When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands  
 We do not throw in unrespective sieve,  
 Because we now are full.  
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went-  
 As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go'-  
 If you'll confess he brought home worthy prize-  
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
 And cried 'Inestimable!' -why do you now  
 Perform a deed that never fortune did-  
 Beggard the estimation which you priz'd  
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,

That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

CAS [Within] Cry, Troyans, cry.

PAR 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice. Enter CASSANDRA, raving

CAS Cry, Troyans, cry. Lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HEC Peace, sister, peace.

CAS Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,  
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
Add to my clamours. Let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
Cry, Troyans, cry. Practise your eyes with tears.  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;  
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.  
Cry, Troyans, cry, A Helen and a woe!  
Cry, cry. Troy burns, or else let Helen go. Exit

HEC Now, youthful Paris, do not these high strains  
Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse, or is your blood  
So madly hot that no discourse of reason  
Can qualify the same?

PAR Why, brother Hector,  
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.

HEC You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

PAR Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble  
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd  
Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say,  
Well may we fight for her whom we know well  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HEC Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;  
Much like young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemp'red blood  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be rend'ed to their owners. Now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband?  
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king-

As it is known she is-these moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this, in way of truth. Yet, ne'er the less,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still;  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

PAR 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,  
Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships;  
She is a theme of honour and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame in time to come canonize us;  
For I presume brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action  
For the wide world's revenue.

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

Exeunt

ACT I. SCENE 3.

The Grecian camp. Before  
AGAMEMNON'S tent. Sennet. Enter  
AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES  
DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, &?

AGA Princes,  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
Is it matter new to us  
That we come short of our suppose so far  
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand?

NES With due observance of thy godlike seat,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her 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-why, then the thing of courage  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,  
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key  
Retorts to chiding fortune.

ULY Troy, yet upon this 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;  
How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
The primogenity and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And hark what discord follows!  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead;  
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then everything includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
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  
Of pale and bloodless emulation.  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

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

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

ULY The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs; with him Patroclus  
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day

[Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS]

Breaks scurril jests;  
And with ridiculous and awkward action-  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls-  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on;  
And like a strutting player whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage-  
He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks  
Tis like a chime a-mending. At this fusty stuff  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause; Cries

ACH Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.  
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
As he being drest to some oration.

ULY That's done-as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels, as like Vulcan and his wife;  
Yet god Achilles still cries

ACH Excellent! 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

ULY And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth: to cough and spit  
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet. And at this sport  
Sir Valour dies; cries

ACH O, enough, Patroclus;  
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen.

ULY And in this fashion  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Excitements to the field or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

NES And in the imitation of these twain-  
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice-many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war  
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
To match us in comparisons with dirt,  
To weaken and discredit our exposure.

[Enter AJAX]

[Enter THERSITES]

ULY They tax our policy and call it cowardice,  
Count wisdom as no member of the war,  
ForeSTALL prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand.

[Tucket] [Exit ACH, PAT, AJA, & THE]

AGA What trumpet? Look, Menelaus.

MEN From Troy.

Enter AENEAS

AGA What would you fore our tent?  
 AEN Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?  
 AGA What's your affair, I pray you?  
 AEN Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.  
 AGA He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.  
 AEN Nor I from Troy come not to whisper with him.  
 AGA Speak frankly as the wind;  
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour.  
 He tells thee so himself.  
 AEN We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
 A prince called Hector-Priam is his father-  
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
 Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet  
 And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!  
 If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
 That holds his honour higher than his ease,  
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,  
 That knows his valour and knows not his fear,  
 to him this challenge.  
 Hector, in view of Troyans and of Greeks,  
 Shall make it good or do his best to do it:  
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call  
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy  
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.  
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;  
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,  
 The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth  
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.  
 NES Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd. He is old now;  
 But if there be not in our Grecian mould  
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,  
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
 And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady  
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste  
 As may be in the world. His youth in flood,  
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.  
 AGA 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.  
 ULY I have a young conception in my brain;  
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.  
 This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
 However it is spread in general name,  
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.  
 NES And, in the publication, makes no strain  
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
 As banks of Libya-though, Apollo knows,  
 'Tis dry enough-will with great speed of judgment,  
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose

[Sound trumpet]

Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR

Pointing on him.

ULY And wake him to the answer, think you?  
NES Why, 'tis most meet. Who may you else oppose  
That can from Hector bring those honours off,  
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate.  
ULY Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should wear with him;  
But he already is too insolent;  
And it 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 do our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. Let blockish Ajax be  
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.

Exeunt  
ACT II. SCENE 1.  
The Grecian camp  
Enter AJAX and THERSITES

AJA Thersites! Dog!  
Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then.  
THE The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!  
Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?  
AJA The proclamation!  
THE Thou art proclaim'd, a fool, I think.  
AJA I say, the proclamation.  
THE Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! \*Thou hast no more  
brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico may tutor thee. You  
scurvy valiant ass! Thou art here but to thrash Trojans, and thou  
art bought and sold among those of any wit like a barbarian  
slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell  
what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!  
AJA You dog!  
THE You scurvy lord!  
AJA You cur!  
THE Mars his idiot! Do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.  
ACH Why, how now, Ajax! Wherefore do you thus?  
How now, Thersites! What's the matter, man?  
THE You see him there, do you?  
ACH Ay; what's the matter?  
THE Nay, but regard him well.

[Strikes him]

["Read this for me!"]

[Strikes him]

[\*Pretends to read]

[Ajax catches on]

[Strikes him]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

[Notices Thersites]

ACH Well! why, so I do.  
THE But yet you look not well upon him; for who some ever  
you take him to be, he is Ajax.  
ACH I know that, fool.  
THE Ay, but that fool knows not himself.  
AJA Therefore I beat thee.  
THE Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters!  
PAT Peace, fool.  
THE I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not-  
PAT No more words, Thersites; peace!  
THE I will hold my peace when Achilles' bitch bids me, shall I?  
I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave  
the faction of fools. Now, the rotten diseases of  
the south, the guts-gripping ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel  
in the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten  
livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas,  
limekilns i' th' palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-  
simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous  
discoveries!  
PAT A good riddance.  
ACH What's the quarrel?  
AJA I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the  
proclamation, and he rails upon me.  
ACH Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host,  
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,  
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
To-morrow morning, call some knight to arms  
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare  
Maintain I know not what; 'tis trash.  
AJA Who shall answer him?  
ACH He knew his man.  
AJA O, meaning you! I will learn more of it.  
PAT Look you, who comes here?  
ACH Come, Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.

[While Exiting]

Exit ACHILLES  
Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES,  
NESTOR, and DIOMEDES

AGA Where is Achilles?  
PAT Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.  
AGA Let it be known to him that we are here.  
PAT I shall say so to him.  
ULY We saw him at the opening of his tent.  
He is not sick.  
AJA Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart; but, by my head, 'tis  
pride. But why, why? Let him show us a cause.  
ULY Here comes Patroclus.  
NES No Achilles with him.  
PAT 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.

Exit

Re-enter PATROCLUS

AGA 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. Go tell him so.

PAT I shall, and bring his answer presently. Exit

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

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

AGA No question.

AJA Will you subscribe his thought and say he is?

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

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

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

AJA I do hate a proud man as I do hate the engend'ring of toads.

NES [Aside] And yet he loves himself: is't not strange? Re-enter ULYSSES

ULY Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

AGA What's his excuse?

ULY He doth rely on none;

AGA Why will he not, upon our fair request,  
 Untent his person and share the air with us?  
 [To AJAX] 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.

ULY O Agamemnon, let it not be so!  
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
 When they go from Achilles. Shall he be worshipp'd  
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,  
 And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

NES [Aside] O, this is well! He rubs the vein of him.

DIO [Aside] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

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

DIO O, no, you shall not go.

AJA An 'a be proud with me I'll pheeze his pride.  
 Let me go to him.

ULY Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJA A paltry, insolent fellow!

NES [Aside] How he describes himself!

AJA Can he not be sociable?

ULY [Aside] The raven chides blackness.

AJA I'll let his humours blood.

DIO [Aside] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

AJA An all men were a my mind-

ULY [Aside] Wit would be out of fashion.

AJA A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first.  
 Shall pride carry it?

NES [Aside] An 'twould, you'd carry half.

ULY [Aside] 'A would have ten shares.  
AJA I will knead him, I'll make him supple.  
AGA He's not yet through warm. Force him with praises;  
pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.  
ULY [To AGAMEMNON] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.  
NES Our noble general, do not do so.  
DIO You must prepare to fight without Achilles.  
ULY Why 'tis this naming of him does him harm.  
AJA A whoreson dog, that shall palter with us thus!  
Would he were a Trojan!  
ULY Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure  
Praise him that gat thee, she that gave thee suck;  
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature  
Thrice famed, beyond all erudition;  
I will not praise thy wisdom, for here's Nestor,  
Instructed by the antiquary times-  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;  
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,  
You should not have the eminence of him,  
But be as Ajax.  
AJA Shall I call you father?  
NES Ay, my good son.  
AGA Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep.  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

Exeunt  
ACT III. SCENE 1.  
Troy. PRIAM'S palace  
Music sounds within. Enter  
PANDARUS, PARIS, and HELEN

PAN Fair be to you, my lord, and to all your fair company!  
Fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them- especially  
to you, fair queen! Fair thoughts be your fair pillow.  
HEL Dear lord, you are full of fair words.  
PAN You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince-  
I have business to my lord, dear queen-my lord, will you  
vouchsafe me a word?  
HEL Nay, this shall not hedge us out.  
PAN Well sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry,  
thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your  
brother Troilus-  
HEL My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord-  
PAN Go to, sweet queen, go to-commends himself most  
affectionately to you-  
HEL You shall not bob us out of our melody. If you do, our  
melancholy upon your head!  
PAN Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.  
HEL And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.  
PAN Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not,  
in truth, la. -And, my lord, he desires you that,  
if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.  
HEL My Lord Pandarus!

PAN What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?  
PAR What exploit's in hand? Where sups he to-night?  
HEL Nay, but, my lord-  
PAN What says my sweet queen?-My cousin will fall out with you.  
You must not know where he sups.  
PAR I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.  
PAN No, no, no such matter; you are wide.  
PAR Well, I'll make's excuse.  
PAN Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida?  
PAR I spy.  
PAN You spy! What do you spy? Now, sweet queen.  
HEL Why, this is kindly done.  
PAN My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.  
HEL She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.  
PAN He! No, she'll none of him; they two are twain.  
HEL Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.  
PAN Come, come. I'll hear no more of this;  
Sweet lord, why not a-field?  
PAR I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not  
have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?  
HEL He hangs the lip at something. You know all, Lord Pandarus.  
PAN Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped  
to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?  
PAR To a hair.  
PAN Farewell, sweet queen.  
HEL Commend me to your niece.  
PAN I will, sweet queen.  
PAR Sweet, above thought I love thee.

Exeunt  
ACT III. SCENE 2.  
Troy. PANDARUS' orchard  
Enter TROILUS

TRO I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense; what will it be  
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-repured nectar? I fear it much.  
PAN She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be  
witty now. She does so blush. It is the prettiest villain;  
Here she is now; swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.-  
What, are you gone again? Come your ways, come your ways;  
-Why do you not speak to her? - Come, draw this curtain  
and let's see your picture. -Go to, go to.  
TRO You have bereft me of all words, lady.  
PAN Words pay no debts, give her deeds.  
CRE Will you walk in, my lord?  
TRO O Cressid, how often have I wish'd me thus!  
CRE Wish'd, my lord! The gods grant-O my lord!  
TRO What should they grant?  
O, let my lady apprehend no fear! In all Cupid's pageant  
there is presented no monster.  
CRE Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Enter PANDARUS

Enter CRESSIDA

TRO This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that  
the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire  
is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

CRE They say all lovers swear more performance than they are  
able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform;  
Are they not monsters?

TRO Are there such? Such are not we.  
Few words to fair faith:  
Troilus shall be such to Cressid as  
what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

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

TRO Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

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

PAN Pretty, i' faith.

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

TRO Your leave, sweet Cressid!

PAN Leave!

CRE Pray you, content you.

TRO What offends you, lady?

CRE Sir, mine own company.

TRO You cannot shun yourself.

CRE Let me go and try. I would be gone.  
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

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

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

TRO O 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 winnowed purity in love.  
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRE In that I'll war with you.

TRO O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most right!  
True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truth by Troilus, when their rhymes  
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration-  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse.

CRE If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood when th' have said 'As false  
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
'As false as Cressid.'

PAN Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll 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 call'd to  
the world's end after my name- call them all Pandars; let all  
constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all  
brokers between Pandars. Say 'Amen.'

TRO Amen.

CRE Amen.

PAN Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber  
and a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your  
pretty encounters, press it to death. Away!

Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE 3.

The Greek camp

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

CAL Now, Princes, for the service I have done,  
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind  
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself  
From certain and possess'd conveniences  
To doubtful fortunes, sequest'ring from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
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 regist'ed in promise,  
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

AGA What wouldst thou of us, Troyan? Make demand.

CAL Oft have you-often have you thanks therefore-  
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied.  
You have a Troyan prisoner call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.  
His loss 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.

AGA Calchas shall have what he requests of us.  
[To DIOMEDES] Furnish you fairly for this interchange;  
Withal, bring word if Hector will this morning  
Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

[Enter AJAX]

[Exit AJAX]

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

Exit DIOMEDES and CALCHAS  
Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

ULY Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent.  
Please it our general pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.

AGA We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along.  
So do each lord; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

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

AGA What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

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

ACH No.

NES Nothing, my lord.

AGA The better.

Exit AGAMEMNON and NESTOR

ACH Good day, good day.

MEN How do you? How do you?

Exit

ACH What, does the cuckold scorn me?  
Good morrow, Ajax.

[Enter AJAX]

AJA Ha?

ACH Good morrow.

AJA Ay, and good next day too.

Exit

ACH What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PAT They pass by strangely. They were us'd  
To send their smiles before them to Achilles.

ACH What, am I poor of late?  
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too. 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. How now, Ulysses!

ULY Now, great Thetis' son!

ACH What are you reading?

ULY A strange fellow here writes me that man  
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.

ACH This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes; nor eye behold itself-  
but eye to eye opposed  
Salutes each other with each other's form;  
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.

ULY I do not strain at the position-  
It is familiar-but at the author's drift;  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of anything  
Till he communicate his parts to others;  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them formed in th' applause  
Where th' are extended; I was much rapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
Th' unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there!  
To see these Grecian lords!-why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.

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

ULY 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 stirs not. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might, and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive  
And case thy reputation in thy tent,

ACH Of this my privacy I have strong reasons.

ULY But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical.  
PAT 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.  
ACH Ha! known!  
ULY Is that a wonder?  
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 your young son now at home,  
When 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. Exit

PAT They think my little stomach to the war  
And your great love to me restrains you thus.  
Sweet, rouse yourself.

ACH Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PAT Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

ACH I see my reputation is at stake.

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

T' invite the Trojan lord, after the combat,

To see us here unarm'd. To talk with him,

and to behold his visage. A labour sav'd! Enter THERSITES

THE A wonder!

ACH What?

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

ACH How so?

THE He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so  
prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in  
saying nothing. The man's undone for ever;  
for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat,  
he'll break't himself in vainglory. 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?

ACH Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

THE Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody; he wears his tongue in's  
arms. I will put on his presence. Let Patroclus make his demands  
to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

ACH To him, Patroclus. Tell him I humbly desire the valiant  
Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my  
tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the  
magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honour'd  
Captain General of the Grecian army, et cetera, Agamemnon. Do this.

PAT Jove bless great Ajax!

THE Hum!

PAT I come from the worthy Achilles-

THE Ha!

PAT Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent-

THE Hum!  
PAT And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.  
THE Agamemnon!  
PAT Ay, my lord.  
THE Ha!  
PAT What you say to't?  
THE God b' wi' you, with all my heart.  
PAT Your answer, sir.  
THE If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven of the clock it  
will go one way or other. Howsoever, he shall pay  
for me ere he has me.  
PAT Your answer, sir.  
THE Fare ye well, with all my heart.  
ACH Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?  
THE No, but he's out a tune thus. What music will be in him  
when Hector has knock'd out his brains I know not.  
ACH Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.  
THE Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more  
capable creature.

Exeunt  
ACT IV. SCENE 1.  
Troy. A street  
Enter AENEAS, meeting PARIS,  
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES

DIO Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.  
PAR 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.  
AEN Health to you, valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce;  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance  
As heart can think or courage execute.  
DIO 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.  
AEN And thou shalt hunt a lion. In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy! By Venus' hand I swear  
No man alive can love in such a sort  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.  
AEN We know each other well.  
DIO We do; and long to know each other worse.  
PAR This is the most despiteful'st gentle greeting  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
What business, lord, so early?  
AEN I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.  
PAR His purpose meets you: 'twas to render him,  
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.  
Let's have your company; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us. I constantly believe-  
Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge-  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.

Rouse him and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore; I fear  
We shall be much unwelcome.

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

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

AEN Good morrow, all.

Exit

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

DIO Both alike:  
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,  
Not making any scruple of her soilure,  
And you as well to keep her that defend her,  
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;  
But each to each, the heavier for a whore.

PAR You are too bitter to your country-woman.

DIO She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:  
She hath not given so many good words breath  
As for her Greeks and Troyans suff'ed death.

PAR Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;  
But we in silence hold this virtue well:  
We'll not commend what we don't mean to sell.

Exeunt

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

Troy.

The court of PANDARUS' house

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA

TRO Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.  
To bed, to bed! Sleep kill those pretty eyes,

CRE Are you aweary of me?

TRO O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.

CRE Night hath been too brief.

TRO You will catch cold, and curse me.

CRE Prithee tarry. You men will never tarry.

PAN [Within] How now, how now! How go maidenheads?

CRE Hark! There's one up. A pestilence on him!  
Now will he be mocking. I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS

PAN Here, you maid! Where's my cousin Cressid?

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

PAN To do what? to do what? Let her say what.

What have I brought you to do?  
 CRE You'll ne'er be good, nor suffer others.  
 PAN Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! hast not slept to-night?  
 Would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep?  
 CRE Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' th' head! [One knocks]  
 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.  
 Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.  
 I would not for half Troy have you seen here. Exit TROILUS and CRESSIDA  
 PAN Who's there? What's the matter? Will you beat down the [Knock]  
 door? How now? What's the matter? Enter AENEAS  
 AEN Good morrow, lord, good morrow.  
 PAN Who's there? My lord Aeneas? By my troth,  
 I knew you not. What news with you so early?  
 AEN Is not Prince Troilus here?  
 PAN Here! What should he do here?  
 AEN Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him.  
 It doth import him much to speak with me.  
 PAN Is he here, say you? It's more than I know, I'll be  
 sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?  
 AEN Who!-nay, then. Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware.  
 Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither. Re-enter TROILUS  
 TRO How now! What's the matter?  
 AEN My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,  
 My matter is so rash. There is at hand  
 Paris your brother, and our Antenor  
 Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,  
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
 We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
 The Lady Cressida.  
 TRO Is it so concluded?  
 AEN By Priam, and the general state of Troy.  
 They are at hand and ready to effect it.  
 TRO How my achievements mock me!  
 I will go meet them; and, my lord Aeneas,  
 We met by chance; you did not find me here.  
 AEN Good, my lord. Exit TROILUS and AENEAS  
 PAN Is't possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil take  
 Antenor! The young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I  
 would they had broke's neck. Re-enter CRESSIDA  
 CRE How now! What's the matter? Who was here?  
 PAN Ah, ah!  
 CRE Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord?  
 Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?  
 PAN Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!  
 CRE O the gods! What's the matter?  
 PAN Pray thee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born!  
 CRE Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you,  
 what's the matter?  
 PAN Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art

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

CRE O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PAN Thou must.

CRE I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father;  
I know no touch of consanguinity,  
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me  
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine,  
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,  
If ever she leave Troilus! I'll go in and weep-  
With sounding 'Troilus.' I will not go from Troy.

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

CRE O Troilus! Troilus!

TRO 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.

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

TRO A hateful truth.

CRE What, and from Troilus too?

TRO From Troy and Troilus.

CRE Is't possible?

TRO We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves  
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

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

TRO Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

CRE I must then to the Grecians?

TRO No remedy.

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

TRO Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart-

CRE I true! how now! What wicked deem is this?

TRO I speak not 'Be thou true' as fearing thee,  
For I will throw my glove to Death himself  
That there's no maculation in thy heart;  
But 'Be thou true' say I to fashion in  
My sequent protestation: be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

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

TRO And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

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

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

CRE O heavens! 'Be true' again!

TRO Hear why I speak it, love.  
The Grecian youths are full of quality;  
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,  
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise

Enter TROILUS

Exit

[Embracing him]

That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

CRE Do you think I will?

TRO No.

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

AEN [Within] Nay, good my lord!

TRO Come, kiss; and let us part.

PAR [Within] Brother Troilus!

CRE My lord, will you be true?

TRO Who, I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault!

Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit  
Is 'plain and true'; there's all the reach of it.  
Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady  
Which for Antenor we deliver you;  
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilium.

Enter AENEAS, PARIS, and DIOMEDES

DIO Fair Lady Cressid,

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

TRO Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously.

I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
I'll cut thy throat.

DIO O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.

Let me be privileg'd by my place and message  
To be a speaker free: when I am hence  
I'll answer to my lust. And know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth  
She shall be priz'd. But that you say 'Be't so,'  
I speak it in my spirit and honour, 'No.'

TRO I'll tell thee, Diomed,

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.

Exit CRESSIDA and DIOMEDES

[Sound trumpet]

PAR Hark! Hector's trumpet.

AEN How have we spent this morning!

The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him to the field.

PAR 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come to field with him.

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth and single chivalry.

Exeunt

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

The Grecian camp. Lists set out

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON,

ACHILLES, PATROCLUS,

MENELAUS, ULYSSES, and NESTOR

AGA Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.  
AJA Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe;  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:  
Thou blowest for Hector.

MEN No trumpet answers.

ACH 'Tis but early days.

AGA Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

MEN 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait:

AGA Is this the lady Cressid?

DIO Even she.

AGA Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

NES Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

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

NES And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.  
So much for Nestor.

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

MEN I had good argument for kissing once.

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

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

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

MEN O, this is trim!

PAT Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

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

CRE In kissing, do you render or receive?

MEN Both take and give.

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

MEN I'll give you odds; I'll give you three for one.

CRE You are an odd man; give even or give none.

MEN An odd man, lady? Every man is odd.

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

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

CRE Why, beg then.

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

MEN I am your debtor.

DIO Lady, a word.

NES A woman of quick sense.

ULY Fie! Set them down  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA

[Kisses her again]

Exit with CRESSIDA

And daughters of the game.  
MEN The Troyans' trumpet.

[Trumpet within]  
Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS,  
TROIUS, and PARIS

AEN Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be done  
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose  
A victor shall be known? Hector bade ask.

AGA Which way would Hector have it?

AEN He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

ACH Tis done like Hector; a little proudly,  
and great deal misprizing the knight oppos'd.

AEN If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?

ACH If not Achilles, nothing.

AEN Therefore Achilles, or whate'er, know this:  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;  
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Re-enter DIOMEDES

AGA So be it; The combatants being kin  
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.  
What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists]

ULY The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects, but he in heat of action  
Is more vindicative than jealous love.  
They call him Troilus, and on him erect  
A second hope as fairly built as Hector.

[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight]

AGA They are in action.

NES Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TRO Hector, thou sleep'st; awake thee.

AGA His blows are well dispos'd. There, Ajax!

DIO You must no more.

AEN Princes, enough, so please you.

AJA I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

DIO As Hector pleases.

HEC Why, then will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
Let me embrace thee, thou hast lusty arms;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.  
Cousin, all honour to thee!

AJA 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.

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

HEC We'll answer it:

The issue is embracement. Ajax, farewell.

AJA If I might in entreaties find success,

[Trumpets cease]

As seld I have the chance, I would desire  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

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

HEC Give me thy hand, my cousin;  
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.  
The worthiest of them tell me name by name;  
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

AGA Worthy all arms! as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy.  
But that's no welcome. Understand more clear,  
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks  
And formless ruin of oblivion;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

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

HEC Who must we answer?

AEN The noble Menelaus.

HEC Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove.  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

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

HEC O, pardon; I offend.

NES I have, thou gallant Troyan, seen thee oft,  
make cruel way through ranks of Greekish youth;  
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,  
Not letting it decline on the declined;  
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 ne'er like thee. O, let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

HEC Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

NES I would my arms could match thee in contention  
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

HEC I would they could.

NES Ha! By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.

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

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

ULY Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Must kiss their own feet.

HEC I must not believe you.

The Greeks come forward

There they stand yet; and modestly I think  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood.

ACH Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;

HEC Is this Achilles?

ACH I am Achilles.

HEC Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

ACH Behold thy fill. I will as I would buy thee,  
view thee limb by limb.

HEC Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACH Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body  
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens.

HEC It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question. Stand again.

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACH I tell thee yea.

HEC Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.  
Or may I never-

AJA Do not chafe thee, cousin;  
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone.  
You may have every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

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

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

HEC Thy hand upon that match.

AGA Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

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

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

TRO She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth;  
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES

Exeunt  
ACT V. SCENE 1.  
The Grecian camp.  
Before the tent of ACHILLES

ACH I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, Princes all.

DIO Excuse me, lord; I have important business,  
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.

HEC Give me your hand. And so, good night.

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

ACH Come, come, enter my tent.

THE Letter for thee.

ACH From whence, fragment?

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

PAT Who keeps the tent now?

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

PAT Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

THE Why, his masculine whore.

PAT Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou  
to curse thus?

THE Do I curse thee?

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

THE No! Why art thou, then, exasperate?

PAT Out, gall!

THE Finch egg!

ACH My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,  
A token from her daughter, my fair love,  
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep  
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, Patroclus, help to trim my tent;  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.

THE That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust  
knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a  
serpent when he hisses. The sun borrows of the moon  
when Diomed keeps his word. I'll after.  
Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets!

DIO What, are you up here, ho? Speak.

CRE [Within] Who calls?

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

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

Exit DIOMEDES;  
ULYSSES and TROILUS following  
Exuent all but ACHILLES, PATROCLUS  
Enter THERSITES

Exit ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

Exit  
ACT V. SCENE 2.  
The Grecian camp.  
Before CALCHAS' tent  
Enter DIOMEDES

DIO Diomed.

ULY Stand where the torch may not discover us.

TRO Cressid comes forth to him.

DIO How now, my charge!

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

TRO Yea, so familiar!

ULY She will sing any man at first sight.

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

DIO Will you remember?

CRE Remember? Yes.

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

TRO What shall she remember?

ULY List!

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

THE Roguery!

DIO Nay, then-

CRE I'll tell you what-

DIO Fo, fo! come, tell a pin; you are a forsworn-

CRE In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

THE A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

DIO What did you swear you would bestow on me?

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

DIO Good night.

TRO Hold, patience!

ULY How now, Trojan!

CRE Diomed!

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

TRO Thy better must.

CRE Hark! a word in your ear.

TRO O plague and madness!

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

TRO Behold, I pray you.

ULY Nay, good my lord, go off;  
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

TRO I prithee stay.

ULY You have not patience; come.

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

DIO And so, good night.

CRE Nay, but you part in anger.

TRO Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!

ULY How now, my lord?

TRO By Jove, I will be patient.

CRE Guardian! Why, Greek!

DIO Fo, fo! adieu! you palter.

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

[Whispers]

CRE In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.  
ULY You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?  
You will break out.  
TRO She strokes his cheek.  
ULY Come, come.  
TRO Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:  
There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience. Stay a little while.  
THE How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato  
finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!  
DIO But will you, then?  
CRE In faith, I will, lo; never trust me else.  
DIO Give me some token for the surety of it.  
CRE I'll fetch you one.  
ULY You have sworn patience.  
TRO Fear me not, my lord;  
I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel. I am all patience.  
THE Now the pledge; now, now, now!  
CRE Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.  
TRO O beauty! where is thy faith?  
ULY My lord!  
TRO I will be patient; outwardly I will.  
CRE You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.  
He lov'd me-O false wench!-Give't me again.  
DIO Whose was't?  
CRE It is no matter, now I ha't again.  
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.  
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.  
THE Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone.  
DIO I shall have it.  
CRE What, this?  
DIO Ay, that.  
CRE O all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!  
Thy master now lies thinking on his bed  
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,  
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.  
DIO I had your heart before; this follows it.  
TRO I did swear patience.  
CRE You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;  
I'll give you something else.  
DIO I will have this. Whose was it?  
CRE It is no matter.  
DIO Come, tell me whose it was.  
CRE 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.  
But, now you have it, take it.  
DIO Whose was it?  
CRE By all Diana's waiting women yond,  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Exit

Re-enter CRESSIDA

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

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

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

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

CRE You shall not go. One cannot speak a word  
But it straight starts you.

DIO I do not like this fooling.

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

DIO What, shall I come? The hour-

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

DIO Farewell till then.

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

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

ULY All's done, my lord.

TRO It is.

ULY Why stay we, then?

TRO Was Cressid here?

ULY I cannot conjure, Troyan.

TRO She was not, sure.

ULY Most sure she was.

TRO Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

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

TRO Let it not be believ'd for womanhood.  
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage  
To stubborn critics, for depravation,  
to square the general sex by Cressid's rule.  
Rather think this not Cressid.

ULY What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mothers?

TRO Nothing at all, unless that this were she.  
This she? No; this is Diomed's Cressida.  
This was not she. This is, and is not, Cressid.  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate  
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;  
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.  
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.  
O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!  
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

ULY O, contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter AENEAS

AEN I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TRO Have with you, Prince. My courteous lord, adieu.

Fairwell, revolted fair!-and, Diomed,

Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head.

ULY I'll bring you to the gates.

TRO Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE 3.

Troy. Before PRIAM'S palace

Enter HECTOR and CASSANDRA

CAS When was my lord so much ungently temper'd

To stop his ears against admonishment?

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

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

HEC No more, I say. Ho! Bid my trumpet sound.

CAS No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother!

HEC Be gone, I say. The gods have heard me swear.

CAS The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.

O, be persuaded! Unarm, sweet Hector.

HEC Cassandra, I am offended with you.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

CAS O, farewell, dear Hector!

Look how thou diest. Look how thy eye turns pale.

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents.

Hark how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;

How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth;

Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,

Like witless antics, one another meet,

And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Farewell!-yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave.

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

Exit CASSANDRA. Enter TROILUS

HEC How now, young man! Mean'st thou to fight to-day?

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.

TRO Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you

Which better fits a lion than a man.

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

TRO When many times the captive Grecian falls,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,

You bid them rise and live.

HEC O, 'tis fair play!

TRO Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HEC How now! how now!

TRO For th' love of all the gods,  
 Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;  
 And when we have our armours buckled on,  
 The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
 Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth!

HEC Fie, savage, fie!

TRO Hector, then 'tis wars.

HEC Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

TRO Who should withhold me?  
 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
 Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
 Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
 Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;  
 Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
 Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
 But by my ruin.

HEC Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.  
 Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
 Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

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

TRO Hence, broker-lackey. Ignominy and shame  
 Pursue thy life and live aye with thy name!  
 Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;  
 Th' effect doth operate another way.  
 Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.  
 My love with words and errors still she feeds,  
 But edifies another with her deeds.  
 They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,  
 I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.

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

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

AGA Haste we to reinforcement, or we perish all.

NES There is a thousand Hectors in the field;  
 Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,  
 And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,  
 And there they fly or die; then is he yonder,  
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
 Fall down before him like the mower's swath.

ULY O, courage, courage, courage, Princes! Great  
 Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.

Exit. Enter PANDARUS

Exit PANDARUS

[Tearing the letter]

Exeunt

ACT V. SCENE 4.

The plain between Troy and the camp

Exeunt. Enter AGAMEMNON

Enter NESTOR

Enter ULYSSES

<p>Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  ACH Where is this Hector?  Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;  Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.  Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.</p>	<p>[Enter ACHILLES]</p> <p>[Exit]</p>
<p>NES Ajax hath lost a friend  And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day  Mad and fantastic execution,  Engaging and redeeming of himself  With such a careless force and forceless care  As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  Bade him win all.</p>	<p>Exeunt. Enter AJAX  Enter DIOMEDES  Enter TROILUS</p>
<p>AGA So, so, we draw together.  AJA Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head.  DIO Troilus, I say! Where's Troilus?  TRO O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor.  DIO Ha! art thou there?  AJA I'll fight with him alone. Stand, Diomed.  DIO He is my prize. I will not look upon.  TRO Come, both, you cogging Greeks; have at you!  HEC Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!  ACH Now do I see thee, ha! Have at thee, Hector!  HEC Pause, if thou wilt.  ACH I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  Be happy that my arms are out of use;  My rest and negligence befriends thee now,  But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  Till when, go seek thy fortune.</p>	<p>Exeunt fighting. Enter HECTOR  Enter ACHILLES</p> <p>Exit</p>
<p>HEC Fare thee well.  I would have been much more a fresher man,  Had I expected thee.  What art thou, Greek? Art thou for Hector's match?  Art thou of blood and honour?</p>	<p>Enter THERSITES</p>
<p>THE No, no-I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very  filthy rogue.  HEC I do believe thee. Live.  THE God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague  break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues?  The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull!  now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-horn'd Spartan! 'loo,  Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game. Ware horns, ho!</p>	<p>Exit.</p> <p>Enter MENELAUS, PARIS, fighting</p> <p>Exeunt. Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons</p>
<p>ACH Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;  Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel;  Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;  And when I have the bloody Hector found,  Empale him with your weapons round about;  In fellest manner execute your arms.  Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.  It is decreed Hector the great must die.</p>	<p>Enter HECTOR</p>
<p>HEC Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:</p>	

	Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!	[Disarms]
ACH	Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels; Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.	
HEC	I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.	
ACH	Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. So, Ilion, fall thou next! Come, Troy, sink down; Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. On, Myrmidons, and cry you an amain 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.' My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; Along the field I will the Troyan trail.	[HECTOR falls]  [A retreat sounded]  [Sheathes his sword]
		Exeunt. Sound retreat. Shout. Enter AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, NESTOR, AJAX, and ULYSSES
AGA	Hark! hark! what shout is this?	
NES	Peace, drums!	
SOL	[Within] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain. Achilles!	
DIO	The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.	
ULY	If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was as good a man as he.	
AGA	March patiently along. Let one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent. If in his death the gods have us befriended; Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.	Exeunt Enter AENEAS, PARIS, and ANTENOR
AEN	Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field. Never go home; here starve we out the night.	Enter TROILUS
TRO	Hector is slain.	
PAR	Hector! The gods forbid!	
TRO	He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail, In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field. Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed. Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy. I say at once let your brief plagues be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on.	
AEN	My lord, you do discomfort all the host.	
TRO	You understand me not that tell me so. I do not speak of flight, of fear of death, But dare all imminence that gods and men Address their dangers in. Stay yet. You vile abominable tents, Thus proudly pitched upon our Phrygian plains, I'll through and through you. And, thou great-siz'd coward, No space of earth shall sunder our two hates; I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still. Strike a free march to Troy. With comfort go; Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. 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.