

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

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

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 come,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, 5
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, have become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste, 13
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf. 16
Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?
make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks there-
fore— 20

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor
I know is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack, 24
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 28
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, 32
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. 36

[*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands in the entrance of his
tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable 44
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 48
Feed arrogance and are the poor 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, 52
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. 56

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general?

Achil. No. 60

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*]

Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me? 64

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morning, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morning. 68

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they
not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles; 72
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What! am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with for-
tune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others 77

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, 80
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as places, riches, and
favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers, 84
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy 88
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: 92
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, 97

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 100

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 104

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; 108

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, 112

It is familiar, but at the author's drift;

Who in his circumstance expressly proves

That no man is the lord of any thing—

Though in and of him there be much consist-
ing— 116

Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they're extended; who, like an arch,
reverberates 120

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
this;

And apprehended here immediately 124

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! 128

What things again most dear in the esteem

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-
morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,

Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men
do; 132

While some men leave to do.

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride, 136

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, 140

And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me

As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me

Good word or look: what! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back, 145

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:

Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
devour'd 148

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 152

In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow

Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the
path; 156

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 enter'd tide they all rush by

And leave you hindmost; 160

Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,

Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,

O'errun and trampled on: then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours; 164

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, 168

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, 172

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, 176

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: 180

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, 184

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, 189

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 heroic. 192

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder? 196

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, 200

Does 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 204

Than breath or pen can give expressure 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 208

To throw down Hector than Polyxena;

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her
trump,

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,'²¹³
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break.^[Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
you.²¹⁷

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 war²²¹
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,²²⁴

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.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;²²⁸
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O! then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;²³²
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
clus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him²³⁶
T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's
longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;²⁴⁰
To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?²⁴⁴

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, ask-
ing 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?²⁵²

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a
peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like a
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 this 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, lan-
guageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a
man may wear it on both sides, like a leather
jerkin.²⁶⁹

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 his arms. I will put on
his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me,
you shall see the pageant of Ajax.²⁷⁶

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him, I humbly
desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valor-
ous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to
procure safe-conduct for his person of the mag-
nanimous and most illustrious, six-or-seven-
times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian
army, Agamemnon, et cætera. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!²⁸⁴

Ther. Hum!

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

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to in-
vite Hector to his tent,—²⁸⁹

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from
Agamemnon.²⁹²

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?²⁹⁶

Ther. God be wi' 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.³⁰¹

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 knocked
out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure,
none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to
make catlings on.³⁰⁹

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

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse, for
that's the more capable creature.³¹³

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 ignorance.^[Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

*Enter, on one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a
torch; on the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTE-
NOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

SCENE I]

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly
business⁴

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow,
Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein⁸
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 defiance¹²
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 meet,¹⁶
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,²¹
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.²⁴

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,²⁸
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 despicable gentle greet-
ing,³²

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 Greek³⁶

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.

Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think—⁴⁰
Or rather, call my thought a certain know-
ledge—

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,

With the whole quality wherefore: I fear⁴⁴
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 time⁴⁸
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,⁵²
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best—
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her—
Not making any scruple of her soileure—⁵⁶

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:⁶⁰

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:⁶⁴

Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor
more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

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

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me,
Paris:⁶⁸

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,⁷²
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;⁷⁶

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. A Court before PANDARUS' 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,⁴
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 aweary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,⁸
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 stays¹²

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:¹⁶

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! are all the doors open
here?

Tro. It is your uncle.
Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be
 mocking: I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maiden-
 heads?
 Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mock-
 ing 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!

Cres. Did not I tell you? 'would he were
 knock'd o' the head!
[Knocking within.]
 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.
[Knocking within.]
 How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
 I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.]
Pan. *[Going to the door.]* Who's there?
 what's the matter? will you beat down the
 door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter AENEAS.

Aene. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there? my Lord Aeneas! By
 my troth,
 I knew you not: what news with you so early?
Aene. Is not Prince Troilus here?
Pan. Here! what should he do here?
Aene. 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?

Aene. 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?
Aene. 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 so concluded?

Aene. By Priam, and the general state of
 Troy:

They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
 I will go meet them: and, my Lord Aeneas,
 We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Aene. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of
 nature
 Have not more gift in taciturnity.

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!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! What is 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 changed 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 false-
 hood

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.

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before PANDARUS'*
House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour pre-
 fix'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. A Room in*
PANDARUS' 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;

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

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

Cres. *[Embracing him.]* O Troilus! Troilus!
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let
 me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly say-
 ing is,—

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

when he answers again,
 Because thou canst not ease thy smart
 By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rime. Let us cast away
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
 verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lams!

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 embraces, strangles our dear vows
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.

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 thievery up, he knows not how;
 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.

Aene. *[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, or my heart will be blown up by root!

[Exit.]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

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, 72
 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; 76
 They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of
 nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exer-
 cise:

How novelty may move, and parts with person,
 Alas! a kind of godly jealousy,—

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,—
 Makes me afear'd.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question 84
 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-discursive devil
 That tempts most cunningly. But be not
 tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will? 92

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 changeable potency. 97

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. 100
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; 104
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain, and true; there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady 109
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. 112
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid, 116
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously, 121

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises 124
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,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord, 132
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; 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. 137

Lady, give me your hand, and, as you walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[Exit TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and
DIOMEDES. Trumpet sounded.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.
Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss, 141
That swore to ride before him to the field.

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

Dei. Let us make ready straight. 144

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
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and
Others.

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 4
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 spher'd bias cheek 8
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. 12

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 16

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; 20

'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, 24

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, 28

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, 32

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? 36

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. 40

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. 44

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

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. 48

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a

kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis
due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of
you. 52

Dio. Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your
father. [DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look
out 56

At every joint and motive of her body.

O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling reader, set them down 61

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop. 64

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.

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 68

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. 72

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely

done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprising

The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing. 76

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, 80

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; 84

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, 88

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 92

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: 96

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; 100

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

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; 104

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he in heat of action

Is more vindictive than jealous love.

They call him Troilus, and on him erect 108

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 Ilium thus translate him to me. 112

[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. 116

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; 120

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 125

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, 128

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish

member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax;
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
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.

Ene. 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

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. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my
cousin;

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name
by name;

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,

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,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-
come.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Aga-
memnon.

Agam. [To TROILUS.] My well-fam'd Lord of
Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting;

You brace of war-like brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Ene. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O! you, my lord? by Mars his gaunt-
let, 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,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' th'
air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That I have said to some 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.

Ene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chron-
icle,

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.

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.—

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 Trojan 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 perty front your town,

Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you: 220
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, 224
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? 232

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: 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 244
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods,
proud man,

To answer such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly 248
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag; 256
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, 260
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. 264

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; 268
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 we afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall 272
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 upon the heaven nor earth,

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view 281
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent, 284
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? 288

Tro. O, sir! to such as boasting show their
scars

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:

But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp. Before
ACHILLES' Tent.

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! 4
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou
seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's
a letter for thee. 8

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. 13

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. 18

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

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,
ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back,

lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten
livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impos-
thume, sciaticas, lime-kilns! the palm, incurable
bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the
tetter, take and take again such preposterous
discoveries! 28

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

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you
whoreson indistinguishable cur, no. 33

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate,
thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou
green saracen flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of
a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor
world is pestered with such water-flies, 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, 44
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. 49
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus! 52

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 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 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 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 without 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 lizard, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires! 74

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 lights.

Hect. I trouble you. 76

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

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. 80
Hect. Thanks and good-night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good-night, my lord.

Hect. Good-night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: 'sweet, quotha'! sweet sink, sweet sewer. 85

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

That go or tarry.

Agam. Good-night. 88

[*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. 92

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. 96

[*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 Brabblers 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' tent. I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before* CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you. 4

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

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

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! 8

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted. 12

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember? 16

Ulyss. List!

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

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,— 20

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are 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? 24

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

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good-night.

Tro. Hold, patience! 28

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. 32

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous; 36
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.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come. 40

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 wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro. By Jove, 44

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go? 48

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. 52

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

Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you, then? 56

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; 60

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!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. 64

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 to me again. 68

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! 72

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, 77

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. 81

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. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was. 85

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond, 88
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, 92

It should be challeng'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. 96

Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not me

Pleases me best. 100

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good-night: I prithee, come.— [*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee, 104
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. 109

[*Exit.*]