

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

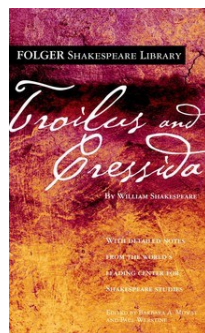
Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from

Hamlet: “O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

Set during the Trojan War, *Troilus and Cressida* recounts the love affair of its title characters. Inside the besieged city of Troy, the Trojan prince Troilus is lovesick for Cressida. Cressida is drawn to Troilus, too, and her uncle, Pandarus, brings them together.

In the Greek camp outside, Cressida's father, Calchas, asks that Cressida be brought to him in return for the help he has given the Greeks. The morning after the lovers' night together, Cressida is exchanged for a Trojan prisoner and taken to the camp by the Greek warrior Diomedes.

The great Trojan warrior Hector, Troilus's brother, engages in single combat with the Greek Ajax, a fight that ends inconclusively. Hector and Troilus join the Greeks for a feast. Cressida, meanwhile, is seduced by Diomedes.

Distraught at Cressida's betrayal, Troilus fights Diomedes and others. Patroclus, favorite of the Greek warrior Achilles, dies in battle. Achilles fights with and loses to Hector, who is then, on Achilles's orders, dishonorably slain. Grieving, Troilus and the other Trojans return to Troy.

Characters in the Play

PROLOGUE

The Trojans

PRIAM, king of Troy

CASSANDRA, Priam's daughter, a soothsayer

TROILUS
HECTOR
PARIS
HELENUS
DEIPHOBUS
BASTARD

} *Priam's sons*

ANDROMACHE, Hector's wife

AENEAS
ANTENOR

} *Trojan leaders*

TROILUS'S BOY

TROILUS'S MAN

PARIS'S SERVINGMAN

CRESSIDA

CALCHAS, her father

PANDARUS, her uncle

ALEXANDER, her servant

The Greeks

AGAMEMNON, the general
NESTOR
ULYSSES
DIOMEDES
MENE LAUS, brother to Agamemnon
AJAX
ACHILLES

} *Greek leaders*

HELEN, Menelaus's wife and queen

PATROCLUS, Achilles' favorite companion

MYRMIDONS, Achilles' soldiers

THERSITES, cynical critic

DIOMEDES' SERVINGMAN

Other Trojans and Greeks, Common Soldiers of Troy and Greece,
Trumpeters, Attendants, Torchbearers

[A never writer to an ever reader: news.

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical, for it is a birth of your brain that never undertook anything comical vainly. And were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities, especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves and have parted better witted than they came, feeling an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of wit is in his comedies that they seem, for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time, I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed, but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labor as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them and set up a new English

Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude, but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for, for the states of their wits' healths, that will not praise it. *Vale.*]

Enter the Prologue in armor.

⟨PROLOGUE

FTLN 0001 In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
FTLN 0002 The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
FTLN 0003 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
FTLN 0004 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
FTLN 0005 Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore 5
FTLN 0006 Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
FTLN 0007 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
FTLN 0008 To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
FTLN 0009 The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,
FTLN 0010 With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel. 10
FTLN 0011 To Tenedos they come,
FTLN 0012 And the deep-drawing *['barks']* do there disgorge
FTLN 0013 Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains
FTLN 0014 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
FTLN 0015 Their brave pavilions. Priam's six-gated city— 15
FTLN 0016 Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
FTLN 0017 And Antenorides—with massy staples
FTLN 0018 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
FTLN 0019 *['Spar']* up the sons of Troy.
FTLN 0020 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits 20
FTLN 0021 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
FTLN 0022 Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
FTLN 0023 A prologue armed, but not in confidence
FTLN 0024 Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
FTLN 0025 In like conditions as our argument, 25
FTLN 0026 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
FTLN 0027 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
FTLN 0028 Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
FTLN 0029 To what may be digested in a play.
FTLN 0030 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are. 30
FTLN 0031 Now, good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.)

Prologue exits.

⟨ACT 1⟩

⟨Scene 1⟩

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS

FTLN 0032 Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
FTLN 0033 Why should I war without the walls of Troy
FTLN 0034 That find such cruel battle here within?
FTLN 0035 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
FTLN 0036 Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none. 5
FTLN 0037 PANDARUS Will this gear ne'er be mended?

TROILUS

FTLN 0038 The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
FTLN 0039 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
FTLN 0040 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
FTLN 0041 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10
FTLN 0042 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
FTLN 0043 And skillless as unpracticed infancy.

FTLN 0044 PANDARUS Well, I have told you enough of this. For my
FTLN 0045 part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will
FTLN 0046 have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding. 15
FTLN 0047 TROILUS Have I not tarried?

FTLN 0048 PANDARUS Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
FTLN 0049 bolting.

FTLN 0050 TROILUS Have I not tarried?

FTLN 0051 PANDARUS Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the 20
FTLN 0052 leavening.

FTLN 0053	TROILUS	Still have I tarried.	
FTLN 0054	PANDARUS	Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word	
FTLN 0055		hereafter the kneading, the making of the cake, the	
FTLN 0056		heating the oven, and the baking. Nay, you must stay	25
FTLN 0057		the cooling too, or you may chance burn your lips.	
	TROILUS		
FTLN 0058		Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,	
FTLN 0059		Doth lesser blench at suff'rance than I do.	
FTLN 0060		At Priam's royal table do I sit	
FTLN 0061		And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts—	30
FTLN 0062		So, traitor! “‘When she comes’? When ‘is she’	
FTLN 0063		thence?	
FTLN 0064	PANDARUS	Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever	
FTLN 0065		I saw her look, or any woman else.	
	TROILUS		
FTLN 0066		I was about to tell thee: when my heart,	35
FTLN 0067		As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,	
FTLN 0068		Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,	
FTLN 0069		I have, as when the sun doth light a-scorn,	
FTLN 0070		Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;	
FTLN 0071		But sorrow that is couched in seeming gladness	40
FTLN 0072		Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.	
FTLN 0073	PANDARUS	An her hair were not somewhat darker than	
FTLN 0074		Helen's—well, go to—there were no more comparison	
FTLN 0075		between the women. But, for my part, she is	
FTLN 0076		my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise	45
FTLN 0077		her, but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday,	
FTLN 0078		as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's	
FTLN 0079		wit, but—	
	TROILUS		
FTLN 0080		O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus:	
FTLN 0081		When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drowned,	50
FTLN 0082		Reply not in how many fathoms deep	
FTLN 0083		They lie indrenched. I tell thee I am mad	
FTLN 0084		In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st she is fair;	
FTLN 0085		Pourest in the open ulcer of my heart	

FTLN 0086	Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;	55
FTLN 0087	Handiest in thy discourse—O—that her hand,	
FTLN 0088	In whose comparison all whites are ink	
FTLN 0089	Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure	
FTLN 0090	The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense	
FTLN 0091	Hard as the palm of plowman. This thou tell'st me,	60
FTLN 0092	As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her.	
FTLN 0093	But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm	
FTLN 0094	Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me	
FTLN 0095	The knife that made it.	
FTLN 0096	PANDARUS I speak no more than truth.	65
FTLN 0097	TROILUS Thou dost not speak so much.	
FTLN 0098	PANDARUS Faith, I'll not meddle in it. Let her be as she	
FTLN 0099	is. If she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be	
FTLN 0100	not, she has the mends in her own hands.	
FTLN 0101	TROILUS Good Pandarus—how now, Pandarus?	70
FTLN 0102	PANDARUS I have had my labor for my travail, ill thought	
FTLN 0103	on of her, and ill thought (on) of you; gone between	
FTLN 0104	and between, but small thanks for my labor.	
FTLN 0105	TROILUS What, art thou angry, Pandarus? What, with	
FTLN 0106	me?	75
FTLN 0107	PANDARUS Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not	
FTLN 0108	so fair as Helen; an she were (not) kin to me, she	
FTLN 0109	would be as fair o' Friday as Helen is on Sunday.	
FTLN 0110	But what (care) I? I care not an she were a blackamoor;	
FTLN 0111	'tis all one to me.	80
FTLN 0112	TROILUS Say I she is not fair?	
FTLN 0113	PANDARUS I do not care whether you do or no. She's a	
FTLN 0114	fool to stay behind her father. Let her to the Greeks,	
FTLN 0115	and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my	
FTLN 0116	part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.	85
FTLN 0117	TROILUS Pandarus—	
FTLN 0118	PANDARUS Not I.	
FTLN 0119	TROILUS Sweet Pandarus—	
FTLN 0120	PANDARUS Pray you speak no more to me. I will leave	
FTLN 0121	all as I found it, and there an end. <i>He exits.</i>	90

Sound alarum.

TROILUS

FTLN 0122 Peace, you ungracious clamors! Peace, rude sounds!
 FTLN 0123 Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair
 FTLN 0124 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 FTLN 0125 I cannot fight upon this argument;
 FTLN 0126 It is too starved a subject for my sword. 95
 FTLN 0127 But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
 FTLN 0128 I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
 FTLN 0129 And he's as tetchy to be wooed to woo
 FTLN 0130 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
 FTLN 0131 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphnes love, 100
 FTLN 0132 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
 FTLN 0133 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl.
 FTLN 0134 Between our Ilium and where she resides,
 FTLN 0135 Let it be called the wild and wand'ring flood,
 FTLN 0136 Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar 105
 FTLN 0137 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Aeneas.

AENEAS

FTLN 0138 How now, Prince Troilus? Wherefore not afield?

TROILUS

FTLN 0139 Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,
 FTLN 0140 For womanish it is to be from thence.
 FTLN 0141 What news, Aeneas, from the field today? 110

AENEAS

FTLN 0142 That Paris is returnèd home, and hurt.

TROILUS

FTLN 0143 By whom, Aeneas?

FTLN 0144 AENEAS Troilus, by Menelaus.

TROILUS

FTLN 0145 Let Paris bleed. 'Tis but a scar to scorn;
 FTLN 0146 Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. 115

Alarum.

AENEAS

FTLN 0147 Hark what good sport is out of town today!

TROILUS

FTLN 0148 Better at home, if “would I might” were “may.”

FTLN 0149 But to the sport abroad. Are you bound thither?

AENEAS

FTLN 0150 In all swift haste.

FTLN 0151 TROILUS Come, go we then together. 120

They exit.

[Scene 2]

Enter Cressida and her man [Alexander.]

CRESSIDA

FTLN 0152 Who were those went by?

FTLN 0153 ALEXANDER Queen Hecuba and Helen.

CRESSIDA

FTLN 0154 And whither go they?

FTLN 0155 ALEXANDER Up to the eastern tower,

FTLN 0156 Whose height commands as subject all the vale, 5

FTLN 0157 To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

FTLN 0158 Is as a virtue fixed, today was moved.

FTLN 0159 He chid Andromache and struck his armorer;

FTLN 0160 And, like as there were husbandry in war,

FTLN 0161 Before the sun rose he was harnessed light, 10

FTLN 0162 And to the field goes he, where every flower

FTLN 0163 Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw

FTLN 0164 In Hector’s wrath.

FTLN 0165 CRESSIDA What was his cause of anger?

ALEXANDER

FTLN 0166 The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks 15

FTLN 0167 A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector.

FTLN 0168 They call him Ajax.

FTLN 0169 CRESSIDA Good; and what of him?

ALEXANDER

FTLN 0170	They say he is a very man <i>per se</i>	
FTLN 0171	And stands alone.	20
FTLN 0172	CRESSIDA So do all men unless ⟨they⟩ are drunk, sick,	
FTLN 0173	or have no legs.	
FTLN 0174	ALEXANDER This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts	
FTLN 0175	of their particular additions. He is as valiant as the	
FTLN 0176	lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant, a	25
FTLN 0177	man into whom nature hath so crowded humors	
FTLN 0178	that his valor is crushed into folly, his folly sauced	
FTLN 0179	with discretion. There is no man hath a virtue that	
FTLN 0180	he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint	
FTLN 0181	but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy	30
FTLN 0182	without cause and merry against the hair. He hath	
FTLN 0183	the joints of everything, but everything so out of	
FTLN 0184	joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and	
FTLN 0185	no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.	
FTLN 0186	CRESSIDA But how should this man that makes me	35
FTLN 0187	smile make Hector angry?	
FTLN 0188	ALEXANDER They say he yesterday coped Hector in the	
FTLN 0189	battle and struck him down, the disdain and	
FTLN 0190	shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting	
FTLN 0191	and waking.	40

⟨Enter Pandarus.⟩

FTLN 0192	CRESSIDA Who comes here?	
FTLN 0193	ALEXANDER Madam, your Uncle Pandarus.	
FTLN 0194	CRESSIDA Hector's a gallant man.	
FTLN 0195	ALEXANDER As may be in the world, lady.	
FTLN 0196	PANDARUS What's that? What's that?	45
FTLN 0197	CRESSIDA Good morrow, Uncle Pandarus.	
FTLN 0198	PANDARUS Good morrow, Cousin Cressid. What do you	
FTLN 0199	talk of?— Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you,	
FTLN 0200	cousin? When were you at Ilium?	
FTLN 0201	CRESSIDA This morning, uncle.	50

FTLN 0202 PANDARUS What were you talking of when I came?
 FTLN 0203 Was Hector armed and gone ere you came to
 FTLN 0204 Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

FTLN 0205 CRESSIDA Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.
 FTLN 0206 PANDARUS E'en so. Hector was stirring early. 55
 FTLN 0207 CRESSIDA That were we talking of, and of his anger.
 FTLN 0208 PANDARUS Was he angry?
 FTLN 0209 CRESSIDA So he says here.
 FTLN 0210 PANDARUS True, he was so. I know the cause too. He'll
 FTLN 0211 lay about him today, I can tell them that; and 60
 FTLN 0212 there's Troilus will not come far behind him. Let
 FTLN 0213 them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.
 FTLN 0214 CRESSIDA What, is he angry too?
 FTLN 0215 PANDARUS Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of
 FTLN 0216 the two. 65
 FTLN 0217 CRESSIDA O Jupiter, there's no comparison.
 FTLN 0218 PANDARUS What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do
 FTLN 0219 you know a man if you see him?
 FTLN 0220 CRESSIDA Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.
 FTLN 0221 PANDARUS Well, I say Troilus is Troilus. 70
 FTLN 0222 CRESSIDA Then you say as I say, for I am sure he is not
 FTLN 0223 Hector.
 FTLN 0224 PANDARUS No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.
 FTLN 0225 CRESSIDA 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.
 FTLN 0226 PANDARUS Himself? Alas, poor Troilus, I would he were. 75
 FTLN 0227 CRESSIDA So he is.
 FTLN 0228 PANDARUS Condition I had gone barefoot to India.
 FTLN 0229 CRESSIDA He is not Hector.
 FTLN 0230 PANDARUS Himself? No, he's not himself. Would he
 FTLN 0231 were himself! Well, the gods are above. Time must 80
 FTLN 0232 friend or end. Well, Troilus, well, I would my heart
 FTLN 0233 were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man
 FTLN 0234 than Troilus.
 FTLN 0235 CRESSIDA Excuse me.
 FTLN 0236 PANDARUS He is elder. 85
 FTLN 0237 CRESSIDA Pardon me, pardon me.

FTLN 0238	PANDARUS	Th' other's not come to 't. You shall tell me	
FTLN 0239		another tale when th' other's come to 't. Hector	
FTLN 0240		shall not have his ^᠙ wit ^᠗ this year.	
FTLN 0241	CRESSIDA	He shall not need it, if he have his own.	90
FTLN 0242	PANDARUS	Nor his qualities.	
FTLN 0243	CRESSIDA	No matter.	
FTLN 0244	PANDARUS	Nor his beauty.	
FTLN 0245	CRESSIDA	'Twould not become him. His own 's better.	
FTLN 0246	PANDARUS	You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself	95
FTLN 0247		swore th' other day that Troilus, for a brown favor—	
FTLN 0248		for so 'tis, I must confess—not brown neither—	
FTLN 0249	CRESSIDA	No, but brown.	
FTLN 0250	PANDARUS	Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.	
FTLN 0251	CRESSIDA	To say the truth, true and not true.	100
FTLN 0252	PANDARUS	She praised his complexion above Paris'.	
FTLN 0253	CRESSIDA	Why, Paris hath color enough.	
FTLN 0254	PANDARUS	So he has.	
FTLN 0255	CRESSIDA	Then Troilus should have too much. If she	
FTLN 0256		praised him above, his complexion is higher than	105
FTLN 0257		his. He having color enough, and the other higher,	
FTLN 0258		is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I	
FTLN 0259		had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended	
FTLN 0260		Troilus for a copper nose.	
FTLN 0261	PANDARUS	I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better	110
FTLN 0262		than Paris.	
FTLN 0263	CRESSIDA	Then she's a merry Greek indeed.	
FTLN 0264	PANDARUS	Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him	
FTLN 0265		th' other day into the compassed window—and	
FTLN 0266		you know he has not past three or four hairs on his	115
FTLN 0267		chin—	
FTLN 0268	CRESSIDA	Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring	
FTLN 0269		his particulars therein to a total.	
FTLN 0270	PANDARUS	Why, he is very young, and yet will he within	
FTLN 0271		three pound (lift) as much as his brother Hector.	120
FTLN 0272	CRESSIDA	Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?	

FTLN 0273	PANDARUS	But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she	
FTLN 0274		came and puts me her white hand to his cloven	
FTLN 0275		chin—	
FTLN 0276	CRESSIDA	Juno have mercy! How came it cloven?	125
FTLN 0277	PANDARUS	Why, you know 'tis dimpled. I think his	
FTLN 0278		smiling becomes him better than any man in all	
FTLN 0279		Phrygia.	
FTLN 0280	CRESSIDA	O, he smiles valiantly.	
FTLN 0281	PANDARUS	Does he not?	130
FTLN 0282	CRESSIDA	O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.	
FTLN 0283	PANDARUS	Why, go to, then. But to prove to you that	
FTLN 0284		Helen loves Troilus—	
FTLN 0285	CRESSIDA	Troilus will stand to 'the' proof if you'll	
FTLN 0286		prove it so.	135
FTLN 0287	PANDARUS	Troilus? Why, he esteems her no more than	
FTLN 0288		I esteem an addle egg.	
FTLN 0289	CRESSIDA	If you love an addle egg as well as you love	
FTLN 0290		an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' shell.	
FTLN 0291	PANDARUS	I cannot choose but laugh to think how she	140
FTLN 0292		tickled his chin. Indeed, she has a marvellous	
FTLN 0293		white hand, I must needs confess—	
FTLN 0294	CRESSIDA	Without the rack.	
FTLN 0295	PANDARUS	And she takes upon her to spy a white hair	
FTLN 0296		on his chin.	145
FTLN 0297	CRESSIDA	Alas, poor chin! Many a wart is richer.	
FTLN 0298	PANDARUS	But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba	
FTLN 0299		laughed that her eyes ran o'er—	
FTLN 0300	CRESSIDA	With millstones.	
FTLN 0301	PANDARUS	And Cassandra laughed—	150
FTLN 0302	CRESSIDA	But there was a more temperate fire under	
FTLN 0303		the pot of her eyes. Did her eyes run o'er too?	
FTLN 0304	PANDARUS	And Hector laughed.	
FTLN 0305	CRESSIDA	At what was all this laughing?	
FTLN 0306	PANDARUS	Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on	155
FTLN 0307		Troilus' chin.	

FTLN 0308	CRESSIDA	An 't had been a green hair, I should have	
FTLN 0309		laughed too.	
FTLN 0310	PANDARUS	They laughed not so much at the hair as at	
FTLN 0311		his pretty answer.	160
FTLN 0312	CRESSIDA	What was his answer?	
FTLN 0313	PANDARUS	Quoth she "Here's but two-and-fifty hairs	
FTLN 0314		on your chin, and one of them is white."	
FTLN 0315	CRESSIDA	This is her question.	
FTLN 0316	PANDARUS	That's true, make no question of that. "Two-and-fifty	165
FTLN 0317		hairs," quoth he, "and one white. That	
FTLN 0318		white hair is my father, and all the rest are his	
FTLN 0319		sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs	
FTLN 0320		is Paris, my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he.	
FTLN 0321		"Pluck 't out, and give it him." But there was such	170
FTLN 0322		laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so	
FTLN 0323		chafed, and all the rest so laughed that it passed.	
FTLN 0324	CRESSIDA	So let it now, for it has been a great while	
FTLN 0325		going by.	
FTLN 0326	PANDARUS	Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday.	175
FTLN 0327		Think on 't.	
FTLN 0328	CRESSIDA	So I do.	
FTLN 0329	PANDARUS	I'll be sworn 'tis true. He will weep you an	
FTLN 0330		'twere a man born in April.	
FTLN 0331	CRESSIDA	And I'll spring up in his tears an 'twere a nettle	180
FTLN 0332		against May. <i>Sound a retreat.</i>	
FTLN 0333	PANDARUS	Hark, they are coming from the field. Shall	
FTLN 0334		we stand up here and see them as they pass toward	
FTLN 0335		Ilium? Good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.	
FTLN 0336	CRESSIDA	At your pleasure.	185
FTLN 0337	PANDARUS	Here, here, here's an excellent place. Here	
FTLN 0338		we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by	
FTLN 0339		their names as they pass by, but mark Troilus	
FTLN 0340		above the rest.	
		<i>¶ They cross the stage; Alexander exits. ¶</i>	
FTLN 0341	CRESSIDA	Speak not so loud.	190

Enter Aeneas 「and crosses the stage.」

FTLN 0342 PANDARUS That's Aeneas. Is not that a brave man? He's
FTLN 0343 one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark
FTLN 0344 Troilus; you shall see anon.

Enter Antenor 「and crosses the stage.」

FTLN 0345 CRESSIDA Who's that?

FTLN 0346 PANDARUS That's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I can 195
FTLN 0347 tell you, and he's (a) man good enough. He's one o'
FTLN 0348 th' soundest judgments in Troy whosoever; and a
FTLN 0349 proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll
FTLN 0350 show you Troilus anon. If he see me, you shall see
FTLN 0351 him nod at me. 200

FTLN 0352 CRESSIDA Will he give you the nod?

FTLN 0353 PANDARUS You shall see.

FTLN 0354 CRESSIDA If he do, the rich shall have more.

Enter Hector 「and crosses the stage.」

FTLN 0355 PANDARUS That's Hector, that, that, look you, that.
FTLN 0356 There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a 205
FTLN 0357 brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he
FTLN 0358 looks. There's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man?

FTLN 0359 CRESSIDA O, a brave man!

FTLN 0360 PANDARUS Is he not? It does a (man's) heart good. Look
FTLN 0361 you what hacks are on his helmet. Look you yonder, 210
FTLN 0362 do you see? Look you there. There's no jesting;
FTLN 0363 there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say.
FTLN 0364 There be hacks.

FTLN 0365 CRESSIDA Be those with swords?

FTLN 0366 PANDARUS Swords, anything, he cares not. An the devil 215
FTLN 0367 come to him, it's all one. By God's lid, it does one's
FTLN 0368 heart good.

Enter Paris 「and crosses the stage.」

FTLN 0369 Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris! Look you
FTLN 0370 yonder, niece. Is 't not a gallant man too? Is 't not?

FTLN 0371 Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt 220
 FTLN 0372 home today? He's not hurt. Why, this will do
 FTLN 0373 Helen's heart good now, ha? Would I could see
 FTLN 0374 Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

Enter Helenus [and crosses the stage.]

FTLN 0375 CRESSIDA Who's that?
 FTLN 0376 PANDARUS That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. 225
 FTLN 0377 That's Helenus. I think he went not forth today.
 FTLN 0378 That's Helenus.
 FTLN 0379 CRESSIDA Can Helenus fight, uncle?
 FTLN 0380 PANDARUS Helenus? No. Yes, he'll fight indifferent
 FTLN 0381 well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark, do you not 230
 FTLN 0382 hear the people cry "Troilus"? Helenus is a priest.

Enter Troilus [and crosses the stage.]

FTLN 0383 CRESSIDA What sneaking fellow comes yonder?
 FTLN 0384 PANDARUS Where? Yonder? That's Deiphobus. 'Tis
 FTLN 0385 Troilus! There's a man, niece. Hem! Brave Troilus,
 FTLN 0386 the prince of chivalry! 235
 FTLN 0387 CRESSIDA Peace, for shame, peace.
 FTLN 0388 PANDARUS Mark him. Note him. O brave Troilus! Look
 FTLN 0389 well upon him, niece. Look you how his sword is
 FTLN 0390 bloodied and his helm more hacked than Hector's,
 FTLN 0391 and how he looks, and how he goes. O admirable 240
 FTLN 0392 youth! He never saw three and twenty.—Go thy
 FTLN 0393 way, Troilus; go thy way!—Had I a sister were a
 FTLN 0394 Grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his
 FTLN 0395 choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to
 FTLN 0396 him; and I warrant Helen, to change, would give 245
 FTLN 0397 an eye to boot.

⟨Enter Common Soldiers [and cross the stage.]⟩

FTLN 0398 CRESSIDA Here comes more.
 FTLN 0399 PANDARUS Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and
 FTLN 0400 bran, porridge after meat. I could live and die in

FTLN 0401	the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the	250
FTLN 0402	eagles are gone. Crows and daws, crows and daws!	
FTLN 0403	I had rather be such a man as Troilus than	
FTLN 0404	Agamemnon and all Greece.	
FTLN 0405	CRESSIDA There is amongst the Greeks Achilles, a better	
FTLN 0406	man than Troilus.	255
FTLN 0407	PANDARUS Achilles? A drayman, a porter, a very camel!	
FTLN 0408	CRESSIDA Well, well.	
FTLN 0409	PANDARUS "Well, well"? Why, have you any discretion?	
FTLN 0410	Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is	
FTLN 0411	not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood,	260
FTLN 0412	learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality and	
FTLN 0413	such-like the spice and salt that season a man?	
FTLN 0414	CRESSIDA Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with	
FTLN 0415	no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.	
FTLN 0416	PANDARUS You are such a woman a man knows not at	265
FTLN 0417	what ward you lie.	
FTLN 0418	CRESSIDA Upon my back to defend my belly, upon my	
FTLN 0419	wit to defend my wiles, upon my secrecy to defend	
FTLN 0420	mine honesty, my mask to defend my beauty, and	
FTLN 0421	you to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie,	270
FTLN 0422	at a thousand watches.	
FTLN 0423	PANDARUS Say one of your watches.	
FTLN 0424	CRESSIDA Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of	
FTLN 0425	the chiefest of them too. If I cannot ward what I	
FTLN 0426	would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how	275
FTLN 0427	I took the blow—unless it swell past hiding, and	
FTLN 0428	then it's past watching.	
FTLN 0429	PANDARUS You are such another!	

Enter 「Troilus's」 *Boy.*

FTLN 0430	BOY Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.	
FTLN 0431	PANDARUS Where?	280
FTLN 0432	BOY At your own house. There he unarms him.	
FTLN 0433	PANDARUS Good boy, tell him I come. 「 <i>Boy exits.</i> 」	
FTLN 0434	I doubt he be hurt.—Fare you well, good niece.	

FTLN 0462	Tortive and errant from his course of growth.	
FTLN 0463	Nor, princes, is it matter new to us	10
FTLN 0464	That we come short of our suppose so far	
FTLN 0465	That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand,	
FTLN 0466	Sith (every) action that hath gone before,	
FTLN 0467	Whereof we have record, trial did draw	
FTLN 0468	Bias and thwart, not answering the aim	15
FTLN 0469	And that unbodied figure of the thought	
FTLN 0470	That gave 't surmisèd shape. Why then, you princes,	
FTLN 0471	Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works	
FTLN 0472	And call them shames, which are indeed naught else	
FTLN 0473	But the protractive trials of great Jove	20
FTLN 0474	To find persistive constancy in men?	
FTLN 0475	The fineness of which metal is not found	
FTLN 0476	In Fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,	
FTLN 0477	The wise and fool, the artist and unread,	
FTLN 0478	The hard and soft seem all affined and kin.	25
FTLN 0479	But in the wind and tempest of her frown,	
FTLN 0480	Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,	
FTLN 0481	Puffing at all, winnows the light away,	
FTLN 0482	And what hath mass or matter by itself	
FTLN 0483	Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.	30
	NESTOR	
FTLN 0484	With due observance of (thy) godlike seat,	
FTLN 0485	Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply	
FTLN 0486	Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance	
FTLN 0487	Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,	
FTLN 0488	How many shallow bauble boats dare sail	35
FTLN 0489	Upon her (patient) breast, making their way	
FTLN 0490	With those of nobler bulk!	
FTLN 0491	But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage	
FTLN 0492	The gentle Thetis, and anon behold	
FTLN 0493	The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,	40
FTLN 0494	Bounding between the two moist elements,	
FTLN 0495	Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy boat	
FTLN 0496	Whose weak untimbered sides but even now	

FTLN 0497	Corrivald greatness? Either to harbor fled	
FTLN 0498	Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so	45
FTLN 0499	Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide	
FTLN 0500	In storms of Fortune. For in her ray and brightness	
FTLN 0501	The herd hath more annoyance by the breese	
FTLN 0502	Than by the tiger, but when the splitting wind	
FTLN 0503	Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,	50
FTLN 0504	And flies ¹ flee under shade, why, then the thing of	
FTLN 0505	courage,	
FTLN 0506	As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,	
FTLN 0507	And with an accent tuned in selfsame key	
FTLN 0508	¹ Retorts to chiding Fortune.	55
FTLN 0509	ULYSSES	Agamemnon,
FTLN 0510	Thou great commander, nerves and bone of Greece,	
FTLN 0511	Heart of our numbers, soul and only sprite,	
FTLN 0512	In whom the tempers and the minds of all	
FTLN 0513	Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.	60
FTLN 0514	Besides th' applause and approbation,	
FTLN 0515	The which, (¹ to Agamemnon ¹) most mighty for thy	
FTLN 0516	place and sway,	
FTLN 0517	(¹ To Nestor ¹) And thou most reverend for <thy>	
FTLN 0518	stretched-out life,	65
FTLN 0519	I give to both your speeches, which were such	
FTLN 0520	As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece	
FTLN 0521	Should hold up high in brass; and such again	
FTLN 0522	As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,	
FTLN 0523	Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree	70
FTLN 0524	On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears	
FTLN 0525	To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,	
FTLN 0526	Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.	
	<AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 0527	Speak, Prince of Ithaca, and be 't of less expect	
FTLN 0528	That matter needless, of importless burden,	75
FTLN 0529	Divide thy lips than we are confident	
FTLN 0530	When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws	
FTLN 0531	We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.)	

 ULYSSES

FTLN 0532	Troy, yet upon his (basis,) had been down,	
FTLN 0533	And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master	80
FTLN 0534	But for these instances:	
FTLN 0535	The specialty of rule hath been neglected,	
FTLN 0536	And look how many Grecian tents do stand	
FTLN 0537	Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.	
FTLN 0538	When that the general is not like the hive	85
FTLN 0539	To whom the foragers shall all repair,	
FTLN 0540	What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,	
FTLN 0541	Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.	
FTLN 0542	The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center	
FTLN 0543	Observe degree, priority, and place,	90
FTLN 0544	Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,	
FTLN 0545	Office, and custom, in all line of order.	
FTLN 0546	And therefore is the glorious planet Sol	
FTLN 0547	In noble eminence enthroned and sphered	
FTLN 0548	Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye	95
FTLN 0549	Corrects the influence of evil planets,	
FTLN 0550	And posts, like the commandment of a king,	
FTLN 0551	Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets	
FTLN 0552	In evil mixture to disorder wander,	
FTLN 0553	What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,	100
FTLN 0554	What raging of the sea, shaking of Earth,	
FTLN 0555	Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors	
FTLN 0556	Divert and crack, rend and deracinate	
FTLN 0557	The unity and married calm of states	
FTLN 0558	Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaken,	105
FTLN 0559	Which is the ladder of all high designs,	
FTLN 0560	The enterprise is sick. How could communities,	
FTLN 0561	Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,	
FTLN 0562	Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,	
FTLN 0563	The primogenity and due of birth,	110
FTLN 0564	Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,	
FTLN 0565	But by degree stand in authentic place?	
FTLN 0566	Take but degree away, untune that string,	

FTLN 0567	And hark what discord follows. Each thing (meets)	
FTLN 0568	In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters	115
FTLN 0569	Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores	
FTLN 0570	And make a sop of all this solid globe;	
FTLN 0571	Strength should be lord of imbecility,	
FTLN 0572	And the rude son should strike his father dead;	
FTLN 0573	Force should be right, or, rather, right and wrong,	120
FTLN 0574	Between whose endless jar justice resides,	
FTLN 0575	Should lose their names, and so should justice too.	
FTLN 0576	Then everything (includes) itself in power,	
FTLN 0577	Power into will, will into appetite,	
FTLN 0578	And appetite, an universal wolf,	125
FTLN 0579	So doubly seconded with will and power,	
FTLN 0580	Must make perforce an universal prey	
FTLN 0581	And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,	
FTLN 0582	This chaos, when degree is suffocate,	
FTLN 0583	Follows the choking.	130
FTLN 0584	And this neglect of degree it is	
FTLN 0585	That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose	
FTLN 0586	It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd	
FTLN 0587	By him one step below, he by the next,	
FTLN 0588	That next by him beneath; so every step,	135
FTLN 0589	Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick	
FTLN 0590	Of his superior, grows to an envious fever	
FTLN 0591	Of pale and bloodless emulation.	
FTLN 0592	And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,	
FTLN 0593	Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,	140
FTLN 0594	Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.	
	NESTOR	
FTLN 0595	Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered	
FTLN 0596	The fever whereof all our power is sick.	
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 0597	The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,	
FTLN 0598	What is the remedy?	145
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 0599	The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns	

FTLN 0600 The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 FTLN 0601 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 FTLN 0602 Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent
 FTLN 0603 Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus, 150
 FTLN 0604 Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
 FTLN 0605 Breaks scurril jests,
 FTLN 0606 And with ridiculous and silly action,
 FTLN 0607 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
 FTLN 0608 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon, 155
 FTLN 0609 Thy topless deputation he puts on,
 FTLN 0610 And, like a strutting player whose conceit
 FTLN 0611 Lies in his hamstring and doth think it rich
 FTLN 0612 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 FTLN 0613 'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffollage, 160
 FTLN 0614 Such to-be-pitied and o'erwrested seeming
 FTLN 0615 He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks,
 FTLN 0616 'Tis like a chime a-mending, with terms ⟨unsquared⟩
 FTLN 0617 Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped
 FTLN 0618 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff, 165
 FTLN 0619 The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
 FTLN 0620 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
 FTLN 0621 Cries "Excellent! 'Tis Agamemnon right.
 FTLN 0622 Now play me Nestor; hem and stroke thy beard,
 FTLN 0623 As he being dressed to some oration." 170
 FTLN 0624 That's done, as near as the extremest ends
 FTLN 0625 Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife;
 FTLN 0626 Yet god Achilles still cries "Excellent!
 FTLN 0627 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
 FTLN 0628 Arming to answer in a night alarm." 175
 FTLN 0629 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 FTLN 0630 Must be the scene of mirth—to cough and spit,
 FTLN 0631 And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
 FTLN 0632 Shake in and out the rivet. And at this sport
 FTLN 0633 Sir Valor dies, cries "O, enough, Patroclus, 180
 FTLN 0634 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
 FTLN 0635 In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
 FTLN 0636 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

FTLN 0637	Severals and generals of grace exact,	
FTLN 0638	Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,	185
FTLN 0639	Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,	
FTLN 0640	Success or loss, what is or is not, serves	
FTLN 0641	As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.	
	NESTOR	
FTLN 0642	And in the imitation of these twain,	
FTLN 0643	Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns	190
FTLN 0644	With an imperial voice, many are infect:	
FTLN 0645	Ajax is grown self-willed and bears his head	
FTLN 0646	In such a rein, in full as proud a place	
FTLN 0647	As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him,	
FTLN 0648	Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,	195
FTLN 0649	Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites—	
FTLN 0650	A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—	
FTLN 0651	To match us in comparisons with dirt,	
FTLN 0652	To weaken <and> discredit our exposure,	
FTLN 0653	How rank soever rounded in with danger.	200
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 0654	They tax our policy and call it cowardice,	
FTLN 0655	Count wisdom as no member of the war,	
FTLN 0656	Forestall prescience, and esteem no act	
FTLN 0657	But that of hand. The still and mental parts	
FTLN 0658	That do contrive how many hands shall strike	205
FTLN 0659	When fitness calls them on and know by measure	
FTLN 0660	Of their observant toil the enemy's weight—	
FTLN 0661	Why, this hath not a fingers dignity.	
FTLN 0662	They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet war;	
FTLN 0663	So that the ram that batters down the wall,	210
FTLN 0664	For the great swinge and rudeness of his poise,	
FTLN 0665	They place before his hand that made the engine	
FTLN 0666	Or those that with the fineness of their souls	
FTLN 0667	By reason guide his execution.	
	NESTOR	
FTLN 0668	Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse	215
FTLN 0669	Makes many Thetis' sons.	<i><Tucket.></i>

FTLN 0670	AGAMEMNON	What trumpet? Look, Menelaus.	
FTLN 0671	MENELAUS	From Troy.	
		<i>⟨Enter Aeneas, 「with a Trumpeter.」⟩</i>	
FTLN 0672	AGAMEMNON	What would you 'fore our tent?	
	AENEAS		
FTLN 0673		Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?	220
FTLN 0674	AGAMEMNON	Even this.	
	AENEAS		
FTLN 0675		May one that is a herald and a prince	
FTLN 0676		Do a fair message to his kingly eyes?	
	AGAMEMNON		
FTLN 0677		With surety stronger than Achilles' arm	
FTLN 0678		'Fore all the Greekish 「host,」 which with one voice	225
FTLN 0679		Call Agamemnon head and general.	
	AENEAS		
FTLN 0680		Fair leave and large security. How may	
FTLN 0681		A stranger to those most imperial looks	
FTLN 0682		Know them from eyes of other mortals?	
FTLN 0683	AGAMEMNON	How?	230
	AENEAS		
FTLN 0684		Ay. I ask that I might waken reverence	
FTLN 0685		And bid the cheek be ready with a blush	
FTLN 0686		Modest as morning when she coldly eyes	
FTLN 0687		The youthful Phoebus.	
FTLN 0688		Which is that god in office, guiding men?	235
FTLN 0689		Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?	
	AGAMEMNON		
FTLN 0690		This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy	
FTLN 0691		Are ceremonious courtiers.	
	AENEAS		
FTLN 0692		Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,	
FTLN 0693		As bending angels—that's their fame in peace.	240
FTLN 0694		But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,	

FTLN 0695	Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and—great	
FTLN 0696	Jove's accord—	
FTLN 0697	Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas.	
FTLN 0698	Peace, Trojan. Lay thy finger on thy lips.	245
FTLN 0699	The worthiness of praise distains his worth	
FTLN 0700	If that the praised himself bring the praise forth.	
FTLN 0701	But what the repining enemy commends,	
FTLN 0702	That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,	
FTLN 0703	transcends.	250
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 0704	Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?	
FTLN 0705	AENEAS Ay, Greek, that is my name.	
FTLN 0706	AGAMEMNON What's your (affair,) I pray you?	
	AENEAS	
FTLN 0707	Sir, pardon. 'Tis for Agamemnon's ears.	
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 0708	He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.	255
	AENEAS	
FTLN 0709	Nor I from Troy come not to whisper with him.	
FTLN 0710	I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,	
FTLN 0711	To set his (sense) on (the) attentive bent,	
FTLN 0712	And then to speak.	
FTLN 0713	AGAMEMNON Speak frankly as the wind;	260
FTLN 0714	It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour.	
FTLN 0715	That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,	
FTLN 0716	He tells thee so himself.	
FTLN 0717	AENEAS Trumpet, blow (loud)!	
FTLN 0718	Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;	265
FTLN 0719	And every Greek of mettle, let him know	
FTLN 0720	What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.	
	<i>Sound trumpet.</i>	
FTLN 0721	We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy	
FTLN 0722	A prince called Hector—Priam is his father—	
FTLN 0723	Who in (this) dull and long-continued truce	270
FTLN 0724	Is resty grown. He bade me take a trumpet	
FTLN 0725	And to this purpose speak: "Kings, princes, lords,	

FTLN 0726	If there be one among the fair'st of Greece	
FTLN 0727	That holds his honor higher than his ease,	
FTLN 0728	⟨That seeks⟩ his praise more than he fears his peril,	275
FTLN 0729	That knows his valor and knows not his fear,	
FTLN 0730	That loves his mistress more than in confession	
FTLN 0731	With truant vows to her own lips he loves	
FTLN 0732	And dare avow her beauty and her worth	
FTLN 0733	In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.	280
FTLN 0734	Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,	
FTLN 0735	Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,	
FTLN 0736	He hath a lady wiser, fairer, truer	
FTLN 0737	Than ever Greek did couple in his arms	
FTLN 0738	And will tomorrow with his trumpet call,	285
FTLN 0739	Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,	
FTLN 0740	To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.	
FTLN 0741	If any come, Hector shall honor him;	
FTLN 0742	If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires	
FTLN 0743	The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth	290
FTLN 0744	The splinter of a lance.” Even so much.	
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 0745	This shall be told our lovers, Lord Aeneas.	
FTLN 0746	If none of them have soul in such a kind,	
FTLN 0747	We left them all at home. But we are soldiers,	
FTLN 0748	And may that soldier a mere recreant prove	295
FTLN 0749	That means not, hath not, or is not in love!	
FTLN 0750	If then one is, or hath, ⟨or⟩ means to be,	
FTLN 0751	That one meets Hector. If none else, I am he.	
	NESTOR, [to Aeneas]	
FTLN 0752	Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man	
FTLN 0753	When Hector's grandsire sucked. He is old now,	300
FTLN 0754	But if there be not in our Grecian host	
FTLN 0755	A noble man that hath ⟨one⟩ spark of fire	
FTLN 0756	To answer for his love, tell him from me	
FTLN 0757	I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver	
FTLN 0758	And in my vambrace put my withered brawns	305
FTLN 0759	And, meeting him, ⟨will⟩ tell him that my lady	

FTLN 0760	Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste	
FTLN 0761	As may be in the world. His youth in flood,	
FTLN 0762	I'll prove this troth with my three drops of blood.	
	AENEAS	
FTLN 0763	Now heavens forfend such scarcity of <youth!>	310
FTLN 0764	ULYSSES Amen.	
	<AGAMEMNON>	
FTLN 0765	Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand.	
FTLN 0766	To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.	
FTLN 0767	Achilles shall have word of this intent;	
FTLN 0768	So shall each lord of Greece from tent to tent.	315
FTLN 0769	Yourself shall feast with us before you go,	
FTLN 0770	And find the welcome of a noble foe.	
	<i><All but Ulysses and Nestor exit.></i>	
FTLN 0771	ULYSSES Nestor.	
FTLN 0772	NESTOR What says Ulysses?	
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 0773	I have a young conception in my brain;	320
FTLN 0774	Be you my time to bring it to some shape.	
FTLN 0775	NESTOR What is 't?	
FTLN 0776	ULYSSES <This 'tis:>	
FTLN 0777	Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride	
FTLN 0778	That hath to this maturity blown up	325
FTLN 0779	In rank Achilles must or now be cropped	
FTLN 0780	Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil	
FTLN 0781	To overbulk us all.	
FTLN 0782	NESTOR Well, and how?	
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 0783	This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,	330
FTLN 0784	However it is spread in general name,	
FTLN 0785	Relates in purpose only to Achilles.	
	NESTOR	
FTLN 0786	True. The purpose is perspicuous as substance	
FTLN 0787	Whose grossness little characters sum up;	
FTLN 0788	And, in the publication, make no strain	335
FTLN 0789	But that Achilles, were his brain as barren	

FTLN 0790	As banks of Libya—though, Apollo knows,	
FTLN 0791	'Tis dry enough—will, with great speed of judgment,	
FTLN 0792	Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose	
FTLN 0793	Pointing on him.	340
FTLN 0794	ULYSSES And wake him to the answer, think you?	
	NESTOR	
FTLN 0795	Why, 'tis most meet. Who may you else oppose	
FTLN 0796	That can from Hector bring (his honor) off	
FTLN 0797	If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,	
FTLN 0798	Yet in the trial much opinion dwells,	345
FTLN 0799	For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute	
FTLN 0800	With their fin'st palate. And, trust to me, Ulysses,	
FTLN 0801	Our imputation shall be oddly poised	
FTLN 0802	In this vile action. For the success,	
FTLN 0803	Although particular, shall give a scantling	350
FTLN 0804	Of good or bad unto the general;	
FTLN 0805	And in such indexes, although small pricks	
FTLN 0806	To their subsequent volumes, there is seen	
FTLN 0807	The baby figure of the giant mass	
FTLN 0808	Of things to come at large. It is supposed	355
FTLN 0809	He that meets Hector issues from our choice;	
FTLN 0810	And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,	
FTLN 0811	Makes merit her election and doth boil,	
FTLN 0812	As 'twere from forth us all, a man distilled	
FTLN 0813	Out of our virtues, who, miscarrying,	360
FTLN 0814	What heart receives from hence a conquering part	
FTLN 0815	To steel a strong opinion to themselves?—	
FTLN 0816	(Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,	
FTLN 0817	In no less working than are swords and bows	
FTLN 0818	Directive by the limbs.)	365
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 0819	Give pardon to my speech: therefore 'tis meet	
FTLN 0820	Achilles meet not Hector. Let us like merchants	
FTLN 0821	First show foul wares and think perchance they'll sell;	
FTLN 0822	If not, the luster of the better shall exceed	
FTLN 0823	By showing the worse first. Do not consent	370

FTLN 0824 That ever Hector and Achilles meet,
 FTLN 0825 For both our honor and our shame in this
 FTLN 0826 Are dogged with two strange followers.

NESTOR

FTLN 0827 I see them not with my old eyes. What are they?

ULYSSES

FTLN 0828 What glory our Achilles shares from Hector, 375
 FTLN 0829 Were he not proud, we all should share with him;
 FTLN 0830 But he already is too insolent,
 FTLN 0831 And it were better parch in Afric sun
 FTLN 0832 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes
 FTLN 0833 Should he scape Hector fair. If he were foiled, 380
 FTLN 0834 Why then we do our main opinion crush
 FTLN 0835 In taint of our best man. No, make a lott'ry,
 FTLN 0836 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 FTLN 0837 The sort to fight with Hector. Among ourselves
 FTLN 0838 Give him allowance for the better man, 385
 FTLN 0839 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 FTLN 0840 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
 FTLN 0841 His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 FTLN 0842 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 FTLN 0843 We'll dress him up in voices; if he fail, 390
 FTLN 0844 Yet go we under our opinion still
 FTLN 0845 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 FTLN 0846 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
 FTLN 0847 Ajax employed plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NESTOR

FTLN 0848 Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice, 395
 FTLN 0849 And I will give a taste thereof forthwith
 FTLN 0850 To Agamemnon. Go we to him straight.
 FTLN 0851 Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
 FTLN 0852 Must <tar> the mastiffs on, as 'twere a bone.

They exit.

「ACT 2」

「Scene 1」

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

FTLN 0853 AJAX Thersites!
FTLN 0854 THERSITES Agamemnon—how if he had boils, full, all
FTLN 0855 over, generally?
FTLN 0856 AJAX Thersites!
FTLN 0857 THERSITES And those boils did run? Say so. Did not the 5
FTLN 0858 general run, then? Were not that a botchy core?
FTLN 0859 AJAX Dog!
FTLN 0860 THERSITES Then <there> would come some matter
FTLN 0861 from him. I see none now.
FTLN 0862 AJAX Thou bitchwolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, 10
FTLN 0863 then. *<Strikes him.>*
FTLN 0864 THERSITES The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel
FTLN 0865 beef-witted lord!
FTLN 0866 AJAX Speak, then, thou unsalted leaven, speak. I will
FTLN 0867 beat thee into handsomeness. 15
FTLN 0868 THERSITES I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness,
FTLN 0869 but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration
FTLN 0870 than thou learn <a> prayer without book. Thou canst
FTLN 0871 strike, canst thou? A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks.
FTLN 0872 AJAX Toadstool, learn me the proclamation. 20
FTLN 0873 THERSITES Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest
FTLN 0874 me thus?
FTLN 0875 AJAX The proclamation!
FTLN 0876 THERSITES Thou art proclaimed <a> fool, I think.

FTLN 0877	AJAX	Do not, porpentine, do not. My fingers itch.	25
FTLN 0878	THERSITES	I would thou didst itch from head to foot,	
FTLN 0879		and I had the scratching of thee; I would make	
FTLN 0880		thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. [When thou	
FTLN 0881		art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as	
FTLN 0882		another.]	30
FTLN 0883	AJAX	I say, the proclamation!	
FTLN 0884	THERSITES	Thou grumblest and railest every hour on	
FTLN 0885		Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness	
FTLN 0886		as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that	
FTLN 0887		thou bark'st at him.	35
FTLN 0888	AJAX	Mistress Thersites!	
FTLN 0889	THERSITES	Thou shouldst strike him—	
FTLN 0890	AJAX	Cobloaf!	
FTLN 0891	⟨THERSITES⟩	He would pound thee into shivers with his	
FTLN 0892		fist as a sailor breaks a biscuit.	40
FTLN 0893	⟨AJAX⟩	You whoreson cur! 「Strikes him.」	
FTLN 0894	⟨THERSITES⟩	Do, do.	
FTLN 0895	AJAX	Thou stool for a witch!	
FTLN 0896	THERSITES	Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted lord. Thou	
FTLN 0897		hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an	45
FTLN 0898		asinego may tutor thee, ⟨thou⟩ scurvy-valiant ass.	
FTLN 0899		Thou art here but to thrash Trojans, and thou art	
FTLN 0900		bought and sold among those of any wit, like a	
FTLN 0901		barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin	
FTLN 0902		at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou	50
FTLN 0903		thing of no bowels, thou.	
FTLN 0904	AJAX	You dog!	
FTLN 0905	THERSITES	You scurvy lord!	
FTLN 0906	AJAX	You cur! 「Strikes him.」	
FTLN 0907	THERSITES	Mars his idiot! Do, rudeness, do, camel, do,	55
FTLN 0908		do.	

⟨Enter Achilles and Patroclus.⟩

FTLN 0909	ACHILLES	Why, how now, Ajax? Wherefore do you	
FTLN 0910		thus?—How now, Thersites? What's the matter,	
FTLN 0911		man?	

FTLN 0912	THERSITES	You see him there, do you?	60
FTLN 0913	ACHILLES	Ay, what's the matter?	
FTLN 0914	THERSITES	Nay, look upon him.	
FTLN 0915	ACHILLES	So I do. What's the matter?	
FTLN 0916	THERSITES	Nay, but regard him well.	
FTLN 0917	ACHILLES	Well, why, so I do.	65
FTLN 0918	THERSITES	But yet you look not well upon him, for	
FTLN 0919		whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.	
FTLN 0920	ACHILLES	I know that, fool.	
FTLN 0921	THERSITES	Ay, but that fool knows not himself.	
FTLN 0922	AJAX	Therefore I beat thee.	70
FTLN 0923	THERSITES	Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters!	
FTLN 0924		His evasions have ears thus long. I have	
FTLN 0925		bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones.	
FTLN 0926		(I) will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia	
FTLN 0927		mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow.	75
FTLN 0928		This lord, Achilles—Ajax, who wears his wit in his	
FTLN 0929		belly, and his guts in his head—(I'll) tell you what I	
FTLN 0930		say of him.	
FTLN 0931	ACHILLES	What?	
FTLN 0932	THERSITES	I say, this Ajax— <i>['Ajax menaces him.]</i>	80
FTLN 0933	ACHILLES	Nay, good Ajax.	
FTLN 0934	THERSITES	Has not so much wit—	
FTLN 0935	ACHILLES, <i>['to Ajax']</i>	Nay, I must hold you.	
FTLN 0936	THERSITES	As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for	
FTLN 0937		whom he comes to fight.	85
FTLN 0938	ACHILLES	Peace, fool!	
FTLN 0939	THERSITES	I would have peace and quietness, but the	
FTLN 0940		fool will not—he there, that he. Look you there.	
FTLN 0941	AJAX	O, thou damned cur, I shall—	
FTLN 0942	ACHILLES	Will you set your wit to a fool's?	90
FTLN 0943	THERSITES	No, I warrant you. The fool's will shame it.	
FTLN 0944	PATROCLUS	Good words, Thersites.	
FTLN 0945	ACHILLES, <i>['to Ajax']</i>	What's the quarrel?	
FTLN 0946	AJAX	I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the	
FTLN 0947		proclamation, and he rails upon me.	95

FTLN 0948	THERSITES	I serve thee not.	
FTLN 0949	AJAX	Well, go to, go to.	
FTLN 0950	THERSITES	I serve here voluntary.	
FTLN 0951	ACHILLES	Your last service was suff'rance; 'twas not	
FTLN 0952		voluntary. No man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was	100
FTLN 0953		here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.	
FTLN 0954	THERSITES	E'en so. A great deal of your wit, too, lies in	
FTLN 0955		your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall	
FTLN 0956		have a great catch an (he) knock (out) either of	
FTLN 0957		your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with	105
FTLN 0958		no kernel.	
FTLN 0959	ACHILLES	What, with me too, Thersites?	
FTLN 0960	THERSITES	There's Ulysses and old Nestor—whose wit	
FTLN 0961		was moldy ere 'your' grandsires had nails (on	
FTLN 0962		their toes)—yoke you like draft-oxen and make	110
FTLN 0963		you plow up the wars.	
FTLN 0964	ACHILLES	What? What?	
FTLN 0965	THERSITES	Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! To, Ajax! To—	
FTLN 0966	AJAX	I shall cut out your tongue.	
FTLN 0967	THERSITES	'Tis no matter. I shall speak as much as	115
FTLN 0968		thou afterwards.	
FTLN 0969	PATROCLUS	No more words, Thersites. Peace.	
FTLN 0970	THERSITES	I will hold my peace when Achilles' 'brach'	
FTLN 0971		bids me, shall I?	
FTLN 0972	ACHILLES	There's for you, Patroclus.	120
FTLN 0973	THERSITES	I will see you hanged like clodpolls ere I	
FTLN 0974		come any more to your tents. I will keep where	
FTLN 0975		there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.	
		<i>He exits.</i>	
FTLN 0976	PATROCLUS	A good riddance.	
	ACHILLES, 'to Ajax'		
FTLN 0977		Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:	125
FTLN 0978		That Hector, by the (fifth) hour of the sun,	
FTLN 0979		Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy	
FTLN 0980		Tomorrow morning call some knight to arms	
FTLN 0981		That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare	
FTLN 0982		Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.	130

FTLN 0983 AJAX Farewell. Who shall answer him?
 ACHILLES
 FTLN 0984 I know not. 'Tis put to lott'ry. Otherwise,
 FTLN 0985 He knew his man. *〔Achilles and Patroclus exit.〕*
 FTLN 0986 AJAX O, meaning you? I will go learn more of it.
〈He exits.〉

〔Scene 2〕

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenas.

PRIAM
 FTLN 0987 After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
 FTLN 0988 Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
 FTLN 0989 "Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
 FTLN 0990 As honor, loss of time, travel, expense,
 FTLN 0991 Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed 5
 FTLN 0992 In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
 FTLN 0993 Shall be struck off."—Hector, what say you to 't?

HECTOR
 FTLN 0994 Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
 FTLN 0995 As far as toucheth my particular,
 FTLN 0996 Yet, dread Priam, 10
 FTLN 0997 There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 FTLN 0998 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 FTLN 0999 More ready to cry out "Who knows what follows?"
 FTLN 1000 Than Hector is. The wound of peace is *〈surety,*
 FTLN 1001 *Surety〉* secure; but modest doubt is called 15
 FTLN 1002 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 FTLN 1003 To th' bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
 FTLN 1004 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 FTLN 1005 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 FTLN 1006 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours. 20
 FTLN 1007 If we have lost so many tenths of ours
 FTLN 1008 To guard a thing not ours—nor worth to us,
 FTLN 1009 Had it our name, the value of one ten—

FTLN 1010	What merit's in that reason which denies	
FTLN 1011	The yielding of her up?	25
FTLN 1012	TROILUS Fie, fie, my brother,	
FTLN 1013	Weigh you the worth and honor of a king	
FTLN 1014	So great as our dread father's in a scale	
FTLN 1015	Of common ounces? Will you with counters sum	
FTLN 1016	The past-proportion of his infinite,	30
FTLN 1017	And buckle in a waist most fathomless	
FTLN 1018	With spans and inches so diminutive	
FTLN 1019	As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!	
	HELENUS	
FTLN 1020	No marvel though you bite so sharp (at) reasons,	
FTLN 1021	You are so empty of them. Should not our father	35
FTLN 1022	Bear the great sway of his affairs with reason,	
FTLN 1023	Because your speech hath none that tell him so?	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 1024	You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.	
FTLN 1025	You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your	
FTLN 1026	reasons:	40
FTLN 1027	You know an enemy intends you harm;	
FTLN 1028	You know a sword employed is perilous,	
FTLN 1029	And reason flies the object of all harm.	
FTLN 1030	Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds	
FTLN 1031	A Grecian and his sword, if he do set	45
FTLN 1032	The very wings of reason to his heels	
FTLN 1033	And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove	
FTLN 1034	Or like a star disorbed? Nay, if we talk of reason,	
FTLN 1035	⟨Let's⟩ shut our gates and sleep. Manhood and honor	
FTLN 1036	Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their	50
FTLN 1037	thoughts	
FTLN 1038	With this crammed reason. Reason and respect	
FTLN 1039	Make livers pale and lustihood deject.	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 1040	Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost	
FTLN 1041	The keeping.	55
FTLN 1042	TROILUS What's aught but as 'tis valued?	

HECTOR

FTLN 1043 But value dwells not in particular will;
 FTLN 1044 It holds his estimate and dignity
 FTLN 1045 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
 FTLN 1046 As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry 60
 FTLN 1047 To make the service greater than the god;
 FTLN 1048 And the will dotes that is attributive
 FTLN 1049 To what infectiously itself affects
 FTLN 1050 Without some image of th' affected merit.

TROILUS

FTLN 1051 I take today a wife, and my election 65
 FTLN 1052 Is led on in the conduct of my will—
 FTLN 1053 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 FTLN 1054 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ⟨shores⟩
 FTLN 1055 Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
 FTLN 1056 Although my will distaste what it elected, 70
 FTLN 1057 The wife I choose? There can be no evasion
 FTLN 1058 To blench from this and to stand firm by honor.
 FTLN 1059 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
 FTLN 1060 When we have soiled them, nor the remainder
 FTLN 1061 viands 75
 FTLN 1062 We do not throw in unrespective sieve
 FTLN 1063 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
 FTLN 1064 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks.
 FTLN 1065 Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
 FTLN 1066 The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce 80
 FTLN 1067 And did him service. He touched the ports desired,
 FTLN 1068 And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
 FTLN 1069 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
 FTLN 1070 freshness
 FTLN 1071 Wrinkles Apollo's and makes pale the morning. 85
 FTLN 1072 Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt.
 FTLN 1073 Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl
 FTLN 1074 Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships
 FTLN 1075 And turned crowned kings to merchants.
 FTLN 1076 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went— 90

FTLN 1077	As you must needs, for you all cried “Go, go”—	
FTLN 1078	If you’ll confess (he) brought home worthy prize—	
FTLN 1079	As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands	
FTLN 1080	And cried “Inestimable”—why do you now	
FTLN 1081	The issue of your proper wisdoms rate	95
FTLN 1082	And do a deed that never Fortune did,	
FTLN 1083	Beggar the estimation which you prized	
FTLN 1084	Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,	
FTLN 1085	That we have stol’n what we do fear to keep!	
FTLN 1086	But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol’n,	100
FTLN 1087	That in their country did them that disgrace	
FTLN 1088	We fear to warrant in our native place.	
	CASSANDRA, <i>〔within〕</i>	
FTLN 1089	Cry, Trojans, cry!	
FTLN 1090	PRIAM What noise? What shriek is this?	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 1091	’Tis our mad sister. I do know her voice.	105
FTLN 1092	CASSANDRA, <i>〔within〕</i> Cry, Trojans!	
FTLN 1093	HECTOR It is Cassandra.	
	<i>Enter Cassandra raving.</i>	
	CASSANDRA	
FTLN 1094	Cry, Trojans, cry! Lend me ten thousand eyes,	
FTLN 1095	And I will fill them with prophetic tears.	
FTLN 1096	HECTOR Peace, sister, peace!	110
	CASSANDRA	
FTLN 1097	Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,	
FTLN 1098	Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,	
FTLN 1099	Add to my clamors. Let us pay betimes	
FTLN 1100	A moiety of that mass of moan to come.	
FTLN 1101	Cry, Trojans, cry! Practice your eyes with tears.	115
FTLN 1102	Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand.	
FTLN 1103	Our firebrand brother Paris burns us all.	
FTLN 1104	Cry, Trojans, cry! A Helen and a woe!	
FTLN 1105	Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. <i>She exits.</i>	

 HECTOR

FTLN 1106 Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains 120
 FTLN 1107 Of divination in our sister work
 FTLN 1108 Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
 FTLN 1109 So madly hot that no discourse of reason
 FTLN 1110 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause
 FTLN 1111 Can qualify the same? 125

TROILUS Why, brother Hector,

FTLN 1113 We may not think the justness of each act
 FTLN 1114 Such and no other than event doth form it,
 FTLN 1115 Nor once deject the courage of our minds
 FTLN 1116 Because Cassandra's mad. Her brainsick raptures 130
 FTLN 1117 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
 FTLN 1118 Which hath our several honors all engaged
 FTLN 1119 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 FTLN 1120 I am no more touched than all Priam's sons;
 FTLN 1121 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us 135
 FTLN 1122 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
 FTLN 1123 To fight for and maintain!

PARIS

FTLN 1124 Else might the world convince of levity
 FTLN 1125 As well my undertakings as your counsels.
 FTLN 1126 But I attest the gods, your full consent 140
 FTLN 1127 Gave wings to my propension and cut off
 FTLN 1128 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 FTLN 1129 For what, alas, can these my single arms?
 FTLN 1130 What propugnation is in one man's valor
 FTLN 1131 To stand the push and enmity of those 145
 FTLN 1132 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
 FTLN 1133 Were I alone to pass the difficulties
 FTLN 1134 And had as ample power as I have will,
 FTLN 1135 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done
 FTLN 1136 Nor faint in the pursuit. 150

PRIAM Paris, you speak

FTLN 1138 Like one besotted on your sweet delights.
 FTLN 1139 You have the honey still, but these the gall.
 FTLN 1140 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

PARIS

FTLN 1141 Sir, I propose not merely to myself 155
 FTLN 1142 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,
 FTLN 1143 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 FTLN 1144 Wiped off in honorable keeping her.
 FTLN 1145 What treason were it to the ransacked queen,
 FTLN 1146 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me, 160
 FTLN 1147 Now to deliver her possession up
 FTLN 1148 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be
 FTLN 1149 That so degenerate a strain as this
 FTLN 1150 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 FTLN 1151 There's not the meanest spirit on our party 165
 FTLN 1152 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
 FTLN 1153 When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
 FTLN 1154 Whose life were ill bestowed or death unfamed
 FTLN 1155 Where Helen is the subject. Then I say,
 FTLN 1156 Well may we fight for her whom, we know well, 170
 FTLN 1157 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HECTOR

FTLN 1158 Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
 FTLN 1159 And on the cause and question now in hand
 FTLN 1160 Have glozed—but superficially, not much
 FTLN 1161 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought 175
 FTLN 1162 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 FTLN 1163 The reasons you allege do more conduce
 FTLN 1164 To the hot passion of distempered blood
 FTLN 1165 Than to make up a free determination
 FTLN 1166 'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge 180
 FTLN 1167 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 FTLN 1168 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 FTLN 1169 All dues be rendered to their owners. Now,
 FTLN 1170 What nearer debt in all humanity
 FTLN 1171 Than wife is to the husband? If this law 185
 FTLN 1172 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 FTLN 1173 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 FTLN 1174 To their benumbèd wills, resist the same,

FTLN 1175	There is a law in each well-ordered nation	
FTLN 1176	To curb those raging appetites that are	190
FTLN 1177	Most disobedient and refractory.	
FTLN 1178	If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,	
FTLN 1179	As it is known she is, these moral laws	
FTLN 1180	Of nature and of nations speak aloud	
FTLN 1181	To have her back returned. Thus to persist	195
FTLN 1182	In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,	
FTLN 1183	But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion	
FTLN 1184	Is this in way of truth; yet, ne'ertheless,	
FTLN 1185	My sprightly brethren, I propend to you	
FTLN 1186	In resolution to keep Helen still,	200
FTLN 1187	For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence	
FTLN 1188	Upon our joint and several dignities.	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 1189	Why, there you touched the life of our design!	
FTLN 1190	Were it not glory that we more affected	
FTLN 1191	Than the performance of our heaving spleens,	205
FTLN 1192	I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood	
FTLN 1193	Spent more in her defense. But, worthy Hector,	
FTLN 1194	She is a theme of honor and renown,	
FTLN 1195	A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,	
FTLN 1196	Whose present courage may beat down our foes,	210
FTLN 1197	And fame in time to come canonize us;	
FTLN 1198	For I presume brave Hector would not lose	
FTLN 1199	So rich advantage of a promised glory	
FTLN 1200	As smiles upon the forehead of this action	
FTLN 1201	For the wide world's revenue.	215
FTLN 1202	HECTOR	
	I am yours,	
FTLN 1203	You valiant offspring of great Priamus.	
FTLN 1204	I have a roisting challenge sent amongst	
FTLN 1205	The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks	
FTLN 1206	Will ⟨strike⟩ amazement to their drowsy spirits.	220
FTLN 1207	I was advertised their great general slept,	
FTLN 1208	Whilst emulation in the army crept.	
FTLN 1209	This, I presume, will wake him.	

They exit.

[Scene 3]

Enter Thersites, alone.

FTLN 1210 [THERSITES] How now, Thersites? What, lost in the
 FTLN 1211 labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry
 FTLN 1212 it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him. O, worthy
 FTLN 1213 satisfaction! Would it were otherwise, that I could
 FTLN 1214 beat him whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to 5
 FTLN 1215 conjure and raise devils but I'll see some issue of
 FTLN 1216 my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a
 FTLN 1217 rare engineer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine
 FTLN 1218 it, the walls will stand till they fall of
 FTLN 1219 themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, 10
 FTLN 1220 forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods;
 FTLN 1221 and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy
 FTLN 1222 caduceus, if you take not that little, little, less than
 FTLN 1223 little wit from them that they have, which short-armed
 FTLN 1224 ignorance itself knows is so abundant 15
 FTLN 1225 scarce it will not in circumvention deliver a fly
 FTLN 1226 from a spider without drawing their massy irons
 FTLN 1227 and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on
 FTLN 1228 the whole camp! Or rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache!
 FTLN 1229 For that, methinks, is the curse depending 20
 FTLN 1230 on those that war for a placket. I have said my
 FTLN 1231 prayers, and devil Envy say "Amen."—What ho,
 FTLN 1232 my lord Achilles!

FTLN 1233 PATROCLUS, [within] Who's there? Thersites? Good
 FTLN 1234 Thersites, come in and rail. 25

FTLN 1235 THERSITES If I could 'a remembered a gilt counterfeit,
 FTLN 1236 thou couldst not have slipped out of my contemplation.
 FTLN 1237 But it is no matter. Thyself upon thyself! The
 FTLN 1238 common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance,
 FTLN 1239 be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from 30
 FTLN 1240 a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy
 FTLN 1241 blood be thy direction till thy death; then if she
 FTLN 1242 that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be

FTLN 1243	sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any	
FTLN 1244	but lazars. Amen.	35
	<i>⟨Enter Patroclus.⟩</i>	
FTLN 1245	Where's Achilles?	
FTLN 1246	PATROCLUS What, art thou devout? Wast thou in	
FTLN 1247	prayer?	
FTLN 1248	THERSITES Ay. The heavens hear me!	
FTLN 1249	[PATROCLUS Amen.]	40
FTLN 1250	ACHILLES, 「 <i>within</i> 」 Who's there?	
FTLN 1251	PATROCLUS Thersites, my lord.	
FTLN 1252	ACHILLES, 「 <i>within</i> 」 Where? Where? O, where?	
	<i>Enter Achilles.</i>	
FTLN 1253	「 <i>To Thersites.</i> 」 Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my	
FTLN 1254	digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my	45
FTLN 1255	table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?	
FTLN 1256	THERSITES Thy commander, Achilles.—Then, tell me,	
FTLN 1257	Patroclus, what's Achilles?	
FTLN 1258	PATROCLUS Thy lord, Thersites. Then, tell me, I pray	
FTLN 1259	thee, what's Thersites?	50
FTLN 1260	THERSITES Thy knower, Patroclus. Then, tell me, Patroclus,	
FTLN 1261	what art thou?	
FTLN 1262	PATROCLUS Thou must tell that knowest.	
FTLN 1263	ACHILLES O tell, tell.	
FTLN 1264	THERSITES I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon	55
FTLN 1265	commands Achilles, Achilles is my lord, I am	
FTLN 1266	Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.	
FTLN 1267	⟨PATROCLUS You rascal!	
FTLN 1268	THERSITES Peace, fool. I have not done.	
FTLN 1269	ACHILLES, 「 <i>to Patroclus</i> 」 He is a privileged man.—Proceed,	60
FTLN 1270	Thersites.	
FTLN 1271	THERSITES Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool,	
FTLN 1272	Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a	
FTLN 1273	fool.⟩	
FTLN 1274	ACHILLES Derive this. Come.	65

FTLN 1275	THERSITES	Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command	
FTLN 1276		Achilles, Achilles is a fool to be commanded (of	
FTLN 1277		Agamemnon,) Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool,	
FTLN 1278		and this Patroclus is a fool positive.	
FTLN 1279	PATROCLUS	Why am I a fool?	70
FTLN 1280	THERSITES	Make that demand of the (creator.) It suffices	
FTLN 1281		me thou art.	
<i>Enter</i> [at a distance] <i>Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor,</i> <i>Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.</i>			
FTLN 1282		Look you, who comes here?	
FTLN 1283	ACHILLES	Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in	
FTLN 1284		with me, Thersites. <i>(He exits.)</i>	75
FTLN 1285	THERSITES	Here is such patchery, such juggling, and	
FTLN 1286		such knavery. All the argument is a whore and a	
FTLN 1287		cuckold, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions	
FTLN 1288		and bleed to death upon. (Now the dry serpigo on	
FTLN 1289		the subject, and war and lechery confound all!)	80
<i>(He exits.)</i>			
FTLN 1290	AGAMEMNON, [to Patroclus]	Where is Achilles?	
	PATROCLUS		
FTLN 1291		Within his tent, but ill-disposed, my lord.	
	AGAMEMNON		
FTLN 1292		Let it be known to him that we are here.	
FTLN 1293		He [shent] our messengers, and we lay by	
FTLN 1294		Our (appertainments,) visiting of him.	85
FTLN 1295		Let him be told so, lest perchance he think	
FTLN 1296		We dare not move the question of our place	
FTLN 1297		Or know not what we are.	
FTLN 1298	PATROCLUS	I shall say so to him. <i>(He exits.)</i>	
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 1299		We saw him at the opening of his tent.	90
FTLN 1300		He is not sick.	
FTLN 1301	AJAX	Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart. You may call	
FTLN 1302		it melancholy if you will favor the man, but, by my	

FTLN 1303	head, 'tis pride. But, why, why? Let him show us a	
FTLN 1304	cause.—〈A word, my lord.〉	95
	〔 <i>He and Agamemnon walk aside.</i> 〕	
FTLN 1305	NESTOR What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?	
FTLN 1306	ULYSSES Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.	
FTLN 1307	NESTOR Who, Thersites?	
FTLN 1308	ULYSSES He.	
FTLN 1309	NESTOR Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his	100
FTLN 1310	argument.	
FTLN 1311	ULYSSES No. You see, he is his argument that has his	
FTLN 1312	argument: Achilles.	
FTLN 1313	NESTOR All the better. Their fraction is more our wish	
FTLN 1314	than their faction. But it was a strong composure a	105
FTLN 1315	fool could disunite.	
FTLN 1316	ULYSSES The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may	
FTLN 1317	easily untie.	
	〈 <i>Enter Patroclus.</i> 〉	
FTLN 1318	Here comes Patroclus.	
FTLN 1319	NESTOR No Achilles with him.	110
FTLN 1320	ULYSSES The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;	
FTLN 1321	his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.	
	PATROCLUS, 〔 <i>to Agamemnon</i> 〕	
FTLN 1322	Achilles bids me say he is much sorry	
FTLN 1323	If anything more than your sport and pleasure	
FTLN 1324	Did move your greatness and this noble state	115
FTLN 1325	To call upon him. He hopes it is no other	
FTLN 1326	But for your health and your digestion sake,	
FTLN 1327	An after-dinner's breath.	
FTLN 1328	AGAMEMNON Hear you, Patroclus:	
FTLN 1329	We are too well acquainted with these answers,	120
FTLN 1330	But his evasion, winged thus swift with scorn,	
FTLN 1331	Cannot outfly our apprehensions.	
FTLN 1332	Much attribute he hath, and much the reason	
FTLN 1333	Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his virtues,	
FTLN 1334	Not virtuously on his own part beheld,	125

FTLN 1335	Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,	
FTLN 1336	Yea, (and) like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,	
FTLN 1337	Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him	
FTLN 1338	We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin	
FTLN 1339	If you do say we think him overproud	130
FTLN 1340	And underhonest, in self-assumption greater	
FTLN 1341	Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than	
FTLN 1342	himself	
FTLN 1343	Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,	
FTLN 1344	Disguise the holy strength of their command,	135
FTLN 1345	And underwrite in an observing kind	
FTLN 1346	His humorous predominance—yea, watch	
FTLN 1347	His course and time, his ebbs and flows, (as) if	
FTLN 1348	The passage and whole (carriage of this action)	
FTLN 1349	Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add	140
FTLN 1350	That, if he overhold his price so much,	
FTLN 1351	We'll none of him. But let him, like an engine	
FTLN 1352	Not portable, lie under this report:	
FTLN 1353	“Bring action hither; this cannot go to war.”	
FTLN 1354	A stirring dwarf we do allowance give	145
FTLN 1355	Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.	
	PATROCLUS	
FTLN 1356	I shall, and bring his answer presently.	
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 1357	In second voice we'll not be satisfied;	
FTLN 1358	We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, (enter you.)	
	<i>(Ulysses exits, [with Patroclus.])</i>	
FTLN 1359	AJAX What is he more than another?	150
FTLN 1360	AGAMEMNON No more than what he thinks he is.	
FTLN 1361	AJAX Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself	
FTLN 1362	a better man than I am?	
FTLN 1363	AGAMEMNON No question.	
FTLN 1364	AJAX Will you subscribe his thought and say he is?	155
FTLN 1365	AGAMEMNON No, noble Ajax. You are as strong, as	
FTLN 1366	valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,	
FTLN 1367	and altogether more tractable.	

FTLN 1368	AJAX	Why should a man be proud? How doth pride	
FTLN 1369		grow? I know not what pride is.	160
FTLN 1370	AGAMEMNON	Your mind is the clearer, (Ajax,) and your	
FTLN 1371		virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself.	
FTLN 1372		Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own	
FTLN 1373		chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the	
FTLN 1374		deed devours the deed in the praise.	165
FTLN 1375	AJAX	I do hate a proud man as I hate the engendering	
FTLN 1376		of toads.	
	NESTOR, [aside]		
FTLN 1377		And yet he loves himself. Is 't not strange?	
		<i>Enter Ulysses.</i>	
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 1378		Achilles will not to the field tomorrow.	
	AGAMEMNON		
FTLN 1379		What's his excuse?	170
FTLN 1380	ULYSSES	He doth rely on none,	
FTLN 1381		But carries on the stream of his dispose,	
FTLN 1382		Without observance or respect of any,	
FTLN 1383		In will peculiar and in self-admission.	
	AGAMEMNON		
FTLN 1384		Why, will he not, upon our fair request,	175
FTLN 1385		Untent his person and share th' air with us?	
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 1386		Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,	
FTLN 1387		He makes important. Possessed he is with greatness	
FTLN 1388		And speaks not to himself but with a pride	
FTLN 1389		That quarrels at self-breath. Imagined worth	180
FTLN 1390		Holds in his blood such swoll'n and hot discourse	
FTLN 1391		That 'twixt his mental and his active parts	
FTLN 1392		Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages	
FTLN 1393		And batters down himself. What should I say?	
FTLN 1394		He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it	185
FTLN 1395		Cry "No recovery."	
FTLN 1396	AGAMEMNON	Let Ajax go to him.—	

FTLN 1397	Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent.	
FTLN 1398	'Tis said he holds you well and will be led	
FTLN 1399	At your request a little from himself.	190
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 1400	O Agamemnon, let it not be so!	
FTLN 1401	We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes	
FTLN 1402	When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord	
FTLN 1403	That bastes his arrogance with his own seam	
FTLN 1404	And never suffers matter of the world	195
FTLN 1405	Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve	
FTLN 1406	And ruminates himself—shall he be worshipped	
FTLN 1407	Of that we hold an idol more than he?	
FTLN 1408	No. This thrice-worthy and right valiant lord	
FTLN 1409	Shall not so stale his palm, nobly acquired,	200
FTLN 1410	Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,	
FTLN 1411	As amply (titled) as Achilles is,	
FTLN 1412	By going to Achilles.	
FTLN 1413	That were to enlard his fat-already pride	
FTLN 1414	And add more coals to Cancer when he burns	205
FTLN 1415	With entertaining great Hyperion.	
FTLN 1416	This lord go to him? Jupiter forbid	
FTLN 1417	And say in thunder "Achilles, go to him."	
	NESTOR, [aside to Diomedes]	
FTLN 1418	O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.	
	DIOMEDES, [aside to Nestor]	
FTLN 1419	And how his silence drinks up (this) applause!	210
	AJAX	
FTLN 1420	If I go to him, with my armèd fist	
FTLN 1421	I'll (pash) him o'er the face.	
FTLN 1422	AGAMEMNON O, no, you shall not go.	
	AJAX	
FTLN 1423	An he be proud with me, I'll feeze his pride.	
FTLN 1424	Let me go to him.	215
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 1425	Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.	
FTLN 1426	AJAX A paltry, insolent fellow.	

FTLN 1427	NESTOR, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	How he describes himself!	
FTLN 1428	AJAX	Can he not be sociable?	
FTLN 1429	ULYSSES, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	The raven chides blackness.	220
FTLN 1430	AJAX	I'll <let> his humorous blood.	
FTLN 1431	AGAMEMNON, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	He will be the physician that	
FTLN 1432		should be the patient.	
FTLN 1433	AJAX	An all men were of my mind—	
FTLN 1434	ULYSSES, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	Wit would be out of fashion.	225
FTLN 1435	AJAX	—he should not bear it so; he should eat swords	
FTLN 1436		first. Shall pride carry it?	
FTLN 1437	NESTOR, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	An 'twould, you'd carry half.	
FTLN 1438	<ULYSSES,> 「 <i>aside</i> 」	He would have ten shares.	
FTLN 1439	AJAX	I will knead him; I'll make him supple.	230
FTLN 1440	「NESTOR, <i>aside</i> 」	He's not yet through warm. Force him	
FTLN 1441		with <praises.> Pour in, pour <in;> his ambition is dry.	
	ULYSSES, 「 <i>to Agamemnon</i> 」		
FTLN 1442		My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.	
	NESTOR, 「 <i>to Agamemnon</i> 」		
FTLN 1443		Our noble general, do not do so.	
	DIOMEDES, 「 <i>to Agamemnon</i> 」		
FTLN 1444		You must prepare to fight without Achilles.	235
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 1445		Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.	
FTLN 1446		Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;	
FTLN 1447		I will be silent.	
FTLN 1448	NESTOR	Wherefore should you so?	
FTLN 1449		He is not emulous, as Achilles is.	240
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 1450		Know the whole world, he is as valiant—	
FTLN 1451	AJAX	A whoreson dog, that shall palter with us thus!	
FTLN 1452		Would he were a Trojan!	
FTLN 1453	NESTOR	What a vice were it in Ajax now—	
FTLN 1454	ULYSSES	If he were proud—	245
FTLN 1455	DIOMEDES	Or covetous of praise—	
FTLN 1456	ULYSSES	Ay, or surly borne—	
FTLN 1457	DIOMEDES	Or strange, or self-affected—	

ULYSSES, *['to Ajax']*

FTLN 1458 Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
FTLN 1459 composure. 250

FTLN 1460 Praise him that gat thee, she that gave thee suck;
FTLN 1461 Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
FTLN 1462 Thrice famed beyond, (beyond) thy erudition;
FTLN 1463 But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,
FTLN 1464 Let Mars divide eternity in twain 255

FTLN 1465 And give him half; and for thy vigor,
FTLN 1466 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
FTLN 1467 To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
FTLN 1468 Which like a (bourn,) a pale, a shore confines
FTLN 1469 (Thy) spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor, 260

FTLN 1470 Instructed by the antiquary times;
FTLN 1471 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.—
FTLN 1472 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
FTLN 1473 As green as Ajax' and your brain so tempered,
FTLN 1474 You should not have the eminence of him, 265
FTLN 1475 But be as Ajax.

FTLN 1476 AJAX Shall I call you father?

NESTOR

FTLN 1477 Ay, my good son.

FTLN 1478 DIOMEDES Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

ULYSSES

FTLN 1479 There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles 270
FTLN 1480 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
FTLN 1481 To call together all his state of war.

FTLN 1482 Fresh kings are come to Troy. Tomorrow
FTLN 1483 We must with all our main of power stand fast.
FTLN 1484 And here's a lord—come knights from east to west 275
FTLN 1485 And (cull) their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 1486 Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep.

FTLN 1487 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

They exit.

「ACT 3」

「Scene 1」

*⟨Music sounds within.⟩ Enter Pandarus 「and Paris's
Servingman.」*

FTLN 1488 PANDARUS Friend, you, pray you, a word. Do you not
FTLN 1489 follow the young Lord Paris?
FTLN 1490 MAN Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
FTLN 1491 PANDARUS You depend upon him, I mean.
FTLN 1492 MAN Sir, I do depend upon the Lord. 5
FTLN 1493 PANDARUS You depend upon a notable gentleman. I
FTLN 1494 must needs praise him.
FTLN 1495 MAN The Lord be praised!
FTLN 1496 PANDARUS You know me, do you not?
FTLN 1497 MAN Faith, sir, superficially. 10
FTLN 1498 PANDARUS Friend, know me better. I am the Lord
FTLN 1499 Pandarus.
FTLN 1500 MAN I hope I shall know your Honor better.
FTLN 1501 PANDARUS I do desire it.
FTLN 1502 MAN You are in the state of grace? 15
FTLN 1503 PANDARUS Grace? Not so, friend. “Honor” and “Lordship”
FTLN 1504 are my titles. What music is this?
FTLN 1505 MAN I do but partly know, sir. It is music in parts.
FTLN 1506 PANDARUS Know you the musicians?
FTLN 1507 MAN Wholly, sir. 20
FTLN 1508 PANDARUS Who play they to?
FTLN 1509 MAN To the hearers, sir.
FTLN 1510 PANDARUS At whose pleasure, friend?

FTLN 1511 MAN At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
 FTLN 1512 PANDARUS Command, I mean, ⟨friend.⟩ 25
 FTLN 1513 MAN Who shall I command, sir?
 FTLN 1514 PANDARUS Friend, we understand not one another. I
 FTLN 1515 am too courtly and thou ⟨art⟩ too cunning. At whose
 FTLN 1516 request do these men play?
 FTLN 1517 MAN That's to 't indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of 30
 FTLN 1518 Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him the
 FTLN 1519 mortal Venus, the heart blood of beauty, love's 「visible」
 FTLN 1520 soul.
 FTLN 1521 PANDARUS Who, my cousin Cressida?
 FTLN 1522 MAN No, sir, Helen. Could not you find out that by her 35
 FTLN 1523 attributes?
 FTLN 1524 PANDARUS It should seem, fellow, ⟨that⟩ thou hast not
 FTLN 1525 seen the Lady Cressid. I come to speak with Paris
 FTLN 1526 from the Prince Troilus. I will make a complimentary
 FTLN 1527 assault upon him, for my business seethes. 40
 FTLN 1528 MAN Sodden business! There's a stewed phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen 「with Attendants.」

FTLN 1529 PANDARUS Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair
 FTLN 1530 company! Fair desires in all fair measure fairly
 FTLN 1531 guide them!—Especially to you, fair queen, fair
 FTLN 1532 thoughts be your fair pillow! 45
 FTLN 1533 HELEN Dear lord, you are full of fair words.
 FTLN 1534 PANDARUS You speak your fair pleasure, sweet
 FTLN 1535 queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.
 FTLN 1536 PARIS You have broke it, cousin, and, by my life, you
 FTLN 1537 shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out 50
 FTLN 1538 with a piece of your performance.
 FTLN 1539 HELEN He is full of harmony.
 FTLN 1540 PANDARUS Truly, lady, no.
 FTLN 1541 HELEN O, sir—
 FTLN 1542 PANDARUS Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude. 55
 FTLN 1543 PARIS Well said, my lord; well, you say so in fits.

FTLN 1544	PANDARUS	I have business to my lord, dear queen.—	
FTLN 1545		My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?	
FTLN 1546	HELEN	Nay, this shall not hedge us out. We'll hear you	
FTLN 1547		sing, certainly.	60
FTLN 1548	PANDARUS	Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with	
FTLN 1549		me.—But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and	
FTLN 1550		most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—	
FTLN 1551	HELEN	My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord—	
FTLN 1552	PANDARUS	Go to, sweet queen, go to—commends himself	65
FTLN 1553		most affectionately to you—	
FTLN 1554	HELEN	You shall not bob us out of our melody. If you	
FTLN 1555		do, our melancholy upon your head!	
FTLN 1556	PANDARUS	Sweet queen, sweet queen, that's a sweet	
FTLN 1557		queen, i' faith—	70
FTLN 1558	HELEN	And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.	
FTLN 1559	PANDARUS	Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that	
FTLN 1560		shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such	
FTLN 1561		words, no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you that	
FTLN 1562		if the King call for him at supper, you will make his	75
FTLN 1563		excuse.	
FTLN 1564	HELEN	My Lord Pandarus—	
FTLN 1565	PANDARUS	What says my sweet queen, my very, very	
FTLN 1566		sweet queen?	
FTLN 1567	PARIS	What exploit's in hand? Where sups he tonight?	80
FTLN 1568	HELEN	Nay, but, my lord—	
FTLN 1569	PANDARUS	What says my sweet queen? My cousin will	
FTLN 1570		fall out with you.	
FTLN 1571	HELEN, [to Paris]	You must not know where he sups.	
FTLN 1572	PARIS	I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.	85
FTLN 1573	PANDARUS	No, no, no such matter; you are wide.	
FTLN 1574		Come, your disposer is sick.	
FTLN 1575	PARIS	Well, I'll make 's excuse.	
FTLN 1576	PANDARUS	Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida?	
FTLN 1577		No, your ⟨poor⟩ disposer's sick.	90
FTLN 1578	PARIS	I spy.	

FTLN 1579	PANDARUS	You spy? What do you spy?—Come, give me	
FTLN 1580		an instrument. <i>〔An Attendant gives him an instrument.〕</i>	
FTLN 1581		Now, sweet queen.	
FTLN 1582	HELEN	Why, this is kindly done.	95
FTLN 1583	PANDARUS	My niece is horribly in love with a thing you	
FTLN 1584		have, sweet queen.	
FTLN 1585	HELEN	She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord	
FTLN 1586		Paris.	
FTLN 1587	PANDARUS	He? No, she'll none of him. They two are	100
FTLN 1588		twain.	
FTLN 1589	HELEN	Falling in after falling out may make them	
FTLN 1590		three.	
FTLN 1591	PANDARUS	Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll	
FTLN 1592		sing you a song now.	105
FTLN 1593	HELEN	Ay, ay, prithee. Now, by my troth, sweet (lord,)	
FTLN 1594		thou hast a fine forehead.	
FTLN 1595	PANDARUS	Ay, you may, you may.	
FTLN 1596	HELEN	Let thy song be love. "This love will undo us all."	
FTLN 1597		O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!	110
FTLN 1598	PANDARUS	Love? Ay, that it shall, i' faith.	
FTLN 1599	PARIS	Ay, good now, "Love, love, nothing but love."	
FTLN 1600	PANDARUS	(In good troth, it begins so.)	
FTLN 1601		<i>Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more!</i>	
FTLN 1602		<i>For, O, love's bow</i>	115
FTLN 1603		<i>Shoots buck and doe.</i>	
FTLN 1604		<i>The (shaft confounds)</i>	
FTLN 1605		<i>Not that it wounds</i>	
FTLN 1606		<i>But tickles still the sore.</i>	
FTLN 1607		<i>These lovers cry "O ho!" they die,</i>	120
FTLN 1608		<i>Yet that which seems the wound to kill</i>	
FTLN 1609		<i>Doth turn "O ho!" to "Ha ha he!"</i>	
FTLN 1610		<i>So dying love lives still.</i>	
FTLN 1611		<i>"O ho!" awhile, but "Ha ha ha!"</i>	
FTLN 1612		<i>"O ho!" groans out for "ha ha ha!"—Hey ho!</i>	125

FTLN 1613	HELEN	In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.	
FTLN 1614	PARIS	He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds	
FTLN 1615		hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and	
FTLN 1616		hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.	
FTLN 1617	PANDARUS	Is this the generation of love? Hot blood,	130
FTLN 1618		hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers.	
FTLN 1619		Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's	
FTLN 1620		afield today?	
FTLN 1621	PARIS	Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the	
FTLN 1622		gallantry of Troy. I would fain have armed today,	135
FTLN 1623		but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my	
FTLN 1624		brother Troilus went not?	
FTLN 1625	HELEN	He hangs the lip at something.—You know all,	
FTLN 1626		Lord Pandarus.	
FTLN 1627	PANDARUS	Not I, honey sweet queen. I long to hear how	140
FTLN 1628		they sped today.—You'll remember your brother's	
FTLN 1629		excuse?	
FTLN 1630	PARIS	To a hair.	
FTLN 1631	PANDARUS	Farewell, sweet queen.	
FTLN 1632	HELEN	Commend me to your niece.	145
FTLN 1633	PANDARUS	I will, sweet queen.	
		[<i>He exits.</i>]	
		<i>Sound a retreat.</i>	
	PARIS		
FTLN 1634		⟨They're⟩ come from the field. Let us to Priam's hall	
FTLN 1635		To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you	
FTLN 1636		To help unarm our Hector. His stubborn buckles,	
FTLN 1637		With ⟨these⟩ your white enchanting fingers touched,	150
FTLN 1638		Shall more obey than to the edge of steel	
FTLN 1639		Or force of Greekish sinews. You shall do more	
FTLN 1640		Than all the island kings: disarm great Hector.	
	HELEN		
FTLN 1641		'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris.	
FTLN 1642		Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty	155
FTLN 1643		Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,	
FTLN 1644		Yea, overshines ourself.	
FTLN 1645	PARIS	Sweet, above thought I love ⟨thee.⟩	
		<i>They exit.</i>	

[Scene 2]

Enter Pandarus (and) Troilus's Man, [meeting.]

FTLN 1646 PANDARUS How now? Where's thy master? At my
 FTLN 1647 cousin Cressida's?
 FTLN 1648 MAN No, sir, (he) stays for you to conduct him thither.

(Enter Troilus.)

FTLN 1649 PANDARUS O, here he comes.—How now, how now?
 FTLN 1650 TROILUS, [to his Man] Sirrah, walk off. [Man exits.] 5
 FTLN 1651 PANDARUS Have you seen my cousin?
 TROILUS
 FTLN 1652 No, Pandarus. I stalk about her door
 FTLN 1653 Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
 FTLN 1654 Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
 FTLN 1655 And give me swift transportance to (those) fields 10
 FTLN 1656 Where I may wallow in the lily beds
 FTLN 1657 Proposed for the deserver! O, gentle Pandar,
 FTLN 1658 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings
 FTLN 1659 And fly with me to Cressid!
 FTLN 1660 PANDARUS Walk here i' th' orchard. I'll bring her 15
 FTLN 1661 straight.

(Pandarus exits.)

TROILUS
 FTLN 1662 I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
 FTLN 1663 Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
 FTLN 1664 That it enchants my sense. What will it be
 FTLN 1665 When that the wat'ry [palate] taste indeed 20
 FTLN 1666 Love's thrice-repurèd nectar? Death, I fear me,
 FTLN 1667 Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
 FTLN 1668 Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness
 FTLN 1669 For the capacity of my ruder powers.
 FTLN 1670 I fear it much; and I do fear besides 25
 FTLN 1671 That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
 FTLN 1672 As doth a battle when they charge on heaps
 FTLN 1673 The enemy flying.

⟨*Enter Pandarus.*⟩

FTLN 1674 PANDARUS She's making her ready; she'll come straight.
 FTLN 1675 You must be witty now. She does so blush and 30
 FTLN 1676 fetches her wind so short as if she were frayed with
 FTLN 1677 a spirit. I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain. She
 FTLN 1678 fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

⟨*Pandarus exits.*⟩

TROILUS

FTLN 1679 Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom.
 FTLN 1680 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse, 35
 FTLN 1681 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 FTLN 1682 Like vassalage at ⟨unawares⟩ encount'ring
 FTLN 1683 The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida †veiled.†

FTLN 1684 PANDARUS, †to Cressida† Come, come, what need you
 FTLN 1685 blush? Shame's a baby.—Here she is now. Swear 40
 FTLN 1686 the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.
 FTLN 1687 †Cressida offers to leave.† What, are you gone again?
 FTLN 1688 You must be watched ere you be made tame, must
 FTLN 1689 you? Come your ways; come your ways. An you
 FTLN 1690 draw backward, we'll put you i' th' †thills.†—Why 45
 FTLN 1691 do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain
 FTLN 1692 and let's see your picture. †He draws back her veil.†
 FTLN 1693 Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight!
 FTLN 1694 An 'twere dark, you'd close sooner.—So, so, rub on,
 FTLN 1695 and kiss the mistress. (†They kiss.†) How now? A 50
 FTLN 1696 kiss in fee-farm? Build there, carpenter; the air is
 FTLN 1697 sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I
 FTLN 1698 part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks
 FTLN 1699 i' th' river. Go to, go to.

FTLN 1700 TROILUS You have bereft me of all words, lady. 55

FTLN 1701 PANDARUS Words pay no debts; give her deeds. But
 FTLN 1702 she'll bereave you o' th' deeds too, if she call your
 FTLN 1703 activity in question. (†They kiss.†) What, billing

FTLN 1704	again? Here's "In witness whereof the parties	
FTLN 1705	interchangeably—" Come in, come in. I'll go get a fire.	60
	[<i>Pandarus exits.</i>]	
FTLN 1706	CRESSIDA Will you walk in, my lord?	
FTLN 1707	TROILUS O Cressid, how often have I wished me thus!	
FTLN 1708	CRESSIDA "Wished," my lord? The gods grant—O, my	
FTLN 1709	lord!	
FTLN 1710	TROILUS What should they grant? What makes this	65
FTLN 1711	pretty abruption? What too-curious dreg espies	
FTLN 1712	my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?	
FTLN 1713	CRESSIDA More dregs than water, if my [fears] have eyes.	
FTLN 1714	TROILUS Fears make devils of cherubins; they never	
FTLN 1715	see truly.	70
FTLN 1716	CRESSIDA Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds	
FTLN 1717	safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without	
FTLN 1718	fear. To fear the worst oft cures the worse.	
FTLN 1719	TROILUS O, let my lady apprehend no fear. In all	
FTLN 1720	Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.	75
FTLN 1721	CRESSIDA Nor nothing monstrous neither?	
FTLN 1722	TROILUS Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow	
FTLN 1723	to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers,	
FTLN 1724	thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition	
FTLN 1725	enough than for us to undergo any difficulty	80
FTLN 1726	imposed. This (is) the monstrosity in love, lady, that	
FTLN 1727	the will is infinite and the execution confined, that	
FTLN 1728	the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.	
FTLN 1729	CRESSIDA They say all lovers swear more performance	
FTLN 1730	than they are able and yet reserve an ability that	85
FTLN 1731	they never perform, vowing more than the perfection	
FTLN 1732	of ten and discharging less than the tenth part	
FTLN 1733	of one. They that have the voice of lions and the	
FTLN 1734	act of hares, are they not monsters?	
FTLN 1735	TROILUS Are there such? Such are not we. Praise us as	90
FTLN 1736	we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall	
FTLN 1737	go bare till merit (crown it. No perfection) in reversion	
FTLN 1738	shall have a praise in present. We will not	

FTLN 1739	name desert before his birth, and, being born, his	
FTLN 1740	addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith.	95
FTLN 1741	Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can	
FTLN 1742	say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what	
FTLN 1743	truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.	
FTLN 1744	CRESSIDA Will you walk in, my lord?	
<i>⟨Enter Pandarus.⟩</i>		
FTLN 1745	PANDARUS What, blushing still? Have you not done	100
FTLN 1746	talking yet?	
FTLN 1747	CRESSIDA Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate	
FTLN 1748	to you.	
FTLN 1749	PANDARUS I thank you for that. If my lord get a boy of	
FTLN 1750	you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord. If he	105
FTLN 1751	flinch, chide me for it.	
FTLN 1752	TROILUS, <i>['to Cressida']</i> You know now your hostages:	
FTLN 1753	your uncle's word and my firm faith.	
FTLN 1754	PANDARUS Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred,	
FTLN 1755	though they be long ere they be wooed, they	110
FTLN 1756	are constant being won. They are burrs, I can tell	
FTLN 1757	you; they'll stick where they are thrown.	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 1758	Boldness comes to me now and brings me heart.	
FTLN 1759	Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day	
FTLN 1760	For many weary months.	115
	TROILUS	
FTLN 1761	Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 1762	Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,	
FTLN 1763	With the first glance that ever—pardon me;	
FTLN 1764	If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.	
FTLN 1765	I love you now, but till now not so much	120
FTLN 1766	But I might master it. In faith, I lie;	
FTLN 1767	My thoughts were like unbridled children grown	
FTLN 1768	Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!	
FTLN 1769	Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us	

FTLN 1770	When we are so unsecret to ourselves?	125
FTLN 1771	But though I loved you well, I wooed you not;	
FTLN 1772	And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man;	
FTLN 1773	Or that we women had men's privilege	
FTLN 1774	Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,	
FTLN 1775	For in this rapture I shall surely speak	130
FTLN 1776	The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,	
FTLN 1777	「Cunning」 in dumbness, from my weakness draws	
FTLN 1778	My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 1779	And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.	
	「 <i>They kiss.</i> 」	
FTLN 1780	PANDARUS Pretty, i' faith!	135
	CRESSIDA, 「 <i>to Troilus</i> 」	
FTLN 1781	My lord, I do beseech you pardon me.	
FTLN 1782	'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.	
FTLN 1783	I am ashamed. O heavens, what have I done!	
FTLN 1784	For this time will I take my leave, my lord.	
FTLN 1785	TROILUS Your leave, sweet Cressid?	140
FTLN 1786	PANDARUS Leave? An you take leave till tomorrow	
FTLN 1787	morning—	
FTLN 1788	CRESSIDA Pray you, content you.	
FTLN 1789	TROILUS What offends you, lady?	
FTLN 1790	CRESSIDA Sir, mine own company.	145
FTLN 1791	TROILUS You cannot shun yourself.	
FTLN 1792	CRESSIDA Let me go and try.	
FTLN 1793	I have a kind of self resides with you,	
FTLN 1794	But an unkind self that itself will leave	
FTLN 1795	To be another's fool. I would be gone.	150
FTLN 1796	Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 1797	Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 1798	Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love	
FTLN 1799	And fell so roundly to a large confession	
FTLN 1800	To angle for your thoughts. But you are wise,	155

FTLN 1801	Or else you love not; for to be wise and love	
FTLN 1802	Exceeds man's might. That dwells with gods above.	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 1803	O, that I thought it could be in a woman—	
FTLN 1804	As, if it can, I will presume in you—	
FTLN 1805	To feed for <aye> her lamp and flames of love,	160
FTLN 1806	To keep her constancy in plight and youth,	
FTLN 1807	Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind	
FTLN 1808	That doth renew swifter than blood decays!	
FTLN 1809	Or that persuasion could but thus convince me	
FTLN 1810	That my integrity and truth to you	165
FTLN 1811	Might be affronted with the match and weight	
FTLN 1812	Of such a winnowed purity in love;	
FTLN 1813	How were I then uplifted! But, alas,	
FTLN 1814	I am as true as truth's simplicity	
FTLN 1815	And simpler than the infancy of truth.	170
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 1816	In that I'll war with you.	
FTLN 1817	TROILUS	O virtuous fight,
FTLN 1818	When right with right wars who shall be most right!	
FTLN 1819	True swains in love shall in the world to come	
FTLN 1820	Approve their truth by Troilus. When their rhymes,	175
FTLN 1821	Full of protest, of oath and big compare,	
FTLN 1822	Wants similes, truth tired with iteration—	
FTLN 1823	“As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,	
FTLN 1824	As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,	
FTLN 1825	As iron to adamant, as Earth to th' center”—	180
FTLN 1826	<Yet,> after all comparisons of truth,	
FTLN 1827	As truth's authentic author to be cited,	
FTLN 1828	“As true as Troilus” shall crown up the verse	
FTLN 1829	And sanctify the numbers.	
FTLN 1830	CRESSIDA	Prophet may you be!
FTLN 1831	If I be false or swerve a hair from truth,	185
FTLN 1832	When time is old <and> hath forgot itself,	
FTLN 1833	When water drops have worn the stones of Troy	
FTLN 1834	And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,	

FTLN 1835	And mighty states characterless are grated	190
FTLN 1836	To dusty nothing, yet let memory,	
FTLN 1837	From false to false, among false maids in love,	
FTLN 1838	Upbraid my falsehood! When they've said "as false	
FTLN 1839	As air, as water, wind or sandy earth,	
FTLN 1840	As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,	195
FTLN 1841	Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,"	
FTLN 1842	Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,	
FTLN 1843	"As false as Cressid."	
FTLN 1844	PANDARUS Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, seal it. I'll be	
FTLN 1845	the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my	200
FTLN 1846	cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since	
FTLN 1847	I have taken such ⟨pains⟩ to bring you together, let	
FTLN 1848	all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's	
FTLN 1849	end after my name: call them all panders. Let all	
FTLN 1850	constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids,	205
FTLN 1851	and all brokers-between panders. Say "Amen."	
FTLN 1852	TROILUS Amen.	
FTLN 1853	CRESSIDA Amen.	
FTLN 1854	PANDARUS Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber	
FTLN 1855	「with a bed,」 which bed, because it shall not	210
FTLN 1856	speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death.	
FTLN 1857	Away. <i>「Troilus and Cressida」 exit.</i>	
FTLN 1858	And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here	
FTLN 1859	Bed, chamber, pander to provide this gear.	

He exits.

「Scene 3」

⟨Flourish.⟩ Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor,
Agamemnon, Calchas, ⟨Menelaus,⟩ 「and Ajax.」

CALCHAS

FTLN 1860	Now, princes, for the service I have done ⟨you,⟩
FTLN 1861	Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
FTLN 1862	To call for recompense. Appear it to ⟨your⟩ mind

FTLN 1863	That, through the sight I bear in things to 「come,」	
FTLN 1864	I have abandoned Troy, left my 「possessions,」	5
FTLN 1865	Incurred a traitor's name, exposed myself,	
FTLN 1866	From certain and possessed conveniences,	
FTLN 1867	To doubtful fortunes, sequest'ring from me all	
FTLN 1868	That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition	
FTLN 1869	Made tame and most familiar to my nature,	10
FTLN 1870	And here, to do you service, am become	
FTLN 1871	As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.	
FTLN 1872	I do beseech you, as in way of taste,	
FTLN 1873	To give me now a little benefit	
FTLN 1874	Out of those many regist' red in promise,	15
FTLN 1875	Which you say live to come in my behalf.	
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 1876	What wouldst thou of us, Trojan, make demand?	
	CALCHAS	
FTLN 1877	You have a Trojan prisoner called Antenor	
FTLN 1878	Yesterday took. Troy holds him very dear.	
FTLN 1879	Oft have you—often have you thanks therefor—	20
FTLN 1880	Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,	
FTLN 1881	Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor,	
FTLN 1882	I know, is such a wrest in their affairs	
FTLN 1883	That their negotiations all must slack,	
FTLN 1884	Wanting his manage; and they will almost	25
FTLN 1885	Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,	
FTLN 1886	In change of him. Let him be sent, great princes,	
FTLN 1887	And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence	
FTLN 1888	Shall quite strike off all service I have done	
FTLN 1889	In most accepted pain.	30
FTLN 1890	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 1891	Let Diomedes bear him,	
FTLN 1892	And bring us Cressid hither. Calchas shall have	
FTLN 1893	What he requests of us. Good Diomed,	
FTLN 1894	Furnish you fairly for this interchange.	
FTLN 1895	Withal, bring word if Hector will tomorrow	35
	Be answered in his challenge. Ajax is ready.	

DIOMEDES

FTLN 1896 This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
 FTLN 1897 Which I am proud to bear. *He exits* 「with Calchas.」

Achilles and Patroclus stand in their tent.

ULYSSES

FTLN 1898 Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent.
 FTLN 1899 Please it our General pass strangely by him 40
 FTLN 1900 As if he were forgot, and, princes all,
 FTLN 1901 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
 FTLN 1902 I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
 FTLN 1903 Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turned on
 FTLN 1904 him. 45
 FTLN 1905 If so, I have derision medicinable
 FTLN 1906 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 FTLN 1907 Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
 FTLN 1908 It may do good; pride hath no other glass
 FTLN 1909 To show itself but pride, for supple knees 50
 FTLN 1910 Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 1911 We'll execute your purpose and put on
 FTLN 1912 A form of strangeness as we pass along;
 FTLN 1913 So do each lord, and either greet him not
 FTLN 1914 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more 55
 FTLN 1915 Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

*「They pass before Achilles and Patroclus. Ulysses
 remains in place, reading.」*

ACHILLES

FTLN 1916 What, comes the General to speak with me?
 FTLN 1917 You know my mind: I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

AGAMEMNON, 「to Nestor」

FTLN 1918 What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

NESTOR, 「to Achilles」

FTLN 1919 Would you, my lord, aught with the General? 60

FTLN 1920 ACHILLES No.

FTLN 1921	NESTOR	Nothing, my lord.	
FTLN 1922	AGAMEMNON	The better. <i>「Agamemnon and Nestor exit.」</i>	
FTLN 1923	ACHILLES, <i>「to Menelaus」</i>	Good day, good day.	
FTLN 1924	MENELAUS	How do you? How do you? <i>「He exits.」</i>	65
FTLN 1925	ACHILLES	What, does the cuckold scorn me?	
FTLN 1926	AJAX	How now, Patroclus?	
FTLN 1927	ACHILLES	Good morrow, Ajax.	
FTLN 1928	AJAX	Ha?	
FTLN 1929	ACHILLES	Good morrow.	70
FTLN 1930	AJAX	Ay, and good next day too. <i>「He exits.」</i>	
	ACHILLES		
FTLN 1931		What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?	
	PATROCLUS		
FTLN 1932		They pass by strangely. They were used to bend,	
FTLN 1933		To send their smiles before them to Achilles,	
FTLN 1934		To come as humbly as they <i>「use」</i> to creep	75
FTLN 1935		To holy altars.	
FTLN 1936	ACHILLES	What, am I poor of late?	
FTLN 1937		'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with Fortune,	
FTLN 1938		Must fall out with men too. What the declined is	
FTLN 1939		He shall as soon read in the eyes of others	80
FTLN 1940		As feel in his own fall, for men, like butterflies,	
FTLN 1941		Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,	
FTLN 1942		And not a man, for being simply man,	
FTLN 1943		Hath any honor, but honor for those honors	
FTLN 1944		That are without him—as place, riches, and favor,	85
FTLN 1945		Prizes of accident as oft as merit,	
FTLN 1946		Which, when they fall, as being slippery slanders,	
FTLN 1947		The love that leaned on them, as slippery too,	
FTLN 1948		Doth one pluck down another and together	
FTLN 1949		Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me.	90
FTLN 1950		Fortune and I are friends. I do enjoy,	
FTLN 1951		At ample point, all that I did possess,	
FTLN 1952		Save these men's looks, who do, methinks, find out	
FTLN 1953		Something not worth in me such rich beholding	

FTLN 1954	As they have often given. Here is Ulysses.	95
FTLN 1955	I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?	
FTLN 1956	ULYSSES Now, great Thetis' son—	
FTLN 1957	ACHILLES What are you reading?	
FTLN 1958	ULYSSES A strange fellow here	
FTLN 1959	Writes me that man, how dearly ever parted,	100
FTLN 1960	How much in having, or without or in,	
FTLN 1961	Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,	
FTLN 1962	Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;	
FTLN 1963	As when his virtues, ⟨shining⟩ upon others,	
FTLN 1964	Heat them, and they retort that heat again	105
FTLN 1965	To the first ⟨giver.⟩	
FTLN 1966	ACHILLES This is not strange, Ulysses.	
FTLN 1967	The beauty that is borne here in the face	
FTLN 1968	The bearer knows not, but commends itself	
FTLN 1969	[To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,	110
FTLN 1970	That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,]	
FTLN 1971	Not going from itself, but eye to eye opposed	
FTLN 1972	Salutes each other with each other's form.	
FTLN 1973	For speculation turns not to itself	
FTLN 1974	Till it hath traveled and is 「mirrored」 there	115
FTLN 1975	Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.	
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 1976	I do not strain at the position—	
FTLN 1977	It is familiar—but at the author's drift,	
FTLN 1978	Who in his circumstance expressly proves	
FTLN 1979	That no man is the lord of anything—	120
FTLN 1980	Though in and of him there be much consisting—	
FTLN 1981	Till he communicate his parts to others;	
FTLN 1982	Nor doth he of himself know them for aught	
FTLN 1983	Till he behold them formed in the applause	
FTLN 1984	Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverb'rate	125
FTLN 1985	The voice again or, like a gate of steel	
FTLN 1986	Fronting the sun, receives and renders back	
FTLN 1987	His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this	
FTLN 1988	And apprehended here immediately	

FTLN 1989	Th' unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there!	130
FTLN 1990	A very horse, that has he knows not what!	
FTLN 1991	Nature, what things there are	
FTLN 1992	Most (abject) in regard, and dear in use,	
FTLN 1993	What things again most dear in the esteem	
FTLN 1994	And poor in worth! Now shall we see tomorrow—	135
FTLN 1995	An act that very chance doth throw upon him—	
FTLN 1996	Ajax renowned. O, heavens, what some men do	
FTLN 1997	While some men leave to do!	
FTLN 1998	How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,	
FTLN 1999	Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!	140
FTLN 2000	How one man eats into another's pride,	
FTLN 2001	While pride is fasting in his wantonness!	
FTLN 2002	To see these Grecian lords—why, even already	
FTLN 2003	They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder	
FTLN 2004	As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast	145
FTLN 2005	And great Troy shrieking.	
	ACHILLES	
FTLN 2006	I do believe it, for they passed by me	
FTLN 2007	As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me	
FTLN 2008	Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?	
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 2009	Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back	150
FTLN 2010	Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,	
FTLN 2011	A great-sized monster of ingritudes.	
FTLN 2012	Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured	
FTLN 2013	As fast as they are made, forgot as soon	
FTLN 2014	As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,	155
FTLN 2015	Keeps honor bright. To have done is to hang	
FTLN 2016	Quite out of fashion like a rusty ¹ mail ¹	
FTLN 2017	In monumental mock'ry. Take the instant way,	
FTLN 2018	For honor travels in a strait so narrow	
FTLN 2019	Where one but goes abreast. Keep, then, the path,	160
FTLN 2020	For Emulation hath a thousand sons	
FTLN 2021	That one by one pursue. If you give way	
FTLN 2022	Or turn aside from the direct forthright,	

FTLN 2023	Like to an entered tide they all rush by	
FTLN 2024	And leave you (hindmost;	165
FTLN 2025	Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,	
FTLN 2026	Lie there for pavement to the abject 「rear,」	
FTLN 2027	O'errun and trampled on.) Then what they do in	
FTLN 2028	present,	
FTLN 2029	Though less than yours in (past,) must o'ertop yours;	170
FTLN 2030	For Time is like a fashionable host	
FTLN 2031	That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand	
FTLN 2032	And, with his arms outstretched as he would fly,	
FTLN 2033	Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,	
FTLN 2034	And Farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek	175
FTLN 2035	Remuneration for the thing it was,	
FTLN 2036	For beauty, wit,	
FTLN 2037	High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,	
FTLN 2038	Love, friendship, charity are subjects all	
FTLN 2039	To envious and calumniating Time.	180
FTLN 2040	One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,	
FTLN 2041	That all, with one consent, praise newborn gauds,	
FTLN 2042	Though they are made and molded of things past,	
FTLN 2043	And 「give」 to dust that is a little gilt	
FTLN 2044	More laud than gilt o'erdusted.	185
FTLN 2045	The present eye praises the present object.	
FTLN 2046	Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,	
FTLN 2047	That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,	
FTLN 2048	Since things in motion sooner catch the eye	
FTLN 2049	(Than) what stirs not. The cry went once on thee,	190
FTLN 2050	And still it might, and yet it may again,	
FTLN 2051	If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive	
FTLN 2052	And case thy reputation in thy tent,	
FTLN 2053	Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late	
FTLN 2054	Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves	195
FTLN 2055	And drave great Mars to faction.	
FTLN 2056	ACHILLES	Of this my privacy,
FTLN 2057	I have strong reasons.	
FTLN 2058	ULYSSES	But 'gainst your privacy

FTLN 2059	The reasons are more potent and heroical.	200
FTLN 2060	'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love	
FTLN 2061	With one of Priam's daughters.	
FTLN 2062	ACHILLES	Ha? Known?
FTLN 2063	ULYSSES	Is that a wonder?
FTLN 2064	The providence that's in a watchful state	205
FTLN 2065	Knows almost every (grain of Pluto's gold,)	
FTLN 2066	Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive 「deep,」	
FTLN 2067	Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,	
FTLN 2068	Do thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.	
FTLN 2069	There is a mystery—with whom relation	210
FTLN 2070	Durst never meddle—in the soul of state,	
FTLN 2071	Which hath an operation more divine	
FTLN 2072	Than breath or pen can give expressure to.	
FTLN 2073	All the commerce that you have had with Troy	
FTLN 2074	As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;	215
FTLN 2075	And better would it fit Achilles much	
FTLN 2076	To throw down Hector than Polyxena.	
FTLN 2077	But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home	
FTLN 2078	When Fame shall in our islands sound her trump,	
FTLN 2079	And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing	220
FTLN 2080	“Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,	
FTLN 2081	But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.”	
FTLN 2082	Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak.	
FTLN 2083	The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.	
		「 <i>He exits.</i> 」
	PATROCLUS	
FTLN 2084	To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you.	225
FTLN 2085	A woman impudent and mannish grown	
FTLN 2086	Is not more loathed than an effeminate man	
FTLN 2087	In time of action. I stand condemned for this.	
FTLN 2088	They think my little stomach to the war,	
FTLN 2089	And your great love to me, restrains you thus.	230
FTLN 2090	Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid	
FTLN 2091	Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold	

FTLN 2092	And, like (a) dewdrop from the lion's mane,	
FTLN 2093	Be shook to air.	
FTLN 2094	ACHILLES Shall Ajax fight with Hector?	235
	PATROCLUS	
FTLN 2095	Ay, and perhaps receive much honor by him.	
	ACHILLES	
FTLN 2096	I see my reputation is at stake;	
FTLN 2097	My fame is shrewdly gored.	
FTLN 2098	PATROCLUS O, then, beware!	
FTLN 2099	Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.	240
FTLN 2100	Omission to do what is necessary	
FTLN 2101	Seals a commission to a blank of danger,	
FTLN 2102	And danger, like an ague, subtly taints	
FTLN 2103	Even then when they sit idly in the sun.	
	ACHILLES	
FTLN 2104	Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.	245
FTLN 2105	I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him	
FTLN 2106	T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat	
FTLN 2107	To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's longing,	
FTLN 2108	An appetite that I am sick withal,	
FTLN 2109	To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,	250
FTLN 2110	To talk with him, and to behold his visage,	
FTLN 2111	Even to my full of view.	
	<i>Enter Thersites.</i>	
FTLN 2112	A labor saved.	
FTLN 2113	THERSITES A wonder!	
FTLN 2114	ACHILLES What?	255
FTLN 2115	THERSITES Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for	
FTLN 2116	himself.	
FTLN 2117	ACHILLES How so?	
FTLN 2118	THERSITES He must fight singly tomorrow with Hector	
FTLN 2119	and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgeling	260
FTLN 2120	that he raves in saying nothing.	
FTLN 2121	ACHILLES How can that be?	

FTLN 2122	THERSITES	Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—	
FTLN 2123		a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess	
FTLN 2124		that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set	265
FTLN 2125		down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard,	
FTLN 2126		as who should say “There were wit in this	
FTLN 2127		head an ’twould out”—and so there is, but it lies	
FTLN 2128		as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not	
FTLN 2129		show without knocking. The man’s undone forever,	270
FTLN 2130		for if Hector break not his neck i’ th’ combat,	
FTLN 2131		he’ll break ’t himself in vainglory. He knows not	
FTLN 2132		me. I said “Good morrow, Ajax,” and he replies	
FTLN 2133		“Thanks, Agamemnon.” What think you of this	
FTLN 2134		man that takes me for the General? He’s grown a	275
FTLN 2135		very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of	
FTLN 2136		opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a	
FTLN 2137		leather jerkin.	
FTLN 2138	ACHILLES	Thou must be my ambassador (to him,)	
FTLN 2139		Thersites.	280
FTLN 2140	THERSITES	Who, I? Why, he’ll answer nobody. He professes	
FTLN 2141		not answering; speaking is for beggars; he	
FTLN 2142		wears his tongue in ’s arms. I will put on his presence.	
FTLN 2143		Let Patroclus make (his) demands to me. You	
FTLN 2144		shall see the pageant of Ajax.	285
FTLN 2145	ACHILLES	To him, Patroclus. Tell him I humbly desire	
FTLN 2146		the valiant Ajax to invite the (most) valorous Hector	
FTLN 2147		to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct	
FTLN 2148		for his person of the magnanimous and	
FTLN 2149		most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honored captain	290
FTLN 2150		general of the (Grecian) army, Agamemnon,	
FTLN 2151		(<i>et cetera.</i>) Do this.	
FTLN 2152	PATROCLUS,	¹ <i>to Thersites, who is playing Ajax</i> Jove	
FTLN 2153		bless great Ajax.	
FTLN 2154	THERSITES	Hum!	295
FTLN 2155	PATROCLUS	I come from the worthy Achilles—	
FTLN 2156	THERSITES	Ha?	

FTLN 2157	PATROCLUS	Who most humbly desires you to invite	
FTLN 2158		Hector to his tent—	
FTLN 2159	THERSITES	Hum!	300
FTLN 2160	PATROCLUS	And to procure safe-conduct from	
FTLN 2161		Agamemnon.	
FTLN 2162	THERSITES	Agamemnon?	
FTLN 2163	PATROCLUS	Ay, my lord.	
FTLN 2164	THERSITES	Ha!	305
FTLN 2165	PATROCLUS	What say you to 't?	
FTLN 2166	THERSITES	God b' wi' you, with all my heart.	
FTLN 2167	PATROCLUS	Your answer, sir.	
FTLN 2168	THERSITES	If tomorrow be a fair day, by eleven of the	
FTLN 2169		clock it will go one way or other. Howsoever, he	310
FTLN 2170		shall pay for me ere he has me.	
FTLN 2171	PATROCLUS	Your answer, sir.	
FTLN 2172	THERSITES	Fare you well with all my heart.	
		<i>〔He pretends to exit.〕</i>	
FTLN 2173	ACHILLES	Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?	
FTLN 2174	THERSITES	No, but (he's) out of tune thus. What music	315
FTLN 2175		will be in him when Hector has knocked out his	
FTLN 2176		brains I know not. But I am sure none, unless the	
FTLN 2177		fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.	
FTLN 2178	ACHILLES	Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him	
FTLN 2179		straight.	320
FTLN 2180	THERSITES	Let me bear another to his horse, for that's	
FTLN 2181		the more capable creature.	
	ACHILLES		
FTLN 2182		My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred,	
FTLN 2183		And I myself see not the bottom of it.	
		<i>〔Achilles and Patroclus exit.〕</i>	
FTLN 2184	THERSITES	Would the fountain of your mind were clear	325
FTLN 2185		again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather	
FTLN 2186		be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.	
		<i>〔He exits.〕</i>	

「ACT 4」

「Scene 1」

Enter at one door Aeneas 「with a Torchbearer,」 at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes 「and Grecians」 with torches.

FTLN 2187 PARIS See, ho! Who is that there?
FTLN 2188 DEIPHOBUS It is the Lord Aeneas.
FTLN 2189 AENEAS Is the Prince there in person?—
FTLN 2190 Had I so good occasion to lie long
FTLN 2191 As (you,) Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business 5
FTLN 2192 Should rob my bedmate of my company.
DIOMEDES
FTLN 2193 That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.
PARIS
FTLN 2194 A valiant Greek, Aeneas; take his hand.
FTLN 2195 Witness the process of your speech, wherein
FTLN 2196 You told how Diomed a whole week by days 10
FTLN 2197 Did haunt you in the field.
FTLN 2198 AENEAS Health to you, valiant sir,
FTLN 2199 During all question of the gentle truce;
FTLN 2200 But when I meet you armed, as black defiance
FTLN 2201 As heart can think or courage execute. 15
DIOMEDES
FTLN 2202 The one and other Diomed embraces.
FTLN 2203 Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health;
FTLN 2204 (But) when contention and occasion meet,

FTLN 2205	By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life	
FTLN 2206	With all my force, pursuit, and policy.	20
	AENEAS	
FTLN 2207	And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly	
FTLN 2208	With his face backward. In human gentleness,	
FTLN 2209	Welcome to Troy. Now, by Anchises' life,	
FTLN 2210	Welcome indeed. By Venus' hand I swear	
FTLN 2211	No man alive can love in such a sort	25
FTLN 2212	The thing he means to kill more excellently.	
	DIOMEDES	
FTLN 2213	We sympathize. Jove, let Aeneas live,	
FTLN 2214	If to my sword his fate be not the glory,	
FTLN 2215	A thousand complete courses of the sun!	
FTLN 2216	But in mine emulous honor let him die	30
FTLN 2217	With every joint a wound and that tomorrow.	
FTLN 2218	AENEAS We know each other well.	
	DIOMEDES	
FTLN 2219	We do, and long to know each other worse.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2220	This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,	
FTLN 2221	The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.	35
FTLN 2222	「 <i>To Aeneas.</i> 」 What business, lord, so early?	
	AENEAS	
FTLN 2223	I was sent for to the King, but why I know not.	
	PARIS	
FTLN 2224	His purpose meets you. 'Twas to bring this Greek	
FTLN 2225	To Calchas' house, and there to render him,	
FTLN 2226	For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.	40
FTLN 2227	Let's have your company, or, if you please,	
FTLN 2228	Haste there before us. (「 <i>Aside to Aeneas.</i> 」) I constantly	
FTLN 2229	believe—	
FTLN 2230	Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—	
FTLN 2231	My brother Troilus lodges there tonight.	45
FTLN 2232	Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,	
FTLN 2233	With the whole quality (whereof.) I fear	
FTLN 2234	We shall be much unwelcome.	

FTLN 2235	AENEAS, <i>「aside to Paris」</i>	That I assure you.	
FTLN 2236		Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece	50
FTLN 2237		Than Cressid borne from Troy.	
FTLN 2238	PARIS, <i>「aside to Aeneas」</i>	There is no help.	
FTLN 2239		The bitter disposition of the time	
FTLN 2240		Will have it so.—On, lord, we'll follow you.	
FTLN 2241	AENEAS	Good morrow, all.	55
		<i>⟨Aeneas exits 「with the Torchbearer.」⟩</i>	
	PARIS		
FTLN 2242		And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,	
FTLN 2243		Even in <i>⟨the⟩</i> soul of sound good-fellowship,	
FTLN 2244		Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen best,	
FTLN 2245		Myself or Menelaus?	
FTLN 2246	DIOMEDES	Both alike.	60
FTLN 2247		He merits well to have her that doth seek her,	
FTLN 2248		Not making any scruple of her <i>⟨soilure,⟩</i>	
FTLN 2249		With such a hell of pain and world of charge;	
FTLN 2250		And you as well to keep her that defend her,	
FTLN 2251		Not palating the taste of her dishonor,	65
FTLN 2252		With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.	
FTLN 2253		He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up	
FTLN 2254		The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece;	
FTLN 2255		You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins	
FTLN 2256		Are pleased to breed out your inheritors.	70
FTLN 2257		Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;	
FTLN 2258		But he as he, the heavier for a whore.	
	PARIS		
FTLN 2259		You are too bitter to your countrywoman.	
	DIOMEDES		
FTLN 2260		She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:	
FTLN 2261		For every false drop in her bawdy veins	75
FTLN 2262		A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple	
FTLN 2263		Of her contaminated carrion weight	
FTLN 2264		A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,	
FTLN 2265		She hath not given so many good words breath	
FTLN 2266		As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.	80

PARIS

FTLN 2267 Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
 FTLN 2268 Dispraise the thing that they desire to buy.
 FTLN 2269 But we in silence hold this virtue well:
 FTLN 2270 We'll not commend *['that not']* intend to sell.
 FTLN 2271 Here lies our way.

85

*They exit.**['Scene 2']**Enter Troilus and Cressida.*

TROILUS

FTLN 2272 Dear, trouble not yourself. The morn is cold.

CRESSIDA

FTLN 2273 Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down.
 FTLN 2274 He shall unbolt the gates.

TROILUS Trouble him not.

FTLN 2276 To bed, to bed! Sleep kill those pretty eyes
 FTLN 2277 And give as soft attachment to thy senses
 FTLN 2278 As infants' empty of all thought!

5

CRESSIDA

FTLN 2279 Good morrow, then.

TROILUS I prithee now, to bed.

FTLN 2281 CRESSIDA Are you aweary of me?

10

TROILUS

FTLN 2282 O Cressida! But that the busy day,
 FTLN 2283 Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
 FTLN 2284 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
 FTLN 2285 I would not from thee.

CRESSIDA Night hath been too brief.

15

TROILUS

FTLN 2287 Beshrew the witch! With venomous wights she stays
 FTLN 2288 As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
 FTLN 2289 With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
 FTLN 2290 You will catch cold and curse me.

	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2291	Prithee, tarry. You men will never tarry.	20
FTLN 2292	O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,	
FTLN 2293	And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.	
FTLN 2294	PANDARUS, <i><within></i> What's all the doors open here?	
FTLN 2295	TROILUS It is your uncle.	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2296	A pestilence on him! Now will he be mocking.	25
FTLN 2297	I shall have such a life!	
	<i><Enter Pandarus.></i>	
FTLN 2298	PANDARUS How now, how now? How go maidenheads?	
FTLN 2299	Here, you maid! Where's my Cousin Cressid?	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2300	Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle.	
FTLN 2301	You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.	30
FTLN 2302	PANDARUS To do what, to do what?—Let her say	
FTLN 2303	what.—What have I brought you to do?	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2304	Come, come, beshrew your heart! You'll ne'er be good	
FTLN 2305	Nor suffer others.	
FTLN 2306	PANDARUS Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! Ah, poor <i>capocchia!</i>	35
FTLN 2307	Has 't not slept tonight? Would he not—a	
FTLN 2308	naughty man—let it sleep? A bugbear take him!	
	CRESSIDA, <i>['to Troilus']</i>	
FTLN 2309	Did not I tell you? Would he were knocked i' th' head!	
	<i>One knocks.</i>	
FTLN 2310	Who's that at door?—Good uncle, go and see.—	
FTLN 2311	My lord, come you again into my chamber.	40
FTLN 2312	You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.	
FTLN 2313	TROILUS Ha, ha!	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2314	Come, you are deceived. I think of no such thing.	
	<i>Knock.</i>	
FTLN 2315	How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in.	
FTLN 2316	I would not for half Troy have you seen here.	45
	<i>['Troilus and Cressida'] exit.</i>	

FTLN 2317 PANDARUS Who's there? What's the matter? Will you
FTLN 2318 beat down the door?

「Enter Aeneas.」

FTLN 2319 How now? What's the matter?

FTLN 2320 AENEAS Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

FTLN 2321 PANDARUS Who's there? My Lord Aeneas? By my troth, 50
FTLN 2322 I knew you not. What news with you so early?

FTLN 2323 AENEAS Is not Prince Troilus here?

FTLN 2324 PANDARUS Here? What should he do here?

AENEAS

FTLN 2325 Come, he is here, my lord. Do not deny him.

FTLN 2326 It doth import him much to speak with me. 55

FTLN 2327 PANDARUS Is he here, say you? It's more than I know,
FTLN 2328 I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late.

FTLN 2329 What should he do here?

FTLN 2330 AENEAS *「Ho,」* nay, then! Come, come, you'll do him
FTLN 2331 wrong ere you are ware. You'll be so true to him to 60
FTLN 2332 be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go
FTLN 2333 fetch him hither. Go.

〈Enter Troilus.〉

FTLN 2334 TROILUS How now? What's the matter?

AENEAS

FTLN 2335 My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
FTLN 2336 My matter is so rash. There is at hand 65

FTLN 2337 Paris your brother and Deiphobus,
FTLN 2338 The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
FTLN 2339 Delivered to *〈us;〉* and *〈for him〉* forthwith,

FTLN 2340 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
FTLN 2341 We must give up to Diomedes' hand 70
FTLN 2342 The Lady Cressida.

FTLN 2343 TROILUS Is it so concluded?

AENEAS

FTLN 2344 By Priam and the general state of Troy.
FTLN 2345 They are at hand and ready to effect it.

FTLN 2346	TROILUS	How my achievements mock me!	75
FTLN 2347		I will go meet them. And, my Lord Aeneas,	
FTLN 2348		We met by chance; you did not find me here.	
	AENEAS		
FTLN 2349		Good, good, my lord; the secrets of <nature>	
FTLN 2350		Have not more gift in taciturnity.	
		<i>〔Troilus and Aeneas〕 exit.</i>	
FTLN 2351	PANDARUS	Is 't possible? No sooner got but lost? The	80
FTLN 2352		devil take Antenor! The young prince will go mad.	
FTLN 2353		A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's	
FTLN 2354		neck!	
		<i>Enter Cressida.</i>	
	<CRESSIDA>		
FTLN 2355		How now? What's the matter? Who was here?	
FTLN 2356	PANDARUS	Ah, ah!	85
	CRESSIDA		
FTLN 2357		Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord?	
FTLN 2358		Gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?	
FTLN 2359	PANDARUS	Would I were as deep under the earth as I	
FTLN 2360		am above!	
FTLN 2361	CRESSIDA	O the gods! What's the matter?	90
FTLN 2362	PANDARUS	Pray thee, get thee in. Would thou hadst	
FTLN 2363		ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death.	
FTLN 2364		O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!	
FTLN 2365	CRESSIDA	Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees (I	
FTLN 2366		beseech you,) what's the matter?	95
FTLN 2367	PANDARUS	Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be	
FTLN 2368		gone. Thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to	
FTLN 2369		thy father and be gone from Troilus. 'Twill be his	
FTLN 2370		death; 'twill be his bane. He cannot bear it.	
	CRESSIDA		
FTLN 2371		O you immortal gods! I will not go.	100
FTLN 2372	PANDARUS	Thou must.	
	CRESSIDA		
FTLN 2373		I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father.	

FTLN 2374 I know no touch of consanguinity,
 FTLN 2375 No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
 FTLN 2376 As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine, 105
 FTLN 2377 Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
 FTLN 2378 If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death
 FTLN 2379 Do to this body what extremes you can,
 FTLN 2380 But the strong base and building of my love
 FTLN 2381 Is as the very center of the Earth, 110
 FTLN 2382 Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep—
 FTLN 2383 PANDARUS Do, do.
 CRESSIDA
 FTLN 2384 Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praisèd cheeks,
 FTLN 2385 Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
 FTLN 2386 With sounding "Troilus." I will not go from Troy. 115
⟨They exit.⟩

「Scene 3」

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,
 ⟨and⟩ Diomedes.*

PARIS

FTLN 2387 It is great morning, and the hour prefixed
 FTLN 2388 For her delivery to this valiant Greek
 FTLN 2389 Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
 FTLN 2390 Tell you the lady what she is to do
 FTLN 2391 And haste her to the purpose. 5
 FTLN 2392 TROILUS Walk into her house.
 FTLN 2393 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
 FTLN 2394 And to his hand when I deliver her,
 FTLN 2395 Think it an altar and thy brother Troilus
 FTLN 2396 A priest there off'ring to it his own heart. 「*He exits.*」 10
 FTLN 2397 PARIS I know what 'tis to love,
 FTLN 2398 And would, as I shall pity, I could help.—
 FTLN 2399 Please you walk in, my lords?
They exit.

[Scene 4]

Enter Pandarus and Cressida, [weeping.]

FTLN 2400	PANDARUS	Be moderate, be moderate.	
	CRESSIDA		
FTLN 2401		Why tell you me of moderation?	
FTLN 2402		The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,	
FTLN 2403		And violenteth in a sense as strong	
FTLN 2404		As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?	5
FTLN 2405		If I could temporize with my (affection)	
FTLN 2406		Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,	
FTLN 2407		The like allayment could I give my grief.	
FTLN 2408		My love admits no qualifying dross;	
FTLN 2409		No more my grief in such a precious loss.	10
		<i>Enter Troilus.</i>	
FTLN 2410	PANDARUS	Here, here, here he comes. [Ah,] sweet	
FTLN 2411		ducks!	
FTLN 2412	CRESSIDA, [embracing Troilus]	O Troilus, Troilus!	
FTLN 2413	PANDARUS	What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me	
FTLN 2414		embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is,	15
FTLN 2415		<i>O heart, heavy heart,</i>	
FTLN 2416		<i>Why sigh 'st thou without breaking?</i>	
FTLN 2417		where he answers again,	
FTLN 2418		<i>Because thou canst not ease thy smart</i>	
FTLN 2419		<i>By friendship nor by speaking.</i>	20
FTLN 2420		There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away	
FTLN 2421		nothing, for we may live to have need of such a	
FTLN 2422		verse. We see it, we see it. How now, lambs?	
	TROILUS		
FTLN 2423		Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity	
FTLN 2424		That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy—	25
FTLN 2425		More bright in zeal than the devotion which	
FTLN 2426		Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.	
FTLN 2427	CRESSIDA	Have the gods envy?	
FTLN 2428	PANDARUS	Ay, ay, ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.	

	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2429	And is it true that I must go from Troy?	30
	TROILUS	
FTLN 2430	A hateful truth.	
FTLN 2431	CRESSIDA What, and from Troilus too?	
FTLN 2432	TROILUS From Troy and Troilus.	
FTLN 2433	CRESSIDA Is 't possible?	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 2434	And suddenly, where injury of chance	35
FTLN 2435	Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by	
FTLN 2436	All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips	
FTLN 2437	Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents	
FTLN 2438	Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows	
FTLN 2439	Even in the birth of our own laboring breath.	40
FTLN 2440	We two, that with so many thousand sighs	
FTLN 2441	Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves	
FTLN 2442	With the rude brevity and discharge of one.	
FTLN 2443	Injurious Time now with a robber's haste	
FTLN 2444	Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.	45
FTLN 2445	As many farewells as be stars in heaven,	
FTLN 2446	With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,	
FTLN 2447	He fumbles up into a loose adieu	
FTLN 2448	And scants us with a single famished kiss,	
FTLN 2449	Distasted with the salt of broken tears.	50
FTLN 2450	AENEAS, <i>within</i> My lord, is the lady ready?	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 2451	Hark, you are called. Some say the genius	
FTLN 2452	Cries so to him that instantly must die.—	
FTLN 2453	Bid them have patience. She shall come anon.	
FTLN 2454	PANDARUS Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind,	55
FTLN 2455	or my heart will be blown up by (the root.)	
		「 <i>He exits.</i> 」
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2456	I must, then, to the Grecians?	
FTLN 2457	TROILUS No remedy.	

CRESSIDA

FTLN 2458 A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks.
FTLN 2459 When shall we see again? 60

TROILUS

FTLN 2460 Hear me, <my> love. Be thou but true of heart—

CRESSIDA

FTLN 2461 I true? How now, what wicked deem is this?

TROILUS

FTLN 2462 Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
FTLN 2463 For it is parting from us.
FTLN 2464 I speak not “Be thou true” as fearing thee, 65
FTLN 2465 For I will throw my glove to Death himself
FTLN 2466 That there is no maculation in thy heart;
FTLN 2467 But “Be thou true,” say I, to fashion in
FTLN 2468 My sequent protestation: “Be thou true,
FTLN 2469 And I will see thee.” 70

CRESSIDA

FTLN 2470 O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
FTLN 2471 As infinite as imminent! But I'll be true.

TROILUS

FTLN 2472 And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

FTLN 2473 CRESSIDA And you this glove. When shall I see you?
〔They exchange love-tokens.〕

TROILUS

FTLN 2474 I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, 75
FTLN 2475 To give thee nightly visitation.
FTLN 2476 But yet, be true.

FTLN 2477 CRESSIDA O heavens! “Be true” again?

FTLN 2478 TROILUS Hear why I speak it, love.

FTLN 2479 The Grecian youths are full of quality, 80
FTLN 2480 <Their loving well composed, with gift of nature
FTLN 2481 *〔flowing,〕〕*

FTLN 2482 And swelling o'er with arts and exercise.

FTLN 2483 How novelty may move, and parts with <person,>

FTLN 2484 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy— 85
FTLN 2485 Which I beseech you call a virtuous sin—
FTLN 2486 Makes me afeard.

FTLN 2487 CRESSIDA O heavens, you love me not!
 FTLN 2488 TROILUS Die I a villain then!
 FTLN 2489 In this I do not call your faith in question 90
 FTLN 2490 So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
 FTLN 2491 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
 FTLN 2492 Nor play at subtle games—fair virtues all,
 FTLN 2493 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.
 FTLN 2494 But I can tell that in each grace of these 95
 FTLN 2495 There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil
 FTLN 2496 That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.
 FTLN 2497 CRESSIDA Do you think I will?
 FTLN 2498 TROILUS No.
 FTLN 2499 But something may be done that we will not, 100
 FTLN 2500 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves
 FTLN 2501 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 FTLN 2502 Presuming on their changeful potency.
 AENEAS, *within*
 FTLN 2503 Nay, good my lord—
 FTLN 2504 TROILUS Come, kiss, and let us part. 105
「*They kiss.*」
 PARIS, *within*
 FTLN 2505 Brother Troilus!
 FTLN 2506 TROILUS, 「*calling*」 Good brother, come you hither,
 FTLN 2507 And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.
 FTLN 2508 CRESSIDA My lord, will you be true?
 TROILUS
 FTLN 2509 Who, I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault. 110
 FTLN 2510 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 FTLN 2511 I with great truth catch mere simplicity.
 FTLN 2512 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 FTLN 2513 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 FTLN 2514 Fear not my truth. The moral of my wit 115
 FTLN 2515 Is “plain and true”; there’s all the reach of it.

⟨*Enter 「Aeneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and
 Diomedes.*」⟩

FTLN 2516	Welcome, Sir Diomed. Here is the lady	
FTLN 2517	Which for Antenor we deliver you.	
FTLN 2518	At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand	
FTLN 2519	And by the way possess thee what she is.	120
FTLN 2520	Entreat her fair and, by my soul, fair Greek,	
FTLN 2521	If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,	
FTLN 2522	Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe	
FTLN 2523	As Priam is in Ilium.	
FTLN 2524	DIOMEDES Fair Lady Cressid,	125
FTLN 2525	So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.	
FTLN 2526	The luster in your eye, heaven in your cheek,	
FTLN 2527	Pleads your fair usage, and to Diomed	
FTLN 2528	You shall be mistress and command him wholly.	
	TROIUS	
FTLN 2529	Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,	130
FTLN 2530	To shame the [⌈] zeal [⌋] of my petition to thee	
FTLN 2531	In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,	
FTLN 2532	She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises	
FTLN 2533	As thou unworthy to be called her servant.	
FTLN 2534	I charge thee use her well, even for my charge,	135
FTLN 2535	For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,	
FTLN 2536	Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,	
FTLN 2537	I'll cut thy throat.	
FTLN 2538	DIOMEDES O, be not moved, Prince Troilus.	
FTLN 2539	Let me be privileged by my place and message	140
FTLN 2540	To be a speaker free. When I am hence,	
FTLN 2541	I'll answer to my lust, and know you, lord,	
FTLN 2542	I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth	
FTLN 2543	She shall be prized; but that you say "Be 't so,"	
FTLN 2544	I speak it in my spirit and honor: "no."	145
	TROIUS	
FTLN 2545	Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,	
FTLN 2546	This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—	
FTLN 2547	Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,	
FTLN 2548	To our own selves bend we our needful talk.	
	<i>⌈Cressida, Diomedes, and Troilus exit.⌋</i>	

⟨*Sound trumpet* 「*within.*⟩

PARIS

FTLN 2549 Hark, Hector's trumpet. 150

FTLN 2550 AENEAS How have we spent this

FTLN 2551 morning!

FTLN 2552 The Prince must think me tardy and remiss

FTLN 2553 That swore to ride before him to the field.

PARIS

FTLN 2554 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come to field with him. 155

FTLN 2555 ⟨DEIPHOBUS Let us make ready straight.

AENEAS

FTLN 2556 Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity

FTLN 2557 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.

FTLN 2558 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie

FTLN 2559 On his fair worth and single chivalry.) 160

They exit.

「Scene 5」

*Enter Ajax, armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, etc. 「and Trumpeter.」*

AGAMEMNON, 「*to Ajax*」

FTLN 2560 Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

FTLN 2561 Anticipating time with starting courage.

FTLN 2562 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

FTLN 2563 Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appallèd air

FTLN 2564 May pierce the head of the great combatant 5

FTLN 2565 And hale him hither.

FTLN 2566 AJAX Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.

「*He gives money to Trumpeter.*」

FTLN 2567 Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe.

FTLN 2568 Blow, villain, till thy spherèd bias cheek

FTLN 2569 Outswell the colic of puffed Aquilon. 10

FTLN 2570 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood.

FTLN 2571 Thou blowest for Hector. 「*Sound trumpet.*」

ULYSSES

FTLN 2572 No trumpet answers.

FTLN 2573 ACHILLES 'Tis but early days.

Enter Cressida and Diomedes.

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 2574 Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter? 15

ULYSSES

FTLN 2575 'Tis he. I ken the manner of his gait.

FTLN 2576 He rises on the toe; that spirit of his

FTLN 2577 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 2578 Is this the Lady Cressid?

FTLN 2579 DIOMEDES Even she. 20

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 2580 Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

He kisses her.

NESTOR

FTLN 2581 Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSSES

FTLN 2582 Yet is the kindness but particular.

FTLN 2583 'Twere better she were kissed in general.

NESTOR

FTLN 2584 And very courtly counsel. I'll begin. *He kisses her.* 25

FTLN 2585 So much for Nestor.

ACHILLES

FTLN 2586 I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.

FTLN 2587 Achilles bids you welcome. *He kisses her.*

MENELAUS

FTLN 2588 I had good argument for kissing once.

PATROCLUS, *stepping between Menelaus and Cressida*

FTLN 2589 But that's no argument for kissing now, 30

FTLN 2590 For thus popped Paris in his hardiment

FTLN 2591 [And parted thus you and your argument.]

He kisses her.

	ULYSSES	
FTLN 2592	O deadly gall and theme of all our scorns,	
FTLN 2593	For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!	
	PATROCLUS	
FTLN 2594	The first was Menelaus' kiss; this mine.	35
FTLN 2595	Patroclus kisses you. <i>〔He kisses her again.〕</i>	
FTLN 2596	MENELAUS O, this is trim!	
	PATROCLUS	
FTLN 2597	Paris and I kiss evermore for him.	
	MENELAUS	
FTLN 2598	I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2599	In kissing, do you render or receive?	40
	<i>〔MENELAUS〕</i>	
FTLN 2600	Both take and give.	
FTLN 2601	CRESSIDA I'll make my match to live,	
FTLN 2602	The kiss you take is better than you give.	
FTLN 2603	Therefore no kiss.	
	MENELAUS	
FTLN 2604	I'll give you boot: I'll give you three for one.	45
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2605	You are an odd man. Give even, or give none.	
	MENELAUS	
FTLN 2606	An odd man, lady? Every man is odd.	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2607	No, Paris is (not,) for you know 'tis true	
FTLN 2608	That you are odd, and he is even with you.	
	MENELAUS	
FTLN 2609	You fillip me o' th' head.	50
FTLN 2610	CRESSIDA No, I'll be sworn.	
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 2611	It were no match, your nail against his horn.	
FTLN 2612	May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 2613	You may.	
FTLN 2614	ULYSSES I do desire it.	55

FTLN 2615	CRESSIDA	Why, beg 「two.」	
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 2616		Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss	
FTLN 2617		When Helen is a maid again and his.	
	CRESSIDA		
FTLN 2618		I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.	
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 2619		Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.	60
	DIOMEDES		
FTLN 2620		Lady, a word. I'll bring you to your father.	
		<i>「Diomedes and Cressida talk aside.」</i>	
	NESTOR		
FTLN 2621		A woman of quick sense.	
FTLN 2622	ULYSSES	Fie, fie upon her!	
FTLN 2623		There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;	
FTLN 2624		Nay, her foot speaks. Her wanton spirits look out	65
FTLN 2625		At every joint and motive of her body.	
FTLN 2626		O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,	
FTLN 2627		That give 「accosting」 welcome ere it comes	
FTLN 2628		And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts	
FTLN 2629		To every ⟨tickling⟩ reader! Set them down	70
FTLN 2630		For sluttish spoils of opportunity	
FTLN 2631		And daughters of the game.	
		<i>⟨「Diomedes and Cressida」 exit.⟩</i>	
		<i>Flourish.</i>	
	ALL		
FTLN 2632		The Trojan's trumpet.	
		<i>Enter all of Troy: ⟨Hector, 「armed,」 Paris, Aeneas, Helenus, 「Troilus,」 and Attendants.⟩</i>	
FTLN 2633	AGAMEMNON	Yonder comes the troop.	
	AENEAS		
FTLN 2634		Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be done	75
FTLN 2635		To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose	
FTLN 2636		A victor shall be known? Will you the knights	
FTLN 2637		Shall to the edge of all extremity	

FTLN 2638	Pursue each other, or shall they be divided	
FTLN 2639	By any voice or order of the field?	80
FTLN 2640	Hector bade ask.	
FTLN 2641	AGAMEMNON Which way would Hector have it?	
	AENEAS	
FTLN 2642	He cares not; he'll obey conditions.	
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 2643	'Tis done like Hector.	
FTLN 2644	「ACHILLES」 But securely done,	85
FTLN 2645	A little proudly, and great deal misprizing	
FTLN 2646	The knight opposed.	
FTLN 2647	AENEAS If not Achilles, sir,	
FTLN 2648	What is your name?	
FTLN 2649	ACHILLES If not Achilles, nothing.	90
	AENEAS	
FTLN 2650	Therefore Achilles. But whate'er, know this:	
FTLN 2651	In the extremity of great and little,	
FTLN 2652	Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector,	
FTLN 2653	The one almost as infinite as all,	
FTLN 2654	The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,	95
FTLN 2655	And that which looks like pride is courtesy.	
FTLN 2656	This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,	
FTLN 2657	In love whereof half Hector stays at home;	
FTLN 2658	Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek	
FTLN 2659	This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.	100
	ACHILLES	
FTLN 2660	A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you.	
	「Enter Diomedes.」	
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 2661	Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight;	
FTLN 2662	Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Aeneas	
FTLN 2663	Consent upon the order of their fight,	
FTLN 2664	So be it, either to the uttermost	105
FTLN 2665	Or else a breath. The combatants being kin	
FTLN 2666	Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.	

「*Hector and Ajax enter the lists.*」

FTLN 2667

〈ULYSSES They are opposed already.〉

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 2668

What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

ULYSSES

FTLN 2669

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight, 110

FTLN 2670

Not yet mature, yet matchless firm of word,

FTLN 2671

Speaking (in) deeds, and deedless in his tongue,

FTLN 2672

Not soon provoked, nor being provoked soon calmed,

FTLN 2673

His heart and hand both open and both free.

FTLN 2674

For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows; 115

FTLN 2675

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

FTLN 2676

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;

FTLN 2677

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,

FTLN 2678

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes

FTLN 2679

To tender objects, but he in heat of action 120

FTLN 2680

Is more vindicative than jealous love.

FTLN 2681

They call him Troilus, and on him erect

FTLN 2682

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

FTLN 2683

Thus says Aeneas, one that knows the youth

FTLN 2684

Even to his inches, and with private soul 125

FTLN 2685

Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

Alarum. 「*The fight begins.*」

FTLN 2686

AGAMEMNON They are in action.

FTLN 2687

NESTOR Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

FTLN 2688

TROILUS Hector, thou sleep'st. Awake thee!

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 2689

His blows are well disposed.—There, Ajax! 130

Trumpets cease.

DIOMEDES

FTLN 2690

You must no more.

FTLN 2691

AENEAS Princes, enough, so please you.

AJAX

FTLN 2692

I am not warm yet. Let us fight again.

DIOMEDES

FTLN 2693

As Hector pleases.

FTLN 2694	HECTOR	Why, then, will I no more.—	135
FTLN 2695		Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,	
FTLN 2696		A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.	
FTLN 2697		The obligation of our blood forbids	
FTLN 2698		A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.	
FTLN 2699		Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so	140
FTLN 2700		That thou couldst say "This hand is Grecian all,	
FTLN 2701		And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg	
FTLN 2702		All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood	
FTLN 2703		Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister	
FTLN 2704		Bounds in my father's," by Jove multipotent,	145
FTLN 2705		Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member	
FTLN 2706		Wherein my sword had not impressure made	
FTLN 2707		(Of our rank feud.) But the just gods gainsay	
FTLN 2708		That any (drop) thou borrowd'st from thy mother,	
FTLN 2709		My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword	150
FTLN 2710		Be drained. Let me embrace thee, Ajax.	
FTLN 2711		By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms!	
FTLN 2712		Hector would have them fall upon him thus.	
FTLN 2713		Cousin, all honor to thee! <i>「They embrace.」</i>	
FTLN 2714	AJAX	I thank thee, Hector.	155
FTLN 2715		Thou art too gentle and too free a man.	
FTLN 2716		I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence	
FTLN 2717		A great addition earned in thy death.	
	HECTOR		
FTLN 2718		Not Neoptolemus so mirable—	
FTLN 2719		On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st "Oyez"	160
FTLN 2720		Cries "This is he"—could promise to himself	
FTLN 2721		A thought of added honor torn from Hector.	
	AENEAS		
FTLN 2722		There is expectance here from both the sides	
FTLN 2723		What further you will do.	
FTLN 2724	HECTOR	We'll answer it;	165
FTLN 2725		The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell.	
		<i>「They embrace again.」</i>	

AJAX

FTLN 2726 If I might in entreaties find success,
 FTLN 2727 As seld I have the chance, I would desire
 FTLN 2728 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

DIOMEDES

FTLN 2729 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles 170
 FTLN 2730 Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

HECTOR

FTLN 2731 Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
 FTLN 2732 And signify this loving interview
 FTLN 2733 To the expecters of our Trojan part;
 FTLN 2734 Desire them home. 175

*〔Aeneas speaks to Trojans, who exit; he then
 returns with Troilus.〕*

FTLN 2735 *〔To Ajax.〕* Give me thy hand, my cousin.
 FTLN 2736 I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

〔Agamemnon and the rest 〔come forward.〕〕

AJAX

FTLN 2737 Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

HECTOR, *〔to Aeneas〕*

FTLN 2738 The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
 FTLN 2739 But for Achilles, my own searching eyes 180
 FTLN 2740 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 2741 Worthy all arms! As welcome as to one
 FTLN 2742 That would be rid of such an enemy—
 FTLN 2743 〈But that's no welcome. Understand more clear:
 FTLN 2744 What's past and what's to come is strewed with husks 185
 FTLN 2745 And formless ruin of oblivion;
 FTLN 2746 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 FTLN 2747 Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 FTLN 2748 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,〉
 FTLN 2749 From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome. 190

HECTOR

FTLN 2750 I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON, *['to Troilus']*

FTLN 2751 My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

MENELAUS

FTLN 2752 Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:

FTLN 2753 You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECTOR, *['to Aeneas']*

FTLN 2754 Who must we answer? 195

FTLN 2755 AENEAS The noble Menelaus.

HECTOR

FTLN 2756 O, you, my lord? By Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

FTLN 2757 Mock not *<that I>* affect th' untraded *<oath;>*

FTLN 2758 Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove.

FTLN 2759 She's well, but bade me not commend her to you. 200

MENELAUS

FTLN 2760 Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

FTLN 2761 HECTOR O, pardon! I offend.

NESTOR

FTLN 2762 I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

FTLN 2763 Laboring for destiny, make cruel way

FTLN 2764 Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen 205

FTLN 2765 thee,

FTLN 2766 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

FTLN 2767 Despising many forfeits and subduments,

FTLN 2768 When thou hast hung *<thy>* advanced sword i' th' air,

FTLN 2769 Not letting it decline on the declined, 210

FTLN 2770 That I have said to some my standers-by

FTLN 2771 "Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"

FTLN 2772 And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath

FTLN 2773 When that a ring of Greeks have *<hemmed>* thee in,

FTLN 2774 Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen. 215

FTLN 2775 But this thy countenance, still locked in steel,

FTLN 2776 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire

FTLN 2777 And once fought with him; he was a soldier good,

FTLN 2778 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

FTLN 2779 Never like thee! O, let an old man embrace thee; 220

FTLN 2780 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

FTLN 2781	AENEAS, <i>['to Hector']</i> 'Tis the old Nestor.	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 2782	Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle	
FTLN 2783	That hast so long walked hand in hand with time.	
FTLN 2784	Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.	225
	<i>['They embrace.']</i>	
	NESTOR	
FTLN 2785	I would my arms could match thee in contention	
FTLN 2786	(As they contend with thee in courtesy.)	
FTLN 2787	HECTOR I would they could.	
	NESTOR	
FTLN 2788	Ha! By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow.	
FTLN 2789	Well, welcome, welcome. I have seen the time!	230
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 2790	I wonder now how yonder city stands	
FTLN 2791	When we have here her base and pillar by us.	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 2792	I know your favor, Lord Ulysses, well.	
FTLN 2793	Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead	
FTLN 2794	Since first I saw yourself and Diomed	235
FTLN 2795	In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.	
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 2796	Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.	
FTLN 2797	My prophecy is but half his journey yet,	
FTLN 2798	For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,	
FTLN 2799	Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,	240
FTLN 2800	Must kiss their own feet.	
FTLN 2801	HECTOR I must not believe you.	
FTLN 2802	There they stand yet, and modestly I think	
FTLN 2803	The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost	
FTLN 2804	A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all,	245
FTLN 2805	And that old common arbitrator, Time,	
FTLN 2806	Will one day end it.	
FTLN 2807	ULYSSES So to him we leave it.	
FTLN 2808	Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.	
FTLN 2809	After the General, I beseech you next	250
FTLN 2810	To feast with me and see me at my tent.	

ACHILLES

FTLN 2811 I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!—
 FTLN 2812 Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
 FTLN 2813 I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
 FTLN 2814 And quoted joint by joint. 255

FTLN 2815 HECTOR Is this Achilles?

FTLN 2816 ACHILLES I am Achilles.

HECTOR

FTLN 2817 Stand fair, I pray thee. Let me look on thee.

ACHILLES

FTLN 2818 Behold thy fill.

FTLN 2819 HECTOR Nay, I have done already. 260

ACHILLES

FTLN 2820 Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
 FTLN 2821 As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECTOR

FTLN 2822 O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
 FTLN 2823 But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
 FTLN 2824 Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? 265

ACHILLES

FTLN 2825 Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
 FTLN 2826 Shall I destroy him—whether there, or there, or
 FTLN 2827 there—
 FTLN 2828 That I may give the local wound a name
 FTLN 2829 And make distinct the very breach whereout 270
 FTLN 2830 Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

HECTOR

FTLN 2831 It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
 FTLN 2832 To answer such a question. Stand again.
 FTLN 2833 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
 FTLN 2834 As to prenominate in nice conjecture 275
 FTLN 2835 Where thou wilt hit me dead?

FTLN 2836 ACHILLES I tell thee, yea.

HECTOR

FTLN 2837 Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
 FTLN 2838 I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,

FTLN 2839	For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,	280
FTLN 2840	But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,	
FTLN 2841	I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—	
FTLN 2842	You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;	
FTLN 2843	His insolence draws folly from my lips.	
FTLN 2844	But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,	285
FTLN 2845	Or may I never—	
FTLN 2846	AJAX Do not chafe thee, cousin.—	
FTLN 2847	And you, Achilles, let these threats alone	
FTLN 2848	Till accident or purpose bring you to 't.	
FTLN 2849	You may have every day enough of Hector	290
FTLN 2850	If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,	
FTLN 2851	Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.	
	HECTOR, <i>['to Achilles']</i>	
FTLN 2852	I pray you, let us see you in the field.	
FTLN 2853	We have had pelting wars since you refused	
FTLN 2854	The Grecians' cause.	295
FTLN 2855	ACHILLES Dost thou entreat me, Hector?	
FTLN 2856	Tomorrow do I meet thee, fell as death;	
FTLN 2857	Tonight all friends.	
FTLN 2858	HECTOR Thy hand upon that match.	
	AGAMEMNON	
FTLN 2859	First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;	300
FTLN 2860	There in the full convive we. Afterwards,	
FTLN 2861	As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall	
FTLN 2862	Concur together, severally entreat him.	
FTLN 2863	⟨Beat loud the taborins;⟩ let the trumpets blow,	
FTLN 2864	That this great soldier may his welcome know.	305
	<i>['Flourish.']</i>	
	<i>['All but Troilus and Ulysses'] exit.</i>	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 2865	My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,	
FTLN 2866	In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?	
	ULYSSES	
FTLN 2867	At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus.	
FTLN 2868	There Diomed doth feast with him tonight,	

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

ACHILLES

FTLN 2883 I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine tonight,
FTLN 2884 Which with my scimitar I'll cool tomorrow.
FTLN 2885 Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

PATROCLUS

FTLN 2886 Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

FTLN 2887 ACHILLES How now, thou ⟨core⟩ of envy? 5
FTLN 2888 Thou crusty 「botch」 of nature, what's the news?
FTLN 2889 THERSITES Why, thou picture of what thou seemest and
FTLN 2890 idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
FTLN 2891 ACHILLES From whence, fragment?
FTLN 2892 THERSITES Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy. 10
「Achilles takes the letter and moves aside to read it.」
FTLN 2893 PATROCLUS Who keeps the tent now?
FTLN 2894 THERSITES The surgeon's box or the patient's wound.
FTLN 2895 PATROCLUS Well said, adversity. And what ⟨need these⟩
FTLN 2896 tricks?
FTLN 2897 THERSITES Prithee, be silent, ⟨boy.⟩ I profit not by thy 15
FTLN 2898 talk. Thou art said to be Achilles' male varlet.
FTLN 2899 PATROCLUS "Male varlet," you rogue! What's that?
FTLN 2900 THERSITES Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
FTLN 2901 diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures,

FTLN 2902	⟨catarrhs,⟩ loads o' gravel in the back, lethargies,	20
FTLN 2903	cold palsies, [raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, whissing	
FTLN 2904	lungs, bladders full of impostume, sciaticas,	
FTLN 2905	limekilns i' th' palm, incurable bone-ache, and the	
FTLN 2906	rivelled fee-simple of the tetter,] take and take	
FTLN 2907	again such preposterous discoveries.	25
FTLN 2908	PATROCLUS Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou,	
FTLN 2909	what means thou to curse thus?	
FTLN 2910	THERSITES Do I curse thee?	
FTLN 2911	PATROCLUS Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson	
FTLN 2912	indistinguishable cur, no.	30
FTLN 2913	THERSITES No? Why art thou then exasperate, thou idle	
FTLN 2914	immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarsenet	
FTLN 2915	flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse,	
FTLN 2916	thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such	
FTLN 2917	waterflies, diminutives of nature!	35
FTLN 2918	PATROCLUS Out, gall!	
FTLN 2919	THERSITES Finch egg!	
	ACHILLES, [coming forward]	
FTLN 2920	My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite	
FTLN 2921	From my great purpose in tomorrow's battle.	
FTLN 2922	Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,	40
FTLN 2923	A token from her daughter, my fair love,	
FTLN 2924	Both taxing me and gaging me to keep	
FTLN 2925	An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it.	
FTLN 2926	Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honor, or go or stay;	
FTLN 2927	My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.	45
FTLN 2928	Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent.	
FTLN 2929	This night in banqueting must all be spent.	
FTLN 2930	Away, Patroclus. ⟨He exits [with Patroclus.]⟩	
FTLN 2931	THERSITES With too much blood and too little brain,	
FTLN 2932	these two may run mad; but if with too much brain	50
FTLN 2933	and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.	
FTLN 2934	Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough	
FTLN 2935	and one that loves quails, but he has not so much	
FTLN 2936	brain as earwax. And the goodly transformation	

FTLN 2937 of Jupiter there, his ⟨brother,⟩ the bull—the primitive 55
 FTLN 2938 statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds, a
 FTLN 2939 thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, ⟨hanging⟩ at his
 FTLN 2940 ⟨brother's⟩ leg—to what form but that he is should
 FTLN 2941 wit larded with malice and malice ⟨forced⟩ with
 FTLN 2942 wit turn him to? To an ass were nothing; he is both 60
 FTLN 2943 ass and ox. To an ox were nothing; ⟨he is⟩ both ox
 FTLN 2944 and ass. To be a ⟨dog,⟩ a ⟨mule,⟩ a cat, a fitchew, a
 FTLN 2945 toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without
 FTLN 2946 a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I
 FTLN 2947 would conspire against destiny. Ask me ⟨not⟩ what I 65
 FTLN 2948 would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be
 FTLN 2949 the louse of a lazar so I were not Menelaus.

*Enter ⟨Hector,⟩ †Troilus,† †Ajax,† Agamemnon, Ulysses,
 Nestor, †Menelaus,† and Diomedes, with lights.*

FTLN 2950 Heyday! Sprites and fires!
 FTLN 2951 AGAMEMNON We go wrong, we go wrong.
 AJAX
 FTLN 2952 No, yonder—'tis there, where we see the lights. 70
 FTLN 2953 HECTOR I trouble you.
 FTLN 2954 AJAX No, not a whit.

⟨Enter Achilles.⟩

FTLN 2955 ULYSSES, †to Hector† Here comes himself to guide you.
 ACHILLES
 FTLN 2956 Welcome, brave Hector. Welcome, princes all.
 AGAMEMNON, †to Hector†
 FTLN 2957 So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. 75
 FTLN 2958 Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
 HECTOR
 FTLN 2959 Thanks, and good night to the Greeks' general.
 MENELAUS
 FTLN 2960 Good night, my lord.
 FTLN 2961 HECTOR Good night, sweet lord
 FTLN 2962 Menelaus. 80

FTLN 2963	THERSITES, <i>「aside」</i>	Sweet draught. “Sweet,” quoth he?	
FTLN 2964		Sweet sink, sweet sewer.	
	ACHILLES		
FTLN 2965		Good night and welcome, both <i>(at once)</i> , to those	
FTLN 2966		That go or tarry.	
FTLN 2967	AGAMEMNON	Good night.	85
		<i>Agamemnon 「and」 Menelaus exit.</i>	
	ACHILLES		
FTLN 2968		Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomed.	
FTLN 2969		Keep Hector company an hour or two.	
	DIOMEDES		
FTLN 2970		I cannot, lord. I have important business,	
FTLN 2971		The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.	
FTLN 2972	HECTOR	Give me your hand.	90
	ULYSSES, <i>「aside to Troilus」</i>		
FTLN 2973		Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas’ tent.	
FTLN 2974		I’ll keep you company.	
FTLN 2975	TROIUS	Sweet sir, you honor me.	
	HECTOR		
FTLN 2976		And so, good night.	
		<i>「Diomedes exits, followed by Troilus and Ulysses.」</i>	
FTLN 2977	ACHILLES	Come, come, enter my tent.	95
		<i>「Achilles, Ajax, Nestor, and Hector」 exit.</i>	
FTLN 2978	THERSITES	That same Diomed’s a false-hearted rogue,	
FTLN 2979		a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when	
FTLN 2980		he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He	
FTLN 2981		will spend his mouth and promise like Brabblers	
FTLN 2982		the hound, but when he performs, astronomers	100
FTLN 2983		foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some	
FTLN 2984		change. The sun borrows of the moon when	
FTLN 2985		Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see	
FTLN 2986		Hector than not to dog him. They say he keeps a	
FTLN 2987		Trojan drab and uses the traitor Calchas <i>(his)</i> tent.	105
FTLN 2988		I’ll after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets!	
		<i>「He exits.」</i>	

「Scene 2」

Enter Diomedes.

FTLN 2989 DIOMEDES What, are you up here, ho? Speak.
 FTLN 2990 CALCHAS, 「*within*」 Who calls?
 FTLN 2991 DIOMEDES Diomed. Calchas, I think? Where's your
 FTLN 2992 daughter?
 FTLN 2993 CALCHAS, 「*within*」 She comes to you. 5

⟨*Enter Troilus and Ulysses,*⟩ 「*at a distance, and then,
 apart from them, Thersites.*」

FTLN 2994 ULYSSES, 「*aside to Troilus*」
 Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

FTLN 2995 TROILUS, 「*aside to Ulysses*」
 Cressid comes forth to him.
 FTLN 2996 DIOMEDES How now, my charge?
 CRESSIDA
 FTLN 2997 Now, my sweet guardian. Hark, a word with you.
 「*She whispers to him.*」
 FTLN 2998 TROILUS, 「*aside*」 Yea, so familiar? 10
 FTLN 2999 ULYSSES, 「*aside to Troilus*」 She will sing any man at
 FTLN 3000 first sight.
 FTLN 3001 THERSITES, 「*aside*」 And any man may sing her, if he
 FTLN 3002 can take her clef. She's noted.
 FTLN 3003 DIOMEDES Will you remember? 15
 FTLN 3004 「CRESSIDA」 Remember? Yes.
 FTLN 3005 DIOMEDES Nay, but do, then, and let your mind be
 FTLN 3006 coupled with your words.
 FTLN 3007 TROILUS, 「*aside*」 What ⟨should⟩ she remember?
 FTLN 3008 ULYSSES, 「*aside to Troilus*」 List! 20
 CRESSIDA
 FTLN 3009 Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
 FTLN 3010 THERSITES, 「*aside*」 Roguery!
 FTLN 3011 DIOMEDES Nay, then—

FTLN 3012	CRESSIDA I'll tell you what—	
	DIOMEDES	
FTLN 3013	Foh, foh, come, tell a pin! You are forsworn.	25
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 3014	In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?	
FTLN 3015	THERSITES, <i>「aside」</i> A juggling trick: to be secretly open!	
	DIOMEDES	
FTLN 3016	What did you swear you would bestow on me?	
	CRESSIDA	
FTLN 3017	I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath.	
FTLN 3018	Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.	30
FTLN 3019	DIOMEDES Good night.	
FTLN 3020	TROILUS, <i>「aside」</i> Hold, patience!	
FTLN 3021	ULYSSES, <i>「aside to Troilus」</i> How now, Trojan?	
FTLN 3022	CRESSIDA Diomed—	
	DIOMEDES	
FTLN 3023	No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.	35
FTLN 3024	TROILUS, <i>「aside」</i> Thy better must.	
FTLN 3025	CRESSIDA Hark, a word in your ear.	
	<i>「She whispers to him.」</i>	
FTLN 3026	TROILUS, <i>「aside」</i> O plague and madness!	
	ULYSSES, <i>「aside to Troilus」</i>	
FTLN 3027	You are moved, prince. Let us depart, I pray (you,)	
FTLN 3028	Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself	40
FTLN 3029	To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;	
FTLN 3030	The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.	
	TROILUS, <i>「aside to Ulysses」</i>	
FTLN 3031	Behold, I pray you.	
FTLN 3032	ULYSSES, <i>「aside to Troilus」</i> (Nay,) good my lord, go off.	
FTLN 3033	You flow to great (distraction.) Come, my lord.	45
	TROILUS, <i>「aside to Ulysses」</i>	
FTLN 3034	I prithee, stay.	
FTLN 3035	ULYSSES, <i>「aside to Troilus」</i> You have not patience. Come.	
	TROILUS, <i>「aside to Ulysses」</i>	
FTLN 3036	I pray you, stay. By hell and all hell's torments,	
FTLN 3037	I will not speak a word.	

	DIOMEDES		
FTLN 3038	And so good night.	<i>He starts to leave.</i>	50
FTLN 3039	CRESSIDA	Nay, but you part in anger.	
FTLN 3040	TROILUS, <i>aside</i>	Doth that grieve thee? O withered	
FTLN 3041	truth!		
	ULYSSES, <i>aside to Troilus</i>		
FTLN 3042	How now, my lord?		
FTLN 3043	TROILUS, <i>aside to Ulysses</i>	By Jove, I will be patient.	55
	CRESSIDA		
FTLN 3044	Guardian! Why, Greek!		
FTLN 3045	DIOMEDES	Foh foh! <i>Adieu.</i> You palter.	
	CRESSIDA		
FTLN 3046	In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.		
	ULYSSES, <i>aside to Troilus</i>		
FTLN 3047	You shake, my lord, at something. Will you go?		
FTLN 3048	You will break out.		60
FTLN 3049	TROILUS, <i>aside</i>	She strokes his cheek!	
FTLN 3050	ULYSSES, <i>aside to Troilus</i>	Come, come.	
	TROILUS, <i>aside to Ulysses</i>		
FTLN 3051	Nay, stay. By Jove, I will not speak a word.		
FTLN 3052	There is between my will and all offenses		
FTLN 3053	A guard of patience. Stay a little while.		65
FTLN 3054	THERSITES, <i>aside</i>	How the devil Luxury, with his fat	
FTLN 3055	rump and potato finger, tickles <i>these</i> together.		
FTLN 3056	Fry, lechery, fry!		
FTLN 3057	DIOMEDES	<i>But</i> will you, then?	
	CRESSIDA		
FTLN 3058	In faith, I will, <i>Ia.</i> Never trust me else.		70
	DIOMEDES		
FTLN 3059	Give me some token for the surety of it.		
FTLN 3060	CRESSIDA	I'll fetch you one.	<i>She exits.</i>
	ULYSSES, <i>aside to Troilus</i>		
FTLN 3061	You have sworn patience.		
FTLN 3062	TROILUS, <i>aside to Ulysses</i>	Fear me not, my lord.	
FTLN 3063	I will not be myself nor have cognition		75
FTLN 3064	Of what I feel. I am all patience.		

Enter Cressida 「with Troilus's sleeve.」

- FTLN 3065 THERSITES, 「*aside*」 Now the pledge, now, now, now!
- FTLN 3066 CRESSIDA, 「*giving the sleeve*」 Here, Diomed. Keep this
- FTLN 3067 sleeve.
- FTLN 3068 TROILUS, 「*aside*」 O beauty, where is thy faith? 80
- FTLN 3069 ULYSSES, 「*aside to Troilus*」 My lord—
- TROILUS, 「*aside to Ulysses*」
- FTLN 3070 〈I will be patient; outwardly I will.
- CRESSIDA〉
- FTLN 3071 You look upon that sleeve? Behold it well.
- FTLN 3072 He loved me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.
- 「*She snatches the sleeve from Diomedes.*」
- FTLN 3073 DIOMEDES Whose was 't? 85
- CRESSIDA
- FTLN 3074 It is no matter, now I ha 't again.
- FTLN 3075 I will not meet with you tomorrow night.
- FTLN 3076 I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
- FTLN 3077 THERSITES, 「*aside*」 Now she sharpens. Well said,
- FTLN 3078 whetstone. 90
- FTLN 3079 DIOMEDES I shall have it.
- FTLN 3080 CRESSIDA What, this?
- FTLN 3081 DIOMEDES Ay, that.
- CRESSIDA
- FTLN 3082 O all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
- FTLN 3083 Thy master now lies thinking on his bed 95
- FTLN 3084 Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
- FTLN 3085 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it
- FTLN 3086 As I kiss thee.
- 「*He grabs the sleeve, and she tries to retrieve it.*」
- FTLN 3087 DIOMEDES Nay, do not snatch it from me.
- CRESSIDA
- FTLN 3088 He that takes that doth take my heart withal. 100
- DIOMEDES
- FTLN 3089 I had your heart before. This follows it.
- FTLN 3090 TROILUS, 「*aside*」 I did swear patience.

	DIOMEDES		
FTLN 3116	Farewell, till then.		
FTLN 3117	CRESSIDA	Good night. I prithee, come.—	
		<i>⟨He exits.⟩</i>	
FTLN 3118	Troilus, farewell. One eye yet looks on thee,		130
FTLN 3119	But with my heart the other eye doth see.		
FTLN 3120	Ah, poor our sex! This fault in us I find:		
FTLN 3121	The error of our eye directs our mind.		
FTLN 3122	What error leads must err. O, then conclude:		
FTLN 3123	Minds swayed by eyes are full of turpitude.	<i>She exits.</i>	135
	THERSITES, <i>〔aside〕</i>		
FTLN 3124	A proof of strength she could not publish more,		
FTLN 3125	Unless she said “My mind is now turned whore.”		
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 3126	All’s done, my lord.		
FTLN 3127	TROILUS	It is.	
FTLN 3128	ULYSSES	Why stay we then?	140
	TROILUS		
FTLN 3129	To make a recordation to my soul		
FTLN 3130	Of every syllable that here was spoke.		
FTLN 3131	But if I tell how these two did <i>⟨co-act,⟩</i>		
FTLN 3132	Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?		
FTLN 3133	Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,		145
FTLN 3134	An esperance so obstinately strong.		
FTLN 3135	That doth invert th’ attest of eyes and ears,		
FTLN 3136	As if those organs <i>⟨had deceptious⟩</i> functions,		
FTLN 3137	Created only to calumniate.		
FTLN 3138	Was Cressid here?		150
FTLN 3139	ULYSSES	I cannot conjure, Trojan.	
FTLN 3140	TROILUS	She was not, sure.	
FTLN 3141	ULYSSES	Most sure she was.	
	TROILUS		
FTLN 3142	Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.		
	ULYSSES		
FTLN 3143	Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.		155

TROILUS

FTLN 3144 Let it not be believed for womanhood!
 FTLN 3145 Think, we had mothers. Do not give advantage
 FTLN 3146 To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme
 FTLN 3147 For depravation, to square the general sex
 FTLN 3148 By Cressid's rule. Rather, think this not Cressid. 160

ULYSSES

FTLN 3149 What hath she done, prince, that can ⟨soil⟩ our
 FTLN 3150 mothers?

TROILUS

FTLN 3151 Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
 FTLN 3152 THERSITES, 「*aside*」 Will he swagger himself out on 's
 FTLN 3153 own eyes? 165

TROILUS

FTLN 3154 This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida.
 FTLN 3155 If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
 FTLN 3156 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
 FTLN 3157 If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
 FTLN 3158 If there be rule in unity itself, 170
 FTLN 3159 This ⟨is⟩ not she. O madness of discourse,
 FTLN 3160 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 FTLN 3161 Bifold authority, where reason can revolt
 FTLN 3162 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 FTLN 3163 Without revolt. This is and is not Cressid. 175
 FTLN 3164 Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
 FTLN 3165 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 FTLN 3166 Divides more wider than the sky and Earth,
 FTLN 3167 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 FTLN 3168 Admits no orifex for a point as subtle 180
 FTLN 3169 As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
 FTLN 3170 Instance, O instance, strong as Pluto's gates,
 FTLN 3171 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
 FTLN 3172 Instance, O instance, strong as heaven itself,
 FTLN 3173 The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and 185
 FTLN 3174 loosed,
 FTLN 3175 And with another knot, ⟨five-finger-tied,⟩

FTLN 3176 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 FTLN 3177 The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
 FTLN 3178 Of her o'er-eaten faith are given to Diomed. 190

ULYSSES

FTLN 3179 May worthy Troilus be half attached
 FTLN 3180 With that which here his passion doth express?

TROILUS

FTLN 3181 Ay, Greek, and that shall be divulgèd well
 FTLN 3182 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 FTLN 3183 Inflamed with Venus. Never did young man fancy 195
 FTLN 3184 With so eternal and so fixed a soul.

FTLN 3185 Hark, Greek: as much ^{as} I do Cressid love,
 FTLN 3186 So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
 FTLN 3187 That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm.
 FTLN 3188 Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill, 200
 FTLN 3189 My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout

FTLN 3190 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 FTLN 3191 Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
 FTLN 3192 Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear
 FTLN 3193 In his descent than shall my prompted sword 205
 FTLN 3194 Falling on Diomed.

FTLN 3195 THERSITES, ^{aside} He'll tickle it for his concupy.

TROILUS

FTLN 3196 O Cressid! O false Cressid! False, false, false!
 FTLN 3197 Let all untruths stand by thy stainèd name,
 FTLN 3198 And they'll seem glorious. 210

FTLN 3199 ULYSSES O, contain yourself.
 FTLN 3200 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Aeneas.

AENEAS, ^{to Troilus}

FTLN 3201 I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
 FTLN 3202 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy.
 FTLN 3203 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home. 215

TROILUS

FTLN 3204 Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—

FTLN 3227	Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night	
FTLN 3228	Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.	
	CASSANDRA	
FTLN 3229	O, 'tis true!	
FTLN 3230	HECTOR, <i>calling out</i> Ho! Bid my trumpet sound!	15
	⟨CASSANDRA⟩	
FTLN 3231	No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother!	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 3232	Begone, I say. The gods have heard me swear.	
	CASSANDRA	
FTLN 3233	The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.	
FTLN 3234	They are polluted off' rings more abhorred	
FTLN 3235	Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.	20
	ANDROMACHE, <i>to Hector</i>	
FTLN 3236	O, be persuaded! Do not count it holy	
FTLN 3237	⟨To hurt by being just. It is as lawful,	
FTLN 3238	For we would give much, to <i>use</i> violent thefts	
FTLN 3239	And rob in the behalf of charity.	
	CASSANDRA⟩	
FTLN 3240	It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,	25
FTLN 3241	But vows to every purpose must not hold.	
FTLN 3242	Unarm, sweet Hector.	
FTLN 3243	HECTOR Hold you still, I say.	
FTLN 3244	Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate.	
FTLN 3245	Life every man holds dear, but the dear man	30
FTLN 3246	Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.	
	<i>Enter Troilus, armed.</i>	
FTLN 3247	How now, young man? Meanest thou to fight today?	
	ANDROMACHE	
FTLN 3248	Cassandra, call my father to persuade.	
	<i>Cassandra exits.</i>	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 3249	No, faith, young Troilus, doff thy harness, youth.	
FTLN 3250	I am today i' th' vein of chivalry.	35
FTLN 3251	Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,	

FTLN 3252	And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.	
FTLN 3253	Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,	
FTLN 3254	I'll stand today for thee and me and Troy.	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 3255	Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you	40
FTLN 3256	Which better fits a lion than a man.	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 3257	What vice is that? Good Troilus, chide me for it.	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 3258	When many times the captive Grecian falls,	
FTLN 3259	Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,	
FTLN 3260	You bid them rise and live.	45
	HECTOR	
FTLN 3261	O, 'tis fair play.	
FTLN 3262	TROILUS Fool's play, by heaven. Hector.	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 3263	How now? How now?	
FTLN 3264	TROILUS For th' love of all the gods,	
FTLN 3265	Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother,	50
FTLN 3266	And when we have our armors buckled on,	
FTLN 3267	The venom'd Vengeance ride upon our swords,	
FTLN 3268	Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 3269	Fie, savage, fie!	
FTLN 3270	TROILUS Hector, then 'tis wars.	55
	HECTOR	
FTLN 3271	Troilus, I would not have you fight today.	
FTLN 3272	TROILUS Who should withhold me?	
FTLN 3273	Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,	
FTLN 3274	Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;	
FTLN 3275	Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,	60
FTLN 3276	Their eyes o'er-gallèd with recourse of tears;	
FTLN 3277	Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn	
FTLN 3278	Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,	
FTLN 3279	<But by my ruin.>	

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

CASSANDRA, *〔indicating Hector〕*

FTLN 3280 Lay hold upon him, Priam; hold him fast. 65
 FTLN 3281 He is thy crutch. Now if thou loose thy stay,
 FTLN 3282 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
 FTLN 3283 Fall all together.

FTLN 3284 PRIAM Come, Hector, come. Go back.
 FTLN 3285 Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions, 70
 FTLN 3286 Cassandra doth foresee, and I myself
 FTLN 3287 Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt
 FTLN 3288 To tell thee that this day is ominous.
 FTLN 3289 Therefore, come back.

FTLN 3290 HECTOR Aeneas is afield, 75
 FTLN 3291 And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
 FTLN 3292 Even in the faith of valor, to appear
 FTLN 3293 This morning to them.

FTLN 3294 PRIAM Ay, but thou shalt not go.
 FTLN 3295 HECTOR I must not break my faith. 80
 FTLN 3296 You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
 FTLN 3297 Let me not shame respect, but give me leave
 FTLN 3298 To take that course by your consent and voice
 FTLN 3299 Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

CASSANDRA
 FTLN 3300 O Priam, yield not to him! 85

FTLN 3301 ANDROMACHE Do not, dear father.

HECTOR
 FTLN 3302 Andromache, I am offended with you.
 FTLN 3303 Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Andromache exits.

TROILUS
 FTLN 3304 This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
 FTLN 3305 Makes all these bodements. 90

FTLN 3306 CASSANDRA O farewell, dear Hector.
 FTLN 3307 Look how thou diest! Look how thy eye turns pale!
 FTLN 3308 Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

FTLN 3309	Hark, how Troy roars, how Hecuba cries out,	
FTLN 3310	How poor Andromache shrills her <dolor> forth!	95
FTLN 3311	Behold, <distraction,> frenzy, and amazement,	
FTLN 3312	Like witless antics, one another meet,	
FTLN 3313	And all cry “Hector! Hector’s dead! O, Hector!”	
FTLN 3314	TROILUS Away, away!	
	CASSANDRA	
FTLN 3315	Farewell.—Yet soft! Hector, I take my leave.	100
FTLN 3316	Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. <i><She exits.></i>	
	HECTOR	
FTLN 3317	You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim.	
FTLN 3318	Go in and cheer the town. We’ll forth and fight,	
FTLN 3319	Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.	
	PRIAM	
FTLN 3320	Farewell. The gods with safety stand about thee!	105
	<i>⌈Hector and Priam exit at separate doors.⌋</i>	
	<i>Alarum.</i>	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 3321	They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,	
FTLN 3322	I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.	
	<i>Enter Pandarus, ⌈with a paper.⌋</i>	
FTLN 3323	PANDARUS Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?	
FTLN 3324	TROILUS What now?	
FTLN 3325	PANDARUS Here’s a letter come from yond poor girl.	110
FTLN 3326	TROILUS Let me read. <i>⌈He reads.⌋</i>	
FTLN 3327	PANDARUS A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally	
FTLN 3328	phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of	
FTLN 3329	this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I	
FTLN 3330	shall leave you one o’ ⌈these⌋ days. And I have a	115
FTLN 3331	rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my	
FTLN 3332	bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell	
FTLN 3333	what to think on ’t.—What says she there?	
	TROILUS	
FTLN 3334	Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.	
FTLN 3335	Th’ effect doth operate another way.	120

FTLN 3336

Go, wind, to wind! There turn and change together.

「*He tears up the paper and throws the pieces in the air.*」

FTLN 3337

My love with words and errors still she feeds,

FTLN 3338

But edifies another with her deeds.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

〈*Alarum.*〉 *Excursions. Enter Thersites.*

FTLN 3339

THERSITES Now they are clapper-clawing one another.

FTLN 3340

I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet,

FTLN 3341

Diomed, has got that same scurvy dotting foolish

FTLN 3342

〈young〉 knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm.

FTLN 3343

I would fain see them meet, that that same young

5

FTLN 3344

Trojan ass that loves the whore there might send

FTLN 3345

that Greekish whoremasterly villain with the sleeve

FTLN 3346

back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless

FTLN 3347

errand. O' th' t'other side, the policy of those

FTLN 3348

crafty swearing rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten

10

FTLN 3349

dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox,

FTLN 3350

Ulysses—is 「proved not」 worth a blackberry. They

FTLN 3351

set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against

FTLN 3352

that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles. And now is the

FTLN 3353

cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will

15

FTLN 3354

not arm today, whereupon the Grecians 「begin」 to

FTLN 3355

proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill

FTLN 3356

opinion.

〈*Enter Diomedes, and Troilus 「pursuing him.*」〉

FTLN 3357

Soft! Here comes sleeve and t' other.

「*Thersites moves aside.*」TROIUS, 「*to Diomedes*」

FTLN 3358

Fly not, for shouldst thou take the river Styx

20

FTLN 3359

I would swim after.

FTLN 3360

DIOMEDES

Thou dost miscall retire.

FTLN 3361 I do not fly, but advantageous care
 FTLN 3362 Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
 FTLN 3363 Have at thee! 「*They fight.*」 25
 FTLN 3364 THERSITES Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy
 FTLN 3365 whore, Trojan! Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
「*Diomedes and Troilus exit fighting.*」

Enter Hector.

HECTOR

FTLN 3366 What art (thou,) Greek? Art thou for Hector's match?
 FTLN 3367 Art thou of blood and honor?
 FTLN 3368 THERSITES No, no, I am a rascal, a scurvy railing 30
 FTLN 3369 knave, a very filthy rogue.
 FTLN 3370 HECTOR I do believe thee. Live. 「*He exits.*」
 FTLN 3371 THERSITES God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me!
 FTLN 3372 But a plague break thy neck for frightening me!
 FTLN 3373 What's become of the wenching rogues? I think 35
 FTLN 3374 they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at
 FTLN 3375 that miracle—yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll
 FTLN 3376 seek them.

He exits.

「Scene 5」

Enter Diomedes and 「Servingman.»

DIOMEDES

FTLN 3377 Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
 FTLN 3378 Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid.
 FTLN 3379 Fellow, commend my service to her beauty.
 FTLN 3380 Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan
 FTLN 3381 And am her knight by proof. 5
 FTLN 3382 MAN I go, my lord. 「*He exits.*」

Enter Agamemnon.

FTLN 3411 That noseless, handless, hacked and chipped, come 35
 FTLN 3412 to him,
 FTLN 3413 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
 FTLN 3414 And foams at mouth, and he is armed and at it,
 FTLN 3415 Roaring for Troilus, who hath done today
 FTLN 3416 Mad and fantastic execution, 40
 FTLN 3417 Engaging and redeeming of himself
 FTLN 3418 With such a careless force and forceless care
 FTLN 3419 As if that (luck,) in very spite of cunning,
 FTLN 3420 Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

FTLN 3421 <AJAX> Troilus, thou coward Troilus! *He exits.* 45
 FTLN 3422 DIOMEDES Ay, there, there! *He exits.*
 FTLN 3423 NESTOR So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

FTLN 3424 ACHILLES Where is this Hector?—
 FTLN 3425 Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face!
 FTLN 3426 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry. 50
 FTLN 3427 Hector! Where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
He exits, 「with the others.」

「Scene 6」
Enter Ajax.

FTLN 3428 <AJAX>
 Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

FTLN 3429 <DIOMEDES> Troilus, I say! Where's Troilus?
 FTLN 3430 AJAX What wouldst thou?
 FTLN 3431 DIOMEDES I would correct him.
 AJAX
 FTLN 3432 Were I the General, thou shouldst have my office 5
 FTLN 3433 Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! What, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

TROILUS

FTLN 3434 O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,
FTLN 3435 And pay 「the」 life thou owest me for my horse!

FTLN 3436 DIOMEDES Ha! Art thou there?

AJAX

FTLN 3437 I'll fight with him alone. Stand, Diomed. 10

DIOMEDES

FTLN 3438 He is my prize. I will not look upon.

TROILUS

FTLN 3439 Come, both you cogging Greeks. Have at you both!

⟨Enter Hector.⟩

⟨Troilus exits, 「fighting Diomedes and Ajax.」⟩

HECTOR

FTLN 3440 Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

⟨ACHILLES⟩

FTLN 3441 Now do I see thee. Ha! Have at thee, Hector!

「They fight.」

FTLN 3442 HECTOR Pause if thou wilt. 15

ACHILLES

FTLN 3443 I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

FTLN 3444 Be happy that my arms are out of use.

FTLN 3445 My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

FTLN 3446 But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

FTLN 3447 Till when, go seek thy fortune. *He exits.* 20

FTLN 3448 HECTOR Fare thee well.

FTLN 3449 I would have been much more a fresher man

FTLN 3450 Had I expected thee.

Enter Troilus.

FTLN 3451 How now, my brother?

TROILUS

FTLN 3452 Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas. Shall it be? 25
 FTLN 3453 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
 FTLN 3454 He shall not carry him. I'll be ta'en too
 FTLN 3455 Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
 FTLN 3456 I reckon not though I end my life today.

*He exits.**Enter one in [Greek] armor.*

HECTOR

FTLN 3457 Stand, stand, thou Greek! Thou art a goodly mark. 30
 FTLN 3458 No? Wilt thou not? I like thy armor well.
 FTLN 3459 I'll crush it and unlock the rivets all,
 FTLN 3460 But I'll be master of it. [The Greek exits.]
 FTLN 3461 Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
 FTLN 3462 Why then, fly on. I'll hunt thee for thy hide. 35

He exits.

[Scene 7]

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

〈ACHILLES〉

FTLN 3463 Come here about me, you my Myrmidons.
 FTLN 3464 Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel.
 FTLN 3465 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath,
 FTLN 3466 And, when I have the bloody Hector found,
 FTLN 3467 Empale him with your weapons round about. 5
 FTLN 3468 In fellest manner execute your arms.
 FTLN 3469 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.
 FTLN 3470 It is decreed Hector the great must die.

[They] exit.

[Scene 8]

Enter Thersites; [then] Menelaus [fighting] Paris.

FTLN 3471 THERSITES The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at
 FTLN 3472 it. Now, bull! Now, dog! Loo, Paris, loo! Now, my
 FTLN 3473 [double-horned] Spartan! Loo, Paris, loo! The bull
 FTLN 3474 has the game. Ware horns, ho!
Paris and Menelaus exit, [fighting.]

Enter Bastard.

FTLN 3475 BASTARD Turn, slave, and fight. 5
 FTLN 3476 THERSITES What art thou?
 FTLN 3477 BASTARD A bastard son of Priam's.
 FTLN 3478 THERSITES I am a bastard too. I love bastards. I am
 FTLN 3479 bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
 FTLN 3480 bastard in valor, in everything illegitimate. One 10
 FTLN 3481 bear will not bite another, and wherefore should
 FTLN 3482 one bastard? Take heed: the quarrel's most ominous
 FTLN 3483 to us. If the son of a whore fight for a whore,
 FTLN 3484 he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard. [He exits.]
 FTLN 3485 BASTARD The devil take thee, coward! 15
He exits.

[Scene 9]

Enter Hector, [with the body of the Greek in armor.]

HECTOR
 FTLN 3486 Most putrefied core, so fair without,
 FTLN 3487 Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.
 FTLN 3488 Now is my day's work done. I'll take my breath.
 FTLN 3489 Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[He begins to disarm.]

Enter Achilles and [his] Myrmidons.

ACHILLES

FTLN 3490 Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set, 5
 FTLN 3491 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels.
 FTLN 3492 Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun
 FTLN 3493 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECTOR

FTLN 3494 I am unarmed. Forgo this vantage, Greek.

ACHILLES

FTLN 3495 Strike, fellows, strike! This is the man I seek. 10
 「The Myrmidons kill Hector.」
 FTLN 3496 So, Ilium, fall thou next! Come, Troy, sink down!
 FTLN 3497 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
 FTLN 3498 On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain
 FTLN 3499 "Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."

Retreat 「sounded from both armies.」

FTLN 3500 Hark! A retire upon our Grecian part. 15

「A MYRMIDON」

FTLN 3501 The ⟨Trojan trumpets⟩ sound the like, my lord.

ACHILLES

FTLN 3502 The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the Earth
 FTLN 3503 And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
 FTLN 3504 My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
 FTLN 3505 Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20

「He sheathes his sword.」

FTLN 3506 Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 FTLN 3507 Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
 They exit 「with the bodies.」

「Scene 10」

*⟨Sound retreat.⟩ Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus,
 Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest, marching 「to the beat of
 drums.」 ⟨Shout 「within.」⟩*

FTLN 3508 AGAMEMNON Hark, hark, what ⟨shout⟩ is this?

FTLN 3509 NESTOR Peace, drums! *「The drums cease.」*

SOLDIERS, *within*

FTLN 3510 Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

DIOMEDES

FTLN 3511 The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX

FTLN 3512 If it be so, yet bragless let it be. 5

FTLN 3513 Great Hector was as good a man as he.

AGAMEMNON

FTLN 3514 March patiently along. Let one be sent

FTLN 3515 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

FTLN 3516 If in his death the gods have us befriended,

FTLN 3517 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. 10

They exit, [marching.]

[Scene 11]

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, [and Trojan soldiers.]

AENEAS

FTLN 3518 Stand, ho! Yet are we masters of the field.

FTLN 3519 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

TROILUS

FTLN 3520 Hector is slain.

FTLN 3521 ALL Hector! The gods forbid!

TROILUS

FTLN 3522 He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail, 5

FTLN 3523 In beastly sort, dragged through the shameful field.

FTLN 3524 Frown on, you heavens; effect your rage with speed.

FTLN 3525 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and [smite] at Troy!

FTLN 3526 I say at once: let your brief plagues be mercy,

FTLN 3527 And linger not our sure destructions on! 10

AENEAS

FTLN 3528 My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TROILUS

FTLN 3529 You understand me not that tell me so.
 FTLN 3530 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
 FTLN 3531 But dare all imminence that gods and men
 FTLN 3532 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone. 15
 FTLN 3533 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
 FTLN 3534 Let him that will a screech-owl aye be called
 FTLN 3535 Go into Troy and say their Hector's dead.
 FTLN 3536 There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
 FTLN 3537 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives, 20
 FTLN 3538 Cold statues of the youth and, in a word,
 FTLN 3539 Scare Troy out of itself. (But march away.
 FTLN 3540 Hector is dead.) There is no more to say.
 FTLN 3541 Stay yet. You (vile) abominable tents,
 FTLN 3542 Thus proudly pitched upon our Phrygian plains, 25
 FTLN 3543 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 FTLN 3544 I'll through and through you! And, thou great-sized
 FTLN 3545 coward,
 FTLN 3546 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates.
 FTLN 3547 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, 30
 FTLN 3548 That moldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
 FTLN 3549 Strike a free march to Troy! With comfort go.
 FTLN 3550 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

FTLN 3551 PANDARUS But hear you, hear you!
 TROILUS
 FTLN 3552 Hence, broker, lackey! (Ignomy and) shame 35
 FTLN 3553 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
All but Pandarus exit.
 FTLN 3554 PANDARUS A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O
 FTLN 3555 world, world, (world)! Thus is the poor agent despised.
 FTLN 3556 O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
 FTLN 3557 you set a-work, and how ill requited! Why should 40
 FTLN 3558 our endeavor be so loved and the performance so
 FTLN 3559 loathed? What verse for it? What instance for it?

FTLN 3560 Let me see:
FTLN 3561 Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
FTLN 3562 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting; 45
FTLN 3563 And being once subdued in armèd tail,
FTLN 3564 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
FTLN 3565 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
FTLN 3566 cloths:
FTLN 3567 As many as be here of panders' hall, 50
FTLN 3568 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
FTLN 3569 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
FTLN 3570 Though not for me, yet for (your) aching bones.
FTLN 3571 Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
FTLN 3572 Some two months hence my will shall here be made. 55
FTLN 3573 It should be now, but that my fear is this:
FTLN 3574 Some gallèd goose of Winchester would hiss.
FTLN 3575 Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,
FTLN 3576 And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

「*He exits.*」
