



TROILUS I prithee now, to bed.

CRESSIDA Are you a-weary of me?

TROILUS O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

CRESSIDA Night hath been too brief.

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

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

PANDARUS [Within] What, 's all the doors open here?

TROILUS It is your uncle.

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

[Enter PANDARUS]

PANDARUS How now, how now! how go maidenheads? Here, you
maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

CRESSIDA Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

PANDARUS To do what? to do what? let her say
what: what have I brought you to do?

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

PANDARUS Ha! ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia!
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty
man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

CRESSIDA Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' 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.

TROILUS Ha, ha!

CRESSIDA Come, you are deceived, 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]

PANDARUS Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the door? How now! what's the matter?

[Enter AENEAS]

AENEAS Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PANDARUS Who's there? my Lord Aeneas! By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

AENEAS Is not Prince Troilus here?

PANDARUS Here! what should he do here?

AENEAS Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

PANDARUS 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?

AENEAS 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]

TROILUS How now! what's the matter?

AENEAS 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.

TROILUS Is it so concluded?

AENEAS By Priam and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

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

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

[Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS]

PANDARUS 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!

[Re-enter CRESSIDA]

CRESSIDA How now! what's the matter? who was here?

PANDARUS Ah, ah!

CRESSIDA Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone!
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PANDARUS Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRESSIDA O the gods! what's the matter?

PANDARUS 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!

CRESSIDA Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees! beseech you,
what's the matter?

PANDARUS 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.

CRESSIDA O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PANDARUS Thou must.

CRESSIDA I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,--

PANDARUS Do, do.

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

[Exeunt]

Scene III

The same. Street before Pandarus' house.

[Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR,
and DIOMEDES]

PARIS It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

TROILUS 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]

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

[Exeunt]

Scene IV

The same. Pandarus' house.

[Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA]

PANDARUS Be moderate, be moderate.

CRESSIDA 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.

PANDARUS Here, here, here he comes.

[Enter TROILUS]

Ah, sweet ducks!

CRESSIDA O Troilus! Troilus!

[Embracing him]

PANDARUS What a pair of spectacles is here!
Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,
'--O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
where he answers again,
'Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.'
There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

TROILUS 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.

CRESSIDA Have the gods envy?

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

CRESSIDA And is it true that I must go from Troy?

TROILUS A hateful truth.

CRESSIDA What, and from Troilus too?

TROILUS From Troy and Troilus.

CRESSIDA Is it possible?

TROILUS And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
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 lose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

AENEAS [Within] My lord, is the lady ready?

TROILUS 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.

PANDARUS Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root.

[Exit]

CRESSIDA I must then to the Grecians?

TROILUS No remedy.

CRESSIDA A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

TROILUS Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,--

CRESSIDA I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

TROILUS 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.

CRESSIDA O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

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

CRESSIDA And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TROILUS I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

CRESSIDA O heavens! 'be true' again!

TROILUS Hear while I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy--
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin--
Makes me afeard.

CRESSIDA O heavens! you love me not.

TROILUS Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

CRESSIDA Do you think I will?

TROILUS No.
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

AENEAS [Within] Nay, good my lord,--

TROILUS Come, kiss; and let us part.

PARIS [Within] Brother Troilus!

TROILUS Good brother, come you hither;
And bring AENEAS and the Grecian with you.

CRESSIDA My lord, will you be true?

TROILUS Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true;' there's all the reach of it.

[Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES]

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressida and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

DIOMEDES Fair Lady Cressid,
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.

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

DIOMEDES O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence
I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say 'be't so,'
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'

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

[Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES]

[Trumpet within]

PARIS Hark! Hector's trumpet.

AENEAS How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That sore to ride before him to the field.

PARIS 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

DEIPHOBUS Let us make ready straight.

AENEAS 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.

[Exeunt]

Scene V

The Grecian camp. Lists set out.

[Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS,
MENE LAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others]

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

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

[Trumpet sounds]

ULYSSES No trumpet answers.

ACHILLES 'Tis but early days.

AGAMEMNON Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

ULYSSES 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

[Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA]

AGAMEMNON Is this the Lady Cressid?

DIOMEDES Even she.

AGAMEMNON Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

NESTOR Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSSES Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

NESTOR And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

ACHILLES I'll take what winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

MENELAUS I had good argument for kissing once.

PATROCLUS But that's no argument for kissing now;
For this popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

ULYSSES O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

PATROCLUS The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

MENELAUS O, this is trim!

PATROCLUS Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

MENELAUS I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.

CRESSIDA In kissing, do you render or receive?

PATROCLUS Both take and give.

CRESSIDA I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

MENELAUS I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

CRESSIDA You're an odd man; give even or give none.

MENELAUS An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

CRESSIDA No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

MENELAUS You fillip me o' the head.

CRESSIDA No, I'll be sworn.

ULYSSES It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRESSIDA You may.

ULYSSES I do desire it.

CRESSIDA Why, beg, then.

ULYSSES Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

CRESSIDA I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

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

DIOMEDES Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.

[Exit with CRESSIDA]

NESTOR A woman of quick sense.

ULYSSES Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within]

ALL The Trojans' trumpet.

AGAMEMNON Yonder comes the troop.

[Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, TROILUS, and other
Trojans, with Attendants]

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

AGAMEMNON Which way would Hector have it?

AENEAS He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

ACHILLES 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

AENEAS If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

ACHILLES If not Achilles, nothing.

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

ACHILLES A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you.

[Re-enter DIOMEDES]

AGAMEMNON Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Aeneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists]

ULYSSES They are opposed already.

AGAMEMNON What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

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

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight]

AGAMEMNON They are in action.

NESTOR Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TROILUS Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

AGAMEMNON His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

DIOMEDES You must no more.

[Trumpets cease]

AENEAS Princes, enough, so please you.

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

DIOMEDES As Hector pleases.

HECTOR Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be 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.

HECTOR 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.

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

HECTOR 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.

DIOMEDES 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

HECTOR 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.

HECTOR 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.

AGAMEMNON 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, welcome.

HECTOR I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON [To TROILUS] My well-famed lord of Troy, no
less to you.

MENELAUS Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECTOR Who must we answer?

AENEAS The noble Menelaus.

HECTOR O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

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

HECTOR O, pardon; I offend.

NESTOR 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 advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
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 saw like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

AENEAS 'Tis the old Nestor.

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

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

HECTOR I would they could.

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

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

HECTOR 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.

ULYSSES Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

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

ULYSSES 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.

ACHILLES I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

HECTOR Is this Achilles?

ACHILLES I am Achilles.

HECTOR Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

ACHILLES Behold thy fill.

HECTOR Nay, I have done already.

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

HECTOR 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?

ACHILLES Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

HECTOR It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACHILLES I tell thee, yea.

HECTOR 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;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,

[Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS]

ACHILLES 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.

PATROCLUS Here comes Thersites.

[Enter THERSITES]

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

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

ACHILLES From whence, fragment?

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

PATROCLUS Who keeps the tent now?

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

PATROCLUS Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

THERSITES Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

PATROCLUS Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

THERSITES 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 imposthume, sciaticas,
limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the
rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take
again such preposterous discoveries!

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

THERSITES Do I curse thee?

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

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

PATROCLUS Out, gall!

THERSITES Finch-egg!

ACHILLES My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

[Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS]

THERSITES 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
earwax: 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 lazar, so I were not Menelaus! Hey-day!
spirits and fires!

[Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES,
NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights]

AGAMEMNON We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

HECTOR I trouble you.

AJAX No, not a whit.

ULYSSES Here comes himself to guide you.

[Re-enter ACHILLES]

ACHILLES Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

AGAMEMNON So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

HECTOR Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

MENELAUS Good night, my lord.

HECTOR Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

THERSITES Sweet draught: 'sweet' quoth 'a! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

ACHILLES Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.

AGAMEMNON Good night.

[Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS]

ACHILLES Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIOMEDES I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.

HECTOR Give me your hand.

ULYSSES [Aside to TROILUS] Follow his torch; he goes to
Calchas' tent:
I'll keep you company.

TROILUS Sweet sir, you honour me.

HECTOR And so, good night.

[Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following]

ACHILLES Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR]

THERSITES 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]

DIOMEDES What, are you up here, ho? speak.

CALCHAS [Within] Who calls?

DIOMEDES Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

CALCHAS [Within] She comes to you.

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

ULYSSES Stand where the torch may not discover us.

[Enter CRESSIDA]

TROILUS Cressid comes forth to him.

DIOMEDES How now, my charge!

CRESSIDA Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you.

[Whispers]

TROILUS Yea, so familiar!

ULYSSES She will sing any man at first sight.

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

DIOMEDES Will you remember?

CRESSIDA Remember! yes.

DIOMEDES Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROILUS What should she remember?

ULYSSES List.

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

THERSITES Roguery!

DIOMEDES Nay, then,--

CRESSIDA I'll tell you what,--

DIOMEDES Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

CRESSIDA In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

THERSITES A juggling trick,--to be secretly open.

DIOMEDES What did you swear you would bestow on me?

CRESSIDA I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

DIOMEDES Good night.

TROILUS Hold, patience!

ULYSSES How now, Trojan!

CRESSIDA Diomed,--

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

TROILUS Thy better must.

CRESSIDA Hark, one word in your ear.

TROILUS O plague and madness!

ULYSSES You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

TROILUS Behold, I pray you!

ULYSSES Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

TROILUS I pray thee, stay.

ULYSSES You have not patience; come.

TROILUS I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments
I will not speak a word!

DIOMEDES And so, good night.

CRESSIDA Nay, but you part in anger.

TROILUS Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

ULYSSES Why, how now, lord!

TROILUS By Jove,
I will be patient.

CRESSIDA Guardian!--why, Greek!

DIOMEDES Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

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

ULYSSES You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.

TROILUS She strokes his cheek!

ULYSSES Come, come.

TROILUS 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.

THERSITES How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and
potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

DIOMEDES But will you, then?

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

DIOMEDES Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRESSIDA I'll fetch you one.

[Exit]

ULYSSES You have sworn patience.

TROILUS Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

[Re-enter CRESSIDA]

THERSITES Now the pledge; now, now, now!

CRESSIDA Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

TROILUS O beauty! where is thy faith?

ULYSSES My lord,--

TROILUS I will be patient; outwardly I will.

CRESSIDA You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He loved me--O false wench!--Give't me again.

DIOMEDES Whose was't?

CRESSIDA 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.

THERSITES Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!

DIOMEDES I shall have it.

CRESSIDA What, this?

DIOMEDES Ay, that.

CRESSIDA 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,
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

DIOMEDES I had your heart before, this follows it.

TROILUS I did swear patience.

CRESSIDA You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

DIOMEDES I will have this: whose was it?

CRESSIDA It is no matter.

DIOMEDES Come, tell me whose it was.

CRESSIDA 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

DIOMEDES Whose was it?

CRESSIDA By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIOMEDES To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TROILUS Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.

CRESSIDA Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

DIOMEDES Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

CRESSIDA You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

DIOMEDES I do not like this fooling.

THERSITES Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.

DIOMEDES What, shall I come? the hour?

CRESSIDA Ay, come:--O Jove!--do come:--I shall be plagued.

DIOMEDES Farewell till then.

CRESSIDA Good night: I prithee, come.

[Exit DIOMEDES]

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

[Exit]

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

ULYSSES All's done, my lord.

TROILUS It is.

ULYSSES Why stay we, then?

TROILUS To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

ULYSSES I cannot conjure, Trojan.

TROILUS She was not, sure.

ULYSSES Most sure she was.

TROILUS Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYSSES Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

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

ULYSSES What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

TROILUS Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THERSITES Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

TROILUS This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

ULYSSES May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

TROILUS Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

THERSITES He'll tickle it for his concupy.

TROILUS O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

ULYSSES O, contain yourself
Your passion draws ears hither.

[Enter AENEAS]

AENEAS I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TROILUS Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

ULYSSES I'll bring you to the gates.

TROILUS Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSES]

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

[Exit]

Scene III

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

[Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE]

ANDROMACHE When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECTOR You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

ANDROMACHE My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

HECTOR No more, I say.

[Enter CASSANDRA]

CASSANDRA Where is my brother Hector?

ANDROMACHE Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

CASSANDRA O, 'tis true.

HECTOR Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

CASSANDRA No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

HECTOR Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

CASSANDRA The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

ANDROMACHE O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CASSANDRA It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECTOR Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Lie every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

[Enter TROILUS]

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

ANDROMACHE Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit CASSANDRA]

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

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

HECTOR What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

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

HECTOR O, 'tis fair play.

TROILUS Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECTOR How now! how now!

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

HECTOR Fie, savage, fie!

TROILUS Hector, then 'tis wars.

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

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

[Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM]

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

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

HECTOR AEneas is a-field;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

PRIAM Ay, but thou shalt not go.

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

CASSANDRA O Priam, yield not to him!

ANDROMACHE Do not, dear father.

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

[Exit ANDROMACHE]

TROILUS This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

CASSANDRA O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

TROILUS Away! away!

CASSANDRA Farewell: yet, soft! Hector! take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[Exit]

HECTOR You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

PRIAM Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums]

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

[Enter PANDARUS]

PANDARUS Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

TROILUS What now?

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

TROILUS Let me read.

PANDARUS A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so
troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl;
and what one thing, what another, that I shall
leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum
in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones
that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what
to think on't. What says she there?

TROILUS Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart:
The effect doth operate another way.

[Tearing the letter]

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

[Exeunt severally]

Scene IV

Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.

[Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES]

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

[Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following]

TROILUS Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

DIOMEDES Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

THERSITES Hold thy whore, Grecian!--now for thy whore,
Trojan!--now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting]

[Enter HECTOR]

HECTOR What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

THERSITES No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave:
a very filthy rogue.

HECTOR I do believe thee: live.

[Exit]

THERSITES God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a

plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[Exit]

Scene V

Another part of the plains.

[Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant]

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

Servant I go, my lord.

[Exit]

[Enter AGAMEMNON]

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

[Enter NESTOR]

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

[Enter ULYSSES]

ULYSSES O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,

That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

[Enter AJAX]

AJAX Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

[Exit]

DIOMEDES Ay, there, there.

NESTOR So, so, we draw together.

[Enter ACHILLES]

ACHILLES Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:
Hector? where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exeunt]

Scene VI

Another part of the plains.

[Enter AJAX]

AJAX Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

[Enter DIOMEDES]

DIOMEDES Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

AJAX What wouldst thou?

DIOMEDES I would correct him.

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

[Enter TROILUS]

TROILUS O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

DIOMEDES Ha, art thou there?

AJAX I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

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

TROILUS Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both!

[Exeunt, fighting]

[Enter HECTOR]

HECTOR Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

[Enter ACHILLES]

ACHILLES Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!

HECTOR Pause, if thou wilt.

ACHILLES I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:

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

[Exit]

HECTOR Fare thee well:

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

[Re-enter TROILUS]

TROILUS Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off: fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day.

[Exit]

[Enter one in sumptuous armour]

HECTOR Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it: wilt thou not,
beast, abide?
Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[Exeunt]

Scene VII

Another part of the plains.

[Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons]

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

[Exeunt]

[Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting:
then THERSITES]

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

[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS]

[Enter MARGARELON]

MARGARELON Turn, slave, and fight.

THERSITES What art thou?

MARGARELON A bastard son of Priam's.

THERSITES I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard
begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard
in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will
not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard?
Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the
son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment:
farewell, bastard.

[Exit]

MARGARELON The devil take thee, coward!

[Exit]

Scene VIII

Another part of the plains.

[Enter HECTOR]

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

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

[Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons]

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

HECTOR I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHILLES Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[HECTOR falls]

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

[A retreat sounded]

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

MYRMIDONS The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

ACHILLES The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

[Sheathes his sword]

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

[Exeunt]

Scene IX

Another part of the plains.

[Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,
and others, marching. Shouts within]

AGAMEMNON Hark! hark! what shout is that?

NESTOR Peace, drums!

[Within]

Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles.

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

AJAX If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

AGAMEMNON March patiently along: let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt, marching]

Scene X

Another part of the plains.

[Enter AENEAS and Trojans]

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

[Enter TROILUS]

TROILUS Hector is slain.

ALL Hector! the gods forbid!

TROILUS He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

AENEAS My lord, you do discomfort all the host!

TROILUS You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt AENEAS and Trojans]

[As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS]

PANDARUS But hear you, hear you!

TROILUS Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[Exit]

PANDARUS A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world!
world! world! thus is the poor agent despised!
O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set
a-work, and how ill requited! why should our
endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed?
what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:
Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

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

[Exit]