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The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON
AND
ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE
The Tudor Shakespeare will be published in forty volumes, including all of the plays and poems. It is under the general editorship of William Allan Neilson, Ph.D., of Harvard University, and Ashley Horace Thorndike, Ph.D., L.H.D., of Columbia University. The following volumes, each under the special editorship of an American scholar, are now ready or in preparation.

Published in 1911

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OF M

BEN JONSON

*After the portrait by Gerard Honthorst*
Troilus and Cressida

EDITED BY

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Introduction

Text. — This play was issued twice in Quarto in 1609, with identical text but different title-pages. That which seems the earlier reads: "The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley." The second by the same publishers reads: "The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare"; and it is followed by this curious, misleading, catch-penny preface:—

"A neuer writer, to an euer reader. Newes.

"Eternall reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer stal’d with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer ynder-tooke anything commicall, vainely: And were but the vaine names of comedies changde for the titles of Commodities, or of Playes for Pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauities: especially this authors Commedies, that are so fram’d to the life, that they servue for the most common Commentaries, of all the actions of
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our liues shewing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with Playes, are pleased with his Commedies. And all such dull and heauy-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, haue found that witte there, that they neuer found in them selues, and haue parted better wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set vpon them, more then euer they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such sauored salt of witte is in his Commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty then this: And had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserues such a labour, as well as the best Commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeeue this, that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrill of your pleasures losse, and Judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleeeue you should haue prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. Vale.”

In the Folio of 1623, the original intention of putting this play among the tragedies, following Romeo and Juliet, was altered, probably by some trouble over the copyright;
and at the last moment, even though the table of contents ignores it, the play was inserted, without pagination, between the histories and tragedies. Each of the early editions (especially the Quarto) omits some short passages supplied by the other, and differs in many other small points; but the Folio text is slightly preferable, and is used as the basis of the present edition.

*Date of Composition.*—That the play was written some time before 1600 is suggested by the words "as it was acted," on the first title-page of the Quarto. Again, "The booke of 'Troilus and Cresseda' as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens Men" (Shakespeare's company) was entered on the Stationers' Register under date of 7 February, 1603. That this was Shakespeare's play is indicated by the great improbability that two plays with the same title and subject and by different authors would be acted by the same company within five or six years. Shakespeare would scarcely have heard before 1599 of the curious incident alluded to in III. iii. 215 (cf. the note); and there seem to be two allusions (Prol. 23–24; II. iii. 24) to the two Prologues\(^1\) of Jonson's notorious *Poetaster* (about June, 1601). The date 1601–1602 thus arrived at is favored by the versification, which resembles that in other plays of Shakespeare's middle period. It is possible that portions of the play were written later than 1602, and such revisions or additions may have furnished a basis for the statement in the preface of the Quarto that the play had never been acted. But otherwise the theory of Fleay

\(^1\) The first of which is spoken by a demon-like figure of Envy, and the second by "an armed Prologue."
and other critics that parts were written much earlier than others seems baseless; and the suggestion of *Romeo and Juliet* in the thought and style of the love-scenes is accounted for by the similarity of the situations and by the dramatist's conception of Troilus's character. The two main parts of the story are unified by a subtly symmetrical balance of character and situation. Diomed's supplanting of Troilus with Cressida repays Paris's supplanting of Menelaus with Helen. The two broadly comic figures, Thersites and Pandarus, balance each other on the Greek and Trojan sides, as do also the two wisest, Ulysses and the clear-sighted Hector. Hector with his gentleness and magnanimity is a foil to Achilles and Ajax, and Ulysses with his worldly wisdom to the enthusiastic Troilus.

**Authorship.** — Few critics doubt Shakespeare's authorship of any part of the play except the Prologue and Act V, scenes iv–x. The present writer sees no valid reason for doubting the genuineness of the Prologue; but the scenes in Act V, while they contain (especially scenes iv–vi) some bits which seem Shakespearean, on the whole seem very unlike his work, and metrically (especially scenes vii–x) are in sharp contrast with the rest of the play. They cannot be wholly an afterthought, for the play could scarcely have ended without the death of Hector, foreshadowed in Act V, scene iii. It may be surmised that the play fell to an inferior hand to finish, and that Shakespeare added a few more touches; or that these scenes are remains of an older play on which the present one was based.
Personal Satire. — A theory has been zealously urged that various characters in the play are satirical of various contemporary dramatists, but the late Dr. R. A. Small has entirely disposed of it, except for one character. During the years 1599–1601 that uncompromising egotist, Ben Jonson, was involved in a bitter literary war with several other dramatists, especially Marston and Dekker. In the second of the plays called The Return from Parnassus, written at Cambridge about December, 1601, there is an allusion to one of Jonson’s pleasantry at their expense, followed by the statement, “our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit.” This is explained, Dr. Small thought, by a satirical portraiture of Jonson in the person of Ajax, especially by Alexander’s fantastic description of him in Act I, scene ii. But this passage is accounted for as a heralding of Ajax’s thoroughly comic appearance in Act II, sc. i, just as the simultaneous appearance of Thersites is prepared for in Act I, sc. iii (73–74, 192–195). The few traits common to Ajax and, according to the satire of his enemies, to Jonson, are due in part to the dramatic situation, and in other traits Ajax does not at all resemble Jonson. The comic personality of Ajax can be clearly traced to several works with the contents of which Shakespeare can be proved to have been familiar, — Ovid’s Metamorphoses, the Ajax of Sophocles, and Sir John Harington’s vulgarly comic Metamorphosis of Ajax, etc. (1596). Any bearing of our play on Ben Jonson and his quarrels, therefore, still remains to be proved.

Stage History. — None of Shakespeare’s plays so well illustrates the vicissitudes of popular taste as Troilus
and Cressida. Though it is on a subject and in a manner likely to make it popular in his day, few of his plays have been so little acted since. John Kemble is said to have almost put it on the stage, and various acting versions are said to exist, but the play is known to have been performed only three times since Shakespeare's death: in Munich in April of 1898, in Berlin in September of 1904, and in London in June, 1907.

Sources of the Plot. — The matter of the play, though well interwoven, readily divides into two parts; the titular part, the loves of Troilus and Cressida, forming only about one-third, and that dealing with the incidents of the siege, about two-thirds. The former is condensed and otherwise altered from Chaucer's narrative poem Troilus and Criseyde, 1377–85; the latter probably from Caxton's prose Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye (the first book printed in English, about 1475), and from Homer's Iliad. The dramatist's knowledge of this latter he is usually assumed to have derived from Chapman's translation (published in part in 1598), but he alludes to various minute details not then accessible there or in Caxton. Several French and Latin versions of the Iliad existed, and also an earlier partial one in English.

The History of the Story. — To western Europe, from early in the Christian era to the Renaissance, Homer was only an imposing name. The story of the siege of Troy was known chiefly through two Latin works translated from the Greek, dating from the early Christian centuries, but professing to have been written by two actual combatants, Dares and Dictys. On them about
1160 was based *Le Roman de Troie*, by Benoît de Ste. Maure; and on this a Latin prose *Historia Trojana*, by the Sicilian Guido delle Colonne (1287). At this point the descent divides. The loves of Troilus and Briseïda (as she was called), unknown to Homer, Dares, and Dictys, briefly narrated and presumably invented by Benoît, were extracted from the rest of the narrative by Boccaccio about 1341–1346, and form the subject of his poem *Il Filostrato*, on which Chaucer based his *Troilus*. Meanwhile the main stream continued. Guido’s work was translated into most of the tongues of western Europe; but the only version which concerns us here is Caxton’s translation of the French prose version by Raoul Lefèvre. In all these medieval versions the Trojans are greatly favored at the expense of the Greeks, the pagan and supernatural element is greatly reduced, and the primitive heroes have become medieval knights, the only way in which they could then be represented. It was this conception of the story, and not the Homeric, which was still familiar to most of Shakespeare’s auditors, through romances, plays, and ballads.

*Other Versions of the Story.* — After the close of the Middle Ages the popularity of the story of our play in its two parts increased rather than declined. A sixteenth-century ballad, humorous and somewhat coarse, based on Chaucer’s poem, was printed by the old Shakespeare Society in 1846, and several other ballads on the subject are known to have existed. In Whetstone’s *Rocke of Regard* (1576) is a *Cressids Complaint*, very hostile to her; and in *A Gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions*
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(1578) Helen and Cressida repeatedly appear as awful warnings. Peele’s Tale of Troy (printed in 1589), though showing knowledge of the classical versions, imitates Chaucer’s style, and is thoroughly chivalric in tone. In Greene’s Euphues his censure to Philautus (1587) the Trojan War is made the setting for much talk between the Greek and Trojan knights and ladies in the elegant and edifying manner of Lyly’s Euphues. In the drama the popularity of the story was great. A comedy called Troilus and Pandarus was performed at court in 1515; Bale ascribes to Nicholas Grimald (1519–1562) a comedy which he calls Troilus ex Chaucero; a Welsh play dealing more or less with both parts of our story exists in a manuscript written between 1613 and 1622. From Henslowe’s diary we learn of plays called “troye” (1596), and “Troyeles & creassedey,” later mentioned as “the tragede of Agamemnon” (1599) and written by Dekker and Chettle; and Heywood’s Iron Age (published in 1632 but perhaps acted before 1600) has resemblances to Shakespeare’s play. Through various evidences, including the dramatic tastes of Ancient Pistol, we learn how the fighting in these Trojan plays delighted the rabble. In 1679 Dryden published Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found too Late. In this reworking of one of Shakespeare’s plays for a more “polite” age, he intended to preserve whatever was of value in the old play and to make the structure more regular. His most important change was to elevate Cressida’s character; she encourages Diomed only as a feint, to enable her and her father to slip away to Troy, and when Troilus reproaches her with infidelity, she kills herself.
Interpretation. — To the modern reader all other questions about the play seem insignificant compared with these: — What did Shakespeare mean by it? What was his feeling toward its transactions and characters? Was its tone determined by external conditions or his own state of mind? Many readers find this play and Timon of Athens the most distasteful of all his works, and a familiarity with two of his sources, Chaucer's Troilus and the Iliad, at first only heightens this feeling. Why does he seem to turn Chaucer's sympathy into scorn, Homer's serenity into discord, and his heroism into pettiness?

Some answers offered have been these: Shakespeare was satirizing chivalry, or else ancient moral ideals in contrast to Christian; personal hostility to Chapman roused in him antagonism for the great poet whom Chapman had translated; he was expressing his own sense of rivalry toward the greatest of ancient poets by contradicting him. None of these answers recommends itself at first glance, or bears examination. The explanation most frequently offered is that the play dates from a period of gloom and bitterness in Shakespeare's own life, when the apples of Eden were proving apples of Sodom, when humanity, which earlier and later seemed to him kindly even in its folly, touching even in its weakness, and grand even in its evil, seemed to consist only (as one critic has said) of fools who are cheated and knaves who cheat. It is pointed out that the play may be nearly contemporaneous with the two grave comedies, Measure for Measure and All's Well that Ends Well, and stands near the beginning of
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the series of great tragedies wherein Shakespeare de-
scribed farthest into the abyss of human sin and pain.

Even at first sight there are strong objections to this
explanation of the plays of this period. Aside from the
uncertain date of these two other comedies, and the over-
seriousness with which they have been taken, can we in-
cline to believe that one of the best-balanced and most
self-controlled natures that we know of in all history, in
the prime of its power, yet past its first youth, was thrown
for years into such disorder and morbid self-expression?
Yet here is *Troilus and Cressida*. Why this seeming blight
on the most harmonious and most kindly of poets? (The
answer is to be found in the spirit in which he and his
popular auditors would approach Homer and Chaucer.)

After the so-called Revival of Learning, Homer was much
read in England, and the characters and events of his
poems were well-known even among those who had never
read them. But except by a few learned men, Greek litera-
ture was valued for the elements in it which appealed to the
romantic spirit of the age; it was often misunderstood,
even by such a scholar as Chapman, as classical litera-
ture had been in the Middle Ages; the austere and serene
background of Greek sculpture and architecture against
which we see it was utterly unknown; people ap-
proached it in no such scholarly and refined calm as men
of a later age. Caxton's and Lydgate's incondite versions
of the story of Troy were frequently reprinted and were
widely influential in the sixteenth and even the seven-
teenth centuries. Shakespeare himself, sympathetic reader
though he must have been, no doubt shared the all but
universal feeling of his time. On his part an attitude toward the Greeks like that of such moderns as Keats and Swinburne is unthinkable. Even Dryden, after Ben Jonson the first English high-priest of classicism, felt Shakespeare's *Troilus* to be not ignoble, but only rude and irregular.

The Elizabethan attitude towards Homer was determined by another matter. Like most of the medieval peoples of western Europe, including the Italians, the Scandinavians, and the French, the English had prided themselves on the Trojans as ancestors, and on the long line of mythical British sovereigns descended from Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas; and had regarded the Greeks with some hostility. In the sixteenth century, though sometimes questioned more or less faintly, all this was accepted by such literary men as Peele, Thomas Heywood, and Spenser, such scholars as Bale and Leland, such chroniclers and historians as Fabyan, Grafton, and Holinshed, and later even by Milton, in his *History of England*.

All this will go far toward explaining Shakespeare's treatment of the Homeric heroes. Coleridge noted that he favors the Trojans at the expense of the Greeks; they embody a gallant, knightly spirit, which the Greeks, when they understand it, warmly meet. Hector is the most nearly heroic figure in the play, and might almost be called its hero. Though he has been said to be conscious of fighting in a bad cause (cf. II. ii. 117, 163 ff.), this speech is founded on a corresponding passage in Caxton, and it matches him with Ulysses in clear-sightedness, and above all emphasizes his chivalric sense of national honor. As to the Greeks,
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Ajax as a comic figure has already been accounted for; Achilles cuts a worse though naturally a less vivid figure in Caxton than in Shakespeare, and from a disinterested modern standpoint, is hardly a noble figure even in the *Iliad*. Ulysses' craftiness has always been a byword, yet his solid worldly wisdom, his penetration, and his kindness are Shakespeare's own addition; Shakespeare's Agamemnon has been called weak, but is less so than in Caxton, and no more than in the *Iliad*; as gross language as Shakespeare's is used of Helen in half the medieval accounts of her story. Thersites, it is true, appears at first to serve as an ever-debasing chorus, tearing off the veil and calling things by their true and foul names. But Thersites' personality, position, and in part the tone of his talk come straight from the second book of the *Iliad*. Moreover he is deliberately presented as the Fool of the play,—a freestyle Fool, at first a hanger-on of Ajax, afterwards of Achilles; and the stately presence of the Greek captains in scene iii of Act I, and Agamemnon's and Nestor's accounts of him (ll. 73-74, 192-195) should prepare us not to take his scurrility too seriously. Contrasts and heightening and complexity are of the essence of a drama, and Shakespeare's attitude towards the Greek and Trojan heroes is accounted for by the traditional mood in which he and his auditors approached them.

The same view applies to the love-story. Chaucer's lyric and sympathetic version, which neither prepares nor accounts for Criseyde's weakness, may have repelled Shakespeare's sense of human fact as it repelled the moral sense of the Scottish poet Henryson in the fifteenth
century, whose Testament of Cresseid he had long known in sixteenth-century editions of Chaucer. Cressida's name was a byword for a light woman, and is so used by Shakespeare in earlier plays. Here, accordingly, though he gives her some attractiveness, wit, and even pathos, she is vain, vapid, a bold coquette, controlled only by her eyes (as she knows herself), and is false to her lover even before she has had time to tire of him. Pandarus too was a byword; early in the sixteenth century the proper name had become the common noun "pander." Here, though after his fashion he seems fond of his niece and of his young friend, he is an elderly beau and rake, too old to fight, sly and utterly depraved, — to the vulgar eye a thoroughly comic figure. Troilus is treated with as much sympathy as consists with the unworthy means through which he suffers; though his sight is not clear nor his passion high, the sagacious Ulysses sees in him a true knight, and the play leaves us with the feeling that his disappointment should make a man of him. Crisseyde may have been worth dying for; Cressida could only be forgotten. It is no more than natural that Shakespeare should show greater sympathy, as he certainly does, for the more practical and gallant aims of both Trojans and Greeks. But here again it was probably tradition and the expectation of the audience, and not any personal bitterness of his own, which dictated his presentation of the characters.

(Shakespeare came to the material of this play, then, precisely as he came to that of the English historical plays, finding incidents and characters largely fixed beforehand, and too intractable to be greatly modified, even had
he wished to modify them. It is as a historical play, in the Elizabethan sense, that it should be regarded; often serious, sometimes verging on the tragic, but pervaded with comedy. It has been misunderstood because our feeling toward the sources of its story has changed. Those who approach it from the classical side may find gloom and satire; those who come, as its author did, from the medieval, will find chivalry and humor.
Troylus and Cressida
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

PRIAM, King of Troy.
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.
ÆNEAS, Troja commanders.
ANTENOR,
CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.
ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus.
Servant to Paris.
AGAMEMNON, the Greek general.
MENELAUS, his brother.
NESTOR,
ULYSSES,
ACHILLES, Greek commanders.
AJAX,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Greek.
Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.
CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: Troy, and the Greek camp before it.]
Troilus and Cressida

THE PROLOGUE

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf’d,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish’d Helen, Menelaus’ queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that’s the quar-
rel.

To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions. Priam’s six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts
Spar up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troyan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard; and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are,
Now good or bad; 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[Troy. Before Priam's palace.]

Enter Troilus [armed] and Pandarus.

_Tro._ Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Troyan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

_Pan._ Will this gear ne'er be mended?
Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.

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

Tro. Have I not tarried?

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

Tro. Have I not tarried?

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

Tro. Still have I tarried.

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

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit,
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, —

So, traitor, then she comes, when she is thence—
Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever
I saw her look, or any woman else.

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

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

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love; thou answer'st she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou
tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is. If she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

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

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

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

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

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

Tro. Pandarus, —
Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

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

Exit Pandarus. Sound alarum.

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

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
Æne. That Paris is returned home and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn; Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. 
Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."
But to the sport abroad. Are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[The same. A street.]

Enter Cressida and her man [Alexander].

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd. 5
He chid Andromache and struck his armorer,
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he, where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

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

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
their particular additions: he is as valiant as
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the ele-
phant; a man into whom nature hath so
crowded humours that his valour is crush'd
into folly, his folly sauced with discretion.
There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not
a glimpse of, nor any man an attain'd but he
carries some stain of it. He is melancholy
without cause, and merry against the hair.
He hath the joints of everything, but every-
thing so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus,
many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all
eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?
Alex. They say he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?
Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.
Cres. Hector's a gallant man.
Alex. As may be in the world, lady.
Pan. What's that? What's that?
Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.
Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?
Cres. This morning, uncle.
Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?
Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.
Pan. Even so. Hector was stirring early.
Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cres. So he says here.
Pan. True, he was so. I know the cause too. He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them
that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him. Let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?
Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.
Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?
Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.
Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.
Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.
Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.
Cres. So he is.
Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.
Cres. He is not Hector.
Pan. Himself! No, he's not himself. Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well; I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.
Sc. II    Troilus and Cressida

Pan. He is elder.
Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pan. The other's not come to't. You shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.
Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.
Pan. Nor his qualities.
Cres. No matter.
Pan. Nor his beauty.
Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.
Pan. You have no judgement, niece. Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour — for so 'tis, I must confess, — not brown neither, —
Cres. No, but brown.
Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.
Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.
Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.
Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.
Pan. So he has.
Cres. Then Troilus should have too much. If she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his. He having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.
Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.
Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window, — and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin, —

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.
Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, 125 within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lighter?
Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him: 130 she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin —

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?
Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in 135 all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.
Pan. Does he not?
Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.
Pan. Why, go to, then. But to prove to you that 140 Helen loves Troilus, —

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.
Pan. Troilus! Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

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

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

Cres. Without the rack.

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

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laugh’d that her eyes ran o’er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh’d.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes. Did her eyes run o’er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh’d.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

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

Cres. An’t had been a green hair, I should have laugh’d too.

Pan. They laugh’d not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, “Here’s but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.”
Cres. This is her question.
Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he, "pluck 't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.
Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.
Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.
Cres. So I do.
Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. Sound a retreat.
Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.
Pan. Hark! They are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.
Cres. At your pleasure.
Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.
Æneas passes.

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

Antenor passes.

Pan. That's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough. He's one o' the soundest judgement in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon. If he see me, you shall see him nod at me.
Cres. Will he give you the nod?
Pan. You shall see.
Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! There's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?
Cres. O, a brave man!
Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! Look
you yonder, do you see? Look you there; there's no jesting; [there's] laying on, take't off who will, as they say. There be hacks! 225

Cres. Be those with swords?

Paris passes.

Pan. Swords! anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. Look ye yonder, niece; 230 is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? He's not hurt. Why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Helenus passes.

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus. 240

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"? Helenus is a priest. 245

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?
Pan. Where? Yonder? That's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece. Look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more back'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

**Common Soldiers pass.**

Cres. Here come more.

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

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very 270 camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. "Well, well!" Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good 275 shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, for then the man's 280 date's out.

Pan. You are such another woman! One knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, 285 to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watchès.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiepest of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watch- 295 ing.
Enter [Troilus's] Boy.

Pan. You are such another!
Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.
Pan. Where?
Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.] 300
Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.
Cres. Adieu, uncle.
Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.
Cres. To bring, uncle? 305
Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.
Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit Pandarus.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousandfold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing.
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is. 315
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[The Greek camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.]

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness. Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Inflect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought.
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shame? which are indeed nought else.

But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men;
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin.

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a loud and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of
courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

_Ulysses._

_Agamemnon,_

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [To Agamemnon] most mighty for thy
place and sway,
[To Nestor] And thou most reverend for thy
stretch'd out life,
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, 65
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
On which the heavens ride, knit all Greek ears
To his experienc'd tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down, 75
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances:
The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions. 80
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'er'd.
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is
shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing
meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe.
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead.
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree is it
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation;
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

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

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

_Ulyss._ The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host.
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent:
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending, with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this dusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, "Excellent! 'Tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration."
That's done, as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!"
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet; and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;"
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice — many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war;
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint.
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.
Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act,
But that of hand. The still and mental parts, 200
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war; 205
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse

Makes many Thetis' sons.

A tucket.


Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent? 215
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm, 220
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Sc. III Troilus and Cressida

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals? 225
Agam. How?
Æne. Ay.
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as Morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus.
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Troyan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace.
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Troyan; lay thy finger on thy lips! 240
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas? 245
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him. I bring a trumpet to awake his ear, To set his sense on the attentive bent, And then to speak.

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

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

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy A prince call'd Hector, — Priam is his father — Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet, And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one amongst the fair'st of Greece That holds his honour higher than his ease, That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril, That knows his valour, and knows not his fear, That loves his mistress more than in confession With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home. But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor!
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots. The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance, Whose grossness little characters sum up; —
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough, — will, with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet. Who may you else oppose
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Troyans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate; and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
to their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

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

_Nest._ I see them not with my old eyes. What are they?

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

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

Exeunt.
ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[A part of the Greek camp.]

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had boils—full, all
over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

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

Ajax. Dog!

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

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

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

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

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness;
but I think thy horse will sooner con an ora-
tion than thou learn a prayer without book.
Sc. I  Troilus and Cressida

Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red mur-

rain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou
strik' st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers
itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot
and I had the scratching of thee. I would
make thee the loathsom' st scab in Greece.
[When thou art forth in the incursions, thou
strik' st as slow as another.]

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on

Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his
greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's
beauty, ay, that thou bark' st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

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

Ajax. [Beating him.] You whoreson cur!

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!

Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
elbows; an asinego may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Troyans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

_Ajax._ You dog!

_Ther._ You scurvy lord!

_Ajax._ [Beating him.] You cur!

_Ther._ Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

_Enter Achilles and Patroclus._

_Achil._ Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you this? How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

_Ther._ You see him there, do you?

_Achil._ Ay; what's the matter?

_Ther._ Nay, look upon him.

_Achil._ So I do. What's the matter?

_Ther._ Nay, but regard him well.

_Achil._ Well! why, I do so.

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

_Achil._ I know that, fool.

_Ther._ Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

_Ajax._ Therefore I beat thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! His evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?
Ther. I say, this Ajax —  

[Ajax offers to beat him.]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.
Ther. Has not so much wit —
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace, fool!
Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not, — he there, that he. Look you there.
Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall —
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?
Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.
Patr. Good words, Thersites.
Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I serve here voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, ’twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary. 105 Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.
Ther. E’en so. A great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out 110 either of your brains. He were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.
Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?
Ther. There’s Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the war.
Achil. What, what?
Ther. Yes, good sooth. To Achilles, to Ajax, to — 120 Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. ’Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.
Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!
Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles’ brach 125 bids me, shall I?
Achil. There’s for you, Patroclus.
Ther. I will see you hang’d like clodpoles ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep
where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.

Exit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain— I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; 'tis put to lottery. Otherwise,
He knew his man.

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

Exeunt.

Scene II

[Troy. A room in Priam's palace.]

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off."

Hector, what say you to't?
Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as touches my particular,
Yet, dread Priam, 10
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, "Who knows what fol-

ows?"

Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd 15
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-
tion,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours. 20
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten.
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother! 25
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? Will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!
\textit{Hel.} No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons.
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

\textit{Tro.} You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep. Manhood and honour

\underline{Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts}

With this cram'd reason. Reason and respect
Makes livers pale and lustihood deject.

\textit{Hect.} Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

\textit{Tro.} What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

\textit{Hect.} But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer. 'Tis mad-idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclineable
To what infectious itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant;
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks.
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
And did him service; he touch'd the ports desir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Sc. II  Troilus and Cressida  47

Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt. 80
Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch’d above a thousand
ships,
And turn’d crown’d kings to merchants.
If you’ll avouch ’twas wisdom Paris went —
As you must needs, for you all cried “Go, go,” — 85
If you’ll confess he brought home noble prize —
As you must needs, for you all clapp’d your hands,
And cried “Inestimable!” — why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdome rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
90
Beggar the estimation which you priz’d
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol’n what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol’n,
That in their country did them that disgrace, 95
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Troyans, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Tro. ’Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Troyans!

Hect. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter Cassandra [raving] with her hair about her ears.

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

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

Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
    Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
    So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
    We may not think the justness of each act
    Such and no other than event doth form it,
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad. Her brain-sick raptu-
    Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
    To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

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

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

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen.
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous
bosoms?
There’s not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow’d or death unfam’d
Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world’s large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz’d, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp’red blood
Than to make up a free determination
’Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be rend’red to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-ord’red nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta’s king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return’d. Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector’s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne’ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still.
For ’tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

_Tro._ Why, there you touch’d the life of our design.
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Troyan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis’d glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world’s revenue.

_Hect._ I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits. §10
I was advertis’d their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept.
This, I presume, will wake him. Exeunt.

SCENE III

[The Greek camp. Before Achilles’s tent.]

Enter Thersites, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! What, lost in the
labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant
Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at
him. O, worthy satisfaction! would it were
otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he
rail’d at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and
raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spite-
ful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare
enginer! If Troy be not taken till these two
undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall
of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter
of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the
king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpen-
tine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that
little little less than little wit from them that
they have, which short-arm'd ignorance itself
knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web! After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the [Neapolitan] boneache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

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

Ther. If I could have rememb'red a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation. But it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death, then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? Wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

[Patr. Amen.]
Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?
Patr. Thersites, my lord.
Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?
Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?
Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?
Patr. Thou mayst tell that know'st.
Achil. O, tell, tell.
Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.
Patr. You rascal!
Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.
Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Thersites.
Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.
Achil. Derive this; come.
Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command
Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive. 70

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Ther. Make that demand of the Creator; it suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

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

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

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent our messengers, and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him. Let him be told so, lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.]
Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
   He is not sick.
Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart. You
   may call it melancholy, if you will favour the
   man, but, by my head, it is pride; but why, 95
   why? Let him show us the cause. A word,
   my lord.  [Takes Agamemnon aside.]
Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.
Nest. Who, Thersites?
Ulyss. He.
Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost
   his argument.
Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has
   his argument, Achilles.
Nest. All the better; their faction is more our
   wish than their faction. But it was a strong
   composure a fool could disunite.
Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly
   may easily untie. 110

Re-enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.
Nest. No Achilles with him.
Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for
   courtesy. His legs are legs for necessity, not
   for flexure.
Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake, 120
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason 125
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously of his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him 130
We came to speak with him; and you shall not sin
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgement; and worthier
than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, 135
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action 140
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report:
"Bring action hither, this cannot go to war." 145
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.]

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

Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another? 151

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

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

Agam. No question. 155

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

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

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

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
Re-enter Ulysses.

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

Nest. [Aside.] Yet he loves himself. Is't not strange?

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none,
    But carries on the stream of his dispose
    Without observance or respect of any,
    In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not upon our fair request
    Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
    He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness,
    And speaks not to himself but with a pride
    That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd wrath
    Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
    That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
    Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
    And batters 'gainst itself. What should I say?
    He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
    Cry "No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent.
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.
Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles' is.
By going to Achilles,
That were to enlard his fat-already pride
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

Nest. [Aside to Dio.] O, this is well. He rubs the
vein of him.

Dio. [Aside to Nest.] And how his silence drinks up
this applause!

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

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheese his pride.
Let me go to him.
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!
Nest. How he describes himself!
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.
Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.
Agam. He will be the physician that should be the patient.
Ajax. An all men were o’ my mind, —
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.
Ajax. ’A should not bear it so, ’a should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?
Nest. An ’twould, you’d carry half.
Ulyss. ’A would have ten shares.
Ajax. I will knead him; I’ll make him supple.
Nest. He’s not yet through warm. Force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyss. [To Agam.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, ’tis this naming of him doth him harm. Here is a man — but ’tis before his face; I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so? He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan! 245

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure.

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck;
Fam’d be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam’d, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin’d thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here’s Nestor;
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax’ and your brain so temper’d,

You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul’d by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general 270
To call together all his state of war.
Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast;
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to
west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best. 275

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

Exeunt.
ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[Troy. Priam's palace.]

Music sounds within. Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

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

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

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

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! Not so, friend. Honour and lordship are my titles. What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir. It is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?
Sc. I  Troilus and Cressida

Serv.  Wholly, sir.
Pan.  Who play they to?
Serv.  To the hearers, sir.
Pan.  At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv.  At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Serv.  Who shall I command, sir?
Pan.  Friend, we understand not one another.  I am too courtly and thou art too cunning.  At whose request do these men play?
Serv.  That's to't indeed, sir.  Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.
Pan.  Who?  My cousin Cressida?
Serv.  No, sir, Helen.  Could you not find out that by her attributes?
Pan.  It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida.  I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus.  I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.
Serv.  Sodden business!  There's a stew'd phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen [attended].

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

_Helen._ Dear lord, you are full of fair words. 50

_Pan._ You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.

    Fair prince, here is good broken music.

_Par._ You have broke it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, 55

    he is full of harmony.

_Pan._ Truly, lady, no.

_Helen._ O, sir,—

_Pan._ Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude. 60

_Par._ Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

_Pan._ I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

_Helen._ Nay, this shall not hedge us out. We'll 65

    hear you sing, certainly.

_Pan._ Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

_Helen._ My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord,—

_Pan._ Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

_Helen._ You shall not bob us out of our melody. 75

    If you do, our melancholy upon your head!
Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen! That's a sweet queen, i' faith.

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

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

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

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

Par. What exploit's in hand? Where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. [I'll lay my life,] with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

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

Par. I spy.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

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

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

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him. They two are twain.

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

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

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

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love. This love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

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

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [Sings.]

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

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

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that 140 breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love,—hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they 145 are vipers. Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. 150 How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something. You know all, Lord Pandarbus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your 155 brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

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

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.] Sound a retreat.

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

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

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

SCENE II

[The same. Pandarus's orchard.]

Enter Pandarus and Troilus's Boy [meeting].

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

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

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes. How now, how now!
Tro. Sirrah, walk off.                      [Exit Boy.]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus. I stalk about her door,
     Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  10
     Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
     And give me swift transportance to those fields
     Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
     Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
     From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, 15
     And fly with me to Cressid!

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

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
     The imaginary relish is so sweet  20
     That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
     When that the watery palates taste indeed
     Love's thrice repured nectar? Death, I fear me,
     Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
     Too subtle, potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness
     For the capacity of my ruder powers.
     I fear it much; and I do fear besides
     That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
     As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
     The enemy flying.                  30

Re-enter Pandarus.

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

_Tro._ Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom.
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

_Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida._

_Pan._ Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now; swear the
oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.
[Cressida draws backward.] What, are you
gone again? You must be watch'd ere you be
made tame, must you? Come your ways, come
your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you
i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come,
draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.
Alas the day, how loath you are to offend
daylight! An't were dark, you'd close sooner.
So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How
now! a kiss in fee-farm! Build there, carpenter;
the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts
out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel,
for all the ducks i' the river. Go to, go to.

_Tro._ You have bereft me of all words, lady.
Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's "In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in. I'll go get a fire. Exit.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?
Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

Cres. Wish'd, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

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

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

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

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

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

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

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

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

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?
Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate 110 to you.

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

Tro. You know now your hostages: your uncle's 115 word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won. They are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are 120 thrown.

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

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, 125 With the first glance that ever — pardon me — If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much But I might master it. In faith, I lie; My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown 130 Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, 135
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws 140
My soul of counsel from me! Stop my mouth.

_Tro._ And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

_Pan._ Pretty, i' faith.

_Cres._ My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss. 145
I am ashame'd. O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

_Tro._ Your leave, sweet Cressid!

_Pan._ Leave! An you take leave till to-mor-
row morning,— 150

_Cres._ Pray you, content you.

_Tro._ What offends you, lady?

_Cres._ Sir, mine own company.

_Tro._ You cannot shun yourself.

_Cres._ Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you; 155
But an unkind self, that itself will leave
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

_Tro._ Well know they what they speak that speak so
wisely.

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

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman — 165  
As, if it can, I will presume in you —  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love,  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauties outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays! 170  
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love,  
How were I then uplifted! But, alas! 175  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most right!  
True swains in love shall in the world to come 180  
Approve their truths by Troilus. When their  
rhymes,  
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,  
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,  
As true as steel, as plantation to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless, are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Uphraid my falsehood!
When they've said as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,

200
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
"As false as Cressid."

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it, I'll
be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to
another, since I have taken such pains to
bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between
be called to the world's end after my name;
call them all Pandars. Let all constant men
be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and
all brokers-between Pandars! Say, amen.
Tro. Amen.
Cres. Amen.
Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber, whose bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death. Away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! Exeunt.

SCENE III

[The Greek camp. Before the tent of Achilles.]

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, [Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas. Flourish.

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

_Agam._ What wouldst thou of us, Troyan? Make demand.

_Cal._ You have a Troyan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deni'd; but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him. _Let him be sent great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain._

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

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

_Exeunt Diomedes [and Calchas]._
Enter Achilles and Patroclus, and stand in [the door of] their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent. Please it our general to pass strangely by him, As if he were forgot; and, princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him. I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me Why such unpleasing eyes are bent on him. If so, I have derision medicible To use between your strangeness and his pride, Which his own will shall have desire to drink. It may do good; pride hath no other glass To show itself but pride, for supple knees Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

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

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

Agam. What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.]
Achil. Good day, good day.
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. Exit.
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely. They were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declined is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,—
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Sc. III  Troilus and Cressida

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean’d on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall.  But ’tis not so with me;
Fortune and I are friends.  I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men’s looks; who do, methinks, find
out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given.  Here is Ulysses;
I’ll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss.  Now, great Thetis’ son!

Achil.  What are you reading?

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

Achil.  This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others’ eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos’d
Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

_Ulyss._ I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause,
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberate.

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! A very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-mor-
row—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
And great Troy shrieking.

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

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratiations.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an ent'red tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost; 
Or, like a gallant horse fall’n in first rank, 
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear, 
O’er-run and trampled on. Then what they do in present, 
Though less than yours in past, must o’ertop yours; 
For Time is like a fashionable host. 
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand, 
And with his arms outstretch’d, as he would fly, 
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles, 
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; 
For beauty, wit, 
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, 
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all 
To envious and calumniating Time. 
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. 
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds, 
Though they are made and moulded of things past, 
And give to dust that is a little gilt 
More laud than gilt o’er-dusted. 
The present eye praises the present object. 
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man, 
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax; 
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye 
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves

And drave great Mars to faction.

_Achil._

Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

_Ulyss._

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

_Achil._

_Ha! known._

_Ulyss._ Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,
Do thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery — with whom relation
Durst never meddle — in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expresure to.

All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena.
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home, 210
When Fame shall in our island sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord; I as your lover speak.

The foot slides o'er the ice that you should break. Ajax keep him in his place. Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you. 216
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this.
They think my little stomach to the war 220
And your great love to me restrains you thus.
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him. 226

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

Patr. O, then, beware!
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
Omission to do what is necessary 230
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

_Achil._ Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here, unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,

_Enter Thersites._

To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. — A labour sav'd!

_Ther._ A wonder!

_Achil._ What?

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

_Achil._ How so?

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

_Achil._ How can that be?

_Ther._ Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
— a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say there were
wit in his head, an 'twould out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me. I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. 'A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

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

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

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!
Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to’t?

Ther. God buy you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

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

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he’s out o’ tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock’d out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that’s the more capable creature.
Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.  

[Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant 315 ignorance.  

[Exit.]
ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[Troy. A street.]

Enter, at one door, Æneas, with a torch; at another
Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes the Grecian
[and others], with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is there?
Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-

ness
Should rob my bed-mate of my company. 5

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas, — take his hand —
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!
But when contention and occasion meets,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despiteful'st gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render him.
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think —
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge —
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof. I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

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

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

Æne. Good morrow, all. Exit.

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

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor
more;
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris;
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight.
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Troyans suff'red death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[The same. Court of Pandarus's house.]

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

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

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

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

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

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

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

Cres. Prithee, tarry;

You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. (Within.) What, 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

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

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do — and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? Let her say what. What have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! You'll ne'er be good, Nor suffer others.

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

One knocks.

Cres. Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd d i' the head!

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

Tro. Ha, ha!

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

Knock.

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

Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.

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

[Enter Æneas.]

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.
Sc. II  Troilus and Cressida  99

Pan.  Who's there?  My Lord Æneas!  By my troth, I knew you not.  What news with you so early?
Æne.  Is not Prince Troilus here?
Pan.  Here!  What should he do here?
Æne.  Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.
Pan.  Is he here, say you?  'Tis more than I know, I'll be sworn.  For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?
Æne.  Who!—nay, then.  Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware.  You'll be so true to him, to be false to him.  Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter Troilus.

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

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

Exeunt [Troilus and Æneas].

Re-enter Cressida.

Pan. Is't possible? No sooner got but lost?  
The devil take Antenor! the young prince will  
go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would  
they had broke's neck!
Cres. How now! what's the matter? Who was  
here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my  
lord? Gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's  
the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I  
am above!
Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er  
been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death.  
O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!
Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I  
beseech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be  
gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor. Thou
must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus.
'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[The same. Street before Pandarus's house.]

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose. 

_Tro._ Walk into her house.  
I’ll bring her to the Grecian presently;  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus  
A priest there offering to it his own heart.  

_[Exit.]_  

_Par._ I know what ’tis to love;  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!  
Please you walk in, my lords.  

_Exeunt._

**Scene IV**

_[The same. Pandarus’s house._

_Enter Pandarus and Cressida._

_Pan._ Be moderate, be moderate.  

_Cres._ Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affection  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief.  
My love admits no qualifying dross;
Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

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

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him.]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is,

"— O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"Because thou canst not ease thy smart By friendship nor by speaking."

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

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

Cres. Have the gods envy?

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

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.
Cres. What, and from Troilus, too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly, where injury of chance
     Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
     All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
     Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
     Our lock’d embrasures, strangles our dear vows
     Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.  40
     We two, that with so many thousand sighs
     Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
     With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now with a robber’s haste
     Crams his rich thiev ery up, he knows not how.  45
     As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
     With distinct breath and consign’d kisses to
     them,
     He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
     And scants us with a single famish’d kiss,
     Distasted with the salt of broken tears.  50

Æne. (Within.) My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call’d. Some say the Genius so
     Cries “come” to him that instantly must die.
     Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind,  55
     or my heart will be blown up by the root.  [Exit.]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.
Sc. IV  Troilus and Cressida  105

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
     When shall we see again?
Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart,
     —
Cres. I true! How now! what wicked deem is this?
Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
     For it is parting from us.
     I speak not “be thou true,” as fearing thee,
     For I will throw my glove to Death himself
     That there’s no maculation in thy heart;
     But “be thou true,” say I, to fashion in
     My sequent protestation; be thou true,
     And I will see thee.

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

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?
Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
     To give thee nightly visitation.
     But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens! “be true” again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.
    The Grecian youths are full of quality;
    They’re loving, well compos’d, with gifts of nature,
    Flowing and swelling o’er with arts and exercise.
    How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy —
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin —
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant:

But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

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

Æne. (Within.) Nay, good my lord, —

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. (Within.) Brother Troilus!

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

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who? I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault.

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Enter [Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes].

Fear not my truth. The moral of my wit
Is "plain and true"; there's all the reach of it. 110
Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek, 115
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, 120
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece. 125
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not, 
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, 130 
I'll cut thy throat.

_Dio._ O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus. 
Let me be privileg'd by my place and mes- 
sage, 
To be a speaker free. When I am hence, 
I'll answer to my lust; and know, my lord, 
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth 135 
She shall be prized; but that you say "Be't so," 
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "No."

_Tro._ Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed, 
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. 
Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, 140 
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

_[Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diodo-
medes._] Sound trumpet.

_Par._ Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne._ How have we spent this morning! 
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss, 
That swore to ride before him in the field.

_Par._ 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with 
him. 145

_Dei._ Let us make ready straight. 146

Æne._ Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity 
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels. 
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie 149 
On his fair worth and single chivalry.  [Exeunt.]
Scene V

[The Greek camp. Lists set out.]

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, etc.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair, Anticipating time with starting courage. Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy, Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse. Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe. Blow, villain, till thy spherèd bias cheek Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon. Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood; Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter? Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; He rises on the toe. That spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

[Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.]

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she...
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular. ’Twere better she were kiss’d in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel. I’ll begin. So much for Nestor.
Achil. I’ll take that winter from your lips, fair lady, Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that’s no argument for kissing now; For thus popp’d Paris in his hardiment, [And parted thus you and your argument.]
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns, For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!
Patr. The first was Menelaus’ kiss; this, mine. Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I’ll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave. Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I’ll make my match to live, The kiss you take is better than you give; Therefore no kiss.
Men. I’ll give you boot, I’ll give you three for one. Cres. You’re an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? Every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn. 45
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg, then.
Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss.
When Helen is a maid again, and his — 50
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word. I'll bring you to your father.

[Exit with Cressida.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie, upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, 55
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts 60
To every tickling reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game.
Enter all of Troy, Hector [armed]; Paris, Æneas, Helenus, [Troilus, and other Trojans] with attendants.
Flourish.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

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

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done;
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing
The knight oppos'd.

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

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you.

[Re-enter Diomedes.]

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

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists.]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.
Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

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

Alarum. [Hector and Ajax fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

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

Dio. You must no more.

Trumpets cease.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

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

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish mem-
ber
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud; but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax. 135
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms!
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector.
Thou art too gentle and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 140
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st
Oyes
Cries "This is he," could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector. 145

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

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

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success —
As seld I have the chance — I would desire 150
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Troyan part.
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin.
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

Agamemnon and the rest [come forward].

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name; 160
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy.
But that's no welcome. Understand more clear, 165
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. [To Troilus.] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you,
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother’s greeting.
You brave of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O, you, my lord? By Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath,
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus’ glove.
She’s well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she’s a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i’ the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I have said unto my standers by
“Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!”
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm’d thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock’d in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him. He was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. 200

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

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

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy. 205

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! — I have seen the time. 210

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

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

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophecy is but half his journey yet,
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet. 220

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

**Ulyss.** So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome!
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

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

**Hect.** Is this Achilles?

**Achil.** I am Achilles.

**Hect.** Stand fair, I prithee; let me look on thee.

**Achil.** Behold thy fill.

**Hect.** Nay, I have done already.

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

**Hect.** O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

**Achil.** Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him, whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man
To answer such a question. Stand again.
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenomeinate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt [all except Troilus and Ulysses].

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, In what place of the field doth Calchas keep? Ulyss. At Menelaus’ tent, most princely Troilus. There Diomed doth feast with him to-night; Who neither looks on heaven nor on earth, But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the fair Cressid.

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

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

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

Exeunt.
ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[The Greek camp. Before the tent of Achilles.]

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

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

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

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

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and
    idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

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

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

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

Troilus and Cressida

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, [raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the etter,] take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

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

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pest'red with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

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

Fall Greeks; fall fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent; 50
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

_Exeunt [Achilles and Patroclus]._

_Them._ With too much blood and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but, if with too much
brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a 55
curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an
honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails;
but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and
the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his
brother the bull, the primitive statue and oblique
memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn
in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—
to what form but that he is, should wit larded
with malice and malice forced with wit turn
him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both 60
ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox
and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a
toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring with-
out a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus!
I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not
what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for
I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were
not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!
Enter Hector, [Troilus] Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, [Menelaus] and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, Princes all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

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

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught! "Sweet" quoth 'a! Sweet

sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. Good night, great

Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [Aside to Troilus.] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent.
I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

Exeunt [Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor].

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

Exit.

SCENE II

[The same. Before Calchas's tent.]

Enter Diomedes.

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

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?
Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses [at a distance; after them, Thersites].

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us. 5

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now, my charge!
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her 10 cliff. She's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember! yes.
Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words. 15

Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then, —
Cres. I'll tell you what, —
Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin. You are a forsworn —

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

Ther. A juggling trick, — to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me? 25

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath.

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed, —

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

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are moved, Prince. Let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off;

You flow to great distraction. Come, my lord. 41

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

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

Tro. Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian! Why, Greek!

Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.


Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something. Will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience. Stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!

Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you, then?

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

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord.

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel. I am all patience.
Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now! 65
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again. 70
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone! 75
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me.
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not.
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it? 90
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn, 95
It should be chelleng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past. And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go. One cannot speak a word, 100
But it straight starts you.

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

Dio. What, shall I come? The hour?
Cres. Ay, come: — O Jove! — do come. — I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then. Exit Diomedes.
Cres. Good night. I prithee, come.

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

Exit.

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

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
    Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniaet.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

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

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme.
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid.

_Ulyss._ What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mothers?

_Tro._ Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

_Ther._ Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

_Tro._ This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she.
If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up, with and against thyself,
Bi-fold authority, where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason.

Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduct a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable
Divides more wider than the sky and earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. 160

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attached
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus. Never did young man

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm.
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

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

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Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
    Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
    Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, Prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
    Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
    Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

Execunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.

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

SCENE III

[Troy. Before Priam's palace.]

Enter Hector and Andromache.

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

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaugh-
ter.
Cas. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say; the gods have heard me
   swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.
   They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
   Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
   To hurt by being just. It is as lawful,
   For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
   And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
   But vows to every purpose must not hold.
   Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say; 25
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

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

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

Exit Cassandra.

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy, 35
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

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

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

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls, 40
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let’s leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom’d vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then ’tis wars.

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

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

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

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

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back.
Thy wife hath dream’d; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapto
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

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

_Pri._  Ay, but thou shalt not go.

_Hect._ I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

_Cas._ O Priam, yield not to him!

_And._  Do not, dear father.

_Hect._ Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

_Exit Andromache._

_Tro._ This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

_Cas._  O, farewell, dear Hector!

Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds doth bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell; yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave.
    Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. 90
    Exit.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
    Go in and cheer the town. We'll forth and fight,
    Do deeds of praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell! The gods with safety stand about
    thee!

[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.] Alarum.

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe, 95
    I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick
    so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this
    girl; and what one thing, what another, that I
    shall leave you one o' these days; and I have
    a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in 105
    my bones that, unless a man were curs'd, I can-
    not tell what to think on't. What says she there?
Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.

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

Pan. Why, but hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker! Jackey! Ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

Exeunt [severally].

SCENE IV

[Plains between Troy and the Greek camp.]

Alarum. Enter Thersites in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another;
I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm. I would fain see them meet, that that same young Troyan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain with the sleeve back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-
eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not prov’d worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder
15 than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus [following].

Soft! here comes sleeve, and the other.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire.

I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdraw me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy

whore, Troyan!—now the sleeve, now the

sleeve!

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes fighting.]

Enter Hector.

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

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing

knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hect.  I do believe thee; live.  [Exit.]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.  [Exit.]

SCENE V

[Another part of the plains.]

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

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

Serv. I go, my lord. 5

[Exit.]

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corse of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius; Polyxenes is slain,
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised. The dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed, 15
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field.
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, 20
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled schools
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath. 25
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and
takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, Princes! Great Achilles 30
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chipp'd, come
to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it, Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face; Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

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

Exeunt.

SCENE VI

[Another part of the plains.]

Enter Ajax.

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

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

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

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow’st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I’ll fight with him alone. Stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

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

Exeunt [fighting].

Enter Hector.

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

Enter Achilles.

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

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

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

Exit.
Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter Troilus.

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

Exit.

Enter one in [sumptuous] armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.
No? Wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII

[Another part of the plains.]

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

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

Exeunt.


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

Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard [Margarelon].

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us. If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! Exeunt.
SCENE VIII

[Another part of the plains.]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath.
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.]

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

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

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[Hector falls.]

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

A retreat [sounded].

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o’erspreads the earth, 
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supp’d sword, that frankly would have fed, 
Pleas’d with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20

[Sheathes his sword.]

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

Exeunt.

Scene IX

[Another part of the plains.]

Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes and the rest, marching.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!
Soldiers. (Within.) Achilles! Achilles! Hector’s slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector’s slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be:

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

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

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

Exeunt.
Scene X

[Another part of the plains.]

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus.

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

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector! the gods forbid!
Tro. He’s dead; and at the murderer’s horse’s tail,
In beastly sort, dragg’d through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death.
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone.
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call’d,
Go in to Troy, and say there, “Hector’s dead!”
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away.
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare.
I'll through and through you! and, thou great-
siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates.
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! With comfort
go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.]

[As Troilus is going out] enter [from the other side] Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!
Tro. Hence, broker! lackey! Ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

Exit.

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones! 
O world! world! world! thus is the poor
agent despis'd! O traitors and bawds, how
earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill re-
quite! Why should our endeavour be so de-
sir'd and the performance so loath'd? What
verse for it? What instance for it? Let me see:

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail."

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
painted cloths:

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

Exit.
Prologue. 16, 17. The names of the gates of Troy are derived from Caxton's Recuyell (see Introduction), and prove that at least this part of the play was based on it.

23. A prologue arm'd. The Prologue seems usually to have worn a black mantle. Here his warlike garb is meant to fit the subject of the play, and not (he says) to express the author's defiance, as in Jonson's Poetaster (see Introduction).

Act First. Scene i. The division into acts and scenes is in neither the Folio nor the Quarto, save for the single heading Actus Primus. Scæna Prima in F. The stage directions are extended, in such cases [bracketed], from those in the Folio; otherwise substantially the same.

I. i. 31. Troilus calls himself a traitor for showing that Cressida is at any time absent from his thoughts, and adds that if she ever is absent she straightway returns.

I. i. 60. As true. And truly thou dost. Cf. IV. v. 287.

I. ii. 80. I would he were, even if to make him so I had had to go barefoot to India.

I. ii. 118. merry Greek was a familiar phrase for a roisterer. Mathewe Merygreeke is a character in Udall's Ralph Roister Doister (about 1553).

I. ii. 131. me. A common kind of vague "dative of interest"; cf. you in l. 188.

I. ii. 158. millstones. A proverbial and mocking way of saying there were no tears at all.
I. ii. 214. the rich shall have more. There is a pun here on nod, meaning a simpleton, a butt. The allusion is to the Biblical sentence, “To him that hath shall be given”; a nod shall be given to him who is fool enough already.

I. ii. 256. Go thy way! You are all right!

I. ii. 280. Dates were often put in rich, spiced fruit-pies; of course there is a pun on date, = allotted time.

I. ii. 282, 296. such another. Another has no expressible force.

I. ii. 304, 305. “I’ll be with you to bring,” is a slang expression probably meaning “I’ll be even with you,” and often punned on.

I. ii. 312. wooing. While they are being wooed.


I. iii. 41. In the old “natural philosophy” air and water were called the moist elements, earth and fire the dry.


I. iii. 73. mastic. A patch of mastic gum was often applied for a toothache. The implication is that Thersites had an uncomely-looking jowl. Mastix, a whip, or scourge, was a familiar word, and there may also be a punning allusion to Dekker’s railing play Satiromastix (1602).

I. iii. 92. The aspect of a planet is its position with reference to the others, on which, according to astrology, depended its influence. The planets evil, called the greater and lesser infortunes, are Saturn and Mars.
I. iii. 127–129. He who neglects official distinctions finds that his inferiors disregard his rank just as he disregards that of his superiors.

I. iii. 180. Consummate advantages which we possess either as individuals or as an order.

I. iii. 202, 203. Know the enemy’s total power by estimating it with laborious observation.

I. iii. 288. means not (to be), hath not (been). Such easily-filled ellipses are frequent in Shakespeare.

I. iii. 324, 325. The purpose of this seemingly trifling challenge is as clearly shown as a great and weighty amount is by little figures; and when the challenge is published, do not doubt, etc.

I. iii. 339–346. Our reputation will be curiously well weighed by this test, though it is apparently a matter of chance; for the outcome, though individual, will give a specimen (lit., a measuring rod) of success or failure which will indicate the general outcome of the war; and in such tables of contents, though mere dots compared with the whole volume, is prefigured what follows.

I. iii. 364, 365. Whether our champion wins or loses, a monstrous result will follow.

II. ii. 58–60. The desire is foolish which inclines toward what it unwholesomely longs for, if there is no sign that the worth exists which is the ground of the longing.

II. ii. 77. an old aunt. Hesione, Priam’s sister, had been carried off by Telamon, and Troy overthrown, according to Caxton and his authorities, in revenge for the Trojans’ ill reception of the Argonauts. The son of Hesione and Telamon was Ajax (cf. IV. v. 88, 120 ff.), whom Thersites (II. i. 18) therefore calls mongrel.
II. ii. 166, 167. Aristotle (*Nicomachean Ethics*, I. 3) opined that young men are too inexperienced to study political philosophy. The fact that Shakespeare's error is also in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* (II. xxii. 13) has been made much of by the Bacon-Shakespeare fanatics. But Sir Sidney Lee notes that it is found in at least five other places, usually with Aristotle's name attached.

II. iii. 89. Bring up the subject of our dignity.

II. iii. 134. Note of judgement. Trait of judgment; (or perhaps) what judicious people will record and approve.

II. iii. 138. humorous predominance. Caprices, whims; properly the dominance of this or that humor, which would produce freakish moods. The humors are four real or imaginary fluids in the body, which were believed to determine temperament, and (when in excess) produce disease.

II. iii. 139. lines. Courses of action; plausibly emended by Hanmer and others to *lunes*, meaning *freaks*.

II. iii. 149. In second voice. By a message.

II. iii. 179. for request's sake. Because they are asked for.

II. iii. 206, 207. Add more heat to the summer solstice, when the sun enters the sign Cancer.

II. iii. 253, 254. Thy natural endowments famed beyond what study could give.

II. iii. 258. One of the feats of Milo of Crotona, a Greek athlete of the sixth century B.C., was carrying a bull on his shoulders through the stadium at Olympia (as is told in Cicero's *De Senectute*).
III. i. 15–17. Pandarus is said to be in a state of grace because he desires to be known better (i.e. to be a better man, by a silly quibble, as Malone notes). Then he affects to think the servant has given him the style "Your Grace," at that time a royal title; his own titles are indicated in II. 11, 13.

III. ii. 50. draw this curtain. Remove your veil.

III. ii. 53. rub on, and kiss the mistress. Get on in spite of obstacles and touch the goal (technical expression from bowling, with obvious puns).

III. ii. 56, 57. The female falcon and the male (tercel) were used especially for duck-hunting.

III. ii. 61, 62. "In witness whereof the parties interchangeably." A legal formula, said to be completed by the words, "have set their hands and seals." A kiss as a seal of love is a frequent conceit.

III. ii. 163, 164. A common saying, going back to the Sententiae of Publius Syrus, "Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur."

III. ii. 168. in plight and youth. In good condition and freshness.

III. iii. 4. (So both F and Q.) A difficult passage, often emended, but probably meaning, "Through my insight, knowledge, as to things worth loving."

III. iii. 30. In most accepted pain. With most acceptable pains (doubtless on the part of Calchas).

III. iii. 84–87. Which prizes, and the equally unstable friendships that depend on them, pull one another down and perish. Shakespeare often uses a singular verb with a plural subject, especially when the nearest noun is singular; cf. IV. i. 16, V. vi. 17.
III. iii. 95. A strange fellow. Perhaps Plato, as Grant White pointed out in the First Alcibiades, which Shakespeare may have read in a Latin translation that existed; the resemblance between the passages is very close.

III. iii. 120. who. The antecedent is of course the human beings implied in applause.

III. iii. 150. Perseverance and persever are always accented by Shakespeare on the second syllable.

III. iii. 161–163. Most of this is lacking, and the rest corrupt, in Q. For rear (Hanmer's emendation in l. 162) F has neere.

III. iii. 175. This, the best-known passage in the play, is constantly misapplied. It obviously means, "One natural trait is common to all men, namely, love of novelty."

III. iii. 205, 206. All your intercourse with Troy is as well-known to us as to yourself. According to Caxton's Recuyell, Achilles had fallen in love with Priam's daughter Polyxena, and had treasonably negotiated with Hecuba to stop the war in exchange for Polyxena's hand.

III. iii. 215. This curious conceit seems to be made clear by none of the commentators, and to be ignored by almost all. Halliwell-Phillipps pointed out in 1883 that it alludes to a quaint anecdote first published in 1605 and 1608 (see A Nest of Ninnies, pp. 97, 38; Shakespeare Society, 1842), which Shakespeare doubtless heard from the writer of it, Robert Armin, a member of his company from 1599 to 1603. A half-witted country-fellow, stage-struck, escaped from his confinement, and, to follow Armin's company, passed safely over an expanse of ice in that a brickbat dropped on it broke through.
Ulysses' meaning clearly is, "You should break the thin ice Ajax is sliding over, and so keep him in his own place."

III. iii. 231. Inevitably commits one to an unknown danger (lit., to a void which may become filled with fatal matter).

IV. i. 62. tamed piece. A wine-cask that has long been open (with a pun, — a woman who has lost her charm).

IV. i. 78. We practice the virtue of modesty about our commodities. The line does not seem appropriate or logical, and may be a slip on the part of copyist or printer. Not is usually emended to but. S. W. Singer compares Sonnet 21, "I will not praise, that purpose not to sell."

IV. iv. 35. injury of chance. Ill usage by fortune.

IV. iv. 59. see. See each other.

IV. iv. 68. We shall not long have the chance to plead with each other.

IV. iv. 67, 68. To frame accordingly my own protestation to follow.

IV. iv. 72. Chaucer's Troilus wears Criseyde's sleeve, which was detachable and tied on as a badge. Shakespeare's change is a singular one.

IV. iv. 77, 80. Staunton's reading, based on F, which reads:

Heare why I speake it; Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:

IV. iv. 134. I'll answer to my lust. I'll follow my own wishes.
IV. v. 14, 16. This touch has been supposed to describe the actor who took the part.

IV. v. 83, 120 ff. See note on II. ii. 77.

IV. v. 142. Neoptolemus was Achilles' son, who later, according to Caxton, became the great champion of the Greeks. Johnson's idea that the dramatist thought it a name of Achilles seems unnecessary and unlikely.

IV. v. 177, 255. Mars his. This periphrastic form of the possessive case was common in late Middle and Early Modern English, especially with nouns ending in -s.

V. i. 58–61. Jupiter, to win Europa, transformed himself to a bull. There is, of course, the perpetual allusion to the horns of the cuckold, as also in l. 61.

V. i. 72. care not to be. Should not object to being.

V. ii. 125. I cannot conjure. I cannot raise spirits; she was here in the flesh.

V. ii. 141. If there be a natural law that one person must be himself and no one else.

V. ii. 142–146. Cause probably = a trial, a pleading, and sets is probably a euphonious spelling of setst. "O mad reasoning, which settest up a debate for and against thyself; a double authority, by which at one time reason revolts against what has happened and acknowledges no loss, and at another reason revolts no longer but faces the loss."

V. ii. 152. Ariachne's broken woof. A spider's web, with an allusion to Ovid's story how Pallas destroyed the web of her rival Arachne and changed her into a spider. The name here seems confused with Ariadne's, who gave a clew of thread to Theseus to guide him out of the Cretan Labyrinth.
V. ii. 177. concupy. Slang, or perhaps Thersites' own coinage, for concubine or concupiscence. Tickle it (it probably as in lord it), a mild way of saying hit hard.

V. ii. 185. Have with you! Come on!

V. iii. 113–115. This passage occurs again at V. x. 32–34 in F; only in the latter place in Q. It indicates some sort of revision and confusion.

V. v. 29. That which is called impossible is proved to be a fact.

V. v. 40. Though this line is a mere jingle, forceless may have the sense of reckless ("No force!" meant "No matter!" "Never mind!"); reckless care amounting to recklessness.

V. vii. 11. double-henned sparrow. In the obvious sense, of course, inapplicable; but Helen was doubly a wife, and certainly double in the other sense, i.e. false.

V. x. 44. in armed tail. As to his armed tail, where the bee carries his sting.

V. x. 47. painted cloths. Tapestry or hangings, which often contained mottoes.

V. x. 55. galled goose of Winchester. A prostitute (galled = irritated, chafed); before the Reformation, houses of ill-fame in Southwark were licensed by the Bishops of Winchester. Cf. 1 Henry VI, I. iii. 58. The phrase also means a certain kind of sore.
Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based on the First Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

Prol. 19. Spar] Stirre F.
  I. i. 37. a storm] Rowe; a-sorne F.
    ii. 92. wit] Rowe; will QF.
    260. money] F; an eye Q.
  iii. 31. godlike] Q; godly F.
    54. Retorts] Dyce; Retyres QF.
  137. stands] Q; lives F.
  228. bid] Q; on F.
  293. host] Q; mould F.

II. i. 15. unsalted] Q; whinid' st F.
  126. brach] Rowe; brooch QF.
  ii. 48. hare] Q; hard F.
    70. soil'd] Q; spoyl'd F.
    71. sieve] Johnson; siue Q; same F.
  104. eld] Theobald conj.; elders Q; old F.
  iii. 86. shent] Theobald; sate Q; sent F.
  109. composure] Q; counsell that F.
  115. flexure] Q; flight F.
  232. He's . . . warm] Theobald; continued to Ajax QF.
  277. hulks] Q; bulkes F.

III. ii. 23. repured] Q; reputed F.
  25. tun'd] Q; and F.
  216. whose] Dyce conj.; which QF.
  iii. 48. bent] Pope; bent? why turn'd QF.
  137. fasting] Q; feasting F.

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Textual Variants

141. shrieking] Q; shrinking F.
162. rear] Hanmer; neere F.
178. give] Thirlby conj.; goe QF.
225. air] Q; ayrie ayre F.

IV. ii. 10. joys] Q; eyes F.
13. tediously] Q; hidiously F.
76, s. d. Re-enter] Enter Pandarus and F.
108. extremes] Q; extremitie F.
iv. 4. violenteth] Q; no lesse F.
9. dross] Q; crosse F.
26. strain'd] Q; strange F.
50. Distasted] Q; Distasting F.
124. zeal] seale QF.

to thee] Q; towards F.
146. Dei.] Ritson conj.; Dio F.
v. 92. breath] Q; breach F.
96. knight] Q; knight; they call him Troylus F.

V. ii. 10, 11. sing . . . cliff] Q; finde . . . life F.
43. all hell's] Q; hell F.
82. doth take] Q; rakes F.
103. you] Q; me F.

iii. 21. give . . . use] Tyrwhitt conj.; count give much to as F.
27. brave] Pope; deere QF.

114. broker] brother F.
v. 24. strawy] Q; straying F.
vii. 6. aims] Capell; armes Q; arme F.
viii. 20. bait] Q; bed F.
Glossary

'A, he; I. ii. 82.
abruption, breaking off; III. ii. 70.
accord, "with Jove's a.," permission; I. iii. 238.
accosting, an advance toward acquaintanceship; IV. v. 59.
addition, title, attribute; I. ii. 20; II. iii. 258.
advantageous care, care for a suitable opportunity; V. iv. 22.
affection, partiality, emotion; II. ii. 177; IV. iv. 6.
affin'd, related; I. iii. 25.
affronted, confronted, met; III. ii. 178.
against, just before; I. ii. 191.
allow, acknowledge, praise; III. ii. 98.
allowance, praise; I. iii. 377.
amazement, a startled condition, consternation; II. ii. 210; V. iii. 85.
an, if; I. i. 41: an 't were, as if it were; I. ii. 189.
Anchises, the father of Æneas; IV. i. 21.
antics, buffoons, idiots; V. iii. 86.
appointment, equipment; IV. v. 1.
approve, attest; III. ii. 181.
apt, ready; V. ii. 181.
arcl, vaulted roof; III. iii. 120.
argument, subject of action, Prol. 25, etc.: reason; IV. v. 26: subject of discussion, spokesman; II. iii. 104.
artist, an educated person; I. iii. 24.
arts and exercise, theoretical and practical skill; IV. iv. 80. (Cf. Hamlet, IV. vii. 98.)
asinego (Spanish), little ass; II. i. 49.
aspects, see note, I. iii. 92.
assubjugate, debase; II. iii. 202.
attached, laid hold of; V. ii. 161.
attachment, seizure; IV. ii. 5.
attaint, vice, defect; I. ii. 26.
attribute, repute; II. iii. 125.
authentic, one’s own, peculiar; I. iii. 108.

batch, a baking, bread made at one baking; V. i. 5.
battle, troop; III. ii. 29.
beaver, vizor; I. iii. 296.
bestowing, function; III. ii. 39.
bias, sidewise, puffed-out (a technical term from bowling);
   I. iii. 15; IV. v. 8.
bias-drawing, swerving from the truth; IV. v. 169.
blank, see note, III. iii. 231.
blockish, stupid; I. iii. 375.
bob, beat, cheat; II. i. 76; III. i. 75.
boot, good exchange; IV. v. 40.
botty, broken out; II. i. 6.
bourn, limit; II. iii. 260.
bowels, compassion, feelings; II. i. 54; II. ii. 11.
brach, bitch-hound; II. i. 125.
brave (adj.), splendid, [Prol. 15; fine-looking; I. ii. 217:
   (sb.) defiance; IV. iv. 139.
bravely, excellently, finely; I. ii. 198.
breath, exercise; II. iii. 121.
breese, gadfly; I. iii. 48.
Briareus, the fabulous giant with a hundred hands; I. ii.
   30.
broken music, music in parts, for different instruments
   (often punned on); III. i. 52.
broker, go-between; V. iii. 114.
brushes, encounters; V. iii. 34.
buss, kiss; IV. v. 220.
butt, cask (alluding to Thersites’ ungainly shape); V. i. 32.
buy, a colloquial shortening of be with; III. iii. 294.
by and by, directly; I. ii. 304.
caduceus, Mercury’s rod; II. iii. 14.
capocchia (Italian), simpleton; IV. ii. 32.
carry, capture; V. vi. 24: “c. it,” manage matters; II.
   iii. 228.
catlings, catgut; III. iii. 306.
centre, the earth, or centre of the earth; I. iii. 85; III.
   ii. 186.
chafe, heat, anger; Prol. 2; IV. v. 260.
changeful, unsteadfast; IV. iv. 99.
chapmen, merchants; IV. i. 75.
characterless, unrecorded; III. ii. 195.
charge, cost; IV. i. 57.
circumstance, elaborate discourse; III. iii. 114.
clapper-clawing, mauling; V. iv. 1.
cliff, clef; V. ii. 11.
clodpoles, blockheads; II. i. 128.
cobloaf, “a little loaf made with a round head” (Min-
   sheu); II. i. 41.
cogging, cheating; V. vi. 11.
commands, achieves, has in his power; IV. v. 66.
commodious, accommodating; V. ii. 195.
compassed window, a semi-circular bay-window; I. ii.
   120.
composure, composition, temper; II. iii. 251.
conceit, fanciful idea; I. iii. 153.
concuply, see note, V. ii. 177.
condition, see note, I. ii. 80.
conduce, ‘go on’ (N.E.D.); V. ii. 147.
consisting, existing; III. iii. 116.
constring'd, held together; V. ii. 173.
conveniences, advantages; III. iii. 7.
convive, feast together; IV. v. 272.
core, the centre or heart, (specifically) of a boil; II. i. 7;
V. i. 4.
correspective, answering, fitting; Prol. 18.
counters, part of an abacus, still used in Shakespeare's
day in calculating; II. ii. 28.
cry, acclamation; III. iii. 184.
curious, fastidiously considered; III. ii. 70.
cygnet, young swan; I. i. 58.

Daphne, the nymph who, fleeing from Apollo, was changed
into a laurel tree; I. i. 101.
Dardan, Trojan; Prol. 13.
date, see note, I. ii. 280.
days, in the day; IV. v. 12.
dear, affecting one closely, precious, intense; III. iii. 128;
V. iii. 9.
dearly parted, highly endowed; III. iii. 96.
death-tokens, the spots indicating the approach of death
to those sick with the plague; II. iii. 187.
decline, go through in order; II. iii. 55.
deem, opinion; IV. iv. 61.
degree, official distinction; I. iii. 83, 104, etc.: "in some
ds.," by several grades; I. ii. 75.
depravation, slander; V. ii, 182.
deracinate, uproot; I. iii. 99.
dexter, right; IV. v. 128.
diminutive, a small mean object; V. i. 38.
discomfort, dishearten; V. x. 10.
discourse, reasoning power; I. ii. 276: onward course; II.
iii. 183: "d. of reason," reasoning; II. ii. 116; see note,
V. ii. 142.
discovery, disclosure; V. i. 27.
dismes, a tenth part paid or sacrificed; II. ii. 19.
disorb'd, out of its sphere; II. ii. 46.
dispose, frame of mind; II. iii. 174.
disposer, she who can dispose of me; III. i. 95.
distaste, make distasteful; II. ii. 123.
dividable, separating; I. iii. 105.
draught, privy; V. i. 82.
dumb-discoursive, inaudibly speaking; IV. iv. 92.

effect, meaning, 'practical reality' (N.E.D.); V. iii. 109.
eld, old age; II. ii. 104.
election, ground of selection, choice; I. iii. 349; II. ii. 61.
empale, enclose; V. vii. 5.
emulation, envy; I. iii. 134.
emulous, envious, contentious, ambitious; II. iii. 242;
III. iii. 189; IV. i. 28.
engineer, contriver of military works; II. iii. 9.
entreat, treat, entertain; IV. iv. 115; IV. v. 274.
esperance, hope; V. ii. 121.
expect (sb.), probability; I. iii. 70.
expectance, waiting to know; IV. v. 146.
expecters, those waiting to see or hear of one; IV. v. 156.
exposure, exposed condition; I. iii. 195.

faint, feeble; I. iii. 172.
fall, lower; I. iii. 379.
fan, wind made by a blow; V. iii. 41.
fancy, love; IV. iv. 27; V. ii. 165.
fantastic, prodigious; V. v. 98.
favour, face; I. ii. 101; IV. v. 213.
fee-farm, unlimited tenure; III. ii. 54.
finch-egg, a term of contempt; V. i. 41.
filla, shafts; I. iii. 49.
Glossary

fitchew, pole-cat; V. i. 67.
fitness, opportuneness; I. iii. 202.
fits, divisions of a tune; III. i. 62.
fixure, fixity; I. iii. 101.
flexure, bending; II. iii. 115.
fonder, more foolish; I. i. 10.
footing, walk; I. iii. 156.
for, for the sake of; V. ii. 129: because; V. iii. 21.
force, stuff, season; II. iii. 232; V. i. 64.
forceless, see note, V. v. 40.
forestall, spoil by anticipating; I. iii. 199.
forfeits, losses; IV. v. 187.
forked, an allusion to the horns of the cuckold; I. ii. 179.
forthright, direct path; III. iii. 158.
fraction, division, bit; II. iii. 106; V. ii. 158.
frankly, freely; V. viii. 19.
fraught, loaded; Prol. 4.
fraughtage, load; Prol. 13.
frayed, frightened; III. ii. 34.
free, noble, generous; IV. v. 139.
friend or end, kill or cure; I. ii. 84.
frush, smash; V. vi. 29.
fulfilling, accomplishing their purpose; Prol. 18.
fusty, stale; I. iii. 161; II. i. 112.

gaging, pledging; V. i. 46.
gawds, gewgaws; III. iii. 176.
gear, 'goings-on'; I. i. 6.
Genius, a tutelary spirit (in Roman mythology); IV. iv. 52.
gentle, courteously; IV. v. 287.
gloz'd, talked sophisticatedly; II. ii. 165.
gorget, the armor for the neck; I. iii. 174.
gracious, fortunate; II. ii. 125.
hair, "against the h.,” against the grain; I. ii. 28.
handsomeness, civility; II. i. 16.
hardiment, boldness; IV. v. 28.
hatch’d in silver, having fine silver lines (i.e. gray-haired); I. iii. 65.
heavy, downcast; IV. v. 95.
hedge, turn or push aside; III. i. 65; III. iii. 158.
his, its; I. iii. 9, 354.
honesty, honor; I. ii. 286.
horn, the symbol of a cuckold; I. i. 115.
humours, characteristic traits, whims; I. ii. 23; II. iii. 222. (See note on II. iii. 138.)
hurricano, waterspout; V. ii. 172.
husbandry, the diligence of a farmer; I. ii. 7.
Hyperion, the sun-god, Apollo; II. iii. 207.

Ilion, or Ilium, the royal palace of Troy (according to Caxton); I. ii. 46; II. ii. 109.
imbecility, feebleness; I. iii. 114.
immures, walls; Prol. 8.
impair, unsuitable; IV. v. 103.
imperious, imperial; IV. v. 172.
imputation, see note, I. iii. 339.
isisture, constancy; I. iii. 87.
instance, cause; I. iii. 77: evidence, illustration; V. ii.
158, x. 41.
instant, "i. way,” present time; III. iii. 158.
Iris, the rainbow; I. iii. 380.

keep, dwell; IV. v. 278.
ken, recognize; IV. v. 14.

la, an exclamation “to call attention to an emphatic statement” (N.E.D.); V. ii. 59.
lavolt, a lively dance; IV. iv. 88.
Glossary

lazars, lepers; II. iii. 37.
lid, eye-lid; I. ii. 228.
lifter, thief; I. ii. 129.
lines, see note, II. iii. 139.
’loo, hullo! V. vii. 10.
look upon, look on; V. vi. 10.
lustihood, lustiness; II. ii. 50.
Luxury, lust; V. ii. 55.

maculation, stain; IV. iv. 66.
main of power, full force; II. iii. 273.
manage, management; III. iii. 25.
mappery, study of maps (used contemptuously); I. iii. 205.
mastic, see note, I. iii. 78.
match, an equal contest; IV. v. 46; V. iv. 28.
medicinable, curative; I. iii. 91; III. iii. 44.
mere, utter; I. iii. 111.
merry Greek, see note, I. ii. 118.
millstones, see note, I. ii. 158.
Milo, the famous Greek athlete, see note, II. iii. 258.
mirable, wonderful; IV. v. 142.
mock, foil; III. ii. 105.
moiety, portion; II. ii. 107.
monstruosity, monstrous quality; III. ii. 87.
moral, motto; IV. iv. 109.
motive, limb; IV. v. 57.
move, see note, II. iii. 89: anger; IV. iv. 181.
multipotent, mighty; IV. v. 129.
mutiny, strife; I. iii. 96.
Myrmidon, “the great M.”, Achilles, chief of the Myrmidons; I. iii. 378.

naughty, good-for-nothing (not a childish word); IV. ii. 26.
Glossary

nerve, sinew; I. iii. 55.
noise, report; I. ii. 12.
note, see note, II. iii. 134: observe, brand (with a pun on a musical note); V. ii. 11.
numbers, verses; III. ii. 190.

oblique, perverse; V. i. 60.
observing kind, respectful manner; II. iii. 137.
odd, strange, not even, at odds; IV. v. 41–44, 265.
o'ergalled, irritated; V. iii. 55.
o'erwrested, overstrained; I. iii. 157.
on, of, of the evidence of; V. ii. 136.
opinion, reputation; I. iii. 142; IV. iv. 105.
oppugnancy, warfare; I. iii. 111.
orchard, garden; III. ii. 17.
orgilous, haughty; Prol. 2.
orifex, orifice, opening; V. ii. 151.
orts, scraps; V. ii. 158.
overhold, overestimate; II. iii. 142.
owes, possesses; III. iii. 99.
Oyes, hear ye! (the call of a herald to command attention); IV. v. 148.

pageant, mimic; I. iii. 151: theatrical show; III. iii. 273.
pard, leopard; III. ii. 201.
pard, side; IV. v. 156: endowments; II. iii. 261; IV. iv. 81.
partial (sb., adj.), private capacity; II. ii. 9: individual; I. iii. 341; II. ii. 53.
party, side; II. ii. 156.
pash, smash, crush, strike; II. iii. 212.
past proportion, immeasurableness; II. ii. 29.
patchery, knavery; II. iii. 77.
peculiar, individual; II. iii. 176.
peevish, headstrong; V. iii. 16.
pelting, petty; IV. v. 267.
perdition, see note, V. ii. 145.
pheeze, beat, trouble; II. iii. 215.
_pia mater_, the covering of the brain (put for the brain);
   II. i. 78.
piece, see note, IV. i. 62.
pight, pitched; V. x. 24.
placket, (metaphorically) a woman; II. iii. 23.
plantage, vegetation; III. ii. 184.
pleasant, merry; III. i. 67.
plaint, see note, III. ii. 168.
poise (sb.), weight, (v.) weigh; I. iii. 207; IV. i. 65.
politic, profound; III. iii. 254.
policy, craft; I. iii. 197; IV. i. 18.
porpentine, porcupine; II. i. 27.
port, gate; IV. iv. 113.
portly, handsome, imposing; IV. v. 162.
possess, inform; IV. iv. 114.
potato-finger, the sweet potato was supposed to have an
   aphrodisiac quality; V. ii. 56.
predominance, see note, II. iii. 138.
pregnant, clever; IV. iv. 90.
prenominate, name in advance; IV. v. 250.
presently, directly; II. iii. 148.
prevent, preclude, stop by anticipating; IV. iv. 88.
preventions, foresighted plans; I. iii. 181.
primogenitive, primogeniture; I. iii. 106.
prompt, ready; IV. iv. 90; V. ii. 175.
propend, "p. to you," incline to your view; II. ii. 190.
propension, inclination; II. ii. 133.
proper, handsome; I. ii. 209: one's own; II. ii. 89.
propos'd, meant, destined; III. ii. 14.
propugnation, power of defence; II. ii. 136.
Glossary

Proserpina, wife of Pluto, god of the lower regions; II. i. 37.
protractive, long-drawn-out; I. iii. 20.
pun, pound; II. i. 42.
puttock, kite, inferior kind of hawk; V. i. 68.
Pyrrhus (or Neoptolemus), the son of Achilles; III. iii. 209.

quails, loose women; V. i. 57.
quality, nature, circumstances; IV. i. 44: good natural gifts; IV. iv. 78.
quarrel, occasion of dispute; Prol. 10; II. iii. 79, 217.
question, subject; II. iii. 55, 89: subject of dispute; II. ii. 18: discourse, talk; IV. i. 11; I. ii. 173 (with a pun on the meaning "inquiry," cf. l. 170).
quoted, observed, noted; IV. v. 238.

ransack, plunder, seize as plunder; Prol. 8; II. ii. 150.
raptures, seizures; II. ii. 122.
rash, hasty; IV. ii. 62.
recordation, note, memorial; V. ii. 116.
recourse, frequent flowing; V. iii. 55.
regard, reputation, look; III. iii. 128, 254.
rejoindure, meeting again; IV. iv. 38.
relation, account, disclosure; III. iii. 201.
relish, get the taste of, apprehend; I. iii. 387.
remorse, pity; II. ii. 115.
reproof, scorning, rebuking; I. iii. 33.
repured, purified; III. ii. 23.
respect, consideration; II. ii. 49: dutifulness; V. iii. 73.
retire, retreat; V. iii. 53; V. iv. 21.
retort, throw back; III. iii. 101.
reversion, future possession; III. ii. 100.
rivelled, shrivelled; V. i. 26.
Glossary

rosting, blustering; II. ii. 208.
ruminate, deeply consider; II. iii. 198.
ruth, pity; V. iii. 48.
ruthful, piteous; V. iii. 48.
's, his; IV. ii. 79.
'S foot, God's foot; II. iii. 6.
Sagittary, a centaur (which according to Caxton aided the Trojans); V. v. 14.
sanctimony, something sacred; V. ii. 139.
sans, without; I. iii. 94.
scaffoldage, stage; I. iii. 156.
scant, treat in a niggardly way; IV. iv. 49.
seam, grease; II. iii. 195.
securely, confidently; IV. v. 73.
seeded, bursting with ripe seeds; I. iii. 316.
seizure, touch; I. i. 57.
seld, seldom; IV. v. 150.
self-admission, self-approval; II. iii. 176.
self-affected, self-loving; II. iii. 250.
self-breathe, one's own words; II. iii. 182.
sense, perception; III. iii. 106; IV. v. 54: "of s.," perceptible; I. iii. 385: the senses; I. iii. 252; III. ii. 21: sensibility; I. i. 58: feeling; II. i. 23; IV. iv. 4.
serpigo, a skin disease, like shingles; II. iii. 81.
severals, see note, I. iii. 180.
sharpens, whets (his desire); V. ii. 75.
shent, reproached, reviled; II. iii. 86.
shrewd, sharp; I. ii. 206.
shrewdly, severely; III. iii. 228.
sinister (accented on the second syllable), left; IV. v. 128.
sirrah, a prolongation of sir, used to inferiors; III. ii. 6.
sleeve-silk, unspun silk, floss; V. i. 85.
sleeveless, bootless; V. iv. 9.
soilure, defilement; IV. i. 56.
sort (vb., sb.), be fitting; I. i. 109: lot; I. iii. 376: manner; IV. i. 23.
spare, bar; Prol. 19.
specialty, prerogatives; I. iii. 78.
speculation, power of sight; III. iii. 109.
spite of, scorn of; V. v. 41.
spleen, any sudden violent emotion; II. ii. 128, 196: amusement; I. iii. 178.
spritely, high-spirited; II. ii. 190.
stale, let wither, cheapen; II. iii. 201.
start, be active, excite; IV. v. 2; V. ii. 101.
state, men of rank; II. iii. 118, 271: government; III. iii. 196, 202; IV. ii. 69; IV. v. 264.
stick, pierce; III. ii. 202.
stickler-like, like the overseer or umpire of a combat; V. viii. 18.
still, ever; IV. v. 195.
stithied, forged; IV. v. 255.
stomach, appetite for anything, courage; II. i. 137.
straight, straightway; III. ii. 18.
strain, doubt, cavil; I. iii. 326; III. iii. 112.
strain'd, purged; IV. iv. 26.
strait, narrow passage; III. iii. 154.
strange, cold, "offish"; II. iii. 250.
stretched, exaggerated; I. iii. 156.
subject, lying beneath (with a pun); I. ii. 3.
subscribes, becomes mild, submits; IV. v. 105.
sufferance, suffering; I. i. 28.
suited, clad; Prol. 24.
suppose, expectation; I. iii. 11.
surety, sense of security; II. ii. 14.
sweat, take a cure for a venereal disease; V. x. 56.
Glossary

tabourines, small drums; IV. v. 275.
tarre, set on to fight; I. iii. 392.
taste, test; III. ii. 98: foretaste, suggestion; III. iii. 13; V. ii. 127.
tempt, put to the test; IV. iv. 98.
tend, attend on; II. iii. 135.
tent, probe; II. ii. 16: this meaning punned on; V. i. 12.
tercel, see note, III. ii. 56.
that, if; II. ii. 178: as to the fact that; IV. iv. 136: so that; IV. v. 190.
Thetis, a sea goddess, mother of Achilles, the ocean (perhaps erroneously for Tethys, wife of Oceanus); I. iii. 39, 212.
through, thoroughly; II. iii. 232.
tickling, inquisitive; IV. v. 61.
tide, occasion; V. i. 90.
tisick, a cough; V. iii. 101.
to, in addition to; I. i. 7, 8: compared with; I. iii. 344; "t. him," at him! III. iii. 274.
toast, something floating helplessly; I. iii. 45.
topless deputation, supreme deputed office; I. iii. 152.
tortive, awry; I. iii. 9.
touch, trait, feeling; III. iii. 175; IV. ii. 103.
train, lead on; V. iii. 4.
translate, interpret, describe; IV. v. 112.
travail, pains; I. i. 70.
trumpet, trumpeter; IV. v. 6.
tucket, a flourish on a trumpet; I. iii. 212.

uncomprehensive, limitless; III. iii. 198.
under-honest, less then seemly; II. iii. 133.
underwrite, submit to; II. iii. 137.
ungracious, unpleasing; I. i. 92.
unplausible, disapproving; III. iii. 43.
unrespective, unregarded; II. ii. 71.
unsquard’, unfitting; I. iii. 159.
untraded, uncurrent; IV. v. 178.

vail, setting; V. viii. 7.
vantbrace, armor for the forearm; I. iii. 297.
vassalage, vassals; III. ii. 40.
vaunt, beginning; Prol. 27.
vein, mood, humor; II. iii. 210.
villain, used as a pet term (like wretch); III. ii. 85.
vindicative, vengeful; IV. v. 107.
violeteth, rages; IV. iv. 4.
vizarded, masked, suppressed; I. iii. 83.
voices, acclamations; I. iii. 382.

waftage, ferrying; III. ii. 11.
wanting, lacking; III. iii. 25.
wanton, pert, arrogant; IV. v. 220.
wantonness, whims; III. iii. 137.
ward, guard, a position in fencing; I. ii. 283.
watch (sb.), guard (cf. ward), a keeping awake: (vb.),
be on one’s guard against; I. ii. 289–291.
watched, tamed by being kept awake (like a hawk); III.
ii. 46.
watery, watering; III. ii. 22.
weather, windward side, advantage; V. iii. 26.
wide, wide of the mark; III. i. 96.
will, desire; II. ii. 53, 62, 65.
winnowed, refined; III. ii. 174.
worship’d, honored; II. iii. 198.
wrest, tuning-key, flintlock; III. ii. 23.
wretch, used as a pet term (like villain); IV. ii. 32.
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