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Troilus and Cressida Act 1

[00:00:49] In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 [00:00:54] The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
 [00:00:58] Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 [00:01:00] Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 [00:01:02] Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
 [00:01:05] Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 [00:01:08] Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
 [00:01:12] To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
 [00:01:16] The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 [00:01:19] With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
 [00:01:25] To Tenedos they come;
 [00:01:26] And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 [00:01:29] Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
 [00:01:32] The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 [00:01:34] Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 [00:01:38] Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
 [00:01:41] And Antenorides, with massy staples
 [00:01:43] And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 [00:01:46] Sperr up the sons of Troy.
 [00:01:49] Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 [00:01:52] On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 [00:01:55] Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
 [00:02:00] A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 [00:02:03] Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
 [00:02:07] In like conditions as our argument,
 [00:02:09] To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 [00:02:12] Leaps o'er the vault and firstlings of those broils,
 [00:02:16] Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
 [00:02:19] To what may be digested in a play.
 [00:02:22] Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
 [00:02:26] Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.
 [00:02:43] Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:
 [00:02:50] Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 [00:02:55] That find such cruel battle here within?
 [00:02:58] Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
 [00:03:01] Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.
 [00:03:06] Will this gear ne'er be mended?
 [00:03:09] The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
 [00:03:11] Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;
 [00:03:15] But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 [00:03:19] Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
 [00:03:24] Less valiant than the virgin in the night
 [00:03:26] And skillless as unpractised infancy.
 [00:03:29] Well, I have told you enough of this:
 [00:03:31] for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.
 [00:03:35] He that will have a cake out of the wheat
 [00:03:37] must needs tarry the grinding.
 [00:03:39] Have I not tarried?
 [00:03:40] Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.
 [00:03:42] Have I not tarried?
 [00:03:43] Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leavening.
 [00:03:45] Still have I tarried.
 [00:03:46] Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word
 [00:03:49] 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake,
 [00:03:53] the heating of the oven and the baking;
 [00:03:57] nay, you must stay the cooling too,
 [00:03:58] or you may chance to burn your lips.
 [00:04:00] Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

[00:04:03] Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
 [00:04:07] At Priam's royal table do I sit;
 [00:04:12] And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,--
 [00:04:17] So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she thence?
 [00:04:20] Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw
 [00:04:24] her look, or any woman else.
 [00:04:25] I was about to tell thee:--when my heart,
 [00:04:26] As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
 [00:04:28] Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 [00:04:30] I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
 [00:04:32] Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
 [00:04:37] But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
 [00:04:41] Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.
 [00:04:45] An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's--
 [00:04:48] well, go to--there were no more comparison between the women:
 [00:04:52] but, for my part, she is my kinswoman;
 [00:04:56] I would not, as they term it, praise her:
 [00:05:00] but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did.
 [00:05:03] I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but--
 [00:05:09] O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,--
 [00:05:11] When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
 [00:05:16] Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 [00:05:19] They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
 [00:05:22] In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair,'
 [00:05:24] Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 [00:05:27] Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
 [00:05:29] Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
 [00:05:33] In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 [00:05:35] Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
 [00:05:39] The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
 [00:05:43] Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,
 [00:05:47] As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
 [00:05:50] But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 [00:05:53] Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 [00:05:54] The knife that made it.
 [00:05:56] I speak no more than truth.
 [00:05:57] Thou dost not speak so much.
 [00:05:59] Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is:
 [00:06:05] if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not,
 [00:06:07] she has the mends in her own hands.
 [00:06:10] Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!
 [00:06:12] I have had my labour for my travail;
 [00:06:16] ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of you;
 [00:06:20] gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.
 [00:06:43] What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?
 [00:06:48] Because she's kin to me,
 [00:06:50] therefore she's not so fair as Helen:
 [00:06:52] an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday
 [00:06:56] as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I?
 [00:07:01] I care not an she were a black-a-moor;
 [00:07:04] 'tis all one to me.
 [00:07:06] Say I she is not fair?
 [00:07:08] I do not care whether you do or no.
 [00:07:11] She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks;
 [00:07:17] and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part,
 [00:07:21] I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.
 [00:07:22] Pandarus,--
 [00:07:23] Not I.
 [00:07:24] Sweet Pandarus,--
 [00:07:25] Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it,

[00:07:30] and there an end.
 [00:07:34] Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
 [00:07:42] Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
 [00:07:50] When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 [00:07:55] I cannot fight upon this argument;
 [00:07:58] It is too starved a subject for my sword.
 [00:08:04] But Pandarus,--O gods, how do you plague me!
 [00:08:10] I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
 [00:08:12] And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo.
 [00:08:14] As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
 [00:08:18] Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 [00:08:24] What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
 [00:08:37] Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
 [00:08:49] Between our Ilium and where she resides,
 [00:08:54] Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
 [00:09:00] Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
 [00:09:07] Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.
 [00:09:20] How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?
 [00:09:26] Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
 [00:09:32] For womanish it is to be from thence.
 [00:09:36] What news, AEneas, from the field to-day?
 [00:09:37] That Paris is returned home and hurt.
 [00:09:40] By whom, AEneas?
 [00:09:42] Troilus, by Menelaus.
 [00:09:46] Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;
 [00:09:55] Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.
 [00:10:04] Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
 [00:10:06] Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'
 [00:10:10] But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?
 [00:10:14] In all swift haste.
 [00:10:16] Come, go we then together.
 [00:10:43] Who were those went by?
 [00:10:44] Queen Hecuba and Helen.
 [00:10:46] Up to the eastern tower,
 [00:10:48] Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
 [00:10:51] To see the battle.
 [00:10:53] Hector, whose patience Is, as a virtue, fix'd,
 [00:10:57] to-day was moved:
 [00:10:58] He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,
 [00:11:01] And, like as there were husbandry in war,
 [00:11:03] Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
 [00:11:05] And to the field goes he; where every flower
 [00:11:08] Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.
 [00:11:12] What was his cause of anger?
 [00:11:14] The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
 [00:11:16] A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
 [00:11:19] They call him Ajax.
 [00:11:21] Good; and what of him?
 [00:11:23] They say he is a very man per se,
 [00:11:25] And stands alone.
 [00:11:26] So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.
 [00:11:30] This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts
 [00:11:32] of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion,
 [00:11:37] churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant:
 [00:11:41] a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours
 [00:11:43] that his valour is crushed into folly,
 [00:11:46] his folly sauced with discretion:
 [00:11:48] there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of,
 [00:11:51] nor any man an attain't but he carries some stain of it:
 [00:11:55] he is melancholy without cause,

[00:11:56] and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing,
 [00:12:00] but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus,
 [00:12:05] many hands and no use,
 [00:12:07] or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.
 [00:12:09] But how should this man, that makes me smile,
 [00:12:12] make Hector angry?
 [00:12:14] They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle
 [00:12:16] and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath
 [00:12:18] ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.
 [00:12:21] Who comes here?
 [00:12:22] Madam, your uncle Pandarus.
 [00:12:24] Hector's a gallant man.
 [00:12:26] As may be in the world, lady.
 [00:12:27] What's that? what's that?
 [00:12:30] Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.
 [00:12:31] Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?
 [00:12:34] Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin?
 [00:12:38] When were you at Ilium?
 [00:12:40] This morning, uncle.
 [00:12:41] What were you talking of when I came?
 [00:12:44] Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium?
 [00:12:48] Helen was not up, was she?
 [00:12:51] Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.
 [00:12:53] Even so: Hector was stirring early.
 [00:12:57] That were we talking of, and of his anger.
 [00:12:59] Was he angry?
 [00:13:00] So he says here.
 [00:13:01] True, he was so: I know the cause too:
 [00:13:04] he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:
 [00:13:06] and there's Troilus will not come far behind him:
 [00:13:09] let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.
 [00:13:13] What, is he angry too?
 [00:13:14] Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.
 [00:13:17] O Jupiter! there's no comparison.
 [00:13:19] What, not between Troilus and Hector?
 [00:13:22] Do you know a man if you see him?
 [00:13:25] Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.
 [00:13:28] Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.
 [00:13:32] Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.
 [00:13:33] No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.
 [00:13:36] 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.
 [00:13:38] Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.
 [00:13:43] So he is.
 [00:13:44] Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.
 [00:13:47] He is not Hector.
 [00:13:48] Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself!
 [00:13:58] Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end:
 [00:14:03] well, Troilus, well: I would my heart were in her body.
 [00:14:09] No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.
 [00:14:13] He is elder.
 [00:14:14] Pardon me, pardon me.
 [00:14:16] Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale,
 [00:14:18] when th' other's come to't.
 [00:14:20] Hector shall not have his wit this year.
 [00:14:21] He shall not need it, if he have his own.
 [00:14:22] Nor his qualities.
 [00:14:23] No matter.
 [00:14:24] Nor his beauty.
 [00:14:25] 'Twould not become him; his own's better.
 [00:14:26] You have no judgment, niece:

[00:14:31] Helen herself swore th' other day,
 [00:14:35] that for a brown favour
 [00:14:36] --for so 'tis, I must confess,-- not brown neither,--
 [00:14:41] No, but brown.
 [00:14:42] 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.
 [00:14:45] To say the truth, true and not true.
 [00:14:47] She praised his complexion above Paris.
 [00:14:50] Why, Paris hath colour enough.
 [00:14:52] So he has.
 [00:14:53] Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above,
 [00:14:56] his complexion is higher than his;
 [00:14:57] he having colour enough, and the other higher,
 [00:14:59] is too flaming a praise for a good complexion.
 [00:15:01] I had as lief Helen's golden tongue
 [00:15:04] had commended Troilus for a copper nose.
 [00:15:07] I swear to you. I think Helen loves him better than Paris.
 [00:15:13] Then she's a merry Greek indeed.
 [00:15:14] Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day
 [00:15:17] and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin--
 [00:15:21] Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?
 [00:15:23] Why, you know 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling
 [00:15:28] becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.
 [00:15:30] O, he smiles valiantly.
 [00:15:33] Does he not?
 [00:15:34] O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.
 [00:15:37] Why, go to, then:
 [00:15:40] I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin:
 [00:15:45] she has a marvellous white hand,
 [00:15:46] I must needs confess,--
 [00:15:47] Without the rack.
 [00:15:49] And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.
 [00:15:54] Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.
 [00:15:57] But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed
 [00:16:02] that her eyes ran o'er.
 [00:16:03] With mill-stones.
 [00:16:04] And Cassandra laughed.
 [00:16:07] Did her eyes run o'er too?
 [00:16:09] And Hector laughed.
 [00:16:13] At what was all this laughing?
 [00:16:15] Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.
 [00:16:21] An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.
 [00:16:23] They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.
 [00:16:28] What was his answer?
 [00:16:29] Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin,
 [00:16:33] and one of them is white.
 [00:16:34] This is her question.
 [00:16:36] 'Two and fifty hairs' quoth he, 'and one white:
 [00:16:39] that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.'
 [00:16:44] 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris,
 [00:16:50] my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he,
 [00:16:54] 'pluck't out, and give it him.'
 [00:16:58] But there was such laughing!
 [00:17:00] and Helen so blushed, an Paris so chafed,
 [00:17:02] and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.
 [00:17:05] So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.
 [00:17:11] Well, cousin. I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.
 [00:17:18] So I do.
 [00:17:20] I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you,
 [00:17:24] an 'twere a man born in April.
 [00:17:27] And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

[00:17:34] Hark! they are coming from the field:
 [00:17:37] shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium?
 [00:17:43] good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.
 [00:17:49] At your pleasure.
 [00:17:56] Here, here, here's an excellent place;
 [00:17:59] here we may see most bravely:
 [00:18:01] I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by;
 [00:18:03] but mark Troilus above the rest.
 [00:18:05] Speak not so loud.
 [00:18:11] That's Aeneas: is not that a brave man?
 [00:18:14] he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you:
 [00:18:17] but mark Troilus; you shall see Troilus anon.
 [00:18:20] Who's that?
 [00:18:23] That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you;
 [00:18:29] and he's a man good enough,
 [00:18:30] he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy whosoever,
 [00:18:35] and a proper man of person.
 [00:18:38] When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon:
 [00:18:40] if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.
 [00:18:43] Will he give you the nod?
 [00:18:44] You shall see.
 [00:18:45] If he do, the rich shall have more.
 [00:18:49] That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!
 [00:18:55] Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece.
 [00:19:00] O brave Hector! Look how he looks!
 [00:19:04] there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?
 [00:19:07] O, a brave man!
 [00:19:09] Is a' not? it does a man's heart good.
 [00:19:12] Look you what hacks are on his helmet!
 [00:19:15] look you yonder, do you see? look you there:
 [00:19:17] there's no jesting; there's laying on,
 [00:19:19] take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!
 [00:19:23] Be those with swords?
 [00:19:24] Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him,
 [00:19:28] it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.
 [00:19:37] Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.
 [00:19:41] Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too,
 [00:19:44] is't not? Why, this is brave now.
 [00:19:48] Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt:
 [00:19:55] why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!
 [00:19:59] Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.
 [00:20:03] Who's that?
 [00:20:05] That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is.
 [00:20:09] That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day.
 [00:20:13] That's Helenus. Can Helenus fight, uncle?
 [00:20:15] Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well.
 [00:20:19] I marvel where Troilus is.
 [00:20:22] Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"?
 [00:20:27] Helenus is a priest.
 [00:20:33] What sneaking fellow comes yonder?
 [00:20:35] Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus!
 [00:20:40] there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus!
 [00:20:45] the prince of chivalry!
 [00:20:47] Peace, for shame, peace!
 [00:20:48] Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus!
 [00:20:51] Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied,
 [00:20:54] and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks,
 [00:20:57] and how he goes! O admirable youth!
 [00:21:02] he ne'er saw three and twenty.
 [00:21:04] Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!

[00:21:10] Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess,
[00:21:12] he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?
[00:21:18] Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change,
[00:21:23] would give an eye to boot.
[00:21:24] Here come more.
[00:21:26] Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran!
[00:21:30] porridge after meat!
[00:21:33] I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.
[00:21:37] Ne'er look, ne'er look:
[00:21:45] the eagles are gone:
[00:21:49] crows and daws, crows and daws!
[00:21:54] I had rather be such a man as Troilus
[00:21:56] than Agamemnon and all Greece.
[00:21:59] There is among the Greeks Achilles,
[00:22:02] a better man than Troilus.
[00:22:04] Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.
[00:22:11] Well, well.
[00:22:12] 'Well, well!' why, have you any discretion?
[00:22:14] have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is?
[00:22:16] Is not birth, beauty, good shape, manhood, discourse,
[00:22:20] learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality,
[00:22:24] and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?
[00:22:26] Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,
[00:22:31] for then the man's date's out.
[00:22:33] You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.
[00:22:38] Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit,
[00:22:42] to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy,
[00:22:45] to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty;
[00:22:49] and you, to defend all these:
[00:22:51] and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.
[00:22:54] Say one of your watches.
[00:22:55] Nay, I'll watch you for that;
[00:22:57] and that's one of the chiefest of them too:
[00:22:59] if I cannot ward what I would not have hit,
[00:23:01] I can watch you for telling how I took the blow;
[00:23:04] unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.
[00:23:13] You are such another!
[00:23:14] Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.
[00:23:16] Where?
[00:23:17] At your own house; there he unarms him.
[00:23:19] Good boy, tell him I come.
[00:23:21] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.
[00:23:23] Adieu, uncle.
[00:23:24] I'll be with you, niece, by and by.
[00:23:25] To bring, uncle?
[00:23:27] Ay, a token from Troilus.
[00:23:30] By the same token, you are a bawd.
[00:23:40] Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
[00:23:48] He offers in another's enterprise;
[00:23:52] But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
[00:23:56] Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
[00:24:00] Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
[00:24:06] Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
[00:24:12] That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
[00:24:16] Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
[00:24:20] That she was never yet that ever knew
[00:24:21] Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
[00:24:26] Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
[00:24:29] Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
[00:24:35] Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

[00:24:40] Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
 [00:24:46] Princes,
 [00:24:47] What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 [00:24:51] The ample proposition that hope makes
 [00:24:53] In all designs begun on earth below
 [00:24:56] Fails in the promised largeness:
 [00:25:00] cheques and disasters
 [00:25:02] Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
 [00:25:04] As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 [00:25:09] Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
 [00:25:13] Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 [00:25:17] Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
 [00:25:19] That we come short of our suppose so far
 [00:25:23] That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
 [00:25:30] Sith every action that hath gone before,
 [00:25:33] Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 [00:25:35] Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 [00:25:37] And that unbodied figure of the thought
 [00:25:39] That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 [00:25:42] Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
 [00:25:45] And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
 [00:25:48] But the protractive trials of great Jove
 [00:25:51] To find persistive constancy in men:
 [00:25:54] The fineness of which metal is not found
 [00:25:56] In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
 [00:26:01] The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 [00:26:06] The hard and soft, all affin'd and kin:
 [00:26:11] But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 [00:26:15] Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 [00:26:19] Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 [00:26:23] And what hath mass or matter, by itself
 [00:26:25] Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.
 [00:26:28] With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 [00:26:31] Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 [00:26:34] Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 [00:26:37] Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
 [00:26:41] How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 [00:26:43] Upon her patient breast, making their way
 [00:26:45] With those of nobler bulk!
 [00:26:47] But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 [00:26:50] The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
 [00:26:52] The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 [00:26:56] Bounding between the two moist elements,
 [00:26:58] Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat
 [00:27:02] Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 [00:27:04] Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
 [00:27:06] Or made a toast for Neptune.
 [00:27:09] Even so Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
 [00:27:13] In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness
 [00:27:16] The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
 [00:27:19] Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
 [00:27:21] Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 [00:27:23] And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of courage
 [00:27:27] As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,
 [00:27:31] And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
 [00:27:33] Retorts to chiding fortune.
 [00:27:37] Agamemnon,
 [00:27:39] Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 [00:27:44] Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit.
 [00:27:46] In whom the tempers and the minds of all

[00:27:48] Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
 [00:27:54] Besides the applause and approbation
 [00:27:56] To which, most mighty for thy place and sway,
 [00:27:59] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life
 [00:28:03] I give to both your speeches, which were such
 [00:28:06] As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 [00:28:08] Should hold up high in brass, and such again
 [00:28:12] As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 [00:28:14] Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
 [00:28:17] On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
 [00:28:20] To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
 [00:28:25] Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.
 [00:28:29] Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
 [00:28:32] That matter needless, of importless burden,
 [00:28:36] Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
 [00:28:39] When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
 [00:28:42] We shall hear music, wit and oracle.
 [00:28:46] Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
 [00:28:52] And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
 [00:28:55] But for these instances.
 [00:28:58] The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
 [00:29:02] And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 [00:29:05] Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 [00:29:10] When that the general is not like the hive
 [00:29:12] To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 [00:29:16] What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 [00:29:21] The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 [00:29:24] The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
 [00:29:28] Observe degree, priority and shape,
 [00:29:30] Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 [00:29:33] Office and custom, in all line of order;
 [00:29:35] And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
 [00:29:38] In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
 [00:29:40] Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
 [00:29:42] Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 [00:29:45] And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 [00:29:47] Sans cheque to good and bad: but when the planets
 [00:29:50] In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 [00:29:56] What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
 [00:30:00] What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
 [00:30:02] Commotion in the winds! frights, horrors, changes,
 [00:30:05] Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 [00:30:09] The unity and married calm of states
 [00:30:11] Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken,
 [00:30:14] Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 [00:30:18] Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
 [00:30:23] Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
 [00:30:27] Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 [00:30:29] The primogenitive and due of birth,
 [00:30:32] Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 [00:30:36] But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 [00:30:40] Take but degree away, untune that string,
 [00:30:43] And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 [00:30:46] In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
 [00:30:50] Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
 [00:30:52] And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 [00:30:55] Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 [00:30:58] And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 [00:31:01] Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
 [00:31:03] Between whose endless jar justice resides,

[00:31:05] Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 [00:31:09] Then every thing includes itself in power,
 [00:31:12] Power into will, will into appetite;
 [00:31:14] And appetite, an universal wolf,
 [00:31:17] So doubly seconded with will and power,
 [00:31:19] Must make performe an universal prey,
 [00:31:22] And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 [00:31:26] This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 [00:31:29] Follows the choking.
 [00:31:31] And this neglection of degree it is
 [00:31:33] That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 [00:31:35] It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 [00:31:37] By him one step below, he by the next,
 [00:31:39] That next by him beneath; so every step,
 [00:31:43] Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 [00:31:45] Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 [00:31:49] Of pale and bloodless emulation:
 [00:31:54] And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 [00:31:57] Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 [00:32:02] Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.
 [00:32:08] Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 [00:32:10] The fever whereof all our power is sick.
 [00:32:15] The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 [00:32:18] What is the remedy?
 [00:32:28] The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 [00:32:32] The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 [00:32:35] Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 [00:32:38] Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 [00:32:40] Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
 [00:32:44] Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 [00:32:48] Breaks scurril jests;
 [00:32:50] And with ridiculous and awkward action,
 [00:32:54] Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
 [00:32:58] He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 [00:33:04] Thy topless deputation he puts on,
 [00:33:07] And, like a strutting player,
 [00:33:09] whose conceit Lies in his hamstring,
 [00:33:10] and doth think it rich
 [00:33:12] To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 [00:33:13] 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,--
 [00:33:16] Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 [00:33:18] He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 [00:33:22] 'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
 [00:33:26] Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd
 [00:33:28] Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 [00:33:32] The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 [00:33:36] From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 [00:33:40] Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon right.
 [00:33:43] Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
 [00:33:46] As he being drest to some oration.'
 [00:33:49] That's done, as near as the extremest ends
 [00:33:52] Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 [00:33:54] Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
 [00:33:57] 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
 [00:34:00] Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
 [00:34:04] And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 [00:34:07] Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
 [00:34:10] And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
 [00:34:12] Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
 [00:34:17] Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;

[00:34:20] Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
 [00:34:23] In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
 [00:34:27] All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 [00:34:30] Severals and generals of grace exact,
 [00:34:34] Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 [00:34:35] Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 [00:34:38] Success or loss, what is or is not,
 [00:34:40] serves As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.
 [00:34:44] And in the imitation of these twain--
 [00:34:45] Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 [00:34:47] With an imperial voice--many are infect.
 [00:34:50] Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 [00:34:52] In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 [00:34:54] As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
 [00:34:57] Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 [00:35:01] Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
 [00:35:03] A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
 [00:35:07] To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 [00:35:09] To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 [00:35:13] How rank soever rounded in with danger.
 [00:35:15] They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
 [00:35:17] Count wisdom as no member of the war,
 [00:35:20] Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 [00:35:22] But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
 [00:35:26] That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 [00:35:29] When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
 [00:35:30] Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,--
 [00:35:32] Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 [00:35:34] They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
 [00:35:38] So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 [00:35:41] For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 [00:35:43] They place before his hand that made the engine,
 [00:35:45] Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 [00:35:48] By reason guide his execution.
 [00:35:51] Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 [00:35:52] Makes many Thetis' sons.
 [00:35:58] What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
 [00:36:14] From Troy.
 [00:36:18] Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
 [00:36:21] Even this.
 [00:36:22] May one, that is a herald and a prince,
 [00:36:24] Do a fair message to his kingly eye?
 [00:36:26] With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
 [00:36:29] 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 [00:36:31] Call Agamemnon head and general.
 [00:36:34] Fair leave and large security.
 [00:36:37] How may A stranger to those most imperial looks
 [00:36:40] Know them from eyes of other mortals?
 [00:36:44] How!
 [00:36:45] Ay;
 [00:36:46] I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 [00:36:48] And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 [00:36:50] Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 [00:36:52] The youthful Phoebus:
 [00:36:55] Which is that god in office, guiding men?
 [00:36:58] Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
 [00:37:02] This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
 [00:37:05] Are ceremonious courtiers.
 [00:37:08] Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
 [00:37:09] As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:

[00:37:13] But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
 [00:37:16] Good arms, strong joints, true swords;
 [00:37:19] and, great Jove's accord,
 [00:37:20] Nothing so full of heart. But peace, AEneas,
 [00:37:24] Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
 [00:37:28] The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 [00:37:30] If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
 [00:37:32] But what the repining enemy commends,
 [00:37:34] That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.
 [00:37:40] Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself AEneas?
 [00:37:44] Ay, Greek, that is my name.
 [00:37:46] What's your affair I pray you?
 [00:37:48] Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
 [00:37:51] He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.
 [00:37:54] Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
 [00:37:57] I bring a trumpet to arouse his senses,
 [00:37:59] To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 [00:38:01] And then to speak.
 [00:38:03] Speak frankly as the wind;
 [00:38:05] It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
 [00:38:08] That thou shalt know. Trojan, he is awake,
 [00:38:11] He tells thee so himself.
 [00:38:15] Trumpet, blow loud,
 [00:38:17] Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
 [00:38:20] And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 [00:38:23] What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
 [00:38:47] We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 [00:38:50] A prince call'd Hector,--Priam is his father,--
 [00:38:54] Who in this dull and long-continued truce
 [00:38:57] Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
 [00:39:00] And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
 [00:39:06] If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
 [00:39:08] That holds his honour higher than his ease,
 [00:39:11] That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
 [00:39:15] That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
 [00:39:19] That loves his mistress more than in confession,
 [00:39:21] With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
 [00:39:23] And dare avow her beauty and her worth
 [00:39:26] In other arms than hers,--to him this challenge.
 [00:39:31] Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 [00:39:34] Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 [00:39:37] He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 [00:39:42] Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
 [00:39:45] And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
 [00:39:48] Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
 [00:39:51] To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 [00:39:55] If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 [00:39:59] If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
 [00:40:04] The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
 [00:40:08] The splinter of a lance. Even so much.
 [00:40:13] This shall be told our lovers, Lord AEneas;
 [00:40:16] If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 [00:40:17] We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
 [00:40:21] And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 [00:40:24] That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 [00:40:27] If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 [00:40:28] That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.
 [00:40:35] Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 [00:40:39] When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
 [00:40:42] But if there be not in our Grecian host

[00:40:44] One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 [00:40:46] To answer for his love, tell him from me
 [00:40:50] I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
 [00:40:52] And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
 [00:40:55] And meeting him will tell him that my lady
 [00:40:57] Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
 [00:41:01] As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
 [00:41:05] I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.
 [00:41:10] Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
 [00:41:14] Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;
 [00:41:18] To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 [00:41:21] Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 [00:41:23] So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 [00:41:25] Yourself shall feast with us before you go
 [00:41:28] And find the welcome of a noble foe.
 [00:41:41] Nestor!
 [00:41:42] What says Ulysses?
 [00:41:46] I have a young conception in my brain;
 [00:41:49] Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
 [00:41:52] What is't?
 [00:41:54] This 'tis:
 [00:41:55] Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
 [00:42:03] That hath to this maturity blown up
 [00:42:05] In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
 [00:42:09] Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 [00:42:12] To overbulk us all.
 [00:42:16] Well, and how?
 [00:42:19] This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 [00:42:20] However it is spread in general name,
 [00:42:23] Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
 [00:42:28] The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 [00:42:31] Whose grossness little characters sum up:
 [00:42:34] And, in the publication, make no strain,
 [00:42:36] But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
 [00:42:39] As banks of Libya,--though, Apollo knows, 'Tis dry enough,
 [00:42:42] --will, with great speed of judgment,
 [00:42:43] Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
 [00:42:46] Pointing on him.
 [00:42:48] And wake him to the answer, think you?
 [00:42:50] Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,
 [00:42:53] That can from Hector bring his honour off,
 [00:42:54] If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
 [00:42:57] Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
 [00:43:00] For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 [00:43:02] With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
 [00:43:05] Our imputation shall be oddly poised
 [00:43:09] In this wild action; for the success,
 [00:43:11] Although particular, shall give a scantling
 [00:43:12] Of good or bad unto the general;
 [00:43:15] And in such indexes, although small pricks
 [00:43:18] To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 [00:43:20] The baby figure of the giant mass
 [00:43:23] Of things to come at large. It is supposed
 [00:43:27] He that meets Hector issues from our choice
 [00:43:29] And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 [00:43:32] Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
 [00:43:34] As 'twere from us all, a man distill'd
 [00:43:37] Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
 [00:43:40] What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
 [00:43:44] To steel a strong opinion to themselves?

[00:43:47] Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
[00:43:51] In no less working than are swords and bows
[00:43:54] Directive by the limbs.
[00:43:57] Give pardon to my speech:
[00:43:59] Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
[00:44:03] Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
[00:44:06] And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
[00:44:10] The lustre of the better yet to show,
[00:44:12] Shall show the better. By showing the worst first.
[00:44:17] Do not consent
[00:44:18] That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
[00:44:20] For both our honour and our shame in this
[00:44:23] Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
[00:44:27] I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?
[00:44:30] What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
[00:44:31] Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
[00:44:35] But he already is too insolent;
[00:44:38] And we were better parch in Afric sun
[00:44:40] Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
[00:44:43] Should he 'scape Hector fair:
[00:44:44] No no, make a lottery;
[00:44:47] And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
[00:44:51] The sort to fight with Hector:
[00:44:53] Give him allowance for the better man;
[00:44:55] For that will physic the great Myrmidon
[00:44:58] Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
[00:45:00] His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
[00:45:04] If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
[00:45:08] We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
[00:45:11] Yet go we under our opinion still
[00:45:13] That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
[00:45:18] Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
[00:45:21] Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.
[00:45:26] Now Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;
[00:45:28] And I will give a taste of it forthwith To Agamemnon:
[00:45:32] go we to him straight.
[00:45:35] Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
[00:45:37] Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

Troilus and Cressida Act 2

[00:45:43] Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?
[00:45:48] Thersites!
[00:45:50] And those boils did run? say so: did not the general run then?
[00:45:53] were not that a botchy core?
[00:45:55] Dog!
[00:45:56] Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.
[00:45:58] Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
[00:46:01] Feel, then.
[00:46:02] The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!
[00:46:06] Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak:
[00:46:08] I will beat thee into handsomeness.
[00:46:09] I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness:
[00:46:12] but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration
[00:46:14] than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike,
[00:46:17] canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!
[00:46:20] Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.
[00:46:24] Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?
[00:46:27] The proclamation!
[00:46:29] Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.
[00:46:31] Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.
[00:46:35] I would thou didst itch from head to foot
[00:46:37] and I had the scratching of thee;
[00:46:38] I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.
[00:46:41] I say, the proclamation!
[00:46:43] Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles,
[00:46:45] and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus
[00:46:47] is at Proserpine's beauty,
[00:46:48] Mistress Thersites!
[00:46:50] Thou shouldest strike him.
[00:46:52] He would pun thee into shivers with his fist,
[00:46:53] as a sailor breaks a biscuit.
[00:46:56] You whoreson cur!
[00:46:58] Do, do.
[00:46:59] Thou stool for a witch!
[00:47:00] Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!
[00:47:02] thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows;
[00:47:05] thou art here but to thrash Trojans;
[00:47:07] and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit,
[00:47:09] like a barbarian slave.
[00:47:10] thou thing of no bowels, thou!
[00:47:12] You dog!
[00:47:14] You scurvy lord!
[00:47:16] You cur!
[00:47:18] Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?
[00:47:21] How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?
[00:47:24] You see him there, do you?
[00:47:26] Ay; what's the matter?
[00:47:27] Nay, look upon him.
[00:47:29] So I do: what's the matter?
[00:47:30] Nay, but regard him well.
[00:47:32] 'Well!' why, I do so.
[00:47:33] But yet you look not well upon him;
[00:47:35] for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.
[00:47:37] I know that, fool.
[00:47:39] Ay, but that fool knows not himself.
[00:47:40] Therefore I beat thee.
[00:47:42] Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters!
[00:47:45] his evasions have ears thus long.

[00:47:47] I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones:
 [00:47:50] This lord, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly
 [00:47:52] and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.
 [00:47:54] I say, this Ajax--
 [00:47:55] Nay, good Ajax.
 [00:47:56] Has not so much wit--
 [00:47:57] Nay, I must hold you.
 [00:47:59] As will stop the eye of Helen's needle,
 [00:48:00] for whom he comes to fight.
 [00:48:01] Will thou set thy wit to a fool's?
 [00:48:04] No, I warrant you; for a fools will shame it.
 [00:48:06] Good words, Thersites.
 [00:48:09] What's the quarrel?
 [00:48:10] I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation,
 [00:48:14] and he rails upon me.
 [00:48:16] I serve thee not.
 [00:48:17] Well, go to, go to.
 [00:48:18] I serve here voluntarily.
 [00:48:20] Your last service was sufferance,
 [00:48:21] 'twas not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary:
 [00:48:25] Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.
 [00:48:29] E'en so; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews,
 [00:48:32] or else there be liars. Hector have a great catch,
 [00:48:35] if he knock out either of your brains:
 [00:48:37] a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.
 [00:48:40] What, with me too, Thersites?
 [00:48:41] There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy
 [00:48:44] ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,
 [00:48:46] yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.
 [00:48:49] What, what?
 [00:48:50] Yes, good sooth:
 [00:48:51] I shall cut out your tongue.
 [00:48:53] 'Tis no matter! I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.
 [00:48:56] No more words, Thersites; peace!
 [00:48:59] I will hold my peace
 [00:49:00] when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?
 [00:49:03] There's for you, Patroclus.
 [00:49:05] I will see you hanged, like clotpoles,
 [00:49:09] ere I come any more to your tents:
 [00:49:11] I will keep where there is wit stirring
 [00:49:14] and leave the faction of fools.
 [00:49:19] A good riddance.
 [00:49:22] Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
 [00:49:27] That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
 [00:49:30] Will with a trumpet call some knight to arms
 [00:49:32] That hath a stomach;
 [00:49:34] and such a one that dare Maintain
 [00:49:35] --I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.
 [00:49:38] Farewell. Who shall answer him?
 [00:49:39] I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
 [00:49:44] He knew his man.
 [00:49:46] O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.
 [00:50:16] After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
 [00:50:23] Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
 [00:50:28] 'Deliver Helen, and all damage else--
 [00:50:31] As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
 [00:50:36] Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
 [00:50:41] In hot digestion of this cormorant war--
 [00:50:46] Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?
 [00:51:02] Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I

[00:51:04] As far as toucheth my particular,
 [00:51:07] Yet, dread Priam,
 [00:51:10] There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 [00:51:13] More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 [00:51:17] More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
 [00:51:19] Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
 [00:51:26] Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
 [00:51:29] The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 [00:51:31] To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
 [00:51:38] Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 [00:51:40] Every tith soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 [00:51:43] Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 [00:51:46] If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 [00:51:48] To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
 [00:51:50] Had it our name, the value of one ten,
 [00:51:53] What merit's in that reason which denies
 [00:51:55] The yielding of her up?
 [00:51:57] Fie, fie, my brother!
 [00:51:58] Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
 [00:52:01] So great as our dread father in a scale
 [00:52:03] Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 [00:52:08] The past proportion of his infinite?
 [00:52:10] And buckle in a scale most fathomless
 [00:52:14] With spans and inches so diminutive
 [00:52:16] As fears and reasons?
 [00:52:19] If we talk of reason, Let's shut our gates and sleep:
 [00:52:25] manhood and honour Should have hare-hearts,
 [00:52:26] would they but fat their thoughts
 [00:52:27] With this cramm'd reason:
 [00:52:30] reason and respect Make livers pale and lustihood deject.
 [00:52:33] Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost The keeping.
 [00:52:36] What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
 [00:52:37] But value dwells not in particular will;
 [00:52:41] It holds his estimate and dignity
 [00:52:42] As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
 [00:52:43] As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
 [00:52:46] To make the service greater than the god
 [00:52:49] And the will dotes that is attributive
 [00:52:51] To what infectiously itself affects,
 [00:52:53] Without some image of the affected merit.
 [00:52:57] I take to-day a wife, and my election
 [00:53:11] Is led on in the conduct of my will;
 [00:53:13] My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 [00:53:16] Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 [00:53:19] Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
 [00:53:25] Although my will distaste what it elected,
 [00:53:28] The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
 [00:53:35] To blench from this and to stand firm by honour:
 [00:53:39] We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
 [00:53:41] When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
 [00:53:47] We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
 [00:53:48] Because we now are full. It was thought meet
 [00:53:55] Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
 [00:53:58] Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
 [00:54:00] The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
 [00:54:03] And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired,
 [00:54:05] And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
 [00:54:08] He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 [00:54:14] Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
 [00:54:20] Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

[00:54:26] Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
[00:54:32] Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
[00:54:34] And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
[00:54:39] If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went--
[00:54:41] As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'--
[00:54:47] If you'll confess he brought home worthy prize--
[00:54:50] As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands
[00:54:52] And cried 'Inestimable!'--why do you now
[00:54:59] The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
[00:55:02] And do a deed that fortune never did,
[00:55:03] Beggar the estimation which you prized
[00:55:05] Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
[00:55:14] That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
[00:55:16] Cry, Trojans, cry!
[00:55:18] What noise? what shriek is this?
[00:55:20] Cry, Trojans!
[00:55:22] Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
[00:55:24] And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
[00:55:26] Peace, sister, Peace!!
[00:55:27] Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
[00:55:30] Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
[00:55:33] Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
[00:55:36] A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
[00:55:39] Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
[00:55:43] Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
[00:55:47] Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
[00:55:50] Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
[00:55:54] Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
[00:56:05] Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
[00:56:08] Of divination in our sister work
[00:56:09] Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
[00:56:12] So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
[00:56:14] Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
[00:56:17] Can qualify the same?
[00:56:19] Why, brother Hector,
[00:56:21] We may not think the justness of each act
[00:56:24] Such and no other than event doth form it,
[00:56:30] Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
[00:56:31] Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
[00:56:36] Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
[00:56:38] Which hath our several honours all engaged
[00:56:40] To make it gracious. For my private part,
[00:56:44] I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
[00:56:47] And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
[00:56:49] Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
[00:56:51] To fight for and maintain!
[00:56:53] Else might the world convince of levity
[00:56:55] As well my undertakings as your counsels:
[00:56:58] But I attest the gods, your full consent
[00:57:01] Gave wings to my propension and cut off
[00:57:04] All fears attending on so dire a project.
[00:57:07] For what, alas, can these my single arms?
[00:57:11] What Propugnation is in one man's valour,
[00:57:14] To stand the push and enmity of those
[00:57:16] This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
[00:57:24] Were I alone to pass the difficulties
[00:57:28] And had as ample power as I have will,
[00:57:32] Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
[00:57:35] Nor faint in the pursuit.
[00:57:37] Paris, you speak Like one besotted

[00:57:40] on your sweet delights:
 [00:57:43] You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 [00:57:47] So to be valiant is no praise at all.
 [00:57:51] Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 [00:57:55] The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
 [00:57:58] But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 [00:58:00] Wiped off, in honourable keeping her.
 [00:58:04] What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 [00:58:06] Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
 [00:58:08] Now to deliver her possession up
 [00:58:09] On terms of base compulsion!
 [00:58:13] Can it be That so degenerate a strain as this
 [00:58:15] Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 [00:58:21] There's not the meanest spirit on our party
 [00:58:23] Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
 [00:58:25] When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
 [00:58:29] Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed
 [00:58:32] Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
 [00:58:36] Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
 [00:58:41] The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
 [00:58:47] Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
 [00:58:50] And on the cause and question now in hand
 [00:58:52] Have glozed, but superficially:
 [00:58:54] not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 [00:58:56] Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 [00:59:01] The reasons you allege do more conduce
 [00:59:03] To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
 [00:59:05] Than to make up a free determination
 [00:59:06] 'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
 [00:59:12] Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 [00:59:14] Of any true decision. Nature craves
 [00:59:19] All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
 [00:59:26] What nearer debt in all humanity
 [00:59:28] Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 [00:59:31] Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 [00:59:35] And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 [00:59:37] To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
 [00:59:40] There is a law in each well-order'd nation
 [00:59:42] To curb those raging appetites which are
 [00:59:44] Most disobedient and refractory.
 [00:59:48] If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
 [00:59:50] As it is known she is, these moral laws
 [00:59:54] Of nature and of nations speak aloud
 [00:59:56] To have her back return'd: thus to persist
 [00:59:58] In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
 [01:00:00] But makes it much more heavy.
 [01:00:07] Hector's opinion Is this in way of truth;
 [01:00:15] yet ne'ertheless, My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 [01:00:23] In resolution to keep Helen still,
 [01:00:28] For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 [01:00:30] Upon our joint and several dignities.
 [01:00:32] Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
 [01:00:36] Were it not glory that we more affected
 [01:00:39] Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 [01:00:42] I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 [01:00:43] Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 [01:00:47] She is a theme of honour and renown,
 [01:00:51] A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 [01:00:53] Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 [01:00:56] And fame in time to come canonize us;

[01:01:00] For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 [01:01:02] So rich advantage of a promised glory
 [01:01:03] As smiles upon the forehead of this action
 [01:01:05] For the wide world's revenue.
 [01:01:07] I am yours,
 [01:01:08] You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
 [01:01:14] I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 [01:01:16] The dun and factious nobles of the Greeks
 [01:01:17] Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
 [01:01:20] I was advertised their great general slept,
 [01:01:23] Whilst emulation in the army crept:
 [01:01:26] This, I presume, will wake him.
 [01:01:34] How now, Thersites! what lost in the labyrinth of thy fury!
 [01:01:41] Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus?
 [01:01:44] He beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction!
 [01:01:49] would it were otherwise; that I could beat him,
 [01:01:52] whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure
 [01:01:56] and raise devils, but I'll see some issue
 [01:01:59] of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,
 [01:02:04] a rare engineer! If Troy be not taken
 [01:02:08] till these two undermine it,
 [01:02:10] the walls will stand till they fall of themselves.
 [01:02:12] O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus,
 [01:02:16] forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods and, Mercury,
 [01:02:21] lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus,
 [01:02:23] if ye take not that little, little less than little wit
 [01:02:26] from them that they have!
 [01:02:27] which short-armed ignorance itself
 [01:02:29] knows is so abundant scarce,
 [01:02:31] it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider,
 [01:02:35] without drawing their massy irons
 [01:02:36] and cutting the web.
 [01:02:38] After this, the vengeance on the whole camp!
 [01:02:41] or rather, the neopolitan bone-ache!
 [01:02:45] for that, methinks, is the curse dependent
 [01:02:46] on those that war for a placket.
 [01:02:49] I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen.
 [01:02:54] What ho! my Lord Achilles!
 [01:02:55] Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.
 [01:02:59] If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit,
 [01:03:01] thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation:
 [01:03:04] but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself!
 [01:03:07] The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance,
 [01:03:10] be thine in great revenue!
 [01:03:12] Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death!
 [01:03:15] Where's Achilles?
 [01:03:16] What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?
 [01:03:18] Ay: the heavens hear me!
 [01:03:19] Amen.
 [01:03:20] Who's there?
 [01:03:21] Thersites, my lord.
 [01:03:23] Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion,
 [01:03:29] why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?
 [01:03:33] Come, what's Agamemnon?
 [01:03:35] Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus,
 [01:03:37] what's Achilles?
 [01:03:39] Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee,
 [01:03:41] what's Thersites?
 [01:03:42] Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus,
 [01:03:44] what art thou?

[01:03:45] Thou mayst tell that knowest.
 [01:03:46] O, tell, tell.
 [01:03:48] I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles;
 [01:03:51] Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower,
 [01:03:54] and Patroclus is a fool.
 [01:03:55] You rascal!
 [01:03:56] Peace, fool! I have not done.
 [01:03:57] He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.
 [01:04:00] Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool;
 [01:04:02] Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.
 [01:04:06] Derive this; come.
 [01:04:08] Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles;
 [01:04:09] Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon;
 [01:04:11] Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool,
 [01:04:14] and Patroclus is a fool positive.
 [01:04:16] Why am I a fool?
 [01:04:18] Make that demand of the creator. It suffices me thou art.
 [01:04:22] Look you, who comes here?
 [01:04:26] Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.
 [01:04:28] Come in with me, Thersites.
 [01:04:32] Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery!
 [01:04:36] all the argument is a whore and a cuckold;
 [01:04:38] a good quarrel to draw emulous factions
 [01:04:41] and bleed to death upon.
 [01:04:43] Now, and war and lechery confound all!
 [01:04:51] Where is Achilles?
 [01:04:52] Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.
 [01:04:56] Let it be known to him that we are here.
 [01:04:58] He shent our messengers; and we lay by
 [01:05:01] Our appertainments, visiting of him:
 [01:05:03] Let him be told so; lest perchance he think
 [01:05:05] We dare not move the question of our place,
 [01:05:08] Or know not what we are.
 [01:05:10] I shall say so to him.
 [01:05:14] We saw him at the opening of his tent:
 [01:05:16] He is not sick.
 [01:05:17] Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it
 [01:05:23] melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head,
 [01:05:25] 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause.
 [01:05:31] A word, my lord.
 [01:05:37] What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
 [01:05:40] Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.
 [01:05:43] Who, Thersites?
 [01:05:44] He.
 [01:05:46] Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.
 [01:05:48] No, you see, he is his argument
 [01:05:50] that has his argument, Achilles.
 [01:05:54] All the better; their fraction is more our wish
 [01:05:57] than their faction:
 [01:06:00] but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.
 [01:06:03] The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.
 [01:06:08] Here comes Patroclus.
 [01:06:10] No Achilles with him.
 [01:06:11] The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:
 [01:06:14] his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.
 [01:06:19] Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
 [01:06:21] If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
 [01:06:24] Did move your greatness and this noble state
 [01:06:27] To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
 [01:06:30] But for your health and your digestion sake,

[01:06:33] And after-dinner's breath.
 [01:06:34] Hear you, Patroclus:
 [01:06:35] We are too well acquainted with these answers:
 [01:06:38] But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
 [01:06:41] Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
 [01:06:44] Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
 [01:06:46] Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
 [01:06:50] Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
 [01:06:52] Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
 [01:06:56] Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
 [01:07:01] Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
 [01:07:03] We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
 [01:07:06] If you do say we think him over-proud
 [01:07:08] And under-honest, in self-assumption greater
 [01:07:12] Than in the note of judgment;
 [01:07:13] and worthier than himself
 [01:07:15] Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
 [01:07:19] Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 [01:07:21] And underwrite in an observing kind
 [01:07:23] His humorous predominance; yea, watch
 [01:07:25] His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows,
 [01:07:28] as if The passage and whole carriage of this action
 [01:07:30] Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
 [01:07:33] That if he overhold his price so much,
 [01:07:36] We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 [01:07:39] Not portable, lie under this report:
 [01:07:41] 'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
 [01:07:46] A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 [01:07:48] Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.
 [01:07:50] I shall; and bring his answer presently.
 [01:07:57] In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
 [01:08:00] We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.
 [01:08:09] What is he more than another?
 [01:08:12] No more than what he thinks he is.
 [01:08:14] Is he so much?
 [01:08:15] Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?
 [01:08:18] No question.
 [01:08:19] Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?
 [01:08:21] No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant,
 [01:08:24] as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,
 [01:08:28] and altogether more tractable.
 [01:08:31] Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow?
 [01:08:35] I know not what pride is.
 [01:08:38] Your mind is the fairer, Ajax,
 [01:08:40] and your virtues the clearer.
 [01:08:42] He that is proud eats up himself:
 [01:08:44] pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;
 [01:08:48] and whatever praises itself but in the deed,
 [01:08:52] devours the deed in the praise.
 [01:08:54] I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
 [01:09:03] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?
 [01:09:07] Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.
 [01:09:10] What's his excuse?
 [01:09:11] He doth rely on none,
 [01:09:12] But carries on the stream of his dispose
 [01:09:14] Without observance or respect of any,
 [01:09:16] In will peculiar and in self-admission.
 [01:09:19] Why will he not upon our fair request
 [01:09:21] Untent his person and share the air with us?
 [01:09:24] Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

[01:09:27] He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
 [01:09:30] And speaks not to himself but with a pride
 [01:09:32] That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
 [01:09:35] Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
 [01:09:37] That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
 [01:09:39] Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
 [01:09:42] And batters down himself: what should I say?
 [01:09:45] He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
 [01:09:48] Cry 'No recovery.'
 [01:09:52] Let Ajax go to him.
 [01:09:55] Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
 [01:09:56] 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
 [01:09:59] At your request a little from himself.
 [01:10:01] O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
 [01:10:06] We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
 [01:10:08] When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
 [01:10:12] That bastes his arrogance with his own seam
 [01:10:15] And never suffers matter of the world
 [01:10:16] Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
 [01:10:19] And ruminat himself, shall he be worshipp'd
 [01:10:21] Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 [01:10:23] No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
 [01:10:26] Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
 [01:10:30] Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 [01:10:32] As amply titled as Achilles is,
 [01:10:34] By going to Achilles:
 [01:10:36] That were to enlard his fat already pride
 [01:10:40] And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
 [01:10:42] With entertaining great Hyperion.
 [01:10:46] This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
 [01:10:47] And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'
 [01:10:51] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
 [01:10:53] And how his silence drinks up this applause!
 [01:10:55] If I go to him, with my armed fist
 [01:10:57] I'll pash him o'er the face.
 [01:10:59] O, no, you shall not go.
 [01:11:01] An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
 [01:11:02] Let me go to him.
 [01:11:04] Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
 [01:11:06] A paltry, insolent fellow!
 [01:11:08] How he describes himself!
 [01:11:10] Can he not be sociable?
 [01:11:12] The raven chides blackness.
 [01:11:14] I'll let his humours blood.
 [01:11:16] He will be the physician that should be the patient.
 [01:11:18] An all men were o' my mind,--
 [01:11:19] Wit would be out of fashion.
 [01:11:21] A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first:
 [01:11:23] shall pride carry it?
 [01:11:25] An 'twould, you'd carry half.
 [01:11:27] A' would have ten shares.
 [01:11:29] I will knead him; I'll make him supple.
 [01:11:32] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises:
 [01:11:34] pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
 [01:11:37] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
 [01:11:40] Our noble general, do not do so.
 [01:11:42] You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
 [01:11:45] Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
 [01:11:48] Here is a lord--but 'tis before his face;
 [01:11:51] I will be silent.

[01:11:52] Wherefore should you so?
 [01:11:54] He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
 [01:11:56] Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
 [01:11:58] A whoreson dog, that shall pelter thus with us!
 [01:12:01] Would he were a Trojan!
 [01:12:04] What a vice were it in Ajax now,--
 [01:12:06] If he were proud,--
 [01:12:08] Or covetous of praise,--
 [01:12:09] Ay, or surly borne,--
 [01:12:11] Or strange, or self-affected!
 [01:12:13] Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
 [01:12:17] Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
 [01:12:19] Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
 [01:12:23] Thrice famed, beyond all erudition:
 [01:12:26] But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,
 [01:12:29] Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
 [01:12:31] And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
 [01:12:34] Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
 [01:12:37] To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
 [01:12:42] Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 [01:12:45] Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor;
 [01:12:51] Instructed by the antiquary times,
 [01:12:53] He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
 [01:12:57] Put pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 [01:13:02] As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,
 [01:13:05] You should not have the eminence of him,
 [01:13:08] But be as Ajax.
 [01:13:14] Shall I call you father?
 [01:13:17] Ay, my good son.
 [01:13:19] Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.
 [01:13:22] There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
 [01:13:23] Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 [01:13:25] To call together all his state of war;
 [01:13:27] Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
 [01:13:29] We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 [01:13:32] And here's a lord,--come knights from east to west,
 [01:13:36] And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
 [01:13:41] Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 [01:13:44] Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

Troilus and Cressida Act 3

[01:14:05] Friend, you! pray you, a word:
 [01:14:08] do not you follow the young Lord Paris?
 [01:14:10] Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
 [01:14:14] You depend upon him, I mean?
 [01:14:16] Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
 [01:14:18] You depend upon a noble gentleman;
 [01:14:20] I must needs praise him.
 [01:14:22] The lord be praised!
 [01:14:24] You know me, do you not?
 [01:14:25] Faith, sir, superficially.
 [01:14:27] Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.
 [01:14:31] I hope I shall know your honour better.
 [01:14:33] I do desire it.
 [01:14:34] You are in the state of grace.
 [01:14:37] Grace! not so, friend: honour and lordship are my titles.
 [01:14:45] What music is this?
 [01:14:46] I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.
 [01:14:50] Know you the musicians?
 [01:14:51] Wholly, sir.
 [01:14:52] Who play they to?
 [01:14:53] To the hearers, sir.
 [01:14:55] At whose pleasure, friend
 [01:14:57] At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
 [01:15:01] Command, I mean, friend.
 [01:15:03] Who shall I command, sir?
 [01:15:05] Friend, we understand not one another:
 [01:15:07] I am too courtly and thou art too cunning.
 [01:15:10] At whose request do these men play?
 [01:15:13] That's to 't indeed, sir: marry, sir,
 [01:15:15] at the request of Paris my lord,
 [01:15:17] who's there in person; with him,
 [01:15:20] the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty,
 [01:15:24] love's invisible soul,--
 [01:15:27] Who, my cousin Cressida?
 [01:15:29] No, sir, Helen:
 [01:15:31] could you not find out that by her attributes?
 [01:15:33] It should seem, fellow,
 [01:15:34] that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida.
 [01:15:37] I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus:
 [01:15:40] I will make a complimentary assault
 [01:15:42] upon him, for my business seethes.
 [01:15:46] Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!
 [01:15:50] Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company!
 [01:15:53] fair desires, in all fair measure,
 [01:15:56] fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen!
 [01:16:02] fair thoughts be your fair pillow!
 [01:16:05] Dear lord, you are full of fair words.
 [01:16:07] You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.
 [01:16:11] Fair prince, here is good broken music.
 [01:16:14] You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life,
 [01:16:15] you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out
 [01:16:17] with a piece of your performance.
 [01:16:18] Nell, he is full of harmony.
 [01:16:19] Truly, lady, no.
 [01:16:20] O, sir,--
 [01:16:21] Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.
 [01:16:23] Well said, my lord!
 [01:16:25] I have business to my lord, dear queen.

[01:16:27] My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?
 [01:16:29] Nay, this shall not hedge us out:
 [01:16:31] we'll hear you sing, certainly.
 [01:16:33] Well, sweet queen. you are pleasant with me.
 [01:16:34] But, marry, thus, my lord:
 [01:16:36] my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,--
 [01:16:38] My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,--
 [01:16:40] Go to, sweet queen, to go:
 [01:16:42] --commends himself most affectionately to you,--
 [01:16:44] You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do,
 [01:16:47] our melancholy upon your head!
 [01:16:50] Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.
 [01:16:52] And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.
 [01:16:54] Nay, that shall not serve your turn;
 [01:16:56] that shall not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words;
 [01:17:00] no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king
 [01:17:05] call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.
 [01:17:07] My Lord Pandarus,--
 [01:17:08] What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?
 [01:17:11] What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?
 [01:17:13] Nay, but, my lord,--
 [01:17:14] What says my sweet queen?
 [01:17:17] You must not know where he sups.
 [01:17:20] I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.
 [01:17:23] No, no, no such matter; you are wide:
 [01:17:29] come, your disposer is sick.
 [01:17:32] Well, I'll make excuse.
 [01:17:34] Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida?
 [01:17:38] no, your poor disposer's sick.
 [01:17:40] I spy.
 [01:17:41] You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument.
 [01:17:47] Now, sweet queen.
 [01:17:49] Why, this is kindly done.
 [01:17:51] My niece is horribly in love
 [01:17:52] with a thing you have.
 [01:17:54] She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.
 [01:17:56] He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.
 [01:17:59] My cousin will fall out with you.
 [01:18:02] Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.
 [01:18:04] Come, come, I'll hear no more of this;
 [01:18:07] I'll sing you a song now.
 [01:18:09] Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord,
 [01:18:12] thou hast a fine forehead.
 [01:18:15] Ay, you may, you may.
 [01:18:17] Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all.
 [01:18:21] Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.
 [01:18:26] Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.
 [01:18:29] In good troth, it begins so.
 [01:18:37] Love, love, nothing but love, still love. still more!
 [01:18:44] For, O, love's bow
 [01:18:46] Shoots buck and doe:
 [01:18:48] The shaft confounds,
 [01:18:50] Not that it wounds,
 [01:18:53] But tickles still the sore.
 [01:18:56] These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!
 [01:19:00] Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
 [01:19:03] Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
 [01:19:08] And dying love lives still:
 [01:19:11] Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
 [01:19:15] Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

[01:19:19] Oh-ho! A while. Then ha! ha! ha!
 [01:19:33] Heigh-ho.
 [01:19:36] In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.
 [01:19:41] He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood,
 [01:19:45] and hot blood begets hot thoughts,
 [01:19:46] and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.
 [01:19:53] Is this the generation of love?
 [01:19:56] hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers:
 [01:20:04] is love a generation of vipers?
 [01:20:08] Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?
 [01:20:12] Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor,
 [01:20:16] and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day,
 [01:20:20] but my Nell would not have it so.
 [01:20:23] How chance my brother Troilus went not?
 [01:20:26] He hangs the lip at something:
 [01:20:29] you know all, Lord Pandarus.
 [01:20:30] Not I, honey-sweet queen.
 [01:20:34] I long to hear how they sped to-day.
 [01:20:37] You'll remember your brother's excuse?
 [01:20:39] To a hair.
 [01:20:42] Farewell, sweet queen.
 [01:20:44] Commend me to your niece.
 [01:20:47] I will, sweet queen.
 [01:20:56] They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
 [01:20:58] To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
 [01:21:04] To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
 [01:21:08] With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
 [01:21:13] Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
 [01:21:15] Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
 [01:21:19] Than all the island kings,--disarm great Hector.
 [01:21:23] 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
 [01:21:27] Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
 [01:21:30] Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
 [01:21:33] Yea, overshines ourself.
 [01:21:38] Sweet, above thought I love thee.
 [01:22:01] Have you seen my cousin?
 [01:22:02] No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
 [01:22:04] Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
 [01:22:06] Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
 [01:22:08] And give me swift transportance to those fields
 [01:22:11] Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
 [01:22:12] Proposed for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,
 [01:22:15] From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings
 [01:22:17] And fly with me to Cressid!
 [01:22:19] I'll bring her straight.
 [01:22:28] I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
 [01:22:32] The imaginary relish is so sweet
 [01:22:35] That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
 [01:22:41] When that the watery palate tastes indeed
 [01:22:43] Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
 [01:22:51] Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
 [01:22:56] Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
 [01:23:00] For the capacity of my ruder powers:
 [01:23:05] I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
 [01:23:08] That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 [01:23:12] As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 [01:23:15] The enemy flying.
 [01:23:17] She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
 [01:23:21] you must be witty now. She does so blush,
 [01:23:24] and fetches her wind so short,

[01:23:27] as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her.
 [01:23:30] It is the prettiest villain:
 [01:23:34] she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.
 [01:23:37] Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
 [01:23:40] My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
 [01:23:42] And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 [01:23:46] Like vassalage at unawares encountering
 [01:23:48] The eye of majesty.
 [01:23:51] Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.
 [01:24:01] Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that
 [01:24:06] you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again?
 [01:24:10] you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?
 [01:24:13] Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward,
 [01:24:16] we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her?
 [01:24:23] Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.
 [01:24:33] Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight!
 [01:24:36] an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner.
 [01:24:39] So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.
 [01:24:55] How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter;
 [01:25:00] the air is sweet.
 [01:25:03] Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you.
 [01:25:06] The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river:
 [01:25:10] go to, go to.
 [01:25:12] You have bereft me of all words, lady.
 [01:25:17] Words pay no debts, give her deeds:
 [01:25:20] but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too,
 [01:25:22] if she call your activity in question. What, billing again?
 [01:25:29] Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.
 [01:25:36] Will you walk in, my lord?
 [01:25:37] O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!
 [01:25:39] Wished, my lord! The gods grant,--O my lord!
 [01:25:46] What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption?
 [01:25:55] What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady
 [01:25:57] in the fountain of our love?
 [01:25:59] More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.
 [01:26:02] Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.
 [01:26:06] Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer
 [01:26:10] footing than blind reason stumbling without fear:
 [01:26:14] to fear the worst oft cures the worse.
 [01:26:17] O, let my lady apprehend no fear:
 [01:26:20] in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.
 [01:26:24] Nor nothing monstrous neither?
 [01:26:27] Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas,
 [01:26:31] live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;
 [01:26:35] thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition
 [01:26:37] enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed.
 [01:26:42] This is the monstrosity in love, lady,
 [01:26:46] that the will is infinite and the execution confined,
 [01:26:52] that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.
 [01:27:02] They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able
 [01:27:05] and yet reserve an ability that they never perform,
 [01:27:09] vowing more than the perfection of ten
 [01:27:12] and discharging less than the tenth part of one.
 [01:27:17] They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares,
 [01:27:23] are they not monsters?
 [01:27:25] Are there such? such are not we:
 [01:27:31] praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove;
 [01:27:36] our head shall go bare till merit crown it:
 [01:27:39] no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present:
 [01:27:44] we will not name desert before his birth,

[01:27:48] and, being born, his addition shall be humble.
 [01:27:53] Few words to fair faith:
 [01:27:58] Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst
 [01:28:03] shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can
 [01:28:07] speak truest not truer than Troilus.
 [01:28:16] Will you walk in, my lord?
 [01:28:17] What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?
 [01:28:20] Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
 [01:28:22] I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you,
 [01:28:25] you'll give him me. Be true to my lord:
 [01:28:29] if he flinch, chide me for it.
 [01:28:32] You know now your hostages;
 [01:28:35] your uncle's word and my firm faith.
 [01:28:36] Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred,
 [01:28:39] though they be long ere they are wooed,
 [01:28:42] they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you;
 [01:28:44] they'll stick where they are thrown.
 [01:28:47] Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
 [01:28:55] Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
 [01:29:03] For many weary months.
 [01:29:06] Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
 [01:29:08] Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
 [01:29:11] With the first glance that ever--pardon me--
 [01:29:18] If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
 [01:29:20] No.
 [01:29:21] I love you now; but not, till now, so much
 [01:29:25] But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
 [01:29:28] My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
 [01:29:30] Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
 [01:29:35] Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
 [01:29:37] When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
 [01:29:40] But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
 [01:29:42] And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
 [01:29:45] Or that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first.
 [01:29:48] Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
 [01:29:50] For in this rapture I shall surely speak
 [01:29:52] The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 [01:30:00] Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 [01:30:02] My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.
 [01:30:06] And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.
 [01:30:12] Pretty, i' faith.
 [01:30:24] My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
 [01:30:28] 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
 [01:30:32] I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?
 [01:30:36] For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
 [01:30:37] Your leave, sweet Cressid!
 [01:30:38] Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,--
 [01:30:40] Pray you, content you.
 [01:30:42] What offends you, lady?
 [01:30:46] Sir, mine own company.
 [01:30:49] You cannot shun Yourself.
 [01:30:51] Let me go and try:
 [01:30:53] I have a kind of self resides with you;
 [01:30:56] But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
 [01:30:58] To be another's fool. I would be gone:
 [01:31:03] Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.
 [01:31:06] Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.
 [01:31:10] Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
 [01:31:14] And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 [01:31:16] To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

[01:31:22] Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
 [01:31:26] Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
 [01:31:32] O that I thought it could be in a woman--
 [01:31:41] As, if it can, I will presume in you--
 [01:31:46] To feed for aye her ramp and flames of love;
 [01:31:54] To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 [01:31:58] Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 [01:32:00] That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 [01:32:05] Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
 [01:32:06] That my integrity and truth to you
 [01:32:08] Might be affronted with the match and weight
 [01:32:10] Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
 [01:32:15] How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
 [01:32:20] I am as true as truth's simplicity
 [01:32:23] And simpler than the infancy of truth.
 [01:32:28] In that I'll war with you.
 [01:32:29] O virtuous fight,
 [01:32:32] When right with right wars who shall be most right!
 [01:32:38] True swains in love shall in the world to come
 [01:32:42] Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
 [01:32:46] Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
 [01:32:49] Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
 [01:32:52] As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 [01:32:56] As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 [01:33:00] As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
 [01:33:09] Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 [01:33:16] As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 [01:33:22] 'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
 [01:33:29] And sanctify the numbers.
 [01:33:32] Prophet may you be!
 [01:33:36] If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 [01:33:42] When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 [01:33:45] When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
 [01:33:48] And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 [01:33:52] And mighty states characterless are grated
 [01:33:54] To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
 [01:33:58] From false to false, among false maids in love,
 [01:34:02] Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said 'as false
 [01:34:06] As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 [01:34:13] As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 [01:34:16] Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'
 [01:34:21] 'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 [01:34:28] 'As false as Cressid.'
 [01:34:31] Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.
 [01:34:42] Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's.
 [01:34:46] If ever you prove false one to another,
 [01:34:48] since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
 [01:34:52] let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end
 [01:34:56] after my name; call them all Pandars;
 [01:35:00] let all constant men be Troiluses,
 [01:35:03] all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars!
 [01:35:11] say, amen.
 [01:35:12] Amen.
 [01:35:13] Amen.
 [01:35:15] Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed;
 [01:35:20] which bed, because it shall not speak of your
 [01:35:24] pretty encounters, press it to death: away!
 [01:35:38] And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
 [01:35:42] Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!
 [01:35:59] Now, princes, for the service I have done,

[01:36:02] The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 [01:36:05] To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
 [01:36:09] That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
 [01:36:12] I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 [01:36:16] Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
 [01:36:20] From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 [01:36:22] To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
 [01:36:25] That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
 [01:36:29] Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
 [01:36:32] And here, to do you service, am become
 [01:36:37] As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
 [01:36:42] I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 [01:36:45] To give me now a little benefit,
 [01:36:48] Out of those many register'd in promise,
 [01:36:50] Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.
 [01:36:52] What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.
 [01:37:05] You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 [01:37:10] Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
 [01:37:14] Oft have you--often have you thanks therefore--
 [01:37:18] Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
 [01:37:21] Whom Troy hath still denied:
 [01:37:24] but this Antenor, I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
 [01:37:27] That their negotiations all must slack,
 [01:37:29] Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 [01:37:32] Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 [01:37:35] In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 [01:37:41] And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 [01:37:46] Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 [01:37:49] In most accepted pain.
 [01:37:52] Let Diomedes bear him,
 [01:37:55] And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
 [01:37:58] What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
 [01:38:00] Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 [01:38:03] Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
 [01:38:06] Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
 [01:38:09] This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 [01:38:12] Which I am proud to bear.
 [01:38:17] Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
 [01:38:21] Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 [01:38:24] As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
 [01:38:28] Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 [01:38:31] I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
 [01:38:33] Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him:
 [01:38:36] If so, I have derision medicinable,
 [01:38:40] To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 [01:38:44] Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
 [01:38:47] It may be good: pride hath no other glass
 [01:38:52] To show itself but pride, for supple knees
 [01:38:55] Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.
 [01:39:00] We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 [01:39:03] A form of strangeness as we pass along:
 [01:39:06] So do each lord, and either greet him not,
 [01:39:08] Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
 [01:39:11] Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
 [01:39:20] Supple knead.
 [01:39:34] What, comes the general to speak with me?
 [01:39:35] You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
 [01:39:38] What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
 [01:39:41] Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
 [01:39:43] No.

[01:39:45] Nothing, my lord.
 [01:39:46] The better.
 [01:39:49] Good day, good day.
 [01:39:51] How do you? how do you?
 [01:39:52] What, does the cuckold scorn me?
 [01:39:54] How now, Patroclus!
 [01:39:56] Ha?
 [01:39:57] Good morrow.
 [01:39:58] Ay, and good next day too.
 [01:40:01] What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
 [01:40:04] They pass by strangely: they were used to bend
 [01:40:07] To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
 [01:40:10] To come as humbly as they used to creep
 [01:40:11] To holy altars.
 [01:40:12] What, am I poor of late?
 [01:40:15] 'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
 [01:40:17] Must fall out with men too: what the declined is
 [01:40:22] He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
 [01:40:24] As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
 [01:40:29] Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
 [01:40:33] And not a man, for being simply man,
 [01:40:35] Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
 [01:40:38] That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
 [01:40:41] Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
 [01:40:44] Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 [01:40:47] The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
 [01:40:50] Do one pluck down another and together
 [01:40:52] Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
 [01:40:56] Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
 [01:40:59] At ample point all that I did possess,
 [01:41:02] Save these men's looks; who do, methinks,
 [01:41:05] find out Something not worth in me such rich beholding
 [01:41:08] As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
 [01:41:11] I'll interrupt his reading.
 [01:41:14] How now Ulysses!
 [01:41:15] Now, great Thetis' son!
 [01:41:17] What are you reading?
 [01:41:19] A strange fellow here
 [01:41:22] Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever parted,
 [01:41:25] How much in having, or without or in,
 [01:41:30] Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 [01:41:34] Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 [01:41:38] As when his virtues shining upon others
 [01:41:41] Heat them and they retort that heat again
 [01:41:44] To the first giver.'
 [01:41:46] This is not strange, Ulysses.
 [01:41:49] The beauty that is borne here in the face
 [01:41:51] The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 [01:41:54] To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
 [01:41:57] That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
 [01:42:01] Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
 [01:42:05] Salutes each other with each other's form;
 [01:42:07] For speculation turns not to itself,
 [01:42:10] Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
 [01:42:13] Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.
 [01:42:17] I do not strain at the position,--
 [01:42:19] It is familiar,--but at the author's drift;
 [01:42:23] Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
 [01:42:26] That no man is the lord of any thing,
 [01:42:29] Though in and of him there be much consisting.

[01:42:31] Till he communicate his parts to others:
 [01:42:34] Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 [01:42:40] Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 [01:42:43] Where they're extended; who, like an arch,
 [01:42:46] reverberates
 [01:42:47] The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
 [01:42:50] Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 [01:42:54] His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
 [01:42:58] And apprehended here immediately
 [01:43:01] The unknown Ajax.
 [01:43:03] Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,
 [01:43:07] That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are
 [01:43:12] Most abject in regard and dear in use!
 [01:43:15] What things again most dear in the esteem
 [01:43:17] And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow--
 [01:43:20] An act that very chance doth throw upon him--
 [01:43:24] Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
 [01:43:30] While some men leave to do!
 [01:43:33] How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 [01:43:36] Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
 [01:43:39] How one man eats into another's pride,
 [01:43:41] While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
 [01:43:44] To see these Grecian lords!--why, even already
 [01:43:47] They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
 [01:43:50] As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
 [01:43:53] And great Troy shrieking.
 [01:43:56] I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
 [01:43:57] As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
 [01:43:59] Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?
 [01:44:05] Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 [01:44:10] Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 [01:44:14] A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
 [01:44:17] Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
 [01:44:21] As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 [01:44:24] As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
 [01:44:27] Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
 [01:44:32] Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 [01:44:34] In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 [01:44:38] For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 [01:44:41] Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
 [01:44:44] For emulation hath a thousand sons
 [01:44:47] That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 [01:44:50] Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 [01:44:53] Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
 [01:44:56] And leave you hindmost;
 [01:44:58] Or like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 [01:45:01] Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 [01:45:04] O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
 [01:45:08] Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
 [01:45:12] For time is like a fashionable host
 [01:45:17] That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 [01:45:22] And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 [01:45:24] Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
 [01:45:29] And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 [01:45:34] Remuneration for the thing it was;
 [01:45:37] For beauty, wit,
 [01:45:40] High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 [01:45:44] Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 [01:45:47] To envious and calumniating time.
 [01:45:48] One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,

[01:45:53] That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
 [01:45:56] Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 [01:45:58] And give to dust that is a little gilt
 [01:46:01] More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 [01:46:03] The present eye praises the present object.
 [01:46:07] Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 [01:46:10] That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 [01:46:12] Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
 [01:46:15] Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 [01:46:20] And still it might, and yet it may again,
 [01:46:23] If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
 [01:46:27] And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 [01:46:30] Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 [01:46:33] Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves
 [01:46:37] And drave great Mars to faction.
 [01:46:40] Of this my privacy
 [01:46:42] I have strong reasons.
 [01:46:47] But 'gainst your privacy
 [01:46:49] The reasons are more potent and heroical:
 [01:46:53] 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 [01:46:57] With one of Priam's daughters.
 [01:47:00] Ha! known!
 [01:47:01] Is that a wonder?
 [01:47:03] The providence that's in a watchful state
 [01:47:04] Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
 [01:47:06] Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
 [01:47:08] Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,
 [01:47:11] Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 [01:47:15] There is a mystery--in the soul of state
 [01:47:19] with whom relation-- Durst never meddle;
 [01:47:21] Which hath an operation more divine
 [01:47:23] Than breath or pen can give expresseure to:
 [01:47:26] All the commerce that you have had with Troy
 [01:47:28] As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
 [01:47:32] And better would it fit Achilles much
 [01:47:34] To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
 [01:47:40] But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 [01:47:42] When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
 [01:47:46] And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
 [01:47:49] 'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
 [01:47:51] But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
 [01:47:57] Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
 [01:48:03] The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
 [01:48:10] To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
 [01:48:14] A woman impudent and mannish grown
 [01:48:16] Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
 [01:48:18] In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 [01:48:21] They think my little stomach to the war
 [01:48:23] And your great love to me restrains you thus:
 [01:48:26] Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 [01:48:30] Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 [01:48:32] And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 [01:48:34] Be shook to air.
 [01:48:37] Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
 [01:48:39] Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.
 [01:48:44] I see my reputation is at stake
 [01:48:45] My fame is shrewdly gored.
 [01:48:47] O, then, beware;
 [01:48:49] Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
 [01:48:52] Omission to do what is necessary

[01:48:54] Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 [01:48:57] And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 [01:49:00] Even then when we sit idly in the sun.
 [01:49:05] Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
 [01:49:10] I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
 [01:49:13] To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
 [01:49:17] To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
 [01:49:21] An appetite that I am sick withal,
 [01:49:24] To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
 [01:49:28] To talk with him and to behold his visage,
 [01:49:31] Even to my full of view.
 [01:49:35] A labour saved!
 [01:49:37] A wonder!
 [01:49:38] What?
 [01:49:39] Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.
 [01:49:41] How so?
 [01:49:42] He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector,
 [01:49:44] and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling
 [01:49:46] that he raves in saying nothing.
 [01:49:48] Stalks up and down like a peacock,
 [01:49:50] --a stride and a stand:
 [01:49:51] The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck
 [01:49:54] i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory.
 [01:49:57] He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow,
 [01:49:59] Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.'
 [01:50:02] What think you of this man that takes me for the general?
 [01:50:05] He's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster.
 [01:50:08] Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.
 [01:50:11] Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody;
 [01:50:13] he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars;
 [01:50:16] he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence:
 [01:50:20] let Patroclus make demands to me,
 [01:50:23] you shall see the pageant of Ajax.
 [01:50:26] To him, Patroclus;
 [01:50:28] tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax
 [01:50:30] to invite the most valorous Hector
 [01:50:32] to come unarmed to my tent,
 [01:50:33] and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous
 [01:50:37] and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured
 [01:50:39] captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon,
 [01:50:42] et cetera. Do this.
 [01:50:43] Jove bless great Ajax!
 [01:50:45] Hum!
 [01:50:46] I come from the worthy Achilles,--
 [01:50:49] Ha!
 [01:50:50] Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,--
 [01:50:53] Hum!
 [01:50:54] And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.
 [01:50:56] Agamemnon!
 [01:50:59] Ay, my lord.
 [01:51:00] Ha!
 [01:51:01] What say you to't?
 [01:51:02] God b' wi' you, with all my heart.
 [01:51:05] Your answer, sir.
 [01:51:06] If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock
 [01:51:11] it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me
 [01:51:14] ere he has me.
 [01:51:16] Your answer, sir.
 [01:51:17] Fare you well, with all my heart.
 [01:51:19] Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

[01:51:21] No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in
[01:51:23] him when Hector has knocked out his brains,
[01:51:25] I know not;
[01:51:27] Come, thou must deliver a letter to him straight.
[01:51:29] Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more
[01:51:32] capable creature.
[01:51:34] My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
[01:51:38] And I myself see not the bottom of it.
[01:51:43] Would the fountain of your mind were clear again,
[01:51:46] that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a
[01:51:50] tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

Troilus and Cressida Act 4

[01:52:05] See, ho! who is that there?
 [01:52:07] It is the Lord Aeneas.
 [01:52:08] Is the prince there in person?
 [01:52:12] Had I so good occasion to lie long
 [01:52:16] As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
 [01:52:19] Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
 [01:52:22] That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.
 [01:52:27] A valiant Greek, Aeneas,--take his hand,--
 [01:52:31] Witness the process of your speech, wherein
 [01:52:33] You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
 [01:52:35] Did haunt you in the field.
 [01:52:39] Health to you, valiant sir,
 [01:52:41] During all question of the gentle truce;
 [01:52:44] But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
 [01:52:46] As heart can think or courage execute.
 [01:52:49] The one and other Diomed embraces.
 [01:52:52] Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!
 [01:52:55] But when contention and occasion meet,
 [01:52:57] By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
 [01:52:58] With all my force, pursuit and policy.
 [01:53:03] And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
 [01:53:05] With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
 [01:53:10] Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
 [01:53:14] Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
 [01:53:17] No man alive can love in such a sort
 [01:53:20] The thing he means to kill more excellently.
 [01:53:23] We sympathize: Jove, let Aeneas live,
 [01:53:26] If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
 [01:53:28] A thousand complete courses of the sun!
 [01:53:31] But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
 [01:53:34] With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!
 [01:53:40] We know each other well.
 [01:53:41] We do; and long to know each other worse.
 [01:53:45] This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
 [01:53:47] The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
 [01:53:52] What business, lord, so early?
 [01:53:54] I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
 [01:53:57] His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
 [01:54:00] To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
 [01:54:01] For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
 [01:54:04] Let's have your company, or, if you please,
 [01:54:10] Haste there before us: I constantly believe--
 [01:54:12] Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge--
 [01:54:14] My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
 [01:54:16] Rouse him and give him note of our approach.
 [01:54:18] With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
 [01:54:21] We shall be much unwelcome.
 [01:54:22] That I assure you:
 [01:54:24] Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
 [01:54:26] Than Cressid borne from Troy.
 [01:54:29] There is no help;
 [01:54:30] The bitter disposition of the time
 [01:54:31] Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.
 [01:54:36] Good morrow, friend.
 [01:54:47] And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
 [01:54:52] Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
 [01:54:56] Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
 [01:54:59] Myself or Menelaus?

[01:55:02] Both alike:
 [01:55:03] He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
 [01:55:05] Not making any scruple of her soilure,
 [01:55:07] With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
 [01:55:11] And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
 [01:55:12] Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
 [01:55:15] With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
 [01:55:19] He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 [01:55:21] The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
 [01:55:26] You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 [01:55:28] Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
 [01:55:31] Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;
 [01:55:36] But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
 [01:55:41] You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
 [01:55:43] She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:
 [01:55:47] For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 [01:55:48] A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
 [01:55:51] Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 [01:55:53] A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
 [01:55:56] She hath not given so many good words breath
 [01:55:57] As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
 [01:56:02] Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
 [01:56:05] Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 [01:56:08] But we in silence hold this virtue well,
 [01:56:10] We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
 [01:56:15] Here lies our way.
 [01:56:39] Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
 [01:56:46] Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
 [01:56:49] He shall unbolt the gates.
 [01:56:50] Trouble him not;
 [01:56:51] To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 [01:56:56] And give as soft attachment to thy senses
 [01:56:58] As infants' empty of all thought!
 [01:57:01] Good morrow, then.
 [01:57:07] I prithee now, to bed.
 [01:57:11] Are you a-weary of me?
 [01:57:13] O Cressida! but that the busy day,
 [01:57:18] Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
 [01:57:21] And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
 [01:57:24] I would not from thee.
 [01:57:26] Night hath been too brief.
 [01:57:28] Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
 [01:57:31] As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
 [01:57:35] With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
 [01:57:38] You will catch cold, and curse me.
 [01:57:41] Prithee, tarry:
 [01:57:43] You men will never tarry.
 [01:57:46] O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
 [01:57:50] And then you would have tarried. Hark!
 [01:57:54] there's one up.
 [01:57:56] What, 's all the doors open here?
 [01:57:58] It is your uncle.
 [01:58:00] A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
 [01:58:02] I shall have such a life!
 [01:58:03] How now, how now! how go maidenheads?
 [01:58:13] Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
 [01:58:17] Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
 [01:58:20] You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
 [01:58:22] To do what? to do what? let her say
 [01:58:25] what: what have I brought you to do?

[01:58:27] Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
 [01:58:29] Nor suffer others.
 [01:58:31] Ha! ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia!
 [01:58:34] hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
 [01:58:37] let it sleep? a bugbear take him!
 [01:58:41] Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' the head!
 [01:58:44] Hark. Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.
 [01:58:56] My lord, come you again into my chamber:
 [01:59:00] You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
 [01:59:03] Ha, ha!
 [01:59:05] Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.
 [01:59:09] How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
 [01:59:11] I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
 [01:59:15] My Lord AEneas! By my troth,
 [01:59:18] I knew you not: what news with you so early?
 [01:59:21] Is not Prince Troilus here?
 [01:59:23] Here! what should he do here?
 [01:59:27] Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
 [01:59:29] It doth import him much to speak with me.
 [01:59:31] Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
 [01:59:34] I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late.
 [01:59:37] What should he do here?
 [01:59:39] Who!--nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong
 [01:59:41] ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him,
 [01:59:43] to be false to him: do not you know of him,
 [01:59:47] but yet go fetch him hither; go.
 [01:59:49] How now! what's the matter?
 [01:59:56] My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
 [01:59:59] My matter is so rash: there is at hand
 [02:00:02] Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
 [02:00:04] The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
 [02:00:06] Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
 [02:00:10] Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 [02:00:11] We must give up to Diomedes' hand
 [02:00:14] The Lady Cressida.
 [02:00:18] Is it so concluded?
 [02:00:20] By Priam and the general state of Troy:
 [02:00:22] They are at hand and ready to effect it.
 [02:00:31] How my achievements mock me!
 [02:00:40] I will go meet them: and, my Lord AEneas,
 [02:00:43] We met by chance; you did not find me here.
 [02:00:45] Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
 [02:00:48] Have not more gift in taciturnity.
 [02:00:50] Is't possible? no sooner got but lost?
 [02:00:56] The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad:
 [02:01:01] a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!
 [02:01:04] How now! what's the matter? who was here?
 [02:01:07] Ah, ah!
 [02:01:08] Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone!
 [02:01:12] Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
 [02:01:14] Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!
 [02:01:17] O the gods! what's the matter?
 [02:01:18] Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born!
 [02:01:22] I knew thou wouldst be his death.
 [02:01:24] O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!
 [02:01:27] Good uncle, I beseech you,
 [02:01:29] what's the matter?
 [02:01:31] Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone;
 [02:01:33] thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father,
 [02:01:37] and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death;

[02:01:40] 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.
 [02:01:44] O you immortal gods! I will not go.
 [02:01:48] Thou must.
 [02:01:50] I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
 [02:01:55] I know no touch of consanguinity;
 [02:01:59] No kin no love, no blood, no soul so near me
 [02:02:04] As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
 [02:02:10] Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
 [02:02:13] If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
 [02:02:18] Do to this body what extremes you can;
 [02:02:22] But the strong base and building of my love
 [02:02:24] Is as the very centre of the earth,
 [02:02:27] Drawing all things to it.
 [02:02:39] I'll go in and weep,--
 [02:02:41] Do, do.
 [02:02:50] Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
 [02:02:58] Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart
 [02:03:05] With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
 [02:03:17] Be moderate, be moderate.
 [02:03:18] Why tell you me of moderation?
 [02:03:22] The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 [02:03:28] And violenteth in a sense as strong
 [02:03:30] As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
 [02:03:37] If I could temporize with my affection,
 [02:03:41] Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 [02:03:43] The like allayment could I give my grief.
 [02:03:47] My love admits no qualifying dross;
 [02:03:53] No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
 [02:03:59] Here, here, here he comes.
 [02:04:06] Ah, sweet ducks!
 [02:04:10] O Troilus! Troilus!
 [02:04:15] What a pair of spectacles is here!
 [02:04:19] Let me embrace too. How now, lambs?
 [02:04:33] Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 [02:04:43] Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 [02:04:49] That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
 [02:04:52] More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 [02:04:56] Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.
 [02:05:10] Have the gods envy?
 [02:05:13] Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
 [02:05:20] And is it true that I must go from Troy?
 [02:05:23] A hateful truth.
 [02:05:26] What, and from Troilus too?
 [02:05:29] From Troy and Troilus.
 [02:05:33] Is it possible?
 [02:05:36] And suddenly; where injury of chance
 [02:05:42] Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
 [02:05:48] All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 [02:05:55] Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 [02:06:00] Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
 [02:06:05] Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
 [02:06:14] We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 [02:06:19] Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 [02:06:22] With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 [02:06:31] Injurious time now with a robber's haste
 [02:06:38] Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
 [02:06:44] As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 [02:06:49] With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
 [02:06:56] He fumbles up into a lose adieu,
 [02:07:00] And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

[02:07:06] Distasted with the salt of broken tears.
 [02:07:13] My lord, is the lady ready?
 [02:07:16] Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so
 [02:07:20] Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die.
 [02:07:26] Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.
 [02:07:29] Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
 [02:07:35] or my heart will be blown up by the root.
 [02:07:48] I must then to the Grecians?
 [02:07:52] No remedy.
 [02:07:55] A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
 [02:08:01] When shall we see again?
 [02:08:05] Hear me, my love: be thou true and I will see thee--
 [02:08:09] I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?
 [02:08:13] Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 [02:08:15] For it is parting from us:
 [02:08:17] I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,
 [02:08:19] For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
 [02:08:20] That there's no maculation in thy heart:
 [02:08:22] But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in
 [02:08:24] My sequent protestation; be thou true,
 [02:08:27] And I will see thee.
 [02:08:29] O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
 [02:08:33] As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.
 [02:08:36] And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.
 [02:08:45] And you this glove. When shall I see you?
 [02:08:52] I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
 [02:08:54] To give thee nightly visitation.
 [02:08:57] But yet be true.
 [02:09:00] O heavens! 'be true' again!
 [02:09:02] Hear while I speak it, love:
 [02:09:03] The Grecian youths are full of quality;
 [02:09:08] They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
 [02:09:11] Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
 [02:09:16] How novelty may move, and parts with person,
 [02:09:18] Alas, a kind of godly jealousy--
 [02:09:19] Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin--
 [02:09:21] Makes me afeard.
 [02:09:23] O heavens! you love me not.
 [02:09:26] Die I a villain, then!
 [02:09:28] In this I do not call your faith in question
 [02:09:30] So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
 [02:09:34] Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
 [02:09:40] Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
 [02:09:42] To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
 [02:09:45] But I can tell that in each grace of these
 [02:09:47] There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
 [02:09:49] That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
 [02:09:54] Do you think I will?
 [02:09:56] No.
 [02:09:59] But something may be done that we will not:
 [02:10:05] And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 [02:10:09] When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 [02:10:11] Presuming on their changeful potency.
 [02:10:13] Nay, good my lord,--
 [02:10:16] Come, kiss; and let us part.
 [02:10:19] Brother Troilus!
 [02:10:20] Good brother, come you hither;
 [02:10:22] And bring AEneas and the Grecian with you.
 [02:10:30] My lord, will you be true?
 [02:10:34] Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:

[02:10:42] Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 [02:10:45] I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
 [02:10:49] Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 [02:10:53] With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 [02:10:58] Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
 [02:11:02] Is 'plain and true;' there's all the reach of it.
 [02:11:43] Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
 [02:11:48] Which for Antenor we deliver you:
 [02:11:52] At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
 [02:11:54] And by the way possess thee what she is.
 [02:11:58] Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 [02:12:03] If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 [02:12:06] Name Cressida and thy life shall be as safe
 [02:12:08] As Priam is in Ilion.
 [02:12:13] Fair Lady Cressid,
 [02:12:15] So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
 [02:12:19] The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
 [02:12:23] Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
 [02:12:26] You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
 [02:12:31] Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
 [02:12:33] To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
 [02:12:34] In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 [02:12:40] She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
 [02:12:43] As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 [02:12:46] I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
 [02:12:51] For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 [02:12:53] Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
 [02:12:56] I'll cut thy throat.
 [02:12:58] O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
 [02:13:00] Let me be privileged by my place and message,
 [02:13:01] To be a speaker free; when I am hence
 [02:13:04] I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
 [02:13:08] I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
 [02:13:11] She shall be prized; but that you say 'be't so,'
 [02:13:16] I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'
 [02:13:19] Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,
 [02:13:22] This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
 [02:13:28] Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
 [02:13:33] To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
 [02:13:54] Hark! Hector's trumpet.
 [02:14:03] How have we spent this morning!
 [02:14:06] The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 [02:14:10] That sore to ride before him to the field.
 [02:14:12] 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.
 [02:14:17] Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
 [02:14:19] Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
 [02:14:23] The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
 [02:14:26] On his fair worth and single chivalry.
 [02:14:38] Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
 [02:14:42] Anticipating time with starting courage.
 [02:14:45] Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 [02:14:47] Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
 [02:14:50] May pierce the head of the great combatant
 [02:14:52] And hale him hither.
 [02:14:55] Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
 [02:14:58] Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
 [02:15:02] Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
 [02:15:04] Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
 [02:15:07] Come, stretch thy chest and let thy eyes spout blood;
 [02:15:12] Thou blow'st for Hector.

[02:15:29] No trumpet answers.
 [02:15:30] 'Tis but early days.
 [02:15:33] Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
 [02:15:37] 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
 [02:15:39] He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
 [02:15:42] In aspiration lifts him from the earth.
 [02:15:57] Is this the Lady Cressid?
 [02:15:59] Even she.
 [02:16:01] Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
 [02:16:05] Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
 [02:16:07] Yet is the kindness but particular;
 [02:16:09] 'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
 [02:16:11] And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
 [02:16:15] So much for Nestor.
 [02:16:17] I'll take what winter from your lips, fair lady:
 [02:16:21] Achilles bids you welcome.
 [02:16:23] I had good argument for kissing once.
 [02:16:26] But that's no argument for kissing now;
 [02:16:28] For this popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
 [02:16:29] And parted thus you and your argument.
 [02:16:32] O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
 [02:16:35] For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
 [02:16:38] The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
 [02:16:41] Patroclus kisses you.
 [02:16:44] O, this is trim!
 [02:16:45] Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
 [02:16:47] I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.
 [02:16:50] In kissing, do you render or receive?
 [02:16:53] Both take and give.
 [02:16:54] I'll make my match to live,
 [02:16:55] The kiss you take is better than you give;
 [02:16:58] Therefore no kiss.
 [02:17:00] I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
 [02:17:02] You're an odd man; give even or give none.
 [02:17:05] An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
 [02:17:07] No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,
 [02:17:10] That you are odd, and he is even with you.
 [02:17:13] You fillip me o' the head.
 [02:17:14] No, I'll be sworn.
 [02:17:16] It were no match, your nail against his horn.
 [02:17:18] May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
 [02:17:21] I do desire it.
 [02:17:22] Why, beg, then.
 [02:17:25] Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
 [02:17:28] When Helen is a maid again, and his.
 [02:17:30] I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
 [02:17:32] Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
 [02:17:36] Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.
 [02:17:39] A woman of quick sense.
 [02:17:42] Fie, fie upon her!
 [02:17:44] There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, her eye
 [02:17:46] Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
 [02:17:49] At every joint and motive of her body.
 [02:17:51] O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
 [02:17:55] That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
 [02:17:56] And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 [02:17:59] To every ticklish reader! set them down
 [02:18:02] For sluttish spoils of opportunity
 [02:18:04] And daughters of the game.
 [02:18:09] Yonder comes the troop.

[02:18:12] Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
 [02:18:17] To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
 [02:18:19] A victor shall be known? will you the knights
 [02:18:22] Shall to the edge of all extremity
 [02:18:24] Pursue each other, or shall be divided
 [02:18:26] By any voice or order of the field?
 [02:18:29] Hector bade ask.
 [02:18:30] Which way would Hector have it?
 [02:18:31] He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
 [02:18:33] 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
 [02:18:36] A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
 [02:18:40] The knight opposed.
 [02:18:42] If not Achilles, sir,
 [02:18:43] What is your name?
 [02:18:44] If not Achilles, nothing.
 [02:18:47] Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:
 [02:18:52] In the extremity of great and little,
 [02:18:54] Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
 [02:18:57] The one almost as infinite as all,
 [02:19:00] The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
 [02:19:05] And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
 [02:19:10] This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
 [02:19:14] In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
 [02:19:17] Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 [02:19:20] This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.
 [02:19:24] A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you.
 [02:19:27] Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
 [02:19:29] Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord AENEAS
 [02:19:32] Consent upon the order of their fight,
 [02:19:33] So be it; either to the uttermost,
 [02:19:36] Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
 [02:19:39] Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
 [02:19:42] They are opposed already.
 [02:19:44] What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
 [02:19:47] The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
 [02:19:49] they call him Troilus.
 [02:19:50] Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
 [02:19:54] Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;
 [02:19:56] Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd:
 [02:19:59] His heart and hand both open and both free;
 [02:20:02] For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
 [02:20:06] Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 [02:20:09] Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 [02:20:11] For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 [02:20:14] To tender objects, but he in heat of action
 [02:20:16] Is more vindicative than jealous love:
 [02:20:18] They call him Troilus, and on him erect
 [02:20:20] A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 [02:20:22] Thus says AENEAS; one that knows the youth
 [02:20:25] Even to his inches, and with private soul
 [02:20:26] They are in action.
 [02:20:27] Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
 [02:20:29] They are in action.
 [02:20:46] You must no more.
 [02:20:48] Princes, enough, so please you.
 [02:20:49] I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
 [02:20:50] As Hector pleases.
 [02:20:52] Why, then will I no more:
 [02:20:53] Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 [02:20:56] A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

[02:20:59] The obligation of our blood forbids
 [02:21:01] A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
 [02:21:03] Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
 [02:21:05] That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
 [02:21:07] And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
 [02:21:09] All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
 [02:21:11] Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 [02:21:13] Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,
 [02:21:16] Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
 [02:21:18] Wherein my sword had not impresse made
 [02:21:19] Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
 [02:21:23] That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
 [02:21:25] My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 [02:21:29] Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
 [02:21:34] By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 [02:21:37] Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
 [02:21:41] Cousin, all honour to thee!
 [02:21:46] I thank thee, Hector
 [02:21:49] Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
 [02:21:52] I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 [02:21:55] A great addition earned in thy death.
 [02:21:57] Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
 [02:21:59] On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
 [02:22:01] Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
 [02:22:04] A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
 [02:22:10] There is expectance here from both the sides,
 [02:22:11] What further you will do.
 [02:22:12] We'll answer it;
 [02:22:13] The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.
 [02:22:17] If I might in entreaties find success--
 [02:22:19] As seld I have the chance--I would desire
 [02:22:21] My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
 [02:22:25] 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
 [02:22:28] Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
 [02:22:31] AEneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
 [02:22:33] And signify this loving interview
 [02:22:35] To the expecters of our Trojan part;
 [02:22:36] Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
 [02:22:40] I will go eat with thee and see your knights.
 [02:22:46] Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
 [02:22:48] The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
 [02:22:50] But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
 [02:22:53] Shall find him by his large and portly size.
 [02:22:56] Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
 [02:22:58] That would be rid of such an enemy;
 [02:23:00] But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
 [02:23:03] What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
 [02:23:05] And formless ruin of oblivion;
 [02:23:07] But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 [02:23:10] Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 [02:23:13] Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
 [02:23:16] From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
 [02:23:20] I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
 [02:23:22] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.
 [02:23:26] Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
 [02:23:27] You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
 [02:23:31] Who must we answer?
 [02:23:32] The noble Menelaus.
 [02:23:34] O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
 [02:23:38] Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;

[02:23:40] Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
[02:23:45] She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
[02:23:47] Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
[02:23:51] O, pardon; I offend.
[02:23:52] I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft
[02:23:55] Labouring for destiny make cruel way
[02:23:57] Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee,
[02:24:00] As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
[02:24:03] Despising many forfeits and subduements,
[02:24:05] When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
[02:24:08] Not letting it decline on the declined,
[02:24:09] That I have said to some my standers by
[02:24:13] 'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
[02:24:15] And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
[02:24:18] When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
[02:24:20] Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
[02:24:24] But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
[02:24:26] I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
[02:24:33] And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
[02:24:36] But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
[02:24:38] Never saw like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
[02:24:43] And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
[02:24:48] 'Tis the old Nestor.
[02:24:51] Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
[02:24:53] That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
[02:24:56] Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
[02:24:59] I would my arms could match thee in contention,
[02:25:02] As they contend with thee in courtesy.
[02:25:05] I would they could.
[02:25:06] Ha!
[02:25:07] By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
[02:25:08] Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
[02:25:11] I wonder now how yonder city stands
[02:25:15] When we have here her base and pillar by us.
[02:25:18] I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
[02:25:20] Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
[02:25:21] Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
[02:25:23] In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
[02:25:25] Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
[02:25:27] My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
[02:25:30] For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
[02:25:33] Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
[02:25:36] Must kiss their own feet.
[02:25:39] I must not believe you:
[02:25:41] There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
[02:25:44] The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
[02:25:47] A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
[02:25:52] And that old common arbitrator,
[02:25:54] Time, Will one day end it.
[02:25:56] So to him we leave it.
[02:25:57] Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
[02:26:00] After the general, I beseech you next
[02:26:01] To feast with me and see me at my tent.
[02:26:09] I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
[02:26:14] Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
[02:26:19] I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
[02:26:23] And quoted joint by joint.
[02:26:25] Is this Achilles?
[02:26:27] I am Achilles.
[02:26:28] Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

[02:26:31] Behold thy fill.
 [02:26:34] Nay, I have done already.
 [02:26:36] Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
 [02:26:39] As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
 [02:26:43] O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
 [02:26:46] But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
 [02:26:52] Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
 [02:26:54] Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
 [02:26:56] Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
 [02:27:00] That I may give the local wound a name
 [02:27:02] And make distinct the very breach whereout
 [02:27:05] Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!
 [02:27:08] It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
 [02:27:11] To answer such a question: stand again:
 [02:27:17] Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
 [02:27:19] As to prenominate in nice conjecture
 [02:27:21] Where thou wilt hit me dead?
 [02:27:23] I tell thee, yea.
 [02:27:25] Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
 [02:27:26] I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
 [02:27:32] For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
 [02:27:35] But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
 [02:27:36] I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
 [02:27:44] You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
 [02:27:46] His insolence draws folly from my lips;
 [02:27:50] But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
 [02:27:52] Or may I never--
 [02:27:54] Do not chafe thee, cousin:
 [02:27:58] And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
 [02:28:00] Till accident or purpose bring you to't:
 [02:28:02] You may have every day enough of Hector
 [02:28:05] If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
 [02:28:09] Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
 [02:28:13] I pray you, let us see you in the field:
 [02:28:16] We have had pelting wars, since you refused
 [02:28:18] The Grecians' cause.
 [02:28:21] Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
 [02:28:25] To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
 [02:28:28] To-night all friends.
 [02:28:30] Thy hand upon that match.
 [02:28:33] First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
 [02:28:36] There in the full convive we: afterwards,
 [02:28:38] As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
 [02:28:42] Concur together, severally entreat him.
 [02:28:47] Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
 [02:28:50] That this great soldier may his welcome know.
 [02:29:07] My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
 [02:29:11] In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
 [02:29:14] At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
 [02:29:17] There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
 [02:29:19] Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
 [02:29:21] But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
 [02:29:24] On the fair Cressid.
 [02:29:27] Shall sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
 [02:29:30] After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
 [02:29:31] To bring me thither?
 [02:29:32] You shall command me, sir.
 [02:29:34] As gentle tell me, of what honour was
 [02:29:37] This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
 [02:29:41] That wails her absence?



[02:29:44] O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars
[02:29:49] A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
[02:29:54] She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
[02:29:58] But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Troilus and Cressida Act 5

[02:30:16] I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
 [02:30:19] Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
 [02:30:22] Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
 [02:30:25] Here comes Thersites.
 [02:30:26] How now, thou core of envy!
 [02:30:28] Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
 [02:30:31] Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
 [02:30:34] and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
 [02:30:37] From whence, fragment?
 [02:30:38] Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
 [02:30:41] Well said, adversity!
 [02:30:43] Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
 [02:30:48] thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.
 [02:30:51] Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?
 [02:30:54] Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases
 [02:30:58] of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,
 [02:31:02] loads o' gravel i' the back, cold palsies, raw eyes,
 [02:31:05] dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, sciaticas,
 [02:31:11] incurable bone-ache,
 [02:31:12] take and take again such preposterous discoveries!
 [02:31:15] Why thou damnable box of envy, thou,
 [02:31:17] what meanest thou to curse thus?
 [02:31:19] Do I curse thee?
 [02:31:20] Why no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson
 [02:31:22] indistinguishable cur, no.
 [02:31:23] No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle
 [02:31:26] immaterial skein of sleeve-silk,
 [02:31:30] thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou?
 [02:31:33] Ah, how the poor world is pestered
 [02:31:37] with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!
 [02:31:44] Finch-egg!
 [02:31:45] My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
 [02:31:48] From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
 [02:31:51] Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
 [02:31:53] A token from her daughter, my fair love,
 [02:31:56] Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
 [02:31:58] An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
 [02:32:03] Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
 [02:32:06] My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
 [02:32:11] Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
 [02:32:14] This night in banqueting must all be spent.
 [02:32:16] Away, Patroclus!
 [02:32:19] With too much blood and too little brain,
 [02:32:22] these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain
 [02:32:26] and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.
 [02:32:29] Here's Agamemnon,
 [02:32:32] an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails;
 [02:32:35] but he has not so much brain as earwax:
 [02:32:39] O, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue,
 [02:32:40] and oblique memorial of cuckolds;
 [02:32:43] To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard,
 [02:32:45] an owl, or a herring without a roe,
 [02:32:47] I would not care; but to be Menelaus,
 [02:32:50] I would conspire against destiny.
 [02:32:53] Hey-day! spirits and fires!
 [02:33:00] Oh yes. Oh yes.
 [02:33:02] We go wrong, we go wrong.
 [02:33:05] There, where we see the lights.

[02:33:07] No, not a whit.
 [02:33:09] Here comes himself to guide you.
 [02:33:10] Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
 [02:33:12] So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
 [02:33:17] Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
 [02:33:20] Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.
 [02:33:21] Good night, my lord.
 [02:33:24] Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.
 [02:33:26] Good night and welcome, both at once,
 [02:33:28] to those That go or tarry.
 [02:33:29] Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
 [02:33:32] Keep Hector company an hour or two.
 [02:33:34] I cannot, lord; I have important business,
 [02:33:36] The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.
 [02:33:40] Give me your hand.
 [02:33:42] Sir. Goodnight.
 [02:33:43] Come. Into my tent.
 [02:33:45] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:
 [02:33:47] I'll keep you company.
 [02:33:48] Sweet sir, you honour me.
 [02:33:51] That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,
 [02:33:56] a most unjust knave;
 [02:33:57] I will no more trust him when he leers
 [02:33:59] than I will a serpent when he hisses:
 [02:34:02] they say he keeps a Trojan drab,
 [02:34:05] and uses the traitor Calchas' tent:
 [02:34:09] I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!
 [02:34:32] What, are you up here, ho? speak.
 [02:34:34] Who calls?
 [02:34:35] Diomed. Where's your daughter?
 [02:34:38] She comes to you.
 [02:34:50] How now, my charge!
 [02:34:54] Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you.
 [02:34:58] Yea, so familiar!
 [02:35:01] She will sing any man at first sight.
 [02:35:04] Will you remember?
 [02:35:06] Remember! yes.
 [02:35:09] Nay, but do, then;
 [02:35:11] And let your mind be coupled with your words.
 [02:35:14] What should she remember?
 [02:35:15] List.
 [02:35:17] Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
 [02:35:22] Roguery!
 [02:35:24] Nay, then,--
 [02:35:25] I'll tell you what,--
 [02:35:26] Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.
 [02:35:28] In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?
 [02:35:34] A juggling trick,--to be secretly open.
 [02:35:38] What did you swear you would bestow on me?
 [02:35:41] I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
 [02:35:44] Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
 [02:35:49] Good night.
 [02:35:54] Diomed,--
 [02:35:55] No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
 [02:35:57] Thy better must.
 [02:36:00] Hark, one word in your ear.
 [02:36:02] O plague and madness!
 [02:36:04] You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
 [02:36:07] Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
 [02:36:08] To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

[02:36:10] I beseech you, go.
 [02:36:11] Behold, I pray you!
 [02:36:12] Nay, good my lord, go off:
 [02:36:14] You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
 [02:36:16] I pray thee, stay.
 [02:36:17] You have not patience; come.
 [02:36:19] I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments
 [02:36:21] I will not speak a word!
 [02:36:22] And so, good night.
 [02:36:24] Nay, but you part in anger.
 [02:36:26] Doth that grieve thee?
 [02:36:27] O wither'd truth!
 [02:36:28] Why, how now, Trojan!
 [02:36:29] By Jove, I will be patient.
 [02:36:31] Guardian!--why, Greek!
 [02:36:33] Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
 [02:36:36] In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
 [02:36:55] She strokes his cheek!
 [02:36:57] Come, come.
 [02:36:59] Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
 [02:37:01] There is between my will and all offences
 [02:37:03] A guard of patience: stay a little while.
 [02:37:06] How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger,
 [02:37:12] tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
 [02:37:17] But will you, then?
 [02:37:20] In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
 [02:37:24] Give me some token for the surety of it.
 [02:37:33] I'll fetch you one.
 [02:37:38] You have sworn patience.
 [02:37:40] Fear me not, sweet lord;
 [02:37:42] I will not be myself, nor have cognition
 [02:37:44] Of what I feel: I am all patience.
 [02:37:46] Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
 [02:37:50] O beauty! where is thy faith?
 [02:37:52] My lord,--
 [02:37:53] I will be patient; outwardly I will.
 [02:37:56] You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
 [02:38:00] He loved me--O false wench!--Give't me again.
 [02:38:06] Whose was't?
 [02:38:09] It is no matter, now I have't again.
 [02:38:12] I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
 [02:38:15] I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
 [02:38:18] Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
 [02:38:25] What, this?
 [02:38:26] Ay, that.
 [02:38:29] O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
 [02:38:38] Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
 [02:38:40] Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
 [02:38:47] And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
 [02:38:51] As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
 [02:38:53] He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
 [02:38:55] I had your heart before, this follows it.
 [02:38:58] I did swear patience.
 [02:39:01] You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
 [02:39:04] I'll give you something else.
 [02:39:06] I will have this: whose was it?
 [02:39:07] It is no matter.
 [02:39:08] Come, tell me whose it was.
 [02:39:09] 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
 [02:39:11] But, now you have it, take it.

[02:39:12] Whose was it?
 [02:39:13] By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
 [02:39:14] And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
 [02:39:17] To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
 [02:39:21] And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
 [02:39:24] Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
 [02:39:25] It should be challenged.
 [02:39:29] Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not;
 [02:39:44] I will not keep my word.
 [02:39:47] Why, then, farewell;
 [02:39:49] Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
 [02:39:51] You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
 [02:39:54] But it straight starts you.
 [02:39:57] I do not like this fooling.
 [02:40:04] What, shall I come? the hour?
 [02:40:10] Ay, come:--O Jove!--do come:--I shall be plagued.
 [02:40:22] Farewell till then.
 [02:40:27] Good night: I prithee, come.
 [02:40:58] But with my heart the other eye doth see.
 [02:41:03] Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 [02:41:10] The error of our eye directs our mind:
 [02:41:14] What error leads must err;
 [02:41:18] O, then conclude Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
 [02:42:08] All's done, my lord.
 [02:42:11] It is.
 [02:42:14] Why stay we, then?
 [02:42:20] To make a recordation to my soul
 [02:42:26] Of every syllable that here was spoke.
 [02:42:35] But if I tell how these two did co-act,
 [02:42:39] Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 [02:42:47] Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 [02:42:49] An esperance so obstinately strong,
 [02:42:51] That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
 [02:42:57] As if those organs had deceptious functions,
 [02:43:00] Created only to calumniate.
 [02:43:06] Was Cressid here?
 [02:43:09] I cannot conjure, Trojan.
 [02:43:13] She was not, sure.
 [02:43:15] Most sure she was.
 [02:43:16] Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
 [02:43:18] Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
 [02:43:20] Let it not be believed for womanhood!
 [02:43:28] Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
 [02:43:35] To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
 [02:43:38] For depravation, to square the general sex
 [02:43:39] By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
 [02:43:46] What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
 [02:43:52] Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
 [02:44:03] This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
 [02:44:13] If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
 [02:44:20] If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
 [02:44:23] If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
 [02:44:25] If there be rule in unity itself,
 [02:44:28] This is not she. O madness of discourse,
 [02:44:39] That cause sets up with and against itself!
 [02:44:46] Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
 [02:44:50] Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 [02:44:54] Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
 [02:45:02] Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
 [02:45:04] Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate

[02:45:08] Divides more wider than the sky and earth,
 [02:45:12] And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 [02:45:15] Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
 [02:45:18] As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
 [02:45:23] Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 [02:45:27] Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 [02:45:33] Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 [02:45:37] The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed;
 [02:45:40] And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
 [02:45:42] The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 [02:45:44] The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
 [02:45:47] Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
 [02:45:51] May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
 [02:45:52] With that which here his passion doth express?
 [02:45:53] Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
 [02:45:55] In characters as red as Mars his heart
 [02:45:57] Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
 [02:46:00] With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
 [02:46:04] Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
 [02:46:09] So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
 [02:46:13] That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
 [02:46:17] Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
 [02:46:19] My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
 [02:46:21] Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 [02:46:23] Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
 [02:46:25] Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 [02:46:27] In his descent than shall my prompted sword
 [02:46:29] Falling on Diomed.
 [02:46:31] O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 [02:46:38] Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 [02:46:40] And they'll seem glorious.
 [02:46:42] O, contain yourself
 [02:46:44] Your passion draws ears hither.
 [02:46:46] I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
 [02:46:49] Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
 [02:46:53] Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
 [02:47:03] Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
 [02:47:18] Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
 [02:47:26] Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
 [02:47:34] I'll bring you to the gates.
 [02:47:36] Accept distracted thanks.
 [02:47:53] When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
 [02:47:56] To stop his ears against admonishment?
 [02:47:59] Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
 [02:48:03] You train me to offend you; get you in:
 [02:48:07] By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!
 [02:48:10] My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
 [02:48:12] No more, I say.
 [02:48:14] Where is my brother Hector?
 [02:48:16] Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
 [02:48:19] Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
 [02:48:21] Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
 [02:48:25] Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
 [02:48:27] Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
 [02:48:30] O, 'tis true.
 [02:48:31] Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
 [02:48:32] No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
 [02:48:34] Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
 [02:48:36] The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
 [02:48:38] They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd

[02:48:40] Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
 [02:48:43] O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
 [02:48:46] To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
 [02:48:50] For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
 [02:48:53] And rob in the behalf of charity.
 [02:48:56] It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
 [02:48:58] But vows to every purpose must not hold:
 [02:49:01] Unarm, sweet Hector.
 [02:49:02] Hold you still, I say;
 [02:49:04] Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
 [02:49:07] Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
 [02:49:10] Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.
 [02:49:14] How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
 [02:49:17] Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
 [02:49:19] No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
 [02:49:21] I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
 [02:49:23] Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
 [02:49:25] And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
 [02:49:28] Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
 [02:49:30] I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.
 [02:49:32] Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
 [02:49:36] Which better fits a lion than a man.
 [02:49:38] What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
 [02:49:40] When many times the captive Grecian falls,
 [02:49:42] Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
 [02:49:44] You bid them rise, and live.
 [02:49:45] O,'tis fair play.
 [02:49:47] Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
 [02:49:48] How now! how now!
 [02:49:49] For the love of all the gods,
 [02:49:51] Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
 [02:49:55] And when we have our armours buckled on,
 [02:49:57] The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
 [02:50:02] Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.
 [02:50:08] Fie, savage, fie!
 [02:50:09] Hector, then 'tis wars.
 [02:50:11] Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
 [02:50:13] Who should withhold me?
 [02:50:16] Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
 [02:50:19] Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
 [02:50:23] Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
 [02:50:24] Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
 [02:50:27] Not you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
 [02:50:29] Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
 [02:50:33] But by my ruin.
 [02:50:37] Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
 [02:50:40] He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
 [02:50:43] Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
 [02:50:46] Fall all together.
 [02:50:47] Come, Hector, come, go back:
 [02:50:55] Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
 [02:50:59] Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
 [02:51:01] Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt
 [02:51:04] To tell thee that this day is ominous:
 [02:51:07] Therefore, come back.
 [02:51:09] Aeneas is a-field;
 [02:51:10] And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
 [02:51:12] Even in the faith of valour, to appear
 [02:51:13] This morning to them.
 [02:51:15] Ay, but thou shalt not go.

[02:51:17] I must not break my faith.
 [02:51:19] You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
 [02:51:21] Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
 [02:51:24] To take that course by your consent and voice,
 [02:51:26] Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
 [02:51:30] O Priam, yield not to him!
 [02:51:31] Do not, dear father.
 [02:51:33] Andromache, I am offended with you:
 [02:51:34] Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
 [02:51:35] This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
 [02:51:38] Makes all these bodements.
 [02:51:40] O, farewell, dear Hector!
 [02:51:42] Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
 [02:51:47] Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
 [02:51:51] Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
 [02:51:56] How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
 [02:52:00] Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
 [02:52:04] Like witless antics, one another meet,
 [02:52:07] And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
 [02:52:13] Away! away!
 [02:52:15] Farewell: yet, soft! Hector! take my leave:
 [02:52:22] Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.
 [02:52:29] You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:
 [02:52:33] Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,
 [02:52:37] Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.
 [02:52:43] Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
 [02:52:54] They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
 [02:52:57] I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.
 [02:53:00] Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
 [02:53:02] What now?
 [02:53:05] Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.
 [02:53:08] Let me read.
 [02:53:13] A whoreson tisick,
 [02:53:14] a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me,
 [02:53:17] and the foolish fortune of this girl;
 [02:53:21] and what one thing, what another,
 [02:53:22] that I shall leave you one o' these days:
 [02:53:25] and I have a rheum in mine eyes too,
 [02:53:27] and such an ache in my bones that,
 [02:53:30] unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.
 [02:53:34] What says she there?
 [02:53:36] Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart:
 [02:53:43] The effect doth operate another way.
 [02:53:48] Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
 [02:53:53] My love with words and errors still she feeds;
 [02:53:56] But edifies another with her deeds.
 [02:54:23] Now they are clapper-clawing one another;
 [02:54:28] That dissembling abominable varlets Diomed,
 [02:54:31] has got that same scurvy doting
 [02:54:33] foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm:
 [02:54:36] I would fain see them meet;
 [02:54:39] that that same young Trojan ass,
 [02:54:41] that loves the whore there,
 [02:54:42] might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain,
 [02:54:44] with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab,
 [02:54:48] of a sleeveless errand.
 [02:54:50] O' the t'other side,
 [02:54:52] the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,
 [02:54:55] that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese,
 [02:54:57] Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,

[02:55:00] is not proved worthy a blackberry:
 [02:55:03] they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax,
 [02:55:06] against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles:
 [02:55:09] and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles,
 [02:55:12] and will not arm to-day;
 [02:55:14] whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,
 [02:55:18] and policy grows into an ill opinion.
 [02:55:22] Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.
 [02:55:27] Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
 [02:55:29] I would swim after.
 [02:55:30] Thou dost miscall retire:
 [02:55:33] I do not fly, but advantageous care
 [02:55:34] Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
 [02:55:36] Have at thee!
 [02:55:37] Hold thy whore, Grecian!--now for thy whore, Trojan!
 [02:55:42] What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
 [02:55:45] Art thou of blood and honour?
 [02:55:47] No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave:
 [02:55:50] a very filthy rogue.
 [02:55:53] I do believe thee: live.
 [02:55:56] God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me;
 [02:56:00] but a plague break thy neck for frightening me!
 [02:56:04] What's become of the wenching rogues?
 [02:56:07] I think they have swallowed one another:
 [02:56:10] I'll seek them.
 [02:56:16] Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
 [02:56:23] Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
 [02:56:25] Hath Doreus prisoner,
 [02:56:28] And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
 [02:56:30] Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
 [02:56:32] Epistrophus and Cediuz: Polyxenes is slain,
 [02:56:37] Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
 [02:56:40] Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
 [02:56:44] Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
 [02:56:47] Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
 [02:56:48] To reinforcement, or we perish all.
 [02:56:51] Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
 [02:56:54] And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
 [02:56:57] There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
 [02:56:59] Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
 [02:57:01] And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
 [02:57:04] And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
 [02:57:07] Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 [02:57:11] And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 [02:57:13] Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
 [02:57:16] Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes,
 [02:57:19] Dexterity so obeying appetite
 [02:57:22] That what he will he does, and does so much
 [02:57:25] That proof is call'd impossibility.
 [02:57:28] O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
 [02:57:29] Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
 [02:57:32] Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
 [02:57:34] Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 [02:57:36] That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
 [02:57:39] Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
 [02:57:42] And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
 [02:57:43] Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
 [02:57:45] Mad and fantastic execution,
 [02:57:48] Engaging and redeeming of himself
 [02:57:49] With such a careless force and forceless care

[02:57:52] As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 [02:57:54] Bade him win all.
 [02:57:57] Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!
 [02:58:00] Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
 [02:58:02] What wouldst thou?
 [02:58:04] I would correct him.
 [02:58:05] Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
 [02:58:08] Ere that correction. Troilus, I say!
 [02:58:12] O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
 [02:58:16] Ha, art thou there?
 [02:58:17] I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
 [02:58:21] He is my prize; I will not look upon.
 [02:58:23] Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both!
 [02:58:31] Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!
 [02:58:46] Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:
 [02:58:54] No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
 [02:58:57] I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all,
 [02:59:00] But I'll be master of it:
 [02:59:03] Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
 [02:59:06] Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
 [02:59:11] Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
 [02:59:15] And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 [02:59:18] Empale him with your weapons round about;
 [02:59:22] In fellest manner execute your aims.
 [02:59:26] Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
 [02:59:30] It is decreed Hector the great must die.
 [02:59:45] The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.
 [02:59:49] Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!
 [02:59:52] 'loo, Paris, 'loo!
 [02:59:53] The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!
 [02:59:58] Turn, slave, and fight.
 [03:00:00] What art thou?
 [03:00:02] A bastard son of Priam's.
 [03:00:04] I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot,
 [03:00:08] bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
 [03:00:10] bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate.
 [03:00:13] One bear will not bite another,
 [03:00:14] and wherefore should one bastard?
 [03:00:17] Take heed,
 [03:00:18] if the son of a whore fight for a whore,
 [03:00:19] he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard.
 [03:00:22] The devil take thee, coward!
 [03:00:35] Most putrefied core, so fair without,
 [03:00:41] Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
 [03:00:50] Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
 [03:00:57] Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
 [03:01:16] Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
 [03:01:20] How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
 [03:01:23] Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
 [03:01:25] To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
 [03:01:38] I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
 [03:01:45] Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
 [03:02:08] So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
 [03:02:15] Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
 [03:02:22] On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
 [03:02:25] 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'
 [03:02:30] Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.
 [03:02:37] The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
 [03:02:40] And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
 [03:02:44] My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

[03:02:48] Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.
[03:02:53] Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
[03:02:57] Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
[03:03:06] Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
[03:03:10] Never go home; here starve we out the night.
[03:03:14] Hector is slain.
[03:03:15] Hector! the gods forbid!
[03:03:18] He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
[03:03:20] In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
[03:03:23] Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
[03:03:28] Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
[03:03:33] I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
[03:03:38] And linger not our sure destructions on!
[03:03:40] My lord, you do discomfort all the host!
[03:03:43] You understand me not that tell me so:
[03:03:45] I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
[03:03:47] But dare all imminence that gods and men
[03:03:49] Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
[03:03:52] Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
[03:03:54] Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
[03:03:56] Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:
[03:03:59] There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
[03:04:03] Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
[03:04:05] Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
[03:04:08] Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
[03:04:12] Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
[03:04:18] Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
[03:04:29] Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
[03:04:34] Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
[03:04:37] I'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
[03:04:43] No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
[03:04:46] I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
[03:04:49] That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
[03:04:55] Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
[03:05:00] Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[03:05:03] But hear you, hear you!
[03:05:05] Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
[03:05:09] Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[03:05:16] A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world!
[03:05:21] world! world! thus is the poor agent despised!
[03:05:28] O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set
[03:05:31] a-work, and how ill requited!
[03:05:36] why should our endeavour be so loved
[03:05:41] and the performance so loathed? what instance for it?
[03:05:47] what verse for it? Let me see:
[03:05:53] Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
[03:06:02] Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
[03:06:10] And being once subdued in armed tail,
[03:06:19] Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
[03:06:31] Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.
[03:06:41] As many as be here of pander's hall,
[03:06:52] Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
[03:07:00] Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
[03:07:06] Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
[03:07:15] Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
[03:07:20] Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
[03:07:27] Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,
[03:07:33] And at that time bequeathe you my diseases.