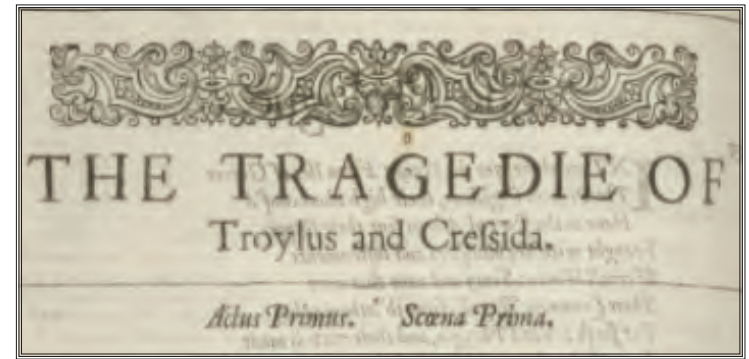


“gg3.4”(±“gg3”) ¶-2¶6 3¶1: Unusually, *Troilus and Cressida* is fully contained within its own sequence of signatures. But this segment of the collation statement is complicated and highly nuanced, in ways that illuminate a series of starts, stops, a repositioning of the play, and revisions in the first pages. In brief, printers started printing *Troilus and Cressida* in the 2g gathering at gg3, then had to stop. When they resumed printing the play, they put it at the beginning of the Tragedies. But the signature sequence for Tragedies had already begun. Several variations of gg3, with the first page of *Troilus and Cressida*, survive among copies of the First Folio. The rest of play picks up with a signature ¶. Printing this play in isolation led to the waste of a half sheet of paper at the end—a waste printers were usually very careful to avoid. Indeed an attempt to conserve paper explains why they repurposed the sheet that contained the last page of *Romeo and Juliet* in the first place.

In one file, you’ll find three variations for the opening sheet of *Troilus and Cressida*. These three variations come from three separate solutions for inserting the play. The third, labeled with a ± symbol, is the leaf from Folio no. 68, the source of the digital images for DIY First Folio. Another file contains the rest of the play.

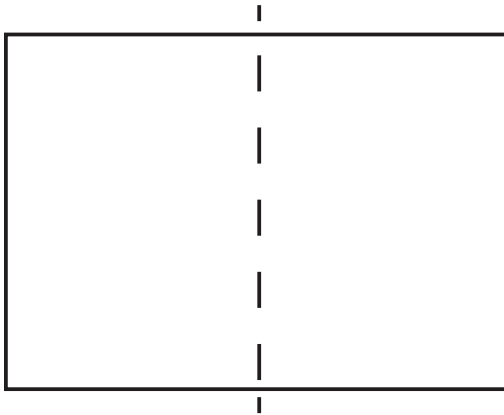
[www.folger.edu/publishing-shakespeare](http://www.folger.edu/publishing-shakespeare)

# DIY First Folio



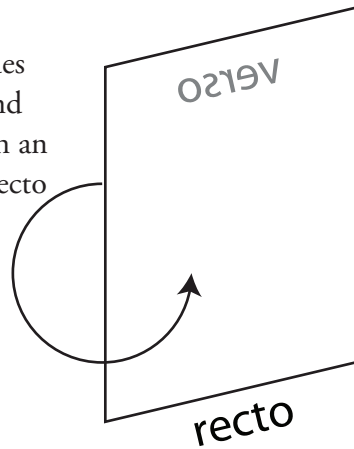
## Guide for Assembly

# Glossary of Terms



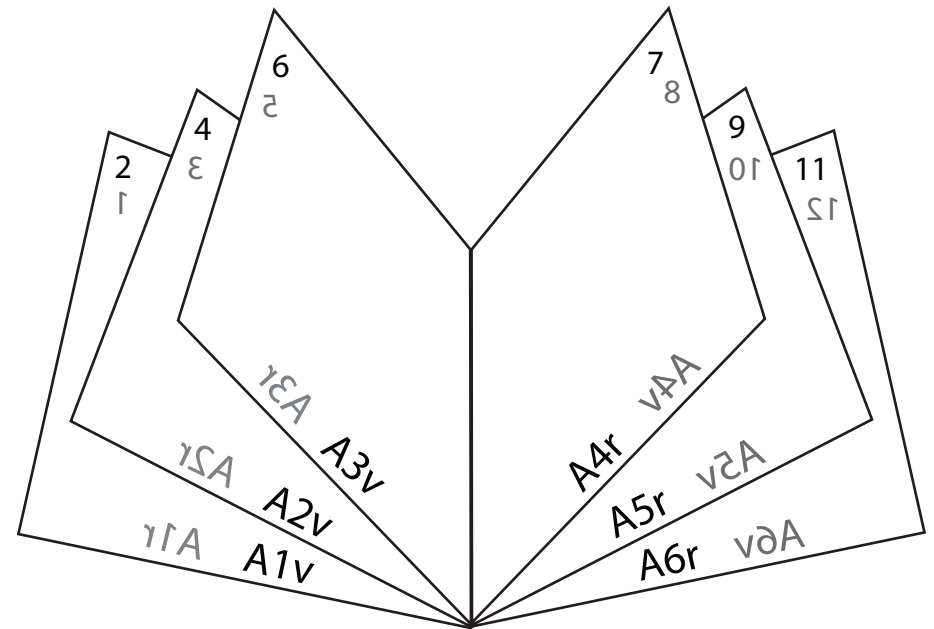
A **SHEET** of paper or parchment when folded once contains two leaves, or four pages. Works made up of such sheets are described as **folios**. Printers set text one side of a sheet at a time.

A **LEAF** includes front (**recto**) and back (**verso**). In an **opening**, the recto is on the right.



A **PAGE** is one side of a leaf.

A **GATHERING** is a collection of folded sheets, labeled with a **signature**. **Signature marks** (or **signatures**) are letters and sometimes symbols that help printers and binders put sheets in the correct order. The first half of the leaves in a gathering are **signed** on the recto with that gathering's **signature** and a number to indicate the leaf: A2 would be the second leaf in gathering A. Signatures apply to both sides of a leaf. Gatherings may (or may not) have other navigational aids, such as page numbers, running heads, or catchwords.









colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I sweare to you,

I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

*Cre.* Then there's a merry Greeke indeed.

*Pan.* Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compass window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

*Cre.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

*Pan.* Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound life as much as his brother *Helior*.

*Cre.* Is he is so young a man, and so old a lister?

*Pan.* But to prouoe to you that *Hellen* loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin,

*Cre.* *Inno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

*Pan.* Why, you know 'tis dimpled, I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrygia.

*Cre.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Dooes hee not?

*Cre.* Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

*Pan.* Why go to then, but to prouoe to you that *Hellen* loues *Troilus*.

*Cre.* *Troilus* will stand to thee  
Prooue, if youle prouoe it so.

*Pan.* *Troilus*? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

*Cre.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th' shell.

*Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruell's white hand I must needs confesse.

*Cre.* Without the racker.

*Pan.* And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

*Cre.* A las poore chin? much a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing, *Queene Hecuba* laugh't that her eyes ran ore.

*Cre.* With Milstones.

*Pan.* And *Cassandra* laugh't.

*Cre.* But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

*Pan.* And *Helior* laugh't.

*Cre.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

*Cre.* And 't had beene a greene haire, I should haue laugh't too.

*Pan.* They laugh't not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answer.

*Cre.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

*Cre.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth shee, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth hee, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* to blubst, and *Paris* so chaft, and all the rest so laugh't, that it past.

*Cre.* So let it now,

For is has beene a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, thinke on't.

*Cre.* So I does,

*Pan.* He be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill, Sound a retreat.

*Cre.* And he spring vp in his seares, an'twere a noote againt May.

*Pan.* Haake they are comming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward *Ilion*, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

*Cre.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see most brauely, He tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troilus* about the teth,

*Enter Aeneas.*

*Cre.* Speake not so low'd.

*Pan.* That's *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but merke *Troilus* you shal see anon.

*Cre.* Who's that?

*Enter Antenor.*

*Pan.* That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good enough, hee's one o'th' fountest iudgement in Troy whofoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? He shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him him nod at me.

*Cre.* Will he giue you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cre.* If he do, the rich shall haue more.

*Enter Helior.*

*Pan.* That's *Helior*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Helior*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Helior*! Looke how hee lookes there's a countenance; is't not a braue man?

*Cre.* O braue man!

*Pan.* Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no ietting, laying on, pluckt off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

*Cre.* Be those with Swords?

*Enter Paris.*

*Pan.* Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuel come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, looke yee yonder Neece, is't not a gallant man to, is't not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellen's* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall *Troilus* anon.

*Cre.* Whose that?

*Enter Hellenus.*

*Pan.* That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troilus* is, that's *Hellenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

*Cre.* Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

*Pan.* *Hellenus* no: yee heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troilus* is; haake, do you not haere the people crie *Troilus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

*Cre.* What speaking fellow comes yonder?

*Enter Troilus.*

*Pan.* Where? Yonder? That's *Daphobolus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! There's a man Neece, hem? Braue *Troilus* the Prince of Chivalrie.

*Cre.* Peace, for shame peace.

*Pan.* Marke him, not him: O braue *Troilus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blow'd, and his Helme more backt then *Helior's*, and how he lookes,

I married them, and their itolne marriage day  
Was *Tibalt's* doome day: whose vntimely death  
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Cittie,  
For whom, and not for *Tibalt's* Iuliet pin'd,  
You, to remove that siege of griefe from her  
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce  
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,  
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meanes  
To rid her from this second marriage:  
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.  
Then gaue I her (so tutored by my Art)  
A sleeping Potion, which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The forme of death: meane time I writ to *Romeo*  
That he should hither come as this dire night  
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,  
Being the time the Potions force should cease.  
But he which bore my Letter, *Frier Iohn*,  
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
Return'd my Letter back, then all alone  
At the prefixed hower of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,  
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,  
Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.  
But when I came some minute ere the time  
Other awaking, here vntimely lay  
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.  
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth  
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:  
But then a noise did feare me from the Tombe,  
And she too desperate would not goe with me:  
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.  
All this I know, and to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:  
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,  
Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,  
Vnto the rigour of severest law.

*Pris.* We will haue knowne thee for a holy man,  
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?  
*Isk.* I brought my Master newes of *Iuliet's* death,  
And then in post he came from *Mantua*,  
To this same place: To this same Monument  
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,  
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,  
If I departed nor, and left him there.  
*Pris.* Giue me the Letter, I will looke on't.  
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?  
*Sirrah*, what made your Master in this place?  
*Boy.* He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,  
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,  
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,  
And by and by my Master drew on him,  
And then I ran away to call the Watch.  
*Pris.* This Letter doth make good the Friers words,  
Their course of Loue, the tidings of her death,  
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson  
Of a poore Apothecarie, and there withall,  
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.  
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Montague* &  
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate:  
That heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue,  
And I for winking at your discords too,  
Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punish't.  
*Cap.* O Brother *Montague* giue me thy hand,  
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more  
Can I demand.  
*Monn.* But I see giue thee more,  
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,  
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,  
There shall no figure at that rate be set,  
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.  
*Cap.* As rich shall *Romeo* by his Ladis lie,  
Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.  
*Pris.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings,  
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:  
Go hence to haue more talke of the sad things:  
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished,  
For neuer was a storie of more wo,  
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.





# THE TRAGEDIE OF Troylus and Cressida.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

**Troylus.** All here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.  
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy  
That finde such cruell battell here within?  
Each Troian that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

**Pan.** Will this geere nere be mended?  
**Troy.** The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant;  
But I am weaker then a womans teare;  
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;  
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,  
And skilleffe as vnpractis'd Infancie.

**Pan.** Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my  
part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will  
haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the  
grinding.

**Troy.** Haue I not tarried?  
**Pan.** I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.  
**Troy.** Haue I not tarried?  
**Pan.** I the bolting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.  
**Troy.** Still haue I tarried.

**Pan.** I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word  
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the  
heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay  
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

**Troy.** Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,  
Doth lesse blench at sufferance, then I doe:  
At *Prisms* Royall Table doe I sit;  
And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,  
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

**Pan.** Well:  
Shee look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,  
Or any woman elle.

**Troy.** I was about to tell thee, when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would riuie in twaine,  
Least *Hektor*, or my Father should perceiue me:  
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-foorne)  
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,  
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

**Pan.** And her haire were not somewhat darker then  
*Helen*, well go too, there were no more comparifon be-  
tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinwo-  
man, I would not (as they rearme it) praise it, but I wold

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will  
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but

**Troy.** Oh *Pandarus*!! tell thee *Pandarus*;  
When I doe tell thee, thier my hopes lye drown'd:  
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe  
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
In *Cressid's* loue. Thou answerst she is Faire,  
Pow'r't in the open Vicer of my heart,  
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,  
Handlest in thy discomfite: O chat her Hand  
(In whose comparifon, all whites are Inke)  
Writing their owne reproach, to whose soft leaure,  
The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Senle  
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou telst me;  
As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her:  
But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,  
Thou lay'st thine euery gash that loue hath giuen me,  
The Knife that made it.

**Pan.** I speake no more then truth.  
**Troy.** Thou do'st not speake so much.  
**Pan.** Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as free as  
if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she  
ha's the mends in her owne hands.

**Troy.** Good *Pandarus*! How now *Pandarus*?  
**Pan.** I haue had my Labour for my trauell, all thought  
on of her, and all thought on of you: Gone betweene and  
betweene, but small thanks for my labour.

**Troy.** What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?  
**Pan.** Because she's kinne to me, therefore thee's not  
so faire as *Helen*, and she were not kin to me, she would  
be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what  
care I? I care not, and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all  
one to me.

**Troy.** Say I she is not faire?  
**Troy.** I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a  
Foolle to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks,  
and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile  
meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

**Troy.** *Pandarus*? **Pan.** Not I.  
**Troy.** Sweete *Pandarus*.  
**Pan.** Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all  
as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

*Sound Alarm.*  
**Tro.** Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude soundes,  
Foolles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire,  
When with your bloud you daily paint her cheekes:  
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

Variation 3 consists of a newly printed half-sheet, inserted in place of the equivalent pages in variation 2.



To assemble, cut along the fold line here. Then, in variation 2, cut along the left-hand margin of the crossed out page of *Romeo and Juliet*. That gives you a stub to anchor this new half sheet.

blank

# The Prologue.

**I**N Troy there lies the Scene: From Illes of Greece  
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd  
Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes  
Fraught with thembusters and instruments  
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore  
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made  
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures  
The raiuisht' Helen, Menelaus Queene,  
With manton Paris steepes, and that's the Quarrell.  
To Tenedos they come,  
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge  
Their warlike frantage: now on Dardan Plaines  
The fresh and yet conbruis'd Greekes do pitch  
Their braue Pavillions. Priams six-gated City  
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
And Antrenonidus with massie Staples  
And correspondiue and fulfilling Bolts  
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.  
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,  
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,  
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence  
Of authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited  
In like conditions, as our Argument;  
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play  
Leapes ore the vauant and firstlings of those broyles;  
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,  
To what may be digested in a Play:  
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,  
Now good, or bad, tis but the chance of Warre.