

BACK ROOM SHAKESPEARE PROJECT
TROILA AND CRESSIDA

ACT I

PROLOGUE

Two Armies, both alike in dignity,
In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Ilium sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter TROILA armed, and PANDARA

TROILA

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

PANDARA

Will this gear never be mended?

TROILA

The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night
And skillless as unpractised infancy.

PANDARA

Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part,
I'll not meddle nor make no further.

TROILA

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,--
So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she thence?

PANDARA

Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw
her look, or any woman else.

TROILA

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

PANDARA

An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's--
well, go to--but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I
would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would
somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I
will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but--

TROILA

O Pandara! I tell thee, Pandara,--
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad

In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair;'
But, saying thus,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

PANDARA

I speak no more than truth.

TROILA

Thou dost not speak so much.

PANDARA

Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is:
I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of
her and ill-thought on of you; gone between and
between, but small thanks for my labour.

TROILA

What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

PANDARA

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

TROILA

Say I she is not fair?

PANDARA

I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to
stay behind her mother; let her to the Greeks; and so
I'll tell her the next time I see her.

TROILA

Pandarus, sweet Pandarus,--

PANDARA

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

Exit PANDARA.

An alarum

TROILA

Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandara,--O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And she's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As Cressid is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Alarum. Enter AENEAS

AENEAS

How now, Princess Troila!

TROILOUS

What news, Aeneas, from the field to-day?

AENEAS

That Paris is returned home and hurt.

Alarum

AENEAS

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

TROILOUS

Are you bound thither?

AENEAS

In all swift haste.

TROILOUS

Come, go we then together.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The Same. A street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDRA, a servant

CRESSIDA

Who were those went by?

ALEXANDRA

Lady Troilus and Aeneas.

CRESSIDA

And whither go they?

ALEXANDER

Up to the eastern tower,
To join the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:

She chid Andromache and struck her armourer,
And to the field goes she; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hectra's wrath.

CRESSIDA

What was her cause of anger?

ALEXANDRA

The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hectra;
They call him Ajax.

CRESSIDA

Good; and what of him?

ALEXANDRA

They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

CRESSIDA

So do all men, --unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.
But how should this man make Hectra angry?

ALEXANDRA

They say he yesterday coped Hectra in the battle and
struck her down, the disdain and shame whereof hath
ever since kept Hectra fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARA

CRESSIDA

Hectra's a gallant woman.

PANDARA

What's that? what's that?

CRESSIDA

Good morrow, auntie Pandara.

PANDARA

Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?

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

CRESSIDA

Hectra was gone, but Helen was not up.

PANDARA

Even so: Hectra was stirring early.

CRESSIDA

That were we talking of, and of her anger.

PANDARA

True, she was so: I know the cause too: she'll lay about her to-day, I can tell them that: let them take heed of Troila, I can tell them that too.

CRESSIDA

What, is she angry too?

PANDARA

Who, Troila? Troila is the better woman of the two.

CRESSIDA

O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

PANDARA

What, not between Troila and Hectra?

Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

CRESSIDA

Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, she is not Hectra.

PANDARA

No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

CRESSIDA

'Tis just to each of them; she is herself.

PANDARA

Herself! Alas, poor Troila! I would she were.

CRESSIDA

So she is.

She is not Hectra.

PANDARA

I swear to you. I think Helen loves her better than Paris.

CRESSIDA

Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

PANDARA

Well, cousin. I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

CRESSIDA

So I do.

A retreat sounded

PANDARA

Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium?

CRESSIDA

At your pleasure.

PANDARA

Here, here, here's an excellent place; I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troila above the rest.

CRESSIDA

Speak not so loud.

AENEAS passes

PANDARA

That's Aeneas: is not that a brave woman? she's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you.

HECTRA passes

PANDARUS

That's Hectra, that, that, look you, that!

There's a brave woman, niece. Look how she looks!

Is't not a brave woman?

CRESSIDA

O, a brave woman!

PARIS passes

PANDARA

Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant woman too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Would I could see Troila now! You shall see Troila anon.

CRESSIDA

What sneaking woman comes yonder?

TROILOUS passes

PANDARA

Where? yonder? 'Tis Troilus!

there's a woman, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the princess of chivalry!

CRESSIDA

Peace, for shame, peace!

PANDARA

Mark her; note her. O brave Troila! Look well upon
her, niece: O admirable youth!-Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!
O admirable woman!

CRESSIDA

There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better warrior than Troila.

PANDARA

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

CRESSIDA

Well, well.

PANDARA

'Well, well!' why, have you any discretion? have
you any eyes? Do you know what a warrior is?
You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you
lie.

CRESSIDA

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

Adieu, auntie.

PANDARA

I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRESSIDA

To bring, auntie?

PANDARA

Ay, a token from Troila.

CRESSIDA

By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit PANDARA

But more in Troila thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. This maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exeunt

SCENE III. The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, and ULYSSES

AGAMEMNON

Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promised largeness.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us

That we come short of our suppose so far

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand.

Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,

And call them shames? which are indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove

To find persistive constancy in men.

ULYSSES

Let it please both,

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

AGAMEMNON

Speak, prince of Ithaca;

ULYSSES

Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand

Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive

To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected?

Take but degree away, untune that string,

And, hark, what discord follows!

And, Great Agamemnon,

this neglect of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

NESTOR

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

AGAMEMNON

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

ULYSSES

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting player,
He acts thy greatness in: At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration.' and at this sport

Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, achievements, plots,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

NESTOR

And in the imitation of these twain--
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice--many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle.

ULYSSES

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.

A trumpet

AGAMEMNON

What trumpet?

Enter AENEAS

What would you 'fore our tent?

AENEAS

Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

AGAMEMNON

Even this.

AENEAS

May one, that is a herald and a princess,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

AGAMEMNON

What's your affair I pray you?

AENEAS

Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,

To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

AGAMEMNON

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

AENEAS

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

Trumpet sounds

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A princess call'd Hecuba,--Priam is her mother,--
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: she bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers --to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do her best to do it,
She hath a lover, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with her trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If none, she'll say in Troy when she retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance.

AGAMEMNON

This shall be told our lovers, Lady Aenea;
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

NESTOR

Tell her of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

AENEAS

Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

ULYSSES

Amen.

AGAMEMNON

Fair Lady Aenea, let me touch your hand.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR

ULYSSES

Nestor!

NESTOR

What says Ulysses?

ULYSSES

I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NESTOR

What is't?

ULYSSES

This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up

In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

NESTOR

Well, and how?

ULYSSES

This challenge that the gallant Hectra sends,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NESTOR

Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hectra bring her honour off,
If not Achilles?

ULYSSES

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

NESTOR

I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

ULYSSES

What glory our Achilles shares from Hectra,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent; If he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hectra: among ourselves
Give her allowance for the better man.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still

That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NESTOR

Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. A part of the Grecian camp.

Enter AJAX and ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

AJAX

Ay; what's the matter?

ACHILLES

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

AJAX

Farewell. Who shall answer her?

ACHILLES

I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
She knew her man.

AJAX

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

Exeunt

SCENE II. Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTRA, TROILO, and PARIS

PRIAM

After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else
Shall be struck off.' Hectra, what say you to't?

HECTRA

Though no one lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam, let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tith soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of him up?

TROILA

Fie, fie, my sister!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread mother in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of her infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

HECTRA

Sister, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

TROILA

What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

HECTRA

But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god
And the will dotes that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

TROILA

It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied her sails;
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
She brought a Grecian prince, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping?
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went--
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'--
If you'll confess she brought home noble prize--
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands
And cried 'Inestimable!'--why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate
Beggard the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

CASSANDRA

[Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRIAM

What noise? what shriek is this?

TROILA

'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving

CASSANDRA

Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECTOR

Peace, sister, peace!

CASSANDRA

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand sister, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Exit

HECTRA

Now, youthful Troila, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse?

TROILA

Why, sister Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's heirs.

PARIS

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

PRIAM

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

PARIS

Ma'am, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of his fair rape
Wiped off, in honourable keeping him.
There's not the meanest spirit on our party

Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed
Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HECTRA

Paris and Troila, you have both said well.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hectra's opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

TROILA

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hectra,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
For, I presume, brave Hectra would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory

As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

HECTRA

I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priam.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dun and factious nobles of the Greeks:
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him.

Exeunt

SCENE III. The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and AJAX

AGAMEMNON

Where is Achilles?

PATROCLUS

Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

AGAMEMNON

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

PATROCLUS

I shall say so to him.

Exit

ULYSSES

We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

AJAX

Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it
melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my
head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the
cause.

Re-enter PATROCLUS

PATROCLUS

Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,
And after-dinner's breath.

AGAMEMNON

Hear you, Patroclus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Go tell him this, and add,

That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report:

'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.

PATROCLUS

I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Exit

AGAMEMNON

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

Exit ULYSSES

AJAX

Do you not think he thinks himself a
better man than I am?

AGAMEMNON

No question.

AJAX

Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

AGAMEMNON

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

AJAX

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

AGAMEMNON

Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself.

AJAX

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

NESTOR

(aside)

Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES

ULYSSES

Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

AGAMEMNON

What's his excuse?

ULYSSES

He doth rely on none.

AGAMEMNON

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

ULYSSES

Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'

AGAMEMNON

Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent.

AJAX

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

AGAMEMNON

O, no, you shall not go.

AJAX

An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

ULYSSES

Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX

A paltry, insolent fellow!

NESTOR (*aside*)

How he describes himself!

AJAX

Can he not be sociable?

ULYSSES (*aside*)

The raven chides blackness.

AJAX

I'll let his humours blood.

AGAMEMNON

He will be the physician that should be the patient.

AJAX

An all men were o' my mind,--

ULYSSES (*aside*)

Wit would be out of fashion.

AJAX

A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first:
shall pride carry it?

NESTOR (*aside*)

An 'twould, you'd carry half.

ULYSSES (*aside*)

A' would have ten shares.

AJAX

I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

NESTOR (*aside*)

He's not yet through warm: force him with praises:
pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

ULYSSES

[To AGAMEMNON] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

NESTOR

Our noble general, do not do so.

ULYSSES

Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man--but 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

NESTOR

Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

ULYSSES

Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AJAX

A whoreson dog, that shall pelter thus with us!

Would he were a Trojan!

NESTOR

What a vice were it in Ajax now,--

ULYSSES

If he were proud,--

DIOMEDES

Or covetous of praise,--

ULYSSES

Ay, or surly borne,--

DIOMEDES

Or strange, or self-affected!

ULYSSES

Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor;

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:

Put pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

AJAX

Shall I call you father?

NESTOR

Ay, my good son.

DIOMEDES

Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

ULYSSES

There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,--come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAMEMNON

Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I. Troy. Priam's palace.

Enter ALEXANDRA and PANDARA

PANDARA

Friend, you! pray you, a word: do not you follow
the young Lady Paris?

ALEXANDRA

Ay, when she goes before me.

PANDARA

You depend upon her, I mean?

ALEXANDRA

Ma'am, I do depend upon the lady.

PANDARA

You depend upon a noble gentlewoman; I must needs
praise her.

ALEXANDRA

The lady be praised!

Music within

PANDARA

What music is this?

ALEXANDRA

I do but partly know, ma'am: it is music in parts.

PANDARA

Know you the musicians?

ALEXANDRA

Wholly, ma'am.

PANDARA

Who play they to?

ALEXANDRA

To the hearers, ma'am.

PANDARA

At whose pleasure, friend

ALEXANDRA

At mine, ma'am, and theirs that love music.

PANDARA

Command, I mean, friend.

ALEXANDRA

Who shall I command?

PANDARUS

Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these women play?

ALEXANDRA

That's to 't indeed, ma'am: marry, ma'am, at the request of Paris my lady, who's there in person.

Enter PARIS

PANDARA

Fair be to you, my lady, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!

My lady, will you vouchsafe me a word?

marry, thus, my dear lady and most esteemed friend, your sister Troila, commends herself most affectionately to you, she desires you, that if the queen call for her at supper, you will make her excuse.

PARIS

What exploit's in hand? where sups she to-night?

PANDARA

You must not know where she sups.

PARIS

I'll lay my life, with my deposer Cressida.

PANDARA

No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your deposer is sick.

PARIS

Well, I'll make excuse.

PANDARA

Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor deposer's sick.

PARIS

I spy.

PANDARA

You'll remember your sister's excuse?

PARIS

To a hair.

A retreat sounded

They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The same. Pandora's orchard.

Enter PANDARA and TROILA

PANDARA

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

Exit

TROILA

I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARA

PANDARA

She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you
must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a
sprite: I'll fetch her.

Exit

TROILA

Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose.

Re-enter PANDARA with CRESSIDA

PANDARA

Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.
Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that
you have sworn to me. Why do you not speak to
her?
So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now!

TROILA

You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PANDARA

Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll
bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question.
Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

Exit

CRESSIDA

Will you walk in, my lady?

TROILA

O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

CRESSIDA

Wished, my lady! The gods grant,--O my lady!

TROILA

What should they grant?

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

CRESSIDA

Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TROILA

Nothing, but our undertakings;

This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

CRESSIDA

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one.

Will you walk in, my lady?

Re-enter PANDARA

PANDARA

What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

CRESSIDA

Well, aunt, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PANDARA

I thank you for that: Be true to my lady: if she flinch, chide me for it.

TROILA

You know now your hostages; your aunt's word and my firm faith.

CRESSIDA

Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.

O' Troila, I have loved you night and day

For many weary months.

TROILA

Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRESSIDA

Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lady,
With the first glance that ever--pardon me--
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, -See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

TROILA

And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

CRESSIDA

My lady, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lady

TROILA

What offends you, lady?

CRESSIDA

Well, mine own company.

TROILA

You cannot shun Yourself.

CRESSIDA

Let me go and try:

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

TROILA

Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

CRESSIDA

Perchance, my lady, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts:-but you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds one's might; that dwells with gods above.

TROILA

I am as true as truth's simplicity
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRESSIDA

In that I'll war with you.

TROILA

O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

CRESSIDA

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

PANDARA

Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the
witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's.
If ever you prove false one to another, since I have
taken such pains to bring you together, let all
pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end
after my name; call them all Pandars; let all
constant women be Troiluses, all false women Cressids,
and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

TROILA

Amen.

CRESSIDA

Amen.

PANDARA

Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a
bed; away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

Exeunt

SCENE III. The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.

Enter AGAMEMNON, DIOMEDES, ULYSSES, and CALCHAS

ULYSSES

Now, my lord, for the service Calchas hath done us,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight she bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

AGAMEMNON

What wouldst this Calchas of us, Ulysses? make demand.

ULYSSES

We have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Atenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds her very dear.
Oft have you--often have you thanks therefore--
Desired their Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: let her be sent,
my lord, And she shall buy Calchas' daughter.

AGAMEMNON

Let Diomedes bear her,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have

What she requests of us. Good Diomed,
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in her challenge: Ajax is ready.

DIOMEDES

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

Exeunt DIOMEDES

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent

ULYSSES

Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me.

AGAMEMNON

We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:

ACHILLES

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

Exeunt AGAMEMNON

AJAX

How now, Patroclus!

ACHILLES

Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX

Ha?

ACHILLES

Good morrow.

AJAX

Ay, and good next day too.

Exit

ACHILLES

What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PATROCLUS

They pass by strangely: they were used to bend
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

ACHILLES

What, am I poor of late?
Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.
How now Ulysses!

ULYSSES

Now, great Thetis' son!

ACHILLES

What are you reading?

ULYSSES

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

ACHILLES

This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; This is not strange at all.

ULYSSES

I do not strain at the position,--
It is familiar,--but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing
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. I was much wrapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,
That has he knows not what. Now shall we see to-morrow-
An act that very chance doth throw upon him-
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
To see these Grecian lords!--why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
And great Troy shrieking.

ACHILLES

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

ULYSSES

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Keep then the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue.
Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent.

ACHILLES

Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

ULYSSES

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

ACHILLES

Ha! known!

ULYSSES

Is that a wonder?
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

Exit

PATROCLUS

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

ACHILLES

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATROCLUS

Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

ACHILLES

I see my reputation is at stake

My fame is shrewdly gored.

PATROCLUS

O, then, beware;

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

ACHILLES

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him

To invite the Trojan lords after the combat

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,

To talk with him and to behold his visage,

Even to my full of view.

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. Troy. A street.

Enter, from one side, AENEAS; from the other, PARIS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES

PARIS

See, ho! who is that there?

DIOMEDES

It is the Lady Aeneas.

AENEAS

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, princess Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

DIOMEDES

That's my mind too. Good morrow, Aenea.

PARIS

A valiant Greek, Aeneas,--take his hand,--

AENEAS

Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce;

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance

As heart can think or courage execute.

DIOMEDES

The one and other Diomed embraces.
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

AENEAS

Welcome to Troy,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.
We know each other well.

DIOMEDES

We do; and long to know each other worse.

PARIS

This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
What business, lady, so early?

AENEAS

I was sent for to the queen; but why, I know not.

PARIS

Her purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render her,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
My sister Troila lodges there to-night:
Rouse her and give her note of our approach.
I fear we shall be much unwelcome.

AENEAS

That I assure you:
Troila had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Good morrow, all.

Exit

PARIS

And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or your Greek king?

DIOMEDES

Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;
But she as she, the heavier for a whore.

PARIS

You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

DIOMEDES

She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for his Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

PARIS

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The same. Court of Pandarus' house.

Enter TROILA and CRESSIDA

TROILA

Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

CRESSIDA

Then, sweet my love, I'll call mine aunt down;
She shall unbolt the gates.

TROILA

Trouble her not;
To bed, to bed.

CRESSIDA

Good morrow, then.

TROILA

I prithee now, to bed.

CRESSIDA

Are you a-weary of me?

TROILA

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.

TROILA

You will catch cold, and curse me.

CRESSIDA

Prithee, tarry:

You soldiers will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark!
there's one up.

PANDARA

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

TROILA

It is your aunt.

CRESSIDA

A pestilence on her! now will she be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARA

PANDARA

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

CRESSIDA

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

Knocking within

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

TROILA

Ha, ha!

CRESSIDA

Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.

Knocking within

Exeunt TROILA and CRESSIDA

PANDARA

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.

PANDARA

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

AENEAS

Is not Princess Troila here?
It doth import her much to speak with me.

PANDARA

Is she here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll
be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What
should she do here?

Re-enter TROILA

TROILA

How now! what's the matter?

AENEAS

My lady, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your sister,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for her forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,

We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

TROILO

Is it so concluded?

AENEAS

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

TROILO

How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them.

Exeunt TROILO and AENEAS

Re-enter CRESSIDA

CRESSIDA

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

PANDARA

Ah, ah!

CRESSIDA

Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my love? gone!
Tell me, sweet aunt, what's the matter?

PANDARA

Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been
born! I knew thou wouldst be her death. O, poor
Troila! A plague upon Antenor!

CRESSIDA

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

PANDARA

Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou
art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father,
and be gone from Troila: 'twill be her death;
'twill be her bane; she cannot bear it.

CRESSIDA

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

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troila! I'll go in and weep,--

PANDARA

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?

My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

PANDARA

Here, here, here she comes.

Enter TROILA

CRESSIDA

O Troil! TroilA!

Embracing her

TROILA

Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods, take thee from me.

CRESSIDA

Have the gods envy?

PANDARA

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

CRESSIDA

And is it true that I must go from Troy?

TROILA

A hateful truth.

CRESSIDA

What, and from Troila too?

TROILA

From Troy and Troila.

CRESSIDA

Is it possible?

TROILA

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

AENEAS

[Within] My sister, is the lady ready?

TROILOUS

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

CRESSIDA

I must then to the Grecians?

TROILOUS

No remedy.

CRESSIDA

A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

When shall we see again?

TROILOUS

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

CRESSIDA

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

TROILOUS

Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:

I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,

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 love, to dangers

As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

TROILOUS

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

CRESSIDA

And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TROILOUS

I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

CRESSIDA

O heavens! you love me not.

TROILOUS

Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
nor sweeten talk, or play at subtle games;
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?

TROILA

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 lady--

TROILA

Come, kiss; and let us part.

PARIS

[Within] Sister Troila!

TROILA

Good sister, come you hither;
And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

CRESSIDA

My love, will you be true?

TROILA

Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true;' there's all the reach of it.

Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:

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 princess 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.

TROILA

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, Princess Troila:
Let me be privileged by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence
I'll answer to my lust: 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.'

TROILA

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

Exeunt

SCENE V. The Grecian camp. Lists set out.

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, ULYSSES,
NESTOR, and others*

AGAMEMNON

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:
Thou blow'st for Hectra.

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.

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.

PATROCLUS

Patroclus kisses you.

ULYSSES

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, 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 HECTRA, armed; AENEAS, TROILA, and other Trojans

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?

Hecuba bade ask.

AGAMEMNON

Which way would Hecuba have it?

AENEAS

She cares not; she'll obey conditions.

ACHILLES

'Tis done like Hecuba; 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:
This Ajax is half made of Hecuba's blood:
In love whereof, half Hecuba stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hecuba comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

ACHILLES

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

ULYSSES

They are opposed already.

AGAMEMNON

What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

ULYSSES

The youngest heir of Priam, a true knight,
They call her Troila, and on her erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hecuba.
Thus says Aeneas; one that knows the youth
Even to her inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilium thus translate her to me.

Alarum. Hectra and Ajax fight

AGAMEMNON

They are in action.

NESTOR

Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TROILA

Hectra, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

AGAMEMNON

His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

Trumpets cease

AENEAS

Soldiers, enough, so please you.

AJAX

I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

AENEAS

As Hectra pleases.

HECTRA

Why, then will I no more:

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hectra would have them fall upon her thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

AJAX

I thank thee, Hectra

Thou art too gentle and too free a woman:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

AENEAS

There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will do.

HECTRA

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.

HECTRA

Aenea, call my sister Troila 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.

AGAMEMNON

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.

HECTRA

I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON

[To TROILO] My well-famed lady of Troy, no
less to you.

NESTOR

I knew thy granddam,
And once fought with her: she 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.

HECTRA

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.

HECTRA

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.

HECTRA

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,

Must kiss their own feet.

HECTRA

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 Hectra, welcome.

ACHILLES

Now, Hectra, I have fed mine eyes on thee.

I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hectra,

And quoted joint by joint.

HECTRA

Is this Achilles?

ACHILLES

I am Achilles.

HECTRA

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

ACHILLES

Behold thy fill.

HECTRA

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.

HECTRA

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 her body
Shall I destroy her? whether there, or there, or there?

HECTRA

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.

HECTRA

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;
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,
Or may I never--

AJAX

Do not chafe thee, cousin:

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't.

HECTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

HECTRA

Thy hand upon that match.

AGAMEMNON

First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hectra's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.

Exeunt all except TROILA and ULYSSES

TROILA

My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

ULYSSES

At old Calchas' tent, most noble Troila:

TROILUS

Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

ULYSSES

You shall command me.

As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

TROILUS

O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; 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

ACHILLES

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

PATROCLUS

what's that?

ACHILLES

My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Lady 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, Patroclus, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Enter HECTRA, TROILA, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, and DIOMEDES

ACHILLES

Welcome, brave Hectra; welcome, soldiers all.

AGAMEMNON

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

HECTRA

Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

ACHILLES

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

AGAMEMNON

Good night.

Exeunt AGAMEMNON

ACHILLES

Diomed,
Keep Hectra company an hour or two.

DIOMEDES

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

HECTRA

Give me your hand. And so, good night.

Exit DIOMEDES and HECTRA

ULYSSES

[Aside to TROILA] Follow his torch; he goes to
Calchas' tent:

I'll keep you company.

TROILA

Sweet sir, you honour me.

Exit

SCENE II. The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter DIOMEDES

Enter CRESSIDA

DIOMEDES

How now, my charge!

CRESSIDA

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

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance;

ULYSSES

Stand where the torch may not discover us.

TROILA

Cressid comes forth to him.

Whispers

TROILA

Yea, so familiar!

ULYSSES

She will sing any man at first sight.

DIOMEDES

Will you remember?

CRESSIDA

Remember! yes.

DIOMEDES

Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROILA

What should she remember?

ULYSSES

List.

CRESSIDA

Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

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?

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.

CRESSIDA

Diomed,--

DIOMEDES

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

TROILA

Thy better must.

CRESSIDA

Hark, one word in your ear.

TROILA

O plague and madness!

ULYSSES

You are moved, princess; let us depart, I pray you,

this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

TROILA

I pray thee, stay.

ULYSSES

You have not patience; come.

TROILA

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.

TROILA

Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

ULYSSES

Why, how now, lord!

CRESSIDA

Guardian!--why, Greek!

DIOMEDES

Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

CRESSIDA

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

ULYSSES

You shake, my lady, at something: will you go?

TROILA

She strokes his cheek!

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.

TROILA

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

Re-enter CRESSIDA

CRESSIDA

Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

TROILA

O beauty! where is thy faith?

CRESSIDA

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

DIOMEDES

Whose was't?

CRESSIDA

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

DIOMEDES

I shall have it.

CRESSIDA

What, this?

DIOMEDES

Ay, that.

CRESSIDA

Thy mistress now lies thinking in her 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.

TROILA

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?
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

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

TROILA

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.
What, shall I come? the hour?

CRESSIDA

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

Exit DIOMEDES

Troila, 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

ULYSSES

A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said ' My mind is now turn'd whore.'
All's done, my lord.

TROILA

It is.

ULYSSES

Why stay we, then?

TROILOA

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?
Was Cressid here?

ULYSSES

Most sure she was.

TROILOA

Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYSSES

Nor mine, my lady: Cressid was here but now.

TROILOA

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. this is, and is not, Cressid.
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 her passion doth express?

TROILOA

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.
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 lady:
Hectra, by this, is arming her in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TROILOUS

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.

TROILOUS

Accept distracted thanks.

Exit

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter HECTRA

Enter CASSANDRA

CASSANDRA

Where is my sister Hectra?

HECTRA

Be gone, I say.

CASSANDRA

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

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

HECTRA

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

Enter TROILA

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

Exit CASSANDRA

HECTRA

No, faith, young Troila; doff thy harness, youth;
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave girl,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

TROILA

Sister, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a woman.

HECTRA

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

TROILA

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

HECTRA

O,'tis fair play.

TROILA

Fool's play, by heaven, Hectra.

HECTRA

How now! how now!

TROILA

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.

HECTRA

Troila, I would not have you fight to-day.

TROILA

Who should withhold me?

Not you, my sister, 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 her, Priam, hold her fast:
She is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on her leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

PRIAM

Come, Hectra, come, go back:
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

HECTRA

Aenea 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.

HECTRA

I must not break my faith.

CASSANDRA

O Priam, yield not to him! Do not, dear mother.

HECTRA

O, Cassandra, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

TROILA

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

CASSANDRA

O, farewell, dear Hectra!

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!

Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,

And all cry, Hectra! Hectra's dead! O Hectra!

TROILUS

Away! away!

CASSANDRA

Farewell: yet, soft! Hectra! take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

Exit CASSANDRA

HECTRA

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 PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums

TROILA

They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARA

PANDARA

Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

TROILA

What now?

PANDARA

Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

TROILA

Let me read.

PANDARA

What says she there?

TROILA

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart:

The effect doth operate another way.

Tearing the letter

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 DIOMEDES, TROILA following

TROILA

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!

Running TROILA offstage

Enter AGAMEMNON

AGAMEMNON

Renew, renew! Polyxenes is slain;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; 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 Hectras in the field:
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for her edge,
Fall down before her, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, she leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what she will she 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.
Ajax hath lost a friend and foams at mouth,
Roaring for Troila, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of herself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade her win all.

Exit All

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES

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

Exeunt

SCENE VI. Another part of the plains.

Enter AJAX

AJAX

Troila, thou coward Troila, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES

DIOMEDES

Troila, I say! where's Troila?

AJAX

What wouldst thou?

DIOMEDES

I would correct her.

Enter TROILOA

TROILOA

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 her alone: stand, Diomed.

DIOMEDES

She is my prize; I will not look upon.

TROILOA

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

Exeunt, fighting

Enter HECTOR

HECTRA

Yea, Troila? O, well fought, my youngest sister!

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

ACHILLES

Look, Hectra, 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, Hectra's life is done.

HECTOR

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

ACHILLES slits HECTOR'S throat

HECTOR falls

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.

A retreat sounded

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

Sheathes his sword

Exeunt

SCENE IX. Another part of the plains.

Enter AGAMEMNON and AJAX. Shouts within

AGAMEMNON

Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Enter NESTOR

NESTOR

Achilles! Achilles! Hectra's slain! Achilles.

AJAX

If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hectra was a woman 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

SCENE X. Another part of the plains.

Enter AENEAS and TROILA

TROILUS

Hectra is slain.

AENEAS

Hectra! the gods forbid!

TROILA

She's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.

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!

TROILA

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. Hectra is gone:

Who shall tell Priam so?

But, march away:

Hectra is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. - You vile abominable tents,

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.

Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Exeunt AENEAS

As TROILA is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDORA

PANDARA

But hear you, hear you!

TROILUS

Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

Exit

PANDARA

A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world!

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:

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