

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em
truth.

This royal infant,—heaven still move about
her!

Though in her cradle, yet now promises 19
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall
be—

But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never 24
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good, 28
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse
her;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall
bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, 32
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows
with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood. 39

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new-create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,— 44
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,—

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror, 48

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name 52

Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flour-
ish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him; our children's chil-
dren

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-
land, 57

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her, yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop! 64
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven, I shall desire 68
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords: 73

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye;
She will be sick else. This day no man think
He has business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That's witty!'
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear 8
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while 12
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,

TROILUS,

PARIS,

DEIPHOBUS,

HELENUS,

MARGARELON,

ÆNEAS,

ANTENOR,

CALCHAS,

PANDARUS,

AGAMEMNON,

MENELAUS,

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

his Sons.

a Bastard Son of Priam.

Trojan Commanders.

Calchas, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.

Pandarus, Uncle to Cressida.

Agamemnon, the Grecian General.

Menelaus, his Brother.

Grecian Commanders.

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

HERSITES,

ALEXANDER,

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

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 Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE

*In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments 4
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures 8
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there discharge
Their war-like freightage: now on Dardan 13
plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorida, with massy staples 17
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan 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 24
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. 29
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.*

ACT I

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 Trojan that is master of his heart, 4
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! has 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; 8

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. 12

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
tarry the grinding. 16

Tro. Have I not tarried?
Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry
the bolting. 17

Tro. Have I not tarried? 20
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. 28

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! 'when she comes'!—When is she
thence? 33

Pan. Well, she looked 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, 37
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; 40
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming glad-
ness,

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— 49

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 52
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;
Handiest in thy discourse, O! that her hand, 57
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, 61
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 64

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. 71

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. 76

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? 83

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 in the matter. 88

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. 93

[Exit PANDARUS. An 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; 97
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; 100
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? 104
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. 109

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

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

Tro. Because not there: this woman's an-
swer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence. 112

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. [Alarum.]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town
to-day! 118

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 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 4

Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light, 8

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 12

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* 16

And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk,

sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many

beasts of their particular additions; he is as

valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as

the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so

crowded humours that his valour is crushed into

folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is

no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse
of, nor any man an attain but he carries some
stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and
merry against the hair; he hath the joints of
every thing, 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. 31
Cres. But how should this man, that makes
me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in
the battle and struck him down; the disdain
and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector
fasting and waking. 37

Cres. Who comes here?

Enter PANDARUS.

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man. 40

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. 47

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

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early. 52

Cres. That were wet 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. 60

Cres. What! is he angry too?

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

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison. 64

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. 68

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. 73

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

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus, I would
he were. 76

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone bare-foot 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. 84

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' 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. 92

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him; his own's
better. 96

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen
herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a
brown favour,—for so 'tis I must confess,—not
brown neither,— 100

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not
brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true. 104

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 praised 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. 113

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

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed. 116

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to
him th' other day into the compassed window,
and, you know, he has not past three or four
hairs on his chin,— 120

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,
within three pound, lift as much as his brother
Hector. 125

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a
lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves
him: she came and puts me her white hand to
his cloven chin,— 130

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 all Phrygia.

Cres. O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not? 136

Cres. O! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then. But to prove to you
that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if
you'll prove it so. 141

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 i' the
shell. 146

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think
how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a
marvell's white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack. 150

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 laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With millstones. 156

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed. 160

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 laughed too. 165

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer? 168

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here's but one-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. 'One-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 blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed. 180

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. 184

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true: he will weep you, an't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an't were a nettle against May. [A retreat sounded.]

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. 193

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. 197

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

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. 201

ANTENOR passes over.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me. 208

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

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? 216

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! 222

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. 227

PARIS crosses over.

Look ye yonder, niece: 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. 233

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus. 237

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. 242

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry! 246

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 helmet more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. 259

Cres. Here come more.

Soldiers pass over.

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. 265

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

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel. 269

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 shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man? 276

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie. 281

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, 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 watches. 288

Pan. Say one of your watches. 288

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest 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 watching. 293

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you. 296

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

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?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus. 304

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 thousand-fold I see 308

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: 312

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is: That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did sue. Therefore this maxim out of love I teach: 316

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech: Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON'S Tent.

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and 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 4
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, Infect the sound pine and divert his grain 8

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; 10

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 16

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works, And call them shames? which are indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove, 20
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, 24
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away; 28
And what hath mass or matter, by itself

Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. Nest. With due observance of thy god-like seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply 32
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 36
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, 40

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, 44

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 breeze 48
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 self-same key, 53
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon, Thou great commander, nerve and bone of

Greece, Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit, 56

In whom the tempers and the minds of all Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides his humble and approbation

The which, [To AGAMEMNON] most mighty for thy place and sway, 60
 [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 heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienc'd tongue, yet let it please both, 68
 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, 72
 When rank Thersites opes his mastick jaws, We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master, 76
 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 85
 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 88
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, 92
 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, 97
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate The unity and married calm of states 100
 Quite from their fixure! O! when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs, The enterprise is sick. How could communities, Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities, Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, 105
 The primogenitive and due of birth, Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, But by degree, stand in authentic place? 108
 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: 113
 Strength should be lord of imbecility, And the rude son should strike his father dead: Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong— 116
 Between whose endless jar justice resides— Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power, Power into will, will into appetite; 120
 And appetite, a universal wolf, So doubly seconded with will and power, Must make perforce a universal prey, And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon, This chaos, when degree is suffocate, 125
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect of degree it is That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd 129
 By him one step below, he by the next, That next by him beneath; so every step, Exemplified by the first pace that is sick 132
 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 lives, 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, 140
 What is the remedy?
Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host, Having his ear full of his airy fame, 144
 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, 148
 And with ridiculous and awkward action— Which, slanderer, he imitation calls— He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon, Thy topless deputation he puts on 152
 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 scaffold-age, 156
 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, 160
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling, From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause; Cries, 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just. 164
 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, like as Vulcan and his wife:— Yet good Achilles still cries, 'Excellent! 169

'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus, Arming to answer in a night alarm.' And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age 172
 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 177
 In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion, All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, 180
 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. 184
Nest. And in the imitation of these twain— Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns With an imperial voice—many are infect. Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head 188
 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— 192
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint— To match us in comparison with dirt; To weaken and discredit our exposure, How rank soever rounded in with danger. 196
Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war; Forestall prescience, and esteem no act But that of hand: the still and mental parts, 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: 204
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war; 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. 210
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse Makes many Thetis' sons. [A tucket.
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.
 Enter ÆNEAS.
Agam. What would you fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you? 216
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.
Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks 224 Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How!
Æne. Ay;
 I ask, that I might waken reverence,

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush 228
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes The youthful Phœbus:
 Which is that god in office, guiding men? Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon? 232
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd, As bending angels; that's their fame in peace: But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls, 237
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas! Peace, Trojan! 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. 244
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
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. 249
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, 252
 And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind: It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour; That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake, He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow aloud, 256
 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. [Trumpet sounds.
 We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy, 260
 A prince called 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: king's, princes, lords! If there be one among the fair'st of Greece 265
 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, 269
 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 Trojans and of Greeks, 273
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it, He hath a lady wiser, fairer, truer, Than ever Greek did compass in his arms; 276
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call, Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy, To rouse a Grecian that is true in love: If any come, Hector shall honour him; 280
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA

672

[ACT I]

The which, [To AGAMEMNON] most mighty for
thy place and sway, 60
[To NESTOR.] And thou most reverend for thy
stretch'd-out life,
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Should hold up high in brass; and such again
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Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
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And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'rd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, 92
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
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As he being drest to some oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, like as Vulcan and his wife:—
Yet good Achilles still cries, 'Excellent! 169

SCENE III]

673

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA

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Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age 172
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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 177
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In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
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A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—
To match us in comparison with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger. 196
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Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
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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: 204
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So that the ram that batters down the wall,
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They place before his hand that made the engine,
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By reason guide his execution. 210
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Men. From Troy.
Enter AENEAS.
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Agam. Even this.
Aene. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
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Call Agamemnon head and general.
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Than ever Greek did compass in his arms; 276
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
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