

# William Shakespeare

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

**PRIAM** , king of Troy

**His sons.**

**HECTOR**

**TROILUS**

**PARIS**

**DEIPHOBUS**

**HELENUS**

**MARGARELON** , a bastard son of Priam

**Trojan commanders.**

**AENEAS**

**ANTENOR**

**CALCHAS** , a Trojan priest, taking part with the

Greeks

**PANDARUS** , uncle to Cressida

**AGAMEMNON** , the Grecian general

**MENELAUS** , his brother

**Grecian princes.**

**ACHILLES**

**AJAX**

**ULYSSES**

**NESTOR**

**DIOMEDES**

**PATROCLUS**

**THERSITES** , a deformed and scurrilous  
Grecian

**ALEXANDER** , servant to Cressida

**Servant to Troilus**

**Servant to Paris**

**Servant to Diomedes**

**HELEN** , wife to Menelaus

**ANDROMACHE** , wife to Hector

**CASSANDRA** , daughter to Priam, a prophetess

**CRESSIDA** , daughter to Calchas

**Minor characters**

**Myrmidon**

Trojan and Greek Soldiers and Attendants

## **ACT I**

### **SCENE I**

*Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS*

**TROILUS**

Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart,

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

## **PANDARUS**

Will this gear ne'er be mended?

## **TROILUS**

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

## **PANDARUS**

Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part,  
I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will  
have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry  
the grinding.

## **TROILUS**

Have I not tarried?

## **PANDARUS**

Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry  
the bolting.

## **TROILUS**

Have I not tarried?

## **PANDARUS**

Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the  
leavening.

## **TROILUS**

Still have I tarried.

## **PANDARUS**

Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word  
'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the  
cake, the  
heating of the oven and the baking; nay, you  
must  
stay the cooling too, or you may chance to  
burn your lips.

## TROILUS

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.  
At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my  
thoughts, —  
So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she  
thence?

## PANDARUS

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

## TROILUS

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

## PANDARUS

An her hair were not somewhat darker than  
Helen's —  
well, go to—there were no more comparison  
between  
the women: but, for my part, she is my  
kinswoman; I  
would not, as they term it, praise her: but I  
would  
somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I  
did. I  
will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit,  
but —

## TROILUS

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie  
drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad  
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair;'  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her  
voice,  
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,

Writing their own reproach, to whose soft  
seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou  
tell'st me,  
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given  
me  
The knife that made it.

## **PANDARUS**

I speak no more than truth.

## **TROILUS**

Thou dost not speak so much.

## **PANDARUS**

Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is:  
if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be  
not, she has the mends in her own hands.

## **TROILUS**

Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

## **PANDARUS**

I have had my labour for my travail;  
ill-thought on of  
her and ill-thought on of you; gone between  
and  
between, but small thanks for my labour.

## **TROILUS**

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

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **TROILUS**

Say I she is not fair?



## **PANDARUS**

I do not care whether you do or no. She's a  
fool to  
stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks;  
and so  
I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part,  
I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

## **TROILUS**

Pandarus, —

## **PANDARUS**

Not I.

## **TROILUS**

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

*Exit PANDARUS. An alarum*

## TROILUS

Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her  
thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus, — O gods, how do you plague  
me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo.

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,

Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

*Alarum. Enter AENEAS*

## AENEAS

How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not  
afield?

## **TROILUS**

Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,  
For womanish it is to be from thence.  
What news, AEneas, from the field to-day?

## **AENEAS**

That Paris is returned home and hurt.

## **TROILUS**

By whom, AEneas?

## **AENEAS**

Troilus, by Menelaus.

## **TROILUS**

Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;  
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.

*Alarum*

**AENEAS**

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

**TROILUS**

Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'  
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?

**AENEAS**

In all swift haste.

**TROILUS**

Come, go we then together.

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE II**

*The Same. A street.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER*

**CRESSIDA**

Who were those went by?

## **ALEXANDER**

Queen Hecuba and Helen.

## **CRESSIDA**

And whither go they?

## **ALEXANDER**

Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the  
vale,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:  
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,  
And to the field goes he; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

## **CRESSIDA**

What was his cause of anger?

## **ALEXANDER**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

Good; and what of him?

## **ALEXANDER**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or  
have no legs.

## **ALEXANDER**

This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of  
their  
particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion,  
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a  
man

into whom nature hath so crowded humours  
that his  
valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced  
with  
discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he  
hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attainment  
but he  
carries some stain of it: he is melancholy  
without  
cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the  
joints of every thing, but everything so out of  
joint  
that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no  
use,  
or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

## **CRESSIDA**

But how should this man, that makes  
me smile, make Hector angry?

## **ALEXANDER**

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

**CRESSIDA**

Who comes here?

**ALEXANDER**

Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter PANDARUS*

**CRESSIDA**

Hector's a gallant man.

**ALEXANDER**

As may be in the world, lady.

**PANDARUS**

What's that? what's that?

**CRESSIDA**

Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.



## **PANDARUS**

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

Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

## **CRESSIDA**

This morning, uncle.

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

## **PANDARUS**

Even so: Hector was stirring early.

## **CRESSIDA**

That were we talking of, and of his anger.

## **PANDARUS**

Was he angry?

## **CRESSIDA**

So he says here.

## **PANDARUS**

True, he was so: I know the cause too: he'll lay  
about him to-day, I can tell them that: and  
there's  
Troilus will not come far behind him: let them  
take  
heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

## **CRESSIDA**

What, is he angry too?

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

## **PANDARUS**

What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

## **CRESSIDA**

Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

## **PANDARUS**

Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

## **CRESSIDA**

Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

## **PANDARUS**

No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

## **CRESSIDA**

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

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

So he is.

## **PANDARUS**

Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

## **CRESSIDA**

He is not Hector.

## **PANDARUS**

Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were  
himself! Well, the gods are above; time must  
friend  
or end: well, Troilus, well: I would my heart  
were  
in her body. No, Hector is not a better man  
than Troilus.

**CRESSIDA**

Excuse me.

**PANDARUS**

He is elder.

**CRESSIDA**

Pardon me, pardon me.

**PANDARUS**

Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me  
another  
tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall  
not  
have his wit this year.

**CRESSIDA**

He shall not need it, if he have his own.

**PANDARUS**

Nor his qualities.

## **CRESSIDA**

No matter.

## **PANDARUS**

Nor his beauty.

## **CRESSIDA**

'Twould not become him; his own's better.

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

No, but brown.

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

To say the truth, true and not true.

## **PANDARUS**

She praised his complexion above Paris.

## **CRESSIDA**

Why, Paris hath colour enough.

## **PANDARUS**

So he has.

## **CRESSIDA**

Then Troilus should have too much: if she  
praised  
him above, his complexion is higher than his;  
he  
having colour enough, and the other higher, is  
too  
flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had  
as  
lief Helen's golden tongue had commended  
Troilus for

a copper nose.

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

## **PANDARUS**

Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.



## **CRESSIDA**

Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

## **PANDARUS**

Why, you know 'tis dimpled: I think his  
smiling  
becomes him better than any man in all  
Phrygia.

## **CRESSIDA**

O, he smiles valiantly.

## **PANDARUS**

Does he not?

## **CRESSIDA**

O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

## **PANDARUS**

Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that  
Helen  
loves Troilus, —

## **CRESSIDA**

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

## **PANDARUS**

Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I  
esteem  
an addle egg.

## **CRESSIDA**

If you love an addle egg as well as you love an  
idle  
head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

## **PANDARUS**

I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she  
tickled  
his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white  
hand, I  
must needs confess, —

## **CRESSIDA**

Without the rack.

## **PANDARUS**

And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on  
his chin.

## **CRESSIDA**

Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

## **PANDARUS**

But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba  
laughed  
that her eyes ran o'er.

**CRESSIDA**

With mill-stones.

**PANDARUS**

And Cassandra laughed.

**CRESSIDA**

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

**PANDARUS**

And Hector laughed.

**CRESSIDA**

At what was all this laughing?

**PANDARUS**

Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on  
Troilus' chin.

## **CRESSIDA**

An't had been a green hair, I should have  
laughed  
too.

## **PANDARUS**

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

## **CRESSIDA**

What was his answer?

## **PANDARUS**

Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on  
your  
chin, and one of them is white.

## **CRESSIDA**

This is her question.

## **PANDARUS**

That's true; make no question of that. 'Two and