

**ou Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and**

William Shakespeare

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Troilus and Cressida  
Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous,  
their high blood chafed, Have to the port of Athens sent their ships, Fraught with the ministers and  
instruments Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay Put  
forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures The  
ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen, With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel. To Tenedos they  
come; And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan  
plains The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien, And Antenorides, with massy staples And  
corresponsive and fulfilling bolts, Sperr up the sons of Troy. Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek, Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come A prologue  
arm'd, but not in confidence Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited In like conditions as our  
argument, To tell you, fair beholders, that our play Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away To what may be digested in a play. Like or find fault;  
do as your pleasures are: Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.  
Troilus and Cressida  
Act 1,  
Scene 1 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,

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Pandarus? what, with me?PANDARUSBecause 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.TROILUSSay I she is not fair?PANDARUSI 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,--PANDARUSNot I.TROILUSSweet Pandarus,--PANDARUSPray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.Exit PANDARUS. An alarumTROILUSPeace, 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, Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.Alarum. Enter AENEASAENEASHow now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?TROILUSBecause not there: this woman's answer sorts, For womanish it is to be from thence. What news, AEneas, from the field to-day?AENEASThat Paris is returned home and hurt.TROILUSBy whom, AEneas? AENEASTroilus, by Menelaus.TROILUSLet Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn; Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.AlarumAENEASHark, what good sport is out of town to-day!TROILUSBetter at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.' But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?AENEASIn all swift haste.TROILUSCome, go we then together.ExeuntAct 1, Scene 2The Same. A street.Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDERCRESSIDAWho were those went by?ALEXANDERQueen Hecuba and Helen.CRESSIDAAnd whither go they?ALEXANDERUp 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.CRESSIDAWhat was his cause of anger?ALEXANDERThe noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him Ajax.CRESSIDAGood; and what of him?ALEXANDERThey say he is a very man per se, And stands alone.CRESSIDASo do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.ALEXANDERThis 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.CRESSIDABut how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry? ALEXANDERThey 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.CRESSIDAWho comes here? ALEXANDERMadam, your uncle Pandarus.Enter PANDARUSCRESSIDAHector's a gallant man. ALEXANDERAs may be in the world, lady.PANDARUSWhat's that? what's that?CRESSIDAGood morrow, uncle Pandarus.PANDARUSGood morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?CRESSIDAThis morning, uncle. PANDARUSWhat were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?CRESSIDAHector was gone, but Helen was not up.PANDARUS Even so: Hector was stirring early.CRESSIDAThat were we talking of, and of his anger.PANDARUS Was he angry?CRESSIDASo he says here.PANDARUSTrue, 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

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take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.CRESSIDAWhat, is he angry too?PANDARUSWho, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.CRESSIDAO Jupiter! there's no comparison. PANDARUSWhat, 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.PANDARUSWell, I say Troilus is Troilus.CRESSIDAThen you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.PANDARUSNo, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.CRESSIDA'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.PANDARUSHimself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.CRESSIDASo he is.PANDARUSCondition, I had gone barefoot to India.CRESSIDA He is not Hector.PANDARUSHimself! 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.CRESSIDAEscuse me.PANDARUSHe is elder.CRESSIDAPardon me, pardon me.PANDARUSTh' 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.CRESSIDAH e shall not need it, if he have his own. PANDARUSNor his qualities.CRESSIDANo matter.PANDARUSNor his beauty.CRESSIDA'Twould not become him; his own's better.PANDARUSYou 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,— CRESSIDANo, but brown.PANDARUS'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.CRESSIDATo say the truth, true and not true.PANDARUSShe praised his complexion above Paris.CRESSIDAWhy, Paris hath colour enough.PANDARUSSo he has.CRESSIDAThen 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.PANDARUSI swear to you. I think Helen loves him better than Paris.CRESSIDAThen she's a merry Greek indeed.PANDARUSNay, 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,—CRESSIDAI indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.PANDARUSWhy, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.CRESSIDAIs he so young a man and so old a lifter?PANDARUSBut to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—CRESSIDAJuno have mercy! how came it cloven?PANDARUSWhy, you know 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.CRESSIDAO, he smiles valiantly.PANDARUSDoes he not?CRESSIDAO yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.PANDARUSWhy, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—CRESSIDATroilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so. PANDARUSTroilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.CRESSIDAIf you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.PANDARUSI cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—CRESSIDAWithout the rack.PANDARUSAnd she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.CRESSIDAA alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.PANDARUSBut there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.CRESSIDAWith mill-stones.PANDARUS And Cassandra laughed.CRESSIDABut there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?PANDARUSAnd Hector laughed.CRESSIDAAAt what was all this laughing? PANDARUSMarry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.CRESSIDAA n't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.PANDARUSThey laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.CRESSIDAWhat was his answer?PANDARUSQuoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.CRESSIDAThis is her question.PANDARUSThat's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, an Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.CRESSIDASo let it now; for it has been while going by.PANDARUSWell, cousin. I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

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CRESSIDASo I do.PANDARUSI'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.CRESSIDAAnd I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.A retreat sounded PANDARUSHark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.CRESSIDAAt your pleasure.PANDARUSHere, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.CRESSIDASpeak not so loud.AENEAS passes PANDARUSThat's Aeneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.ANTENOR passes CRESSIDAWho's that?PANDARUSThat's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough, he's one o' the soundest judgments in whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.CRESSIDAWill he give you the nod?PANDARUSYou shall see.CRESSIDAIf he do, the rich shall have more.HECTOR passes PANDARUSThat's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?CRESSIDAO, a brave man! PANDARUSIs a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!CRESSIDABe those with swords?PANDARUSSwords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.PARIS passes Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.HELENUS passes CRESSIDAWho's that?PANDARUSThat's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.CRESSIDACan Helenus fight, uncle?PANDARUSHelenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.CRESSIDAWhat sneaking fellow comes yonder?TROILUS passes PANDARUSWhere? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!CRESSIDAPeace, for shame, peace!PANDARUSMark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.CRESSIDAHere come more.Forces pass PANDARUSAsses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.CRESSIDAThere is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.PANDARUSAchilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.CRESSIDAWell, well.PANDARUS'Well, well!' why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?CRESSIDAAy, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.PANDARUSYou are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.CRESSIDAUpon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.PANDARUSSay one of your watches.CRESSIDANay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.PANDARUSYou are such another!Enter Troilus's BoyBoySir, my lord would instantly speak with you.PANDARUSWhere?BoyAt your own house; there he unarms him.PANDARUSGood boy, tell him I come.Exit boy I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

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CRESSIDAAdieu, uncle.PANDARUSI'll be with you, niece, by and by.CRESSIDATo bring, uncle?  
PANDARUSay, a token from Troilus.CRESSIDABy the same token, you are a bawd.Exit  
PANDARUS Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprise; But  
more in Troilus thousand fold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be; Yet hold I off.  
Women are angels, wooing: Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing. That she beloved knows  
nought that knows not this: Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is: That she was never yet that  
ever knew Love got so sweet as when desire did sue. Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech: Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.ExeuntAct 1, Scene 3The Grecian camp. Before  
Agamemnon's tent.Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others  
AGAMEMNONPrinces, What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks? The ample proposition that  
hope makes In all designs begun on earth below Fails in the promised largeness: cheques and  
disasters Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd, As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect  
the sound pine and divert his grain Tortive and errant from his course of growth. Nor, princes, is it  
matter new to us That we come short of our suppose so far That after seven years' siege yet Troy  
walls stand; Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bias and  
thwart, not answering the aim, And that unbodied figure of the thought That gave't surmised shape.  
Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works, And call them shames? which  
are indeed nought else But the protractive trials of great Jove To find persistive constancy in men:  
The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward, The wise  
and fool, the artist and unread, The hard and soft seem all affined and kin: But, in the wind and  
tempest of her frown, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light  
away; And what hath mass or matter, by itself Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.NESTORWith due  
observance of thy godlike seat, Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words. In the  
reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth, How many shallow bauble boats  
dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk! But let the ruffian  
Boreas once enrage The gentle Thetis, and anon behold The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid  
mountains cut, Bounding between the two moist elements, Like Perseus' horse: where's then the  
saucy boat Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour  
fled, Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide In storms of  
fortune; for in her ray and brightness The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze Than by the  
tiger; but when the splitting wind Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, And flies fled under  
shade, why, then the thing of courage As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize, And with an  
accent tuned in selfsame key Retorts to chiding fortune.ULYSSESAgamemnon, Thou great  
commander, nerve and bone of Greece, Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit. In whom the  
tempers and the minds of all Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks. Besides the applause and  
approbation To which, To AGAMEMNON most mighty for thy place and sway, To NESTOR And  
thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life I give to both your speeches, which were such As  
Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in brass, and such again As venerable  
Nestor, hatch'd in silver, Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree On which heaven rides,  
knit all the Greekish ears To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both, Thou great, and wise, to  
hear Ulysses speak.AGAMEMNONSpeak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect That matter  
needless, of importless burden, Divide thy lips, than we are confident, When rank Thersites opes his  
mastic jaws, We shall hear music, wit and oracle.ULYSSESTroy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master, But for these instances. The specialty of rule hath  
been neglected: And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow  
factions. When that the general is not like the hive To whom the foragers shall all repair, What honey  
is expected? Degree being vizarded, The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask. The heavens



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themselves, the planets and this centre Observe degree, priority and place, Insisture, course, proportion, season, form, Office and custom, in all line of order; And therefore is the glorious planet Sol In noble eminence enthroned and sphered Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, And posts, like the commandment of a king, Sans cheque to good and bad: but when the planets In evil mixture to disorder wander, What plagues and what portents! what mutiny! What raging of the sea! shaking of earth! Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors, Divert and crack, rend and deracinate The unity and married calm of states Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken, Which is the ladder to all high designs, Then enterprise is sick! How could communities, Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities, Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, The primogenitive and due of birth, Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, But by degree, stand in authentic place? Take but degree away, untune that string, And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores And make a sop of all this solid globe: Strength should be lord of imbecility, And the rude son should strike his father dead: Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong, Between whose endless jar justice resides, Should lose their names, and so should justice too. Then every thing includes itself in power, Power into will, will into appetite; And appetite, an universal wolf, So doubly seconded with will and power, Must make perforce an universal prey, And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon, This chaos, when degree is suffocate, Follows the choking. And this neglect of degree it is That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd By him one step below, he by the next, That next by him beneath; so every step, Exemplified by the first pace that is sick Of his superior, grows to an envious fever Of pale and bloodless emulation: And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length, Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

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

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

ULYSSESThe great Achilles, whom opinion crowns The sinew and the forehead of our host, Having his ear full of his airy fame, Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus Upon a lazy bed the livelong day Breaks scurril jests; And with ridiculous and awkward action, Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon, Thy topless deputation he puts on, And, like a strutting player, whose conceit Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,— Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks, 'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared, Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling, From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause; Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just. Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard, As he being drest to some oration.' That's done, as near as the extremest ends Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife: Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent! 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus, Arming to answer in a night alarm.' And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit, And, with a palsy—fumbling on his gorget, Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus; Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion, All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, Achievements, plots, orders, preventions, Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, Success or loss, what is or is not, serves As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

NESTORAnd in the imitation of these twain— Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns With an imperial voice—many are infect. Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head In such a rein, in full as proud a place As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war, Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites, A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint, To match us in comparisons with dirt, To weaken and discredit our exposure, How rank soever rounded in with danger.

ULYSSESThey tax our policy, and

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call it cowardice, Count wisdom as no member of the war, Forestall prescience, and esteem no act But that of hand: the still and mental parts, That do contrive how many hands shall strike, When fitness calls them on, and know by measure Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,— Why, this hath not a finger's dignity: They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war; So that the ram that batters down the wall, For the great swing and rudeness of his poise, They place before his hand that made the engine, Or those that with the fineness of their souls By reason guide his execution.

NESTORLet this be granted, and Achilles' horse Makes many Thetis' sons.AGAMEMNONWhat trumpet? look, Menelaus.MENELAUSFrom Troy.Enter AENEASAGAMEMNONWhat would you 'fore our tent?AENEASIs this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?AGAMEMNONEven this.AENEASMay one, that is a herald and a prince, Do a fair message to his kingly ears?AGAMEMNONWith surety stronger than Achilles' arm 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice Call Agamemnon head and general.AENEASFair leave and large security. How may A stranger to those most imperial looks Know them from eyes of other mortals?AGAMEMNONHow!AENEASAy; I ask, that I might waken reverence, And bid the cheek be ready with a blush Modest as morning when she coldly eyes The youthful Phoebus: Which is that god in office, guiding men? Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?AGAMEMNONThis Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy Are ceremonious courtiers.AENEASCourtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd, As bending angels; that's their fame in peace: But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls, Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord, Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas, Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips! The worthiness of praise distains his worth, If that the praised himself bring the praise forth: But what the repining enemy commends, That breath fame blows; that praise, sole sure, transcends.AGAMEMNONSir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?AENEASAy, Greek, that is my name.AGAMEMNONWhat's your affair I pray you?AENEASSir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.AGAMEMNONHe hears naught privately that comes from Troy.AENEASNor I from Troy come not to whisper him: I bring a trumpet to awake his ear, To set his sense on the attentive bent, And then to speak.AGAMEMNONSpeak frankly as the wind; It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour: That thou shalt know. Trojan, he is awake, He tells thee so himself.AENEASTrumpet, blow loud, Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents; And every Greek of mettle, let him know, What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.Trumpet sounds We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,— Who in this dull and long-continued truce Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet, And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords! If there be one among the fair'st of Greece That holds his honour higher than his ease, That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril, That knows his valour, and knows not his fear, That loves his mistress more than in confession, With truant vows to her own lips he loves, And dare avow her beauty and her worth In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge. Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks, Shall make it good, or do his best to do it, He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer, Than ever Greek did compass in his arms, And will to-morrow with his trumpet call Midway between your tents and walls of Troy, To rouse a Grecian that is true in love: If any come, Hector shall honour him; If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires, The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth The splinter of a lance. Even so much.AGAMEMNONThis shall be told our lovers, Lord Aeneas; If none of them have soul in such a kind, We left them all at home: but we are soldiers; And may that soldier a mere recreant prove, That means not, hath not, or is not in love! If then one is, or hath, or means to be, That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.NESTORTell him of Nestor, one that was a man When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now; But if there be not in our Grecian host One noble man that hath one spark of fire, To answer for his love, tell him from me I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn, And meeting him will tell him that my lady Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste As may be in the world: his youth in flood, I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.AENEASNow heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!ULYSSESAmen.AGAMEMNON

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Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand; To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir. Achilles shall have word of this intent; So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent: Yourself shall feast with us before you go And find the welcome of a noble foe.Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR  
ULYSSESNestor! NESTORWhat says Ulysses?ULYSSESI have a young conception in my brain; Be you my time to bring it to some shape.NESTORWhat is't?ULYSSESThis 'tis: Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride That hath to this maturity blown up In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd, Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil, To overbulk us all.NESTORWell, and how?ULYSSESThis challenge that the gallant Hector sends, However it is spread in general name, Relates in purpose only to Achilles.NESTORThe purpose is perspicuous even as substance, Whose grossness little characters sum up: And, in the publication, make no strain, But that Achilles, were his brain as barren As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows, 'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment, Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose Pointing on him.ULYSSESAnd wake him to the answer, think you?NESTORYes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose, That can from Hector bring his honour off, If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat, Yet in the trial much opinion dwells; For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses, Our imputation shall be oddly poised In this wild action; for the success, Although particular, shall give a scantling Of good or bad unto the general; And in such indexes, although small pricks To their subsequent volumes, there is seen The baby figure of the giant mass Of things to come at large. It is supposed He that meets Hector issues from our choice And choice, being mutual act of all our souls, Makes merit her election, and doth boil, As 'twere from us all, a man distill'd Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, What heart receives from hence the conquering part, To steel a strong opinion to themselves? Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments, In no less working than are swords and bows Directive by the limbs.ULYSSESGive pardon to my speech: Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector. Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares, And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not, The lustre of the better yet to show, Shall show the better. Do not consent That ever Hector and Achilles meet; For both our honour and our shame in this Are dogg'd with two strange followers.NESTORI see them not with my old eyes: what are they?ULYSSESWhat glory our Achilles shares from Hector, Were he not proud, we all should share with him: But he already is too insolent; And we were better parch in Afric sun Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes, Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd, Why then, we did our main opinion crush In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery; And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves Give him allowance for the better man; For that will physic the great Myrmidon Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends. If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail, Yet go we under our opinion still That we have better men. But, hit or miss, Our project's life this shape of sense assumes: Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.NESTORUlysses, Now I begin to relish thy advice; And I will give a taste of it forthwith To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.Exeunt  
Act 2, Scene 1A part of the Grecian camp.Enter AJAX and THERSITESAJAXThersites!THERSITESAgamemnon, how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?AJAXThersites!THERSITESAnd those boils did run? say so: did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?AJAXDog!THERSITESThen would come some matter from him; I see none now.AJAXThou bitch—wolf's son, canst thou not hear?Beating him Feel, then.THERSITESThe plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!AJAXSpeak then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.THERSITESI shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!AJAXToadstool, learn me the proclamation.THERSITESDost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?AJAXThe proclamation!THERSITESThou art proclaimed a fool, I think.AJAXDo not, porpentine, do not:

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my fingers itch.THERSITESI would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.AJAXI say, the proclamation!THERSITESThou grumblest and railst every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpine's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.AJAXMistress Thersites!THERSITESThou shouldst strike him.AJAXCobloaf!THERSITESHe would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.AJAX[Beating him] You whoreson cur!THERSITESDo, do.AJAXThou stool for a witch!THERSITESAy, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!AJAXYou dog!THERSITESYou scurvy lord!AJAX[Beating him] You cur!THERSITESMars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUSACHILLESWhy, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?THERSITESYou see him there, do you?ACHILLESay; what's the matter?THERSITESNay, look upon him.ACHILLESSo I do: what's the matter?THERSITESNay, but regard him well.ACHILLES'Well!' why, I do so.THERSITESBut yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.ACHILLESI know that, fool.THERSITESAy, but that fool knows not himself.AJAXTherefore I beat thee.THERSITESLo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.ACHILLESWhat?THERSITESI say, this Ajax—Ajax offers to beat himACHILLESNay, good Ajax.THERSITESHas not so much wit—ACHILLESNay, I must hold you.THERSITESAs will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.ACHILLESPeace, fool!THERSITESI would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there: that he: look you there.AJAXO thou damned cur! I shall—ACHILLESWill you set your wit to a fool's?THERSITESNo, I warrant you; for a fools will shame it.PATROCLUSGood words, Thersites.ACHILLESWhat's the quarrel?AJAXI bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.THERSITESI serve thee not.AJAXWell, go to, go to.THERSITESI serve here voluntarily.ACHILLESYour last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.THERSITESE'en so; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.ACHILLESWhat, with me too, Thersites?THERSITESThere's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.ACHILLESWhat, what?THERSITESYes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!AJAXI shall cut out your tongue.THERSITES'Tis no matter! I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.PATROCLUSNo more words, Thersites; peace!THERSITESI will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?ACHILLESThere's for you, Patroclus.THERSITESI will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.Exit PATROCLUSA good riddance.ACHILLESMarry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host: That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.AJAXFarewell. Who shall answer him?ACHILLESI know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise He knew his man.AJAXO, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.ExeuntAct 2, Scene 2Troy. A room in Priam's palace.Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUSPRIAMAfter so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks: 'Deliver Helen, and all damage else— As honour, loss of time, travail, expense, Wounds,

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friends, and what else dear that is consumed In hot digestion of this cormorant war— Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?HECTORThough no man lesser fears the Greeks than I As far as toucheth my particular, Yet, dread Priam, There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?' Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes, Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours: If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten, What merit's in that reason which denies The yielding of her up?  
TROILUSFie, fie, my brother! Weigh you the worth and honour of a king So great as our dread father in a scale Of common ounces? will you with counters sum The past proportion of his infinite? And buckle in a waist most fathomless With spans and inches so diminutive As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!HELENUSNo marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons, You are so empty of them. Should not our father Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons, Because your speech hath none that tells him so?TROILUSYou are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest; You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons: You know an enemy intends you harm; You know a sword employ'd is perilous, And reason flies the object of all harm: Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds A Grecian and his sword, if he do set The very wings of reason to his heels And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason, Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect Make livers pale and lustihood deject.HECTORBrother, she is not worth what she doth cost The holding.TROILUSWhat is aught, but as 'tis valued?HECTORBut value dwells not in particular will; It holds his estimate and dignity As well wherein 'tis precious of itself As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry To make the service greater than the god And the will dotes that is attributive To what infectiously itself affects, Without some image of the affected merit.TROILUSI take to-day a wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my will; My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears, Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores Of will and judgment: how may I avoid, Although my will distaste what it elected, The wife I chose? there can be no evasion To blench from this and to stand firm by honour: We turn not back the silks upon the merchant, When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands We do not throw in unrespective sieve, Because we now are full. It was thought meet Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks: Your breath of full consent bellied his sails; The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired, And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive, He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning. Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt: Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl, Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships, And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants. If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went— As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'— If you'll confess he brought home noble prize— As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands And cried 'Inestimable!'—why do you now The issue of your proper wisdoms rate, And do a deed that fortune never did, Beggar the estimation which you prized Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base, That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep! But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n, That in their country did them that disgrace, We fear to warrant in our native place!CASSANDRA[Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!PRIAMWhat noise? what shriek is this?TROILUS'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.CASSANDRA[Within] Cry, Trojans!HECTORIt is Cassandra.Enter CASSANDRA, ravingCASSANDRA[Within] Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes, And I will fill them with prophetic tears.HECTORPeace, sister, peace!CASSANDRAVirgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld, Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes A moiety of that mass of moan to come. Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears! Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion

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stand; Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe: Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.ExitHECTORNow, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains Of divination in our sister work Some touches of remorse? or is your blood So madly hot that no discourse of reason, Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause, Can qualify the same?TROILUSWhy, brother Hector, We may not think the justness of each act Such and no other than event doth form it, Nor once deject the courage of our minds, Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel Which hath our several honours all engaged To make it gracious. For my private part, I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons: And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us Such things as might offend the weakest spleen To fight for and maintain!PARIS Else might the world convince of levity As well my undertakings as your counsels: But I attest the gods, your full consent Gave wings to my propension and cut off All fears attending on so dire a project. For what, alas, can these my single arms? What Propugnation is in one man's valour, To stand the push and enmity of those This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest, Were I alone to pass the difficulties And had as ample power as I have will, Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done, Nor faint in the pursuit.PRIAMParis, you speak Like one besotted on your sweet delights: You have the honey still, but these the gall; So to be valiant is no praise at all.PARISSir, I propose not merely to myself The pleasures such a beauty brings with it; But I would have the soil of her fair rape Wiped off, in honourable keeping her. What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me, Now to deliver her possession up On terms of base compulsion! Can it be That so degenerate a strain as this Should once set footing in your generous bosoms? There's not the meanest spirit on our party Without a heart to dare or sword to draw When Helen is defended, nor none so noble Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed Where Helen is the subject; then, I say, Well may we fight for her whom, we know well, The world's large spaces cannot parallel.HECTOR Paris and Troilus, you have both said well, And on the cause and question now in hand Have glozed, but superficially: not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought Unfit to hear moral philosophy: The reasons you allege do more conduce To the hot passion of distemper'd blood Than to make up a free determination 'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice Of any true decision. Nature craves All dues be render'd to their owners: now, What nearer debt in all humanity Than wife is to the husband? If this law Of nature be corrupted through affection, And that great minds, of partial indulgence To their benumbed wills, resist the same, There is a law in each well-order'd nation To curb those raging appetites that are Most disobedient and refractory. If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king, As it is known she is, these moral laws Of nature and of nations speak aloud To have her back return'd: thus to persist In doing wrong extenuates not wrong, But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless, My spritely brethren, I propend to you In resolution to keep Helen still, For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance Upon our joint and several dignities.TROILUSWhy, there you touch'd the life of our design: Were it not glory that we more affected Than the performance of our heaving spleens, I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector, She is a theme of honour and renown, A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, Whose present courage may beat down our foes, And fame in time to come canonize us; For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose So rich advantage of a promised glory As smiles upon the forehead of this action For the wide world's revenue.HECTORI am yours, You valiant offspring of great Priamus. I have a roisting challenge sent amongst The dun and factious nobles of the Greeks Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits: I was advertised their great general slept, Whilst emulation in the army crept: This, I presume, will wake him.ExeuntAct 2, Scene 3The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.Enter THERSITES, solusTHERSITESHow now, Thersites! what lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to

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conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare enginer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods and Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little, little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!Enter PATROCLUSPATROCLUSWho's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.THERSITESIf I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?PATROCLUSWhat, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?THERSITESAy: the heavens hear me!Enter ACHILLESACHILLESWho's there?PATROCLUSThersites, my lord. ACHILLESWhere, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?THERSITESThy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?PATROCLUSThy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?THERSITESThy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou? PATROCLUSThou mayst tell that knowest.ACHILLESO, tell, tell.THERSITESI'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.PATROCLUSYou rascal!THERSITESPeace, fool! I have not done.ACHILLESHe is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.THERSITESAgamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.ACHILLESDerive this; come.THERSITESAgamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.PATROCLUSWhy am I a fool?THERSITESMake that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?ACHILLESPatroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.Exit THERSITESHere is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!ExitEnter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAXAGAMEMNONWhere is Achilles?PATROCLUSWithin his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.AGAMEMNONLet it be known to him that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.PATROCLUSI shall say so to him. ExitULYSSESWe saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.AJAXYes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord.Takes AGAMEMNON asideNESTORWhat moves Ajax thus to bay at him?ULYSSES Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.NESTORWho, Thersites?ULYSSESH e.NESTORThen will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.ULYSSES No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.NESTORAll the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.ULYSSES The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.Re-enter PATROCLUSNESTORNo Achilles with him.ULYSSESThe elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.PATROCLUS Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, And

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after-dinner's breath.AGAMEMNONHear you, Patroclus: We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin, If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report: 'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.PATROCLUSI shall; and bring his answer presently.ExitAGAMEMNONIn second voice we'll not be satisfied; We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.Exit ULYSSES AJAXWhat is he more than another? AGAMEMNONNo more than what he thinks he is.AJAXIs he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?AGAMEMNONNo question.AJAXWill you subscribe his thought, and say he is?AGAMEMNONNo, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.AJAXWhy should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.AGAMEMNONYour mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.AJAXI do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.NESTORYet he loves himself: is't not strange?Aside Re-enter ULYSSES ULYSSES Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.AGAMEMNONWhat's his excuse? ULYSSES He doth rely on none, But carries on the stream of his dispose Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.AGAMEMNONWhy will he not upon our fair request Untent his person and share the air with us? ULYSSESThings small as nothing, for request's sake only, He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness, And speaks not to himself but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse That 'twixt his mental and his active parts Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages And batters down himself: what should I say? He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it Cry 'No recovery.'AGAMEMNONLet Ajax go to him. Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent: 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led At your request a little from himself. ULYSSESO Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord That bastes his arrogance with his own seam And never suffers matter of the world Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd Of that we hold an idol more than he? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is, By going to Achilles: That were to enlard his fat already pride And add more coals to Cancer when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion. This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid, And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'NESTOR[Aside to DIOMEDES] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.DIOMEDES[Aside to NESTOR] And how his silence drinks up this applause!AJAXIf I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.AGAMEMNONO, no, you shall not go.AJAXAn a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride: Let me go to him. ULYSSESNot for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.AJAXA paltry, insolent fellow!NESTORHow he describes himself!AJAXCan he not be sociable? ULYSSESThe raven chides blackness.AJAXI'll let his humours blood.AGAMEMNONHe will be the physician that should be the patient.AJAXAn all men were o' my mind,-- ULYSSESWit would be out of fashion.AJAXA' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?NESTORAn 'twould, you'd carry half. ULYSSESA' would have ten shares.AJAXI will knead him; I'll make him



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supple.NESTORHe's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.ULYSSES[To AGAMEMNON] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.NESTOROur noble general, do not do so.DIOMEDESYou must prepare to fight without Achilles.ULYSSESWhy, 'tis this naming of him does him harm. Here is a man—but 'tis before his face; I will be silent.NESTOR Wherefore should you so? He is not emulous, as Achilles is.ULYSSESKnow the whole world, he is as valiant.AJAXA whoreson dog, that shall pelter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!NESTORWhat a vice were it in Ajax now,—ULYSSESIf he were proud,—DIOMEDESOR covetous of praise,—ULYSSESAy, or surly borne,—DIOMEDESOR strange, or self-affected!ULYSSESThank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure; Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck: Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice famed, beyond all erudition: But he that disciplined thy arms to fight, Let Mars divide eternity in twain, And give him half: and, for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom, Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor; Instructed by the antiquary times, He must, he is, he cannot but be wise: Put pardon, father Nestor, were your days As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd, You should not have the eminence of him, But be as Ajax.AJAXShall I call you father?NESTORAy, my good son.DIOMEDESBeruled by him, Lord Ajax.ULYSSESThere is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles Keeps thicket. Please it our great general To call together all his state of war; Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow We must with all our main of power stand fast: And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west, And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best. AGAMEMNONGo we to council. Let Achilles sleep: Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.ExeuntAct 3, Scene 1Troy. Priam's palace.Enter a Servant and PANDARUSPANDARUSFriend, you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?ServantAy, sir, when he goes before me.PANDARUSYou depend upon him, I mean?ServantSir, I do depend upon the lord.PANDARUS You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.ServantThe lord be praised! PANDARUSYou know me, do you not?ServantFaith, sir, superficially.PANDARUSFriend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.ServantI hope I shall know your honour better.PANDARUSI do desire it.ServantYou are in the state of grace.PANDARUSGrace! not so, friend: honour and lordship are my titles.Music within What music is this?ServantI do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts. PANDARUSKnow you the musicians?ServantWholly, sir.PANDARUSWho play they to?ServantTo the hearers, sir.PANDARUSAt whose pleasure, friendServantAt mine, sir, and theirs that love music. PANDARUSCommand, I mean, friend.ServantWho shall I command, sir?PANDARUSFriend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?ServantThat's to 't indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—PANDARUS Who, my cousin Cressida?ServantNo, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes? PANDARUSIt should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes. ServantSodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended PANDARUSFair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!HELENDear lord, you are full of fair words.PANDARUSYou speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.PARISYou have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.PANDARUSTruly, lady, no.HELENO, sir,—PANDARUSRude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.PARISWell said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.PANDARUSI have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?HELENNay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly. PANDARUSWell, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—HELENNMy Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

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PANDARUSGo to, sweet queen, to go:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—HELENYou shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!PANDARUSSweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.HELENAnd to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.PANDARUSNay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.HELENMy Lord Pandarus,—PANDARUSWhat says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?PARISWhat exploit's in hand? where sups he to—night?HELENNay, but, my lord,—PANDARUSWhat says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.PARISI'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.PANDARUSNo, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.PARISWell, I'll make excuse.PANDARUSAy, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.PARISI spy.PANDARUSYou spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.HELENWhy, this is kindly done.PANDARUSMy niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.HELENShe shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.PANDARUSHe! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.HELENFalling in, after falling out, may make them three.PANDARUSCome, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.HELENAy, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.PANDARUSAy, you may, you may.HELENLet thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!PANDARUSLove! ay, that it shall, i' faith.PARISAy, good now, love, love, nothing but love.PANDARUSIn good troth, it begins so.Sings Love, love, nothing but love, still more! For, O, love's bow Shoots buck and doe: The shaft confounds, Not that it wounds, But tickles still the sore. These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die! Yet that which seems the wound to kill, Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he! So dying love lives still: Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha! Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha! Heigh—ho!HELENIn love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.PARISHe eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.PANDARUSIs this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a—field to—day?PARISHector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to—day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?HELENHe hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.PANDARUSNot I, honey—sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to—day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?PARISTo a hair.PANDARUSFarewell, sweet queen.HELENCommend me to your niece.PANDARUSI will, sweet queen.Exit A retreat soundedPARISThey're come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.HELEN'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris; Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.PARISSweet, above thought I love thee.Exeunt Act 3, Scene 2 The same. Pandarus' orchard.Enter PANDARUS and Troilus's Boy, meetingPANDARUSHow now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?BoyNo, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.PANDARUSO, here he comes.Enter TROILUS How now, how now!TROILUSSirrah, walk off.Exit BoyPANDARUSHave you seen my cousin?TROILUSNo, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields Where I may wallow in the lily—beds Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings And fly with me to Cressid!PANDARUSWalk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.Exit TROILUS I am giddy; expectation whirls me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet That it enchants my sense: what will it be, When that the watery palate tastes indeed Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me, Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtle—potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it

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much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.Re—enter PANDARUSPANDARUSShe's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new—ta'en sparrow.ExitTROILUSEven such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering The eye of majesty.Re—enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDAPANDARUSCome, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee—farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.TROILUSYou have bereft me of all words, lady.PANDARUSWords pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'— Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.ExitCRESSIDAWill you walk in, my lord?TROILUSO Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!CRESSIDAWished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!TROILUSWhat should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?CRESSIDAMore dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.TROILUSFears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.CRESSIDABlind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.TROILUSO, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.CRESSIDANor nothing monstrous neither?TROILUSNothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.CRESSIDAThey say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?TROILUSAre there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.CRESSIDAWill you walk in, my lord?Re—enter PANDARUSPANDARUSWhat, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?CRESSIDAWell, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.PANDARUSI thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it. TROILUSYou know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.PANDARUSNay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.CRESSIDABoldness comes to me now, and brings me heart. Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day For many weary months.TROILUSWhy was my Cressid then so hard to win?CRESSIDAHard to seem won: but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—pardon me— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much But I might master it: in faith, I lie; My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, Or that we women had men's

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privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence, Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.TROILUSAnd shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.PANDARUSPretty, i' faith.CRESSIDAMy lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss: I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done? For this time will I take my leave, my lord.TROILUSYour leave, sweet Cressid!PANDARUSLeave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—CRESSIDAPray you, content you.TROILUSWhat offends you, lady?CRESSIDASir, mine own company.TROILUSYou cannot shun Yourself.CRESSIDALet me go and try: I have a kind of self resides with you; But an unkind self, that itself will leave, To be another's fool. I would be gone: Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.TROILUSWell know they what they speak that speak so wisely.CRESSIDAPerchance, my lord, I show more craft than love; And fell so roundly to a large confession, To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise, Or else you love not, for to be wise and love Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.TROILUSSO that I thought it could be in a woman— As, if it can, I will presume in you— To feed for aye her ramp and flames of love; To keep her constancy in plight and youth, Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind That doth renew swifter than blood decays! Or that persuasion could but thus convince me, That my integrity and truth to you Might be affronted with the match and weight Of such a winnow'd purity in love; How were I then uplifted! but, alas! I am as true as truth's simplicity And simpler than the infancy of truth.CRESSIDAIn that I'll war with you.TROILUSSO virtuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right! True swains in love shall in the world to come Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes, Full of protest, of oath and big compare, Want similes, truth tired with iteration, As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre, Yet, after all comparisons of truth, As truth's authentic author to be cited, 'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse, And sanctify the numbers.CRESSIDAProphet may you be! If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, When time is old and hath forgot itself, When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy, And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, And mighty states characterless are grated To dusty nothing, yet let memory, From false to false, among false maids in love, Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said 'as false As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth, As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,' 'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood, 'As false as Cressid.'PANDARUSGo to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers—between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers—between Pandars! say, amen.TROILUSAmen.CRESSIDAAmen.PANDARUSAmen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away! And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!ExeuntAct 3, Scene 3The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHASCALCHASNow, princes, for the service I have done you, The advantage of the time prompts me aloud To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind That, through the sight I bear in things to love, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself, From certain and possess'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custom and condition Made tame and most familiar to my nature, And here, to do you service, am become As new into the world, strange, unacquainted: I do beseech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit, Out of those many register'd in promise, Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.AGAMEMNONWhat wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.CALCHASYou have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor, Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore— Desired my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still

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denied; but this Antenor, I know, is such a wrest in their affairs That their negotiations all must slack  
, Wanting his manage; and they will almost Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam, In change of  
him: let him be sent, great princes, And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence Shall quite  
strike off all service I have done, In most accepted pain.AGAMEMNONLet Diomedes bear him, And  
bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have What he requests of us. Good Diomed, Furnish you fairly  
for this interchange: Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax  
is ready.DIOMEDESThis shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to bear.Exeunt  
DIOMEDES and CALCHASEnter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tentULYSSES  
Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent: Please it our general to pass strangely by him, As if he were  
forgot; and, princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him: I will come last. 'Tis like he'll  
question me Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him: If so, I have derision medicinable, To use  
between your strangeness and his pride, Which his own will shall have desire to drink: It may be  
good: pride hath no other glass To show itself but pride, for supple knees Feed arrogance and are the  
proud man's fees.AGAMEMNONWe'll execute your purpose, and put on A form of strangeness as  
we pass along: So do each lord, and either greet him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him  
more Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.ACHILLESWhat, comes the general to speak with  
me? You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.AGAMEMNONWhat says Achilles? would  
he aught with us?NESTORWould you, my lord, aught with the general?ACHILLESNo.NESTOR  
Nothing, my lord.AGAMEMNONThe better.Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTORACHILLESGood  
day, good day.MENELAUSHow do you? how do you?ExitACHILLESWhat, does the cuckold scorn  
me?AJAXHow now, Patroclus!ACHILLESGood morrow, Ajax.AJAXHa?ACHILLESGood morrow.  
AJAXAy, and good next day too.ExitACHILLESWhat mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?  
PATROCLUSThey pass by strangely: they were used to bend To send their smiles before them to  
Achilles; To come as humbly as they used to creep To holy altars.ACHILLESWhat, am I poor of  
late? 'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: what the  
declined is He shall as soon read in the eyes of others As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer, And not a man, for being simply man, Hath any  
honour, but honour for those honours That are without him, as place, riches, favour, Prizes of  
accident as oft as merit: Which when they fall, as being slippery standers, The love that lean'd on  
them as slippery too, Do one pluck down another and together Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:  
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy At ample point all that I did possess, Save these men's looks;  
who do, methinks, find out Something not worth in me such rich beholding As they have often given.  
Here is Ulysses; I'll interrupt his reading. How now Ulysses!ULYSSESNow, great Thetis' son!  
ACHILLESWhat are you reading?ULYSSESA strange fellow here Writes me: 'That man, how dearly  
ever parted, How much in having, or without or in, Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection; As when his virtues shining upon others Heat them and  
they retort that heat again To the first giver.'ACHILLESThis is not strange, Ulysses. The beauty that  
is borne here in the face The bearer knows not, but commends itself To others' eyes; nor doth the eye  
itself, That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself, Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed  
Salutes each other with each other's form; For speculation turns not to itself, Till it hath travell'd and  
is mirror'd there Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.ULYSSESI do not strain at the  
position,— It is familiar,—but at the author's drift; Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves That  
no man is the lord of any thing, Though in and of him there be much consisting, Till he communicate  
his parts to others: Nor doth he of himself know them for aught Till he behold them form'd in the  
applause Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates The voice again, or, like a gate of  
steel Fronting the sun, receives and renders back His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately The unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are Most abject in regard and dear in use!

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What things again most dear in the esteem And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow— An act that very chance doth throw upon him— Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do, While some men leave to do! How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall, Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes! How one man eats into another's pride, While pride is fasting in his wantonness! To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder, As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast And great Troy shrieking. ACHILLES I do believe it; for they pass'd by me As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot? ULYSSES Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, A great-sized monster of ingratitudes: Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd As fast as they are made, forgot as soon As done: perseverance, dear my lord, Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail In monumental mockery. Take the instant way; For honour travels in a strait so narrow, Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path; For emulation hath a thousand sons That one by one pursue: if you give way, Or hedge aside from the direct forthright, Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by And leave you hindmost; Or like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank, Lie there for pavement to the abject rear, O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present, Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours: For time is like a fashionable host That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand, And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly, Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles, And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek Remuneration for the thing it was; For beauty, wit, High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating time. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, That all with one consent praise new-born gawds, Though they are made and moulded of things past, And give to dust that is a little gilt More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. The present eye praises the present object. Then marvel not, thou great and complete man, That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax; Since things in motion sooner catch the eye Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee, And still it might, and yet it may again, If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive And case thy reputation in thy tent; Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late, Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves And drove great Mars to faction. ACHILLES Of this my privacy I have strong reasons. ULYSSES But 'gainst your privacy The reasons are more potent and heroical: 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love With one of Priam's daughters. ACHILLES Ha! known! ULYSSES Is that a wonder? The providence that's in a watchful state Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold, Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps, Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods, Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. There is a mystery—with whom relation Durst never meddle—in the soul of state; Which hath an operation more divine Than breath or pen can give expressure to: All the commerce that you have had with Troy As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord; And better would it fit Achilles much To throw down Hector than Polyxena: But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home, When fame shall in our islands sound her trump, And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, 'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win, But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.' Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak; The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. Exit PATROCLUS To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you: A woman impudent and mannish grown Is not more loathed than an effeminate man In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this; They think my little stomach to the war And your great love to me restrains you thus: Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold, And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane, Be shook to air. ACHILLES Shall Ajax fight with Hector? PATROCLUS Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him. ACHILLES I see my reputation is at stake My fame is shrewdly gored. PATROCLUS O, then, beware; Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves: Omission to do what is necessary Seals a commission to a blank of danger; And danger, like an ague, subtly taints Even then when we sit idly in the sun. ACHILLES Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus: I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him To invite the Trojan lords after the

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combat To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing, An appetite that I am sick withal, To see great Hector in his weeds of peace, To talk with him and to behold his visage, Even to my full of view. Enter THERSITES A labour saved!THERSITESA wonder!ACHILLESWhat?THERSITESAjax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.ACHILLESHow so?THERSITESHe must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.ACHILLESHow can that be?THERSITESWhy, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out;' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.ACHILLESThou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.THERSITESWho, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax. ACHILLESTo him, Patroclus; tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.PATROCLUSJove bless great Ajax!THERSITESHum!PATROCLUS I come from the worthy Achilles,—THERSITESHa!PATROCLUSWho most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—THERSITESHum!PATROCLUSAnd to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.THERSITESAgamemnon!PATROCLUSAy, my lord.THERSITESHa!PATROCLUS What say you to't?THERSITESGod b' wi' you, with all my heart.PATROCLUSYour answer, sir. THERSITESIf to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.PATROCLUSYour answer, sir.THERSITESFare you well, with all my heart.ACHILLESWhy, but he is not in this tune, is he?THERSITESNo, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.ACHILLESCome, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.THERSITESLet me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. ACHILLESMy mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUSTHERSITESWould the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.ExitAct 4, Scene 1Troy. A street.Enter, from one side, AENEAS, and Servant with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torchesPARISSee, ho! who is that there?DEIPHOBUSIt is the Lord AEneas.AENEASIs the prince there in person? Had I so good occasion to lie long As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.DIOMEDESThat's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord AEneas.PARISA valiant Greek, AEneas,—take his hand,— Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.AENEASHealth to you, valiant sir, During all question of the gentle truce; But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance As heart can think or courage execute.DIOMEDESThe one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health! But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life With all my force, pursuit and policy.AENEASAnd thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward. In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive can love in such a sort The thing he means to kill more excellently.DIOMEDESWe sympathize: Jove, let AEneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, With every

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joint a wound, and that to-morrow! AENEAS We know each other well. DIOMEDES We do; and long to know each other worse. PARIS This is the most despiteful gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. What business, lord, so early? AENEAS I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not. PARIS His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek To Calchas' house, and there to render him, For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid: Let's have your company, or, if you please, Haste there before us: I constantly do think-- Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge-- My brother Troilus lodges there to-night: Rouse him and give him note of our approach. With the whole quality wherefore: I fear We shall be much unwelcome. AENEAS That I assure you: Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece Than Cressid borne from Troy. PARIS There is no help; The bitter disposition of the time Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you. AENEAS Good morrow, all. Exit with Servant PARIS And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true, Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best, Myself or Menelaus? DIOMEDES Both alike: He merits well to have her, that doth seek her, Not making any scruple of her soilure, With such a hell of pain and world of charge, And you as well to keep her, that defend her, Not palating the taste of her dishonour, With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins Are pleased to breed out your inheritors: Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more; But he as he, the heavier for a whore. PARIS You are too bitter to your countrywoman. DIOMEDES She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris: For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight, A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak, She hath not given so many good words breath As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death. PARIS Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy: But we in silence hold this virtue well, We'll but commend what we intend to sell. Here lies our way. Exeunt Act 4, Scene 2 The same. Court of Pandarus' house. Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA TROILUS Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold. CRESSIDA Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down; He shall unbolt the gates. TROILUS Trouble him not; To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes, And give as soft attachment to thy senses As infants' empty of all thought! CRESSIDA Good morrow, then. TROILUS I prithee now, to bed. CRESSIDA Are you a-weary of me? TROILUS O Cressida! but that the busy day, Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows, And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, I would not from thee. CRESSIDA Night hath been too brief. TROILUS Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love With wings more momentary--swift than thought. You will catch cold, and curse me. CRESSIDA Prithee, tarry: You men will never tarry. O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off, And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up. PANDARUS [Within] What, 's all the doors open here? TROILUS It is your uncle. CRESSIDA A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking: I shall have such a life! Enter PANDARUS PANDARUS How now, how now! how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid? CRESSIDA Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do, and then you flout me too. PANDARUS To do what? to do what? let her say what: what have I brought you to do? CRESSIDA Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good, Nor suffer others. PANDARUS Ha! ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! CRESSIDA Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' the head! Knocking within Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see. My lord, come you again into my chamber: You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily. TROILUS Ha, ha! CRESSIDA Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing. Knocking within How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in: I would not for half Troy have you seen here. Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA PANDARUS Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter? Enter AENEAS AENEAS Good morrow, lord, good morrow. PANDARUS Who's there? my Lord Aeneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early? AENEAS Is not Prince



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Troilus here?PANDARUSHere! what should he do here?AENEASCome, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.PANDARUSIs he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?AENEASWho!—nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.Re—enter TROILUSTROILUSHow now! what's the matter?AENEASMy lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.TROILUSIs it so concluded?AENEASBy Priam and the general state of Troy: They are at hand and ready to effect it.TROILUSHow my achievements mock me! I will go meet them: and, my Lord AEneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.AENEASGood, good, my lord; the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.Exeunt TROILUS and AENEASPANDARUSIs't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!Re—enter CRESSIDACRESSIDAHow now! what's the matter? who was here?PANDARUSAh, ah!CRESSIDAWhy sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?PANDARUSWould I were as deep under the earth as I am above!CRESSIDAO the gods! what's the matter?PANDARUSPrithce, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!CRESSIDAGood uncle, I beseech you, on my knees! beseech you, what's the matter?PANDARUSThou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it. CRESSIDAO you immortal gods! I will not go.PANDARUSThou must.CRESSIDAI will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin no love, no blood, no soul so near me As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—PANDARUSDo, do.CRESSIDATear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks, Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.Exeunt Act 4, Scene 3The same. Street before Pandarus' house.Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDESPARISIt is great morning, and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.TROILUSWalk into her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus A priest there offering to it his own heart.ExitPARISI know what 'tis to love; And would, as I shall pity, I could help! Please you walk in, my lords.ExeuntAct 4, Scene 4The same. Pandarus' house.Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDAPANDARUSBe moderate, be moderate.CRESSIDAWhy tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief. My love admits no qualifying dross; No more my grief, in such a precious loss.PANDARUSHere, here, here he comes.Enter TROILUS Ah, sweet ducks!CRESSIDAO Troilus! Troilus!Embracing himPANDARUSWhat a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is, '—O heart, heavy heart, Why sigh'st thou without breaking? where he answers again, 'Because thou canst not ease thy smart By friendship nor by speaking.' There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?TROILUSCressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.CRESSIDAHave the gods envy? PANDARUSAy, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.CRESSIDAAnd is it true that I must go from Troy?

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TROILUS A hateful truth. CRESSIDA What, and from Troilus too? TROILUS From Troy and Troilus. CRESSIDA Is it possible? TROILUS And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now with a robber's haste Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up into a lose adieu, And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears. AENEAS [Within] My lord, is the lady ready? TROILUS Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die. Bid them have patience; she shall come anon. PANDARUS Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. Exit CRESSIDA I must then to the Grecians? TROILUS No remedy. CRESSIDA A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again? TROILUS Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,—CRESSIDA I true! how now! what wicked deem is this? TROILUS Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us: I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee, For I will throw my glove to Death himself, That there's no maculation in thy heart: But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation; be thou true, And I will see thee. CRESSIDA O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true. TROILUS And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve. CRESSIDA And you this glove. When shall I see you? TROILUS I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet be true. CRESSIDA O heavens! 'be true' again! TROILUS Hear while I speak it, love: The Grecian youths are full of quality: They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature, Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise: How novelty may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy— Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin— Makes me afeard. CRESSIDA O heavens! you love me not. TROILUS Die I a villain, then! In this I do not call your faith in question So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb—discursive devil That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted. CRESSIDA Do you think I will? TROILUS No. But something may be done that we will not: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeful potency. AENEAS [Within] Nay, good my lord,—TROILUS Come, kiss; and let us part. PARIS [Within] Brother Troilus! TROILUS Good brother, come you hither; And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you. CRESSIDA My lord, will you be true? TROILUS Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault: Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion, I with great truth catch mere simplicity; Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns, With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare. Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit Is 'plain and true;' there's all the reach of it. Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady Which for Antenor we deliver you: At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand, And by the way possess thee what she is. Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek, If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, Name Cressida and thy life shall be as safe As Priam is in Ilion. DIOMEDES Fair Lady Cressid, So please you, save the thanks this prince expects: The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed You shall be mistress, and command him wholly. TROILUS Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously, To shame the zeal of my petition to thee In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece, She is as far high—soaring o'er thy praises As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant. I charge thee use her well, even for my charge; For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not, Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, I'll cut thy throat. DIOMEDES O, be not moved, Prince Troilus: Let me be privileged by my place and message, To be a speaker free; when I am hence I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord, I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth She shall be prized; but that

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you say 'be't so, I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'TROILUSCome, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed, This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, To our own selves bend we our needful talk.Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES  
Trumpet withinPARISHark! Hector's trumpet.AENEASHow have we spent this morning! The prince must think me tardy and remiss, That sore to ride before him to the field.PARIS'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.DEIPHOBUSLet us make ready straight.AENEASYea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity, Let us address to tend on Hector's heels: The glory of our Troy doth this day lie On his fair worth and single chivalry.ExeuntAct 4, Scene 5The Grecian camp. Lists set out. Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and othersAGAMEMNONHere art thou in appointment fresh and fair, Anticipating time with starting courage. Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy, Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant And hale him hither.AJAXThou, trumpet, there's my purse. Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe: Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon: Come, stretch thy chest and let thy eyes spout blood; Thou blow'st for Hector.Trumpet soundsULYSSESNo trumpet answers.ACHILLES'Tis but early days.AGAMEMNONIs not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?ULYSSES'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; He rises on the toe: that spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDAAGAMEMNONIs this the Lady Cressid?DIOMEDESEven she. AGAMEMNONMost dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.NESTOROur general doth salute you with a kiss.ULYSSESYet is the kindness but particular; 'Twere better she were kiss'd in general. NESTORAnd very courtly counsel: I'll begin. So much for Nestor.ACHILLES'I'll take what winter from your lips, fair lady: Achilles bids you welcome.MENELAUSI had good argument for kissing once.PATROCLUSBut that's no argument for kissing now; For this popp'd Paris in his hardiment, And parted thus you and your argument.ULYSSESO deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns! For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.PATROCLUSThe first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine: Patroclus kisses you.MENELAUSO, this is trim!PATROCLUSParis and I kiss evermore for him. MENELAUSI'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.CRESSIDAI n kissing, do you render or receive?PATROCLUSBoth take and give.CRESSIDAI'll make my match to live, The kiss you take is better than you give; Therefore no kiss.MENELAUSI'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one. CRESSIDAYou're an odd man; give even or give none.MENELAUSAn odd man, lady! every man is odd.CRESSIDANo, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true, That you are odd, and he is even with you. MENELAUSYou fillip me o' the head.CRESSIDANo, I'll be sworn.ULYSSESI t were no match, your nail against his horn. May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?CRESSIDAYou may.ULYSSESI do desire it.CRESSIDAWhy, beg, then.ULYSSESWhy then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss, When Helen is a maid again, and his.CRESSIDAI am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.ULYSSESNever's my day, and then a kiss of you.DIOMEDESLady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.Exit with CRESSIDA NESTORA woman of quick sense.ULYSSESFie, fie upon her! There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out At every joint and motive of her body. O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue, That give accosting welcome ere it comes, And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts To every ticklish reader! set them down For sluttish spoils of opportunity And daughters of the game.Trumpet withinALLThe Trojans' trumpet.AGAMEMNONYonder comes the troop.Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants AENEASHail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done To him that victory commands? or do you purpose A victor shall be known? will you the knights Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other, or shall be divided By any voice or order of the field? Hector bade ask.AGAMEMNONWhich way would Hector have it?AENEASHe cares not; he'll obey conditions.ACHILLES'Tis done like Hector; but securely done, A little proudly, and great deal misprizing The knight opposed.AENEASIf not Achilles, sir, What is your name?ACHILLESIf not Achilles, nothing.AENEASTherefore Achilles:

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but, whate'er, know this: In the extremity of great and little, Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector; The one almost as infinite as all, The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well, And that which looks like pride is courtesy. This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood: In love whereof, half Hector stays at home; Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek. ACHILLES maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you. Re-enter DIOMEDES  
AGAMEMNON Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight, Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Aeneas Consent upon the order of their fight, So be it; either to the uttermost, Or else a breath: the combatants being kin Half stints their strife before their strokes begin. AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists ULYSSES They are opposed already. AGAMEMNON What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy? ULYSSES The youngest son of Priam, a true knight, Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word, Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue; Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd: His heart and hand both open and both free; For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows; Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty, Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath; Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes To tender objects, but he in heat of action Is more vindicative than jealous love: They call him Troilus, and on him erect A second hope, as fairly built as Hector. Thus says Aeneas; one that knows the youth Even to his inches, and with private soul Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me. Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight AGAMEMNON They are in action. NESTOR Now, Ajax, hold thine own! TROILUS Hector, thou sleep'st; Awake thee! AGAMEMNON His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax! DIOMEDES You must no more. Trumpets cease AENEAS Princes, enough, so please you. AJAX I am not warm yet; let us fight again. DIOMEDES As Hector pleases. HECTOR Why, then will I no more: Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son, A cousin-german to great Priam's seed; The obligation of our blood forbids A gory emulation 'twixt us twain: Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all, And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent, Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member Wherein my sword had not impressure made Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother, My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax: By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms; Hector would have them fall upon him thus: Cousin, all honour to thee! AJAX I thank thee, Hector Thou art too gentle and too free a man: I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence A great addition earned in thy death. HECTOR Not Neoptolemus so mirable, On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself A thought of added honour torn from Hector. AENEAS There is expectance here from both the sides, What further you will do. HECTOR We'll answer it; The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell. AJAX If I might in entreaties find success-- As seld I have the chance-- I would desire My famous cousin to our Grecian tents. DIOMEDES 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector. HECTOR Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me, And signify this loving interview To the expecters of our Trojan part; Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin; I will go eat with thee and see your knights. AJAX Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here. HECTOR The worthiest of them tell me name by name; But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size. AGAMEMNON Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one That would be rid of such an enemy; But that's no welcome: understand more clear, What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks And formless ruin of oblivion; But in this extant moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing, Bids thee, with most divine integrity, From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome. HECTOR I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon. AGAMEMNON [To TROILUS] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you. MENELAUS Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting; You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither. HECTOR Who must we answer? AENEAS The noble Menelaus. HECTOR O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks! Mock not,

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that I affect the untraded oath; Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove: She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.MENELAUSName her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.HECTORO, pardon; I offend.NESTORI have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft Labouring for destiny make cruel way Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee, As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, Despising many forfeits and subduements, When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air, Not letting it decline on the declined, That I have said to some my standers by 'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!' And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath, When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in, Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen; But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel, I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire, And once fought with him: he was a soldier good; But, by great Mars, the captain of us all, Never saw like thee. Let an old man embrace thee; And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.AENEAS'Tis the old Nestor.HECTORLet me embrace thee, good old chronicle, That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time: Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.NESTORI would my arms could match thee in contention, As they contend with thee in courtesy.HECTORI would they could.NESTORHa! By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow. Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.ULYSSESI wonder now how yonder city stands When we have here her base and pillar by us.HECTORI know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well. Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead, Since first I saw yourself and Diomed In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.ULYSSESSir, I foretold you then what would ensue: My prophecy is but half his journey yet; For yonder walls, that pertly front your town, Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds, Must kiss their own feet.HECTORI must not believe you: There they stand yet, and modestly I think, The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all, And that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.ULYSSESSo to him we leave it. Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome: After the general, I beseech you next To feast with me and see me at my tent.ACHILLES shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou! Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee; I have with exact view perused thee, Hector, And quoted joint by joint. HECTORIs this Achilles?ACHILLES I am Achilles.HECTORStand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.ACHILLESBehold thy fill.HECTORNay, I have done already.ACHILLES Thou art too brief: I will the second time, As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.HECTORO, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er; But there's more in me than thou understand'st. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?ACHILLESTell me, you heavens, in which part of his body Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there? That I may give the local wound a name And make distinct the very breach whereout Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!HECTORIt would discredit the blest gods, proud man, To answer such a question: stand again: Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly As to prenominate in nice conjecture Where thou wilt hit me dead?ACHILLES I tell thee, yea.HECTORWert thou an oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well; For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there; But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm, I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag; His insolence draws folly from my lips; But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words, Or may I never--AJAXDo not chafe thee, cousin: And you, Achilles, let these threats alone, Till accident or purpose bring you to't: You may have every day enough of Hector If you have stomach; the general state, I fear, Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.HECTORI pray you, let us see you in the field: We have had pelting wars, since you refused The Grecians' cause.ACHILLES Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death; To-night all friends.HECTORThy hand upon that match. AGAMEMNONFirst, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent; There in the full convive we: afterwards, As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall Concur together, severally entreat him. Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow, That this great soldier may his welcome know.Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSESTROILUSMy Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?ULYSSESAt Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus: There Diomed doth

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feast with him to-night; Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth, But gives all gaze and bent of  
amorous view On the fair Cressid.TROILUSShall sweet lord, be bound to you so much, After we part  
from Agamemnon's tent, To bring me thither?ULYSSESYou shall command me, sir. As gentle tell  
me, of what honour was This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there That wails her absence?  
TROILUSO, sir, to such as boasting show their scars A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord? She  
was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth: But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.ExeuntAct 5,  
Scene 1The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUSACHILLES'I'll  
heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night, Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. Patroclus,  
let us feast him to the height.PATROCLUSHere comes Thersites.Enter THERSITESACHILLES  
How now, thou core of envy! Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?THERSITESWhy, thou  
picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.ACHILLESFrom  
whence, fragment?THERSITESWhy, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.PATROCLUSWho keeps the  
tent now?THERSITESThe surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.PATROCLUSWell said, adversity!  
and what need these tricks?THERSITESPrithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art  
thought to be Achilles' male varlet.PATROCLUSMale varlet, you rogue! what's that?THERSITES  
Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,  
loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs,  
bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled  
fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!PATROCLUSWhy thou  
damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?THERSITESDo I curse thee?  
PATROCLUSWhy no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.THERSITESNo!  
why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a  
sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such  
waterflies, diminutives of nature!PATROCLUSOut, gall!THERSITESFinch-egg!ACHILLESMy  
sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter  
from Queen Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my fair love, Both taxing me and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay; My major  
vow lies here, this I'll obey. Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent: This night in banqueting  
must all be spent. Away, Patroclus!Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUSTHERSITESWith too  
much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little  
blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that  
loves quails; but he has not so much brain as earwax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there,  
his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty  
shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded  
with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to  
an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an  
owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus, I would conspire  
against destiny. Ask me not, what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of  
a lazar, so I were not Menelaus! Hey-day! spirits and fires!Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX,  
AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lightsAGAMEMNON  
We go wrong, we go wrong.AJAXNo, yonder 'tis; There, where we see the lights.HECTORI trouble  
you.AJAXNo, not a whit.ULYSSESHere comes himself to guide you.Re-enter ACHILLES  
ACHILLESWelcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.AGAMEMNONSo now, fair prince of Troy,  
I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.HECTORThanks and good night to the  
Greeks' general.MENELAUSGood night, my lord.HECTORGood night, sweet lord Menelaus.  
THERSITESSweet draught: 'sweet' quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.ACHILLESGood night and  
welcome, both at once, to those That go or tarry.AGAMEMNONGood night.Exeunt AGAMEMNON  
and MENELAUSACHILLESOld Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an

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hour or two. DIOMEDESI cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector. HECTOR Give me your hand. ULYSSES [Aside to TROILUS] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company. TROILUS Sweet sir, you honour me. HECTOR And so, good night. Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following. ACHILLES Come, come, enter my tent. Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR. THERSITES That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound: but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! Exit. Act 5, Scene 2 The same. Before Calchas' tent. Enter DIOMEDES. DIOMEDES What, are you up here, ho? speak. CALCHAS [Within] Who calls? DIOMEDES Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter? CALCHAS [Within] She comes to you. Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them, THERSITES. ULYSSES Stand where the torch may not discover us. Enter CRESSIDA. TROILUS Cressid comes forth to him. DIOMEDES How now, my charge! CRESSIDA Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. Whispers TROILUS Yea, so familiar! ULYSSES She will sing any man at first sight. THERSITES And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted. DIOMEDES Will you remember? CRESSIDA Remember! yes. DIOMEDES Nay, but do, then; And let your mind be coupled with your words. TROILUS What should she remember? ULYSSES List. CRESSIDA Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly. THERSITES Roguery! DIOMEDES Nay, then,—CRESSIDA I'll tell you what,—DIOMEDES Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn. CRESSIDA In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do? THERSITES A juggling trick,—to be secretly open. DIOMEDES What did you swear you would bestow on me? CRESSIDA I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek. DIOMEDES Good night. TROILUS Hold, patience! ULYSSES How now, Trojan! CRESSIDA Diomed,—DIOMEDES No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more. TROILUS Thy better must. CRESSIDA Hark, one word in your ear. TROILUS O plague and madness! ULYSSES You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you, Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go. TROILUS Behold, I pray you! ULYSSES Nay, good my lord, go off: You flow to great distraction; come, my lord. TROILUS I pray thee, stay. ULYSSES You have not patience; come. TROILUS I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments I will not speak a word! DIOMEDES And so, good night. CRESSIDA Nay, but you part in anger. TROILUS Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth! ULYSSES Why, how now, lord! TROILUS By Jove, I will be patient. CRESSIDA Guardian!—why, Greek! DIOMEDES Foh, foh! adieu; you palter. CRESSIDA In faith, I do not: come hither once again. ULYSSES You shake, my lord, at something: will you go? You will break out. TROILUS She strokes his cheek! ULYSSES Come, come. TROILUS Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word: There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience: stay a little while. THERSITES How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry! DIOMEDES But will you, then? CRESSIDA In faith, I will, la; never trust me else. DIOMEDES Give me some token for the surety of it. CRESSIDA I'll fetch you one. Exit ULYSSES. You have sworn patience. TROILUS Fear me not, sweet lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel: I am all patience. Re-enter CRESSIDA. THERSITES Now the pledge; now, now, now! CRESSIDA Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. TROILUS O beauty! where is thy faith? ULYSSES My lord,—TROILUS I will be patient; outwardly I will. CRESSIDA You look upon that sleeve; behold it well. He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again. DIOMEDES Whose was't? CRESSIDA It is no matter, now I have't again. I will not meet with you to-morrow night: I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more. THERSITES Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone! DIOMEDES I shall have it. CRESSIDA What, this? DIOMEDES Ay, that. CRESSIDA O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge! Thy master now

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lies thinking in his bed Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me; He that takes that doth take my heart withal.DIOMEDESI had your heart before, this follows it.TROILUSI did swear patience.CRESSIDA You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not; I'll give you something else.DIOMEDESI will have this: whose was it?CRESSIDAIt is no matter.DIOMEDESCome, tell me whose it was.CRESSIDA 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will. But, now you have it, take it.DIOMEDESWwhose was it?CRESSIDABy all Diana's waiting—women yond, And by herself, I will not tell you whose. DIOMEDESTo—morrow will I wear it on my helm, And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it. TROILUSWert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn, It should be challenged.CRESSIDAWell, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not; I will not keep my word.DIOMEDESWWhy, then, farewell: Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.CRESSIDAYou shall not go: one cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.DIOMEDESI do not like this fooling.THERSITESNor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.DIOMEDESWWhat, shall I come? the hour?CRESSIDAAy, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall be plagued.DIOMEDESWFarewell till then.CRESSIDAGood night: I prithee, come.Exit DIOMEDES Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee But with my heart the other eye doth see. Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find, The error of our eye directs our mind: What error leads must err; O, then conclude Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.Exit THERSITESA proof of strength she could not publish more, Unless she said ' My mind is now turn'd whore.'ULYSSESAll's done, my lord.TROILUSIt is.ULYSSESWhy stay we, then?TROILUSTo make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke. But if I tell how these two did co—act, Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, An esperance so obstinately strong, That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears, As if those organs had deceptious functions, Created only to calumniate. Was Cressid here?ULYSSESI cannot conjure, Trojan. TROILUSShe was not, sure.ULYSSESMost sure she was.TROILUSWhy, my negation hath no taste of madness.ULYSSESNor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.TROILUSLet it not be believed for womanhood! Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme, For depravation, to square the general sex By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid. ULYSSESWhat hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?TROILUSNothing at all, unless that this were she.THERSITESWill he swagger himself out on's own eyes?TROILUSThis she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida: If beauty have a soul, this is not she; If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies, If sanctimony be the gods' delight, If there be rule in unity itself, This is not she. O madness of discourse, That cause sets up with and against itself! Bi—fold authority! where reason can revolt Without perdition, and loss assume all reason Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid. Within my soul there doth conduce a fight Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate Divides more wider than the sky and earth, And yet the spacious breadth of this division Admits no orifex for a point as subtle As Ariachne's broken woof to enter. Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates; Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven: Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself; The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed; And with another knot, five—finger—tied, The fractions of her faith, orts of her love, The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics Of her o'er—eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.ULYSSESMay worthy Troilus be half attach'd With that which here his passion doth express?TROILUSAy, Greek; and that shall be divulged well In characters as red as Mars his heart Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy With so eternal and so fix'd a soul. Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love, So much by weight hate I her Diomed: That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm; Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill, My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout Which shipmen do the hurricano call, Constringed in mass by the almighty sun, Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear In his descent than shall my prompted sword Falling on Diomed.THERSITESHe'll tickle it for his concupy.TROILUSO Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false! Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, And they'll seem glorious.ULYSSESO,



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contain yourself Your passion draws ears hither.Enter AENEASAENEASI have been seeking you this hour, my lord: Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy; Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.TROILUSHave with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu. Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed, Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!ULYSSESI'll bring you to the gates.TROILUS Accept distracted thanks.Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSESTHERSITESWould I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them!ExitAct 5, Scene 3Troy. Before Priam's palace.Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHEANDROMACHEWhen was my lord so much ungently temper'd, To stop his ears against admonishment? Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.HECTORYou train me to offend you; get you in: By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!ANDROMACHEMy dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.HECTORNo more, I say.Enter CASSANDRACASSANDRAWhere is my brother Hector?ANDROMACHEHere, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent. Consort with me in loud and dear petition, Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.CASSANDRAO, 'tis true.HECTORHo! bid my trumpet sound!CASSANDRANo notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.HECTORBe gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.CASSANDRAThe gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows: They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.ANDROMACHEO, be persuaded! do not count it holy To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity.CASSANDRAIt is the purpose that makes strong the vow; But vows to every purpose must not hold: Unarm, sweet Hector.HECTORHold you still, I say; Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate: Lie every man holds dear; but the brave man Holds honour far more precious—dear than life.Enter TROILUS How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?ANDROMACHECassandra, call my father to persuade.Exit CASSANDRAHECTOR No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth; I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry: Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong, And tempt not yet the brushes of the war. Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy, I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.TROILUSBrother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion than a man.HECTORWhat vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.TROILUSWhen many times the captive Grecian falls, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.HECTORO, 'tis fair play.TROILUSFool's play, by heaven, Hector. HECTORHow now! how now!TROILUSFor the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers, And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords, Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.HECTORFie, savage, fie!TROILUSHector, then 'tis wars.HECTORTroilus, I would not have you fight to-day.TROILUSWho should withhold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; Not you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAMCASSANDRALay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.PRIAM Come, Hector, come, go back: Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions; Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt To tell thee that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.HECTORAEneas is a—field; And I do stand engaged to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.PRIAMAY, but thou shalt not go.HECTORI must not break my faith. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect; but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.CASSANDRAO Priam, yield not to him!ANDROMACHEDo not, dear father.HECTOR Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.Exit ANDROMACHE

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TROILUS This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodements. CASSANDRA O, farewell, dear Hector! Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale! Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth! Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet, And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector! TROILUS Away! away! CASSANDRA Farewell: yet, soft! Hector! take my leave: Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. Exit HECTOR You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim: Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight, Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night. PRIAM Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee! Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums TROILUS They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe, I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. Enter PANDARUS PANDARUS Do you hear, my lord? do you hear? TROILUS What now? PANDARUS Here's a letter come from yond poor girl. TROILUS Let me read. PANDARUS A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there? TROILUS Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart: The effect doth operate another way. Tearing the letter Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds. Exeunt severally Act 5, Scene 4 Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp. Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES THERSITES Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlets Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worthy a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other. Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following TROILUS Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after. DIOMEDES Thou dost miscall retire: I do not fly, but advantageous care Withdrew me from the odds of multitude: Have at thee! THERSITES Hold thy whore, Grecian!--now for thy whore, Trojan!--now the sleeve, now the sleeve! Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting Enter HECTOR HECTOR What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match? Art thou of blood and honour? THERSITES No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave: a very filthy rogue. HECTOR I do believe thee: live. Exit THERSITES God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. Exit Act 5, Scene 5 Another part of the plains. Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant DIOMEDES Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof. Servant I go, my lord. Exit Enter AGAMEMNON AGAMEMNON Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner, And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corsages of the kings Epistrophus and Cediis: Polyxenes is slain, Amphinachus and Thoas deadly hurt, Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all. Enter NESTOR NESTOR Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame. There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot, And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls Before the belching whale; then is he

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yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath : Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes, Dexterity so obeying appetite That what he will he does, and does so much That proof is call'd impossibility. Enter ULYSSES ULYSSES O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance: Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noseless, handless, hack 'd and chipp'd, come to him, Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it, Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution, Engaging and redeeming of himself With such a careless force and forceless care As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all. Enter AJAX AJAX Troilus! thou coward Troilus! Exit DIOMEDES Ay, there, there. NESTOR So, so, we draw together. Enter ACHILLES ACHILLES Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face: Know what it is to meet Achilles angry: Hector? where's Hector? I will none but Hector. Exeunt Act 5, Scene 6 Another part of the plains. Enter AJAX AJAX Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head! Enter DIOMEDES DIOMEDES Troilus, I say! where's Troilus? AJAX What wouldst thou? DIOMEDES I would correct him. AJAX Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus! Enter TROILUS TROILUS O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor, And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse! DIOMEDES Ha, art thou there? AJAX I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed. DIOMEDES He is my prize; I will not look upon. TROILUS Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both! Exeunt, fighting Enter HECTOR HECTOR Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother! Enter ACHILLES ACHILLES Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector! HECTOR Pause, if thou wilt. ACHILLES I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan: Be happy that my arms are out of use: My rest and negligence befriends thee now, But thou anon shalt hear of me again; Till when, go seek thy fortune. Exit HECTOR Fare thee well: I would have been much more a fresher man, Had I expected thee. How now, my brother! Re-enter TROILUS TROILUS Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas: shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too, Or bring him off: fate, hear me what I say! I reck not though I end my life to-day. Exit Enter one in sumptuous armour HECTOR Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark: No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all, But I'll be master of it: wilt thou not, beast, abide? Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. Exeunt Act 5, Scene 7 Another part of the plains. Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons ACHILLES Come here about me, you my Myrmidons; Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel: Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath: And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In fellest manner execute your aims. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye: It is decreed Hector the great must die. Exeunt Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES THERSITES The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho! Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS Enter MARGARELON MARGARELON Turn, slave, and fight. THERSITES What art thou? MARGARELON A bastard son of Priam's. THERSITES I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard. Exit MARGARELON The devil take thee, coward! Exit Act 5, Scene 8 Another part of the plains. Enter HECTOR HECTOR Most putrefied core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath: Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death. Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons ACHILLES Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Even with the vail and darking of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done. HECTOR I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek. ACHILLES Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. HECTOR falls So, Ilium,

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fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down! Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain, 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.' A retreat sounded Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part. MYRMIDONS The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord. ACHILLES The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth, And, stickler-like, the armies separates. My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. Sheathes his sword Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; Along the field I will the Trojan trail. Exeunt Act 5, Scene 9  
Another part of the plains. Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts within AGAMEMNON Hark! hark! what shout is that? NESTOR Peace, drums! Within Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles. DIOMEDES The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles. AJAX If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was a man as good as he.  
AGAMEMNON March patiently along: let one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent. If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. Exeunt, marching Act 5, Scene 10  
Another part of the plains. Enter AENEAS and Trojans AENEAS Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field: Never go home; here starve we out the night. Enter TROILUS TROILUS Hector is slain. ALL Hector! the gods forbid! TROILUS He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail, In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field. Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed! Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy! I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on! AENEAS My lord, you do discomfort all the host! TROILUS You understand me not that tell me so: I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death, But dare all imminence that gods and men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone: Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba? Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd, Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead: There is a word will Priam turn to stone; Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives, Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away: Hector is dead; there is no more to say. Stay yet. You vile abominable tents, Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains, Let Titan rise as early as he dare, I'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward, No space of earth shall sunder our two hates: I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go: Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. Exeunt AENEAS and Trojans As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS PANDARUS But hear you, hear you! TROILUS Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! Exit PANDARUS A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see: Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing, Till he hath lost his honey and his sting; And being once subdued in armed tail, Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths. As many as be here of pander's hall, Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall; Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, Though not for me, yet for your aching bones. Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade, Some two months hence my will shall here be made: It should be now, but that my fear is this, Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss: Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases, And at that time bequeathe you my diseases. Exit.....499

# **As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida**

**William Shakespeare**

# As You Like It

## Act 1, Scene 1

Orchard of Oliver's house.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM*

**ORLANDO**

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

**ADAM**

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

**ORLANDO**

Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Enter OLIVER*

**OLIVER**

Now, sir! what make you here?

**ORLANDO**

Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

**OLIVER**

What mar you then, sir?

**ORLANDO**

Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

**OLIVER**

Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

**ORLANDO**

Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them?  
What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

**OLIVER**

Know you where your are, sir?

**ORLANDO**

O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

**OLIVER**

Know you before whom, sir?

**ORLANDO**

Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida  
nearer to his reverence.

**OLIVER**

What, boy!

**ORLANDO**

Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

**OLIVER**

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

**ORLANDO**

I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir  
Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice  
a villain that says such a father begot villains.  
Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand  
from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy  
tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

**ADAM**

Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's  
remembrance, be at accord.

**OLIVER**

Let me go, I say.

**ORLANDO**

I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My  
father charged you in his will to give me good  
education: you have trained me like a peasant,  
obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like  
qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in  
me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow  
me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or  
give me the poor allottery my father left me by  
testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

**OLIVER**



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And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent?  
Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled  
with you; you shall have some part of your will: I  
pray you, leave me.

**ORLANDO**

I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

**OLIVER**

Get you with him, you old dog.

**ADAM**

Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my  
teeth in your service. God be with my old master!  
he would not have spoke such a word.

*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM*

**OLIVER**

Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will  
physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand  
crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS*

**DENNIS**

Calls your worship?

**OLIVER**

Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

**DENNIS**

So please you, he is here at the door and importunes  
access to you.

**OLIVER**

Call him in.

*Exit DENNIS*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES*

**CHARLES**

Good morrow to your worship.

**OLIVER**

Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

**CHARLES**

There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

**OLIVER**

Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

**CHARLES**

O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

**OLIVER**

Where will the old duke live?

**CHARLES**

They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time

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carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

**OLIVER**

What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

**CHARLES**

Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

**OLIVER**

Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

**CHARLES**

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I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

**OLIVER**

Farewell, good Charles.

*Exit CHARLES*

Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about.

*Exit*

## Act 1, Scene 2

Lawn before the Duke's palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

**CELIA**

I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

**ROSALIND**

Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

**CELIA**

Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my

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love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou,  
if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously  
tempered as mine is to thee.

**ROSALIND**

Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to  
rejoice in yours.

**CELIA**

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is  
like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt  
be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy  
father perforce, I will render thee again in  
affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break  
that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my  
sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

**ROSALIND**

From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let  
me see; what think you of falling in love?

**CELIA**

Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but  
love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport  
neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst  
in honour come off again.

**ROSALIND**

What shall be our sport, then?

**CELIA**

Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from  
her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

**ROSALIND**

I would we could do so, for her benefits are  
mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman  
doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

**CELIA**

'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce  
makes honest, and those that she makes honest she  
makes very ill-favouredly.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to  
Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world,  
not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE*

**CELIA**

No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she  
not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature  
hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not  
Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

**ROSALIND**

Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when  
Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of  
Nature's wit.

**CELIA**

Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but  
Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull  
to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this  
natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of  
the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now,  
wit! whither wander you?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Mistress, you must come away to your father.

**CELIA**

Were you made the messenger?

***TOUCHSTONE***

No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

***ROSALIND***

Where learned you that oath, fool?

***TOUCHSTONE***

Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they  
were good pancakes and swore by his honour the  
mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the  
pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and  
yet was not the knight forsworn.

***CELIA***

How prove you that, in the great heap of your  
knowledge?

***ROSALIND***

Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

***TOUCHSTONE***

Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and  
swear by your beards that I am a knave.

***CELIA***

By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

***TOUCHSTONE***

By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you  
swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no  
more was this knight swearing by his honour, for he  
never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away  
before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

***CELIA***

Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

***TOUCHSTONE***

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One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

**CELIA**

My father's love is enough to honour him: enough!  
speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation  
one of these days.

**TOUCHSTONE**

The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what  
wise men do foolishly.

**CELIA**

By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little  
wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery  
that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes  
Monsieur Le Beau.

**ROSALIND**

With his mouth full of news.

**CELIA**

Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

**ROSALIND**

Then shall we be news-crammed.

**CELIA**

All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter LE BEAU*

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

**LE BEAU**

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

**CELIA**

Sport! of what colour?



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**LE BEAU**

What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

**ROSALIND**

As wit and fortune will.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Or as the Destinies decree.

**CELIA**

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

**ROSALIND**

Thou lovest thy old smell.

**LE BEAU**

You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

**ROSALIND**

You tell us the manner of the wrestling.

**LE BEAU**

I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

**CELIA**

Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

**LE BEAU**

There comes an old man and his three sons,—

**CELIA**

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I could match this beginning with an old tale.

**LE BEAU**

Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

**ROSALIND**

With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men  
by these presents.'

**LE BEAU**

The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the  
duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him  
and broke three of his ribs, that there is little  
hope of life in him: so he served the second, and  
so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man,  
their father, making such pitiful dole over them  
that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

**ROSALIND**

Alas!

**TOUCHSTONE**

But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies  
have lost?

**LE BEAU**

Why, this that I speak of.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first  
time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport  
for ladies.

**CELIA**

Or I, I promise thee.

**ROSALIND**

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But is there any else longs to see this broken music  
in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon  
rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

**LE BEAU**

You must, if you stay here; for here is the place  
appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to  
perform it.

**CELIA**

Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his  
own peril on his forwardness.

**ROSALIND**

Is yonder the man?

**LE BEAU**

Even he, madam.

**CELIA**

Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither  
to see the wrestling?

**ROSALIND**

Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You will take little delight in it, I can tell you;  
there is such odds in the man. In pity of the  
challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he

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will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if  
you can move him.

**CELIA**

Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Do so: I'll not be by.

**LE BEAU**

Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

**ORLANDO**

I attend them with all respect and duty.

**ROSALIND**

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

**ORLANDO**

No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I  
come but in, as others do, to try with him the  
strength of my youth.

**CELIA**

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your  
years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's  
strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or  
knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your  
adventure would counsel you to a more equal  
enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to  
embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

**ROSALIND**

Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore  
be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke  
that the wrestling might not go forward.

**ORLANDO**

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I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

**ROSALIND**

The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

**CELIA**

And mine, to eke out hers.

**ROSALIND**

Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

**CELIA**

Your heart's desires be with you!

**CHARLES**

Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

**ORLANDO**

Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You shall try but one fall.

**CHARLES**

No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

**ORLANDO**

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An you mean to mock me after, you should not have  
mocked me before: but come your ways.

**ROSALIND**

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

**CELIA**

I would I were invisible, to catch the strong  
fellow by the leg.

*They wrestle*

**ROSALIND**

O excellent young man!

**CELIA**

If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who  
should down.

*Shout. CHARLES is thrown*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

No more, no more.

**ORLANDO**

Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

How dost thou, Charles?

**LE BEAU**

He cannot speak, my lord.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

**ORLANDO**

Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

I would thou hadst been son to some man else:  
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU*

**CELIA**

Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

**ORLANDO**

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

**ROSALIND**

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventured.

**CELIA**

Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

**ROSALIND**

Gentleman,

*Giving him a chain from her neck*

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Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.  
Shall we go, coz?

**CELIA**

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

**ORLANDO**

Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

**ROSALIND**

He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;  
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?  
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

**CELIA**

Will you go, coz?

**ROSALIND**

Have with you. Fare you well.

*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*

**ORLANDO**

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter LE BEAU*

**LE BEAU**

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved  
High commendation, true applause and love,  
Yet such is now the duke's condition  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.



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The duke is humorous; what he is indeed,  
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

**ORLANDO**

I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this:  
Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
That here was at the wrestling?

**LE BEAU**

Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;  
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter  
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
But I can tell you that of late this duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
Grounded upon no other argument  
But that the people praise her for her virtues  
And pity her for her good father's sake;  
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:  
Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

**ORLANDO**

I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

*Exit LE BEAU*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;  
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:  
But heavenly Rosalind!

*Exit*

## **Act 1, Scene 3**

A room in the palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND*

**CELIA**

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Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

**ROSALIND**

Not one to throw at a dog.

**CELIA**

No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon  
curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

**ROSALIND**

Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one  
should be lamed with reasons and the other mad  
without any.

**CELIA**

But is all this for your father?

**ROSALIND**

No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how  
full of briers is this working-day world!

**CELIA**

They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in  
holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden  
paths our very petticoats will catch them.

**ROSALIND**

I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

**CELIA**

Hem them away.

**ROSALIND**

I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have him.

**CELIA**

Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

**ROSALIND**

O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

**CELIA**

O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

**ROSALIND**

The duke my father loved his father dearly.

**CELIA**

Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

**CELIA**

Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

**ROSALIND**

Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

**CELIA**

With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste  
And get you from our court.

**ROSALIND**

Me, uncle?

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You, cousin  
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our public court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

**ROSALIND**

I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
If with myself I hold intelligence  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,  
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—  
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your highness.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Thus do all traitors:  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself:  
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

**ROSALIND**

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

**ROSALIND**

So was I when your highness took his dukedom;  
So was I when your highness banish'd him:  
Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

**CELIA**

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,  
Else had she with her father ranged along.

**CELIA**

I did not then entreat to have her stay;  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:  
I was too young that time to value her;  
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,  
And wheresoever we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence and her patience  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous  
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

**CELIA**

Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:  
I cannot live out of her company.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:  
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords*

**CELIA**

O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

**ROSALIND**

I have more cause.

**CELIA**

Thou hast not, cousin;  
Prithee be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

**ROSALIND**

That he hath not.

**CELIA**

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No: let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go and what to bear with us;  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

**ROSALIND**

Why, whither shall we go?

**CELIA**

To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

**ROSALIND**

Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*CELIA*

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;  
The like do you: so shall we pass along  
And never stir assailants.

*ROSALIND*

Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*CELIA*

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

*ROSALIND*

I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd?

*CELIA*

Something that hath a reference to my state  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*ROSALIND*

But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*CELIA*

He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together,  
Devise the fittest time and safest way

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty and not to banishment.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 1**

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three Lords, like foresters*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say  
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life exempt from public haunt  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.  
I would not change it.

**AMIENS**

Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should in their own confines with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored.



*First Lord*

Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*DUKE SENIOR*

But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*First Lord*

O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;  
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,  
"Tis right:' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part  
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay' quoth Jaques,  
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,  
To fright the animals and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

**DUKE SENIOR**

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

**Second Lord**

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Show me the place:  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

**First Lord**

I'll bring you to him straight.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 2**

A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

**First Lord**

I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her abed, and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

**Second Lord**

My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft  
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,  
And let not search and inquisition quail  
To bring again these foolish runaways.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 3**

Before OLIVER'S house.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting*

**ORLANDO**

Who's there?

**ADAM**

What, my young master? O, my gentle master!  
O my sweet master! O you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

**ORLANDO**

Why, what's the matter?

**ADAM**

O unhappy youth!  
Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son  
Of him I was about to call his father—  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie  
And you within it: if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him and his practises.  
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

**ORLANDO**

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

**ADAM**

No matter whither, so you come not here.

**ORLANDO**

What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?  
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

**ADAM**

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame  
And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
And all this I give you. Let me be your servant:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

**ORLANDO**

O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry  
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

**ADAM**

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 4**

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena, and TOUCHSTONE*

**ROSALIND**

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

**TOUCHSTONE**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

**ROSALIND**

I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's  
apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort  
the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show  
itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage,  
good Aliena!

**CELIA**

I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

**TOUCHSTONE**

For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear  
you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you,  
for I think you have no money in your purse.

**ROSALIND**

Well, this is the forest of Arden.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was  
at home, I was in a better place: but travellers  
must be content.

**ROSALIND**

Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS*

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in  
solemn talk.

**CORIN**

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

**SILVIUS**

O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

**CORIN**

I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

**SILVIUS**

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine---  
As sure I think did never man love so---  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

**CORIN**

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

**SILVIUS**

O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved:  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not loved:  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not loved.  
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

*Exit*

**ROSALIND**

Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

**TOUCHSTONE**

And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke  
my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for  
coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the  
kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her  
pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the  
wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took  
two cods and, giving her them again, said with

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are  
true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is  
mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

**ROSALIND**

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I  
break my shins against it.

**ROSALIND**

Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

**TOUCHSTONE**

And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

**CELIA**

I pray you, one of you question yond man  
If he for gold will give us any food:  
I faint almost to death.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Holla, you clown!

**ROSALIND**

Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

**CORIN**

Who calls?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Your betters, sir.

**CORIN**

Else are they very wretched.



**ROSALIND**

Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

**CORIN**

And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

**ROSALIND**

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd  
And faints for succor.

**CORIN**

Fair sir, I pity her  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;  
But I am shepherd to another man  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:  
My master is of churlish disposition  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality:  
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed  
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on; but what is, come see.  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

**ROSALIND**

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

**CORIN**

That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,  
That little cares for buying any thing.

**ROSALIND**

I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

**CELIA**

And we will mend thy wages. I like this place.  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

**CORIN**

Assuredly the thing is to be sold:  
Go with me: if you like upon report  
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 5**

The Forest.

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others*

SONG.

**AMIENS**

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

**JAQUES**

More, more, I prithee, more.

**AMIENS**

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

**JAQUES**

I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck  
melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.  
More, I prithee, more.

*AMIENS*

My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

*JAQUES*

I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

*AMIENS*

What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*JAQUES*

Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

*AMIENS*

More at your request than to please myself.

*JAQUES*

Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*AMIENS*

Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

*JAQUES*

And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Who doth ambition shun

*All together here*

And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

**JAQUES**

I'll give you a verse to this note that I made  
yesterday in despite of my invention.

**AMIENS**

And I'll sing it.

**JAQUES**

Thus it goes:—  
If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.

**AMIENS**

What's that 'ducdame'?

**JAQUES**

'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a  
circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll  
rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

**AMIENS**

And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared.

*Exeunt severally*

## Act 2, Scene 6

The forest.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM*

**ADAM**

Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food!  
Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell,  
kind master.

**ORLANDO**

Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live  
a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little.  
If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I  
will either be food for it or bring it for food to  
thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers.  
For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at  
the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently;  
and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will  
give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I  
come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said!  
thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly.  
Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear  
thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for  
lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this  
desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

*Exeunt*

## Act 2, Scene 7

The forest.

*A table set out. Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws*

**DUKE SENIOR**

I think he be transform'd into a beast;  
For I can no where find him like a man.

*First Lord*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

My lord, he is but even now gone hence:  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

**DUKE SENIOR**

If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter JAQUES*

**First Lord**

He saves my labour by his own approach.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company?  
What, you look merrily!

**JAQUES**

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool; a miserable world!  
As I do live by food, I met a fool  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.  
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,  
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:  
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:  
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;  
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!  
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

**DUKE SENIOR**

What fool is this?

**JAQUES**

O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,  
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Thou shalt have one.

**JAQUES**

It is my only suit;  
Provided that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomized  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

**JAQUES**

What, for a counter, would I do but good?

**DUKE SENIOR**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

**JAQUES**

Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?  
Or what is he of basest function  
That says his bravery is not of my cost,  
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn*

**ORLANDO**

Forbear, and eat no more.

**JAQUES**

Why, I have eat none yet.

**ORLANDO**

Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

**JAQUES**

Of what kind should this cock come of?

**DUKE SENIOR**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,  
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

**ORLANDO**

You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point  
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred  
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:  
He dies that touches any of this fruit  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

**JAQUES**

An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

**DUKE SENIOR**

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

**ORLANDO**

I almost die for food; and let me have it.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

**ORLANDO**

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
I thought that all things had been savage here;  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time  
If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

**DUKE SENIOR**

True is it that we have seen better days,  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church  
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness  
And take upon command what help we have  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

**ORLANDO**

Then but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

**ORLANDO**

I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

*Exit*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

**JAQUES**

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,  
And let him feed.

**ORLANDO**

I thank you most for him.

**ADAM**

So had you need:  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.  
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

**AMIENS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh-ho! sing,

**DUKE SENIOR**

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke  
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,  
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.

*Exeunt*

**Act 3, Scene 1**

A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER*

**DUKE FREDERICK**

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth  
Of what we think against thee.

**OLIVER**

O that your highness knew my heart in this!  
I never loved my brother in my life.

**DUKE FREDERICK**

More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands:  
Do this expediently and turn him going.

*Exeunt*

## Act 3, Scene 2

The forest.

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper*

**ORLANDO**

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;  
That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

*Exit*

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*

**CORIN**

And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

***TOUCHSTONE***

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As is it a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

***CORIN***

No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

***TOUCHSTONE***

Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

***CORIN***

No, truly.

***TOUCHSTONE***

Then thou art damned.

***CORIN***

Nay, I hope.

***TOUCHSTONE***

Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

***CORIN***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

For not being at court? Your reason.

***TOUCHSTONE***

Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

***CORIN***

Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

***TOUCHSTONE***

Instance, briefly; come, instance.

***CORIN***

Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

***TOUCHSTONE***

Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

***CORIN***

Besides, our hands are hard.

***TOUCHSTONE***

Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

***CORIN***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And they are often tarred over with the surgery of  
our sheep: and would you have us kiss tar? The  
courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Most shallow man! thou worms–meat, in respect of a  
good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and  
perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the  
very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

**CORIN**

You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man!  
God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

**CORIN**

Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get  
that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's  
happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my  
harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes  
graze and my lambs suck.

**TOUCHSTONE**

That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes  
and the rams together and to offer to get your  
living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a  
bell–wether, and to betray a she–lamb of a  
twelvemonth to a crooked–pated, old, cuckoldly ram,  
out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not  
damned for this, the devil himself will have no  
shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst  
'scape.

**CORIN**

Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading*



**ROSALIND**

From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lined  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no fair be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind.

**TOUCHSTONE**

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and  
suppers and sleeping—hours excepted: it is the  
right butter—women's rank to market.

**ROSALIND**

Out, fool!

**TOUCHSTONE**

For a taste:  
If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind.  
Winter garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find  
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.  
This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you  
infect yourself with them?

**ROSALIND**

Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

**ROSALIND**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it  
with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit  
i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half  
ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

**TOUCHSTONE**

You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the  
forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, with a writing*

**ROSALIND**

Peace! Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

**CELIA**

*[Reads]*  
Why should this a desert be?  
For it is unpeopled? No:  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show:  
Some, how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage,  
That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age;  
Some, of violated vows  
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:  
But upon the fairest boughs,  
Or at every sentence end,  
Will I Rosalinda write,  
Teaching all that read to know  
The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in little show.  
Therefore Heaven Nature charged  
That one body should be fill'd  
With all graces wide-enlarged:  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
Cleopatra's majesty,  
Atalanta's better part,  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devised,  
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,  
To have the touches dearest prized.  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.

**ROSALIND**

O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love  
have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never  
cried 'Have patience, good people!'

**CELIA**

How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little.  
Go with him, sirrah.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat;  
though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*

**CELIA**

Didst thou hear these verses?

**ROSALIND**

O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of  
them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

**CELIA**

That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

**ROSALIND**

Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear  
themselves without the verse and therefore stood  
lamely in the verse.

**CELIA**

But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name  
should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

**ROSALIND**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder  
before you came; for look here what I found on a  
palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since  
Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I  
can hardly remember.

**CELIA**

Trow you who hath done this?

**ROSALIND**

Is it a man?

**CELIA**

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.  
Change you colour?

**ROSALIND**

I prithee, who?

**CELIA**

O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to  
meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes  
and so encounter.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, but who is it?

**CELIA**

Is it possible?

**ROSALIND**

Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence,  
tell me who it is.

**CELIA**

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful  
wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that,  
out of all hooping!

**ROSALIND**

Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that may drink thy tidings.

**CELIA**

So you may put a man in your belly.

**ROSALIND**

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

**CELIA**

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

**ROSALIND**

Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

**CELIA**

It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

**CELIA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

**ROSALIND**

Orlando?

**CELIA**

Orlando.

**ROSALIND**

Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes him here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

**CELIA**

You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

**ROSALIND**

But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

**CELIA**

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

**ROSALIND**

It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

**CELIA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Give me audience, good madam.

**ROSALIND**

Proceed.

**CELIA**

There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

**ROSALIND**

Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well  
becomes the ground.

**CELIA**

Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets  
unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

**ROSALIND**

O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

**CELIA**

I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest  
me out of tune.

**ROSALIND**

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must  
speak. Sweet, say on.

**CELIA**

You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES*

**ROSALIND**

'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

**JAQUES**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had  
as lief have been myself alone.

**ORLANDO**

And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you  
too for your society.

**JAQUES**

God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

**ORLANDO**

I do desire we may be better strangers.

**JAQUES**

I pray you, mar no more trees with writing  
love—songs in their barks.

**ORLANDO**

I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading  
them ill—favouredly.

**JAQUES**

Rosalind is your love's name?

**ORLANDO**

Yes, just.

**JAQUES**

I do not like her name.

**ORLANDO**

There was no thought of pleasing you when she was  
christened.

**JAQUES**

What stature is she of?



**ORLANDO**

Just as high as my heart.

**JAQUES**

You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

**ORLANDO**

Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

**JAQUES**

You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

**ORLANDO**

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

**JAQUES**

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

**ORLANDO**

'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

**JAQUES**

By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

**ORLANDO**

He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

**JAQUES**

There I shall see mine own figure.

**ORLANDO**

Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

**JAQUES**

I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good  
Signior Love.

**ORLANDO**

I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur  
Melancholy.

*Exit JAQUES*

**ROSALIND**

*[Aside to CELIA]* I will speak to him, like a saucy  
lackey and under that habit play the knave with him.  
Do you hear, forester?

**ORLANDO**

Very well: what would you?

**ROSALIND**

I pray you, what is't o'clock?

**ORLANDO**

You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock  
in the forest.

**ROSALIND**

Then there is no true lover in the forest; else  
sighing every minute and groaning every hour would  
detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

**ORLANDO**

And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that  
been as proper?

**ROSALIND**

By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with  
divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles  
withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops  
withal and who he stands still withal.

**ORLANDO**

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

**ROSALIND**

Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the  
contract of her marriage and the day it is  
solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight,  
Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of  
seven year.

**ORLANDO**

Who ambles Time withal?

**ROSALIND**

With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that  
hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because  
he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because  
he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean  
and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden  
of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

**ORLANDO**

Who doth he gallop withal?

**ROSALIND**

With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as  
softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

**ORLANDO**

Who stays it still withal?

**ROSALIND**

With lawyers in the vacation, for they sleep between  
term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

**ORLANDO**

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

**ROSALIND**

With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the  
skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

**ORLANDO**

Are you native of this place?

**ROSALIND**

As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

**ORLANDO**

Your accent is something finer than you could  
purchase in so removed a dwelling.

**ROSALIND**

I have been told so of many: but indeed an old  
religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was  
in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship  
too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard  
him read many lectures against it, and I thank God  
I am not a woman, to be touched with so many  
giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their  
whole sex withal.

**ORLANDO**

Can you remember any of the principal evils that he  
laid to the charge of women?

**ROSALIND**

There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

**ORLANDO**

I prithee, recount some of them.

**ROSALIND**

No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

**ORLANDO**

I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you tell me your remedy.

**ROSALIND**

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

**ORLANDO**

What were his marks?

**ROSALIND**

A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

are rather point–device in your accoutrements as  
loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

**ORLANDO**

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

**ROSALIND**

Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you  
love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to  
do than to confess she does: that is one of the  
points in the which women still give the lie to  
their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he  
that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind  
is so admired?

**ORLANDO**

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of  
Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

**ROSALIND**

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

**ORLANDO**

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

**ROSALIND**

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves  
as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and  
the reason why they are not so punished and cured  
is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers  
are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

**ORLANDO**

Did you ever cure any so?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me  
his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to  
woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing  
and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow,  
inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every  
passion something and for no passion truly any  
thing, as boys and women are for the most part  
cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe  
him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep  
for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor  
from his mad humour of love to a living humour of  
madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of  
the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic.  
And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon  
me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's  
heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

**ORLANDO**

I would not be cured, youth.

**ROSALIND**

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind  
and come every day to my cote and woo me.

**ORLANDO**

Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me  
where it is.

**ROSALIND**

Go with me to it and I'll show it you and by the way  
you shall tell me where in the forest you live.  
Will you go?

**ORLANDO**

With all my heart, good youth.

**ROSALIND**

Nay you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

*Exeunt*

## Act 3, Scene 3

The forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind*

**TOUCHSTONE**

Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

**AUDREY**

Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

**TOUCHSTONE**

I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

**JAQUES**

*[Aside]* O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

**TOUCHSTONE**

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

**AUDREY**

I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.



**AUDREY**

Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

**TOUCHSTONE**

I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

**AUDREY**

Would you not have me honest?

**TOUCHSTONE**

No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

**JAQUES**

*[Aside]* A material fool!

**AUDREY**

Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

**AUDREY**

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

**JAQUES**

*[Aside]* I would fain see this meeting.

**AUDREY**

Well, the gods give us joy!

**TOUCHSTONE**

Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

*Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT*

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

Is there none here to give the woman?

**TOUCHSTONE**

I will not take her on gift of any man.

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

**JAQUES**

*[Advancing]*

Proceed, proceed I'll give her.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Good even, good Master What–ye–call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

**JAQUES**

Will you be married, motley?

**TOUCHSTONE**

As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

**JAQUES**

And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

**TOUCHSTONE**

*[Aside]* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

**JAQUES**

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

**TOUCHSTONE**

'Come, sweet Audrey:  
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.  
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—  
O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee: but,—

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Wind away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

*Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

**SIR OLIVER MARTEXT**

'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them  
all shall flout me out of my calling.

*Exit*

## **Act 3, Scene 4**

The forest.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA*

**ROSALIND**

Never talk to me; I will weep.

**CELIA**

Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider  
that tears do not become a man.

**ROSALIND**

But have I not cause to weep?

**CELIA**

As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

**ROSALIND**

His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

**CELIA**

Something browner than Judas's marry, his kisses are  
Judas's own children.

**ROSALIND**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

**CELIA**

An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

**ROSALIND**

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch  
of holy bread.

**CELIA**

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun  
of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously;  
the very ice of chastity is in them.

**ROSALIND**

But why did he swear he would come this morning, and  
comes not?

**CELIA**

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

**ROSALIND**

Do you think so?

**CELIA**

Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a  
horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do  
think him as concave as a covered goblet or a  
worm-eaten nut.

**ROSALIND**

Not true in love?

**CELIA**

Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

**ROSALIND**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

You have heard him swear downright he was.

**CELIA**

'Was' is not 'is:' besides, the oath of a lover is  
no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are  
both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends  
here in the forest on the duke your father.

**ROSALIND**

I met the duke yesterday and had much question with  
him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told  
him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go.  
But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a  
man as Orlando?

**CELIA**

O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses,  
speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks  
them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of  
his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse  
but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble  
goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly  
guides. Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN*

**CORIN**

Mistress and master, you have oft inquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

**CELIA**

Well, and what of him?

**CORIN**

If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

If you will mark it.

**ROSALIND**

O, come, let us remove:  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.  
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 3, Scene 5**

Another part of the forest.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE*

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind*

**PHEBE**

I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;  
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

**SILVIUS**

O dear Phebe,  
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

**PHEBE**

But till that time  
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

**ROSALIND**

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed—  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

***PHEBE***

Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

***ROSALIND***

He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll  
fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as  
she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her  
with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

***PHEBE***

For no ill will I bear you.

***ROSALIND***

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.  
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.  
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud: though all the world could see,  
None could be so abused in sight as he.  
Come, to our flock.

*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA and CORIN*

***PHEBE***

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

***SILVIUS***

Sweet Phebe,—

***PHEBE***

Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

**PHEBE**

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

**SILVIUS**

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both exterminated.

**PHEBE**

Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

**SILVIUS**

I would have you.

**PHEBE**

Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

**SILVIUS**

So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

**PHEBE**

Know'st now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

**SILVIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot once was master of.

**PHEBE**

Think not I love him, though I ask for him:  
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;  
But what care I for words? yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:  
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:  
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:  
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Between the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black:  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Phebe, with all my heart.

**PHEBE**

I'll write it straight;  
The matter's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 1**

The forest.

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES*

**JAQUES**

I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

**ROSALIND**

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

**JAQUES**

I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

**ROSALIND**

Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

**JAQUES**

Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

**ROSALIND**

Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

**JAQUES**

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry's contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

**ROSALIND**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

**JAQUES**

Yes, I have gained my experience.

**ROSALIND**

And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Enter ORLANDO*

**ORLANDO**

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

**JAQUES**

Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

*Exit*

**ROSALIND**

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

**ORLANDO**

My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

**ROSALIND**

Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant  
him heart-whole.

**ORLANDO**

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I  
had as lief be wooed of a snail.

**ORLANDO**

Of a snail?

**ROSALIND**

Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he  
carries his house on his head; a better jointure,  
I think, than you make a woman: besides he brings  
his destiny with him.

**ORLANDO**

What's that?

**ROSALIND**

Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be  
beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in  
his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

**ORLANDO**

Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

**ROSALIND**

And I am your Rosalind.

**CELIA**

It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a  
Rosalind of a better leer than you.

**ROSALIND**

Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday  
humour and like enough to consent. What would you  
say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

I would kiss before I spoke.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were  
gravelled for lack of matter, you might take  
occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are  
out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God  
warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

**ORLANDO**

How if the kiss be denied?

**ROSALIND**

Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

**ORLANDO**

Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

**ROSALIND**

Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or  
I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

**ORLANDO**

What, of my suit?

**ROSALIND**

Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.  
Am not I your Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

**ROSALIND**

Well in her person I say I will not have you.

**ORLANDO**

Then in mine own person I die.

**ROSALIND**

No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

**ORLANDO**

I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

**ROSALIND**

By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will. I will grant it.

**ORLANDO**

Then love me, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.



**ORLANDO**

And wilt thou have me?

**ROSALIND**

Ay, and twenty such.

**ORLANDO**

What sayest thou?

**ROSALIND**

Are you not good?

**ORLANDO**

I hope so.

**ROSALIND**

Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?  
Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.  
Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

**ORLANDO**

Pray thee, marry us.

**CELIA**

I cannot say the words.

**ROSALIND**

You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

**CELIA**

Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

I will.

**ROSALIND**

Ay, but when?

**ORLANDO**

Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

**ROSALIND**

Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

**ORLANDO**

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

**ROSALIND**

I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

**ORLANDO**

So do all thoughts; they are winged.

**ROSALIND**

Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

**ORLANDO**

For ever and a day.

**ROSALIND**

Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

**ORLANDO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

But will my Rosalind do so?

**ROSALIND**

By my life, she will do as I do.

**ORLANDO**

O, but she is wise.

**ROSALIND**

Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

**ORLANDO**

A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

**ROSALIND**

Nay, you might keep that cheque for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

**ORLANDO**

And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

**ROSALIND**

Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

**ORLANDO**

For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

**ROSALIND**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

**ORLANDO**

I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I  
will be with thee again.

**ROSALIND**

Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you  
would prove: my friends told me as much, and I  
thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours  
won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come,  
death! Two o'clock is your hour?

**ORLANDO**

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend  
me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous,  
if you break one jot of your promise or come one  
minute behind your hour, I will think you the most  
pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover  
and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that  
may be chosen out of the gross band of the  
unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep  
your promise.

**ORLANDO**

With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my  
Rosalind: so adieu.

**ROSALIND**

Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such  
offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

*Exit ORLANDO*

**CELIA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

You have simply misused our sex in your love—prate:  
we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your  
head, and show the world what the bird hath done to  
her own nest.

**ROSALIND**

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou  
didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But  
it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown  
bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

**CELIA**

Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour  
affection in, it runs out.

**ROSALIND**

No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot  
of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness,  
that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes  
because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I  
am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out  
of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and  
sigh till he come.

**CELIA**

And I'll sleep.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 2**

The forest.

*Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters*

**JAQUES**

Which is he that killed the deer?

**A Lord**

Sir, it was I.

**JAQUES**

Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

**Forester**

Yes, sir.

**JAQUES**

Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

**Forester**

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin and horns to wear.  
Then sing him home;

*The rest shall bear this burden*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;  
It was a crest ere thou wast born:  
Thy father's father wore it,  
And thy father bore it:  
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 3**

The forest.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA*

**ROSALIND**

How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

**CELIA**

I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he  
hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to  
sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS*

**SILVIUS**

My errand is to you, fair youth;  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:  
I know not the contents; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me:  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

**ROSALIND**

Patience herself would startle at this letter  
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:  
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,  
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

**SILVIUS**

No, I protest, I know not the contents:  
Phebe did write it.

**ROSALIND**

Come, come, you are a fool  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand.  
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:  
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:  
I say she never did invent this letter;  
This is a man's invention and his hand.

**SILVIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Sure, it is hers.

**ROSALIND**

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style.  
A style for—challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant—rude invention  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

**SILVIUS**

So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

**ROSALIND**

She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

*Reads*

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?  
Can a woman rail thus?

**SILVIUS**

Call you this railing?

**ROSALIND**

*[Reads]*

Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?  
Did you ever hear such railing?  
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.  
Meaning me a beast.  
If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect!  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move!  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind;



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.

**SILVIUS**

Call you this chiding?

**CELIA**

Alas, poor shepherd!

**ROSALIND**

Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

*Exit SILVIUS*

*Enter OLIVER*

**OLIVER**

Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

**CELIA**

West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:  
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream  
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;  
There's none within.

**OLIVER**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister: the woman low  
And browner than her brother.' Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

**CELIA**

It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

**OLIVER**

Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

**ROSALIND**

I am: what must we understand by this?

**OLIVER**

Some of my shame; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

**CELIA**

I pray you, tell it.

**OLIVER**

When last the young Orlando parted from you  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,  
And mark what object did present itself:  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

**CELIA**

O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
And he did render him the most unnatural  
That lived amongst men.

**OLIVER**

And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

**ROSALIND**

But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

**OLIVER**

Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling  
From miserable slumber I awaked.

**CELIA**

Are you his brother?

**ROSALIND**

Wast you he rescued?

**CELIA**

Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

**OLIVER** *'Twas I; but 'tis not I*

I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

**ROSALIND**

But, for the bloody napkin?

**OLIVER**

By and by.  
When from the first to last betwixt us two  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,  
As how I came into that desert place:—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin  
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*ROSALIND swoons*

**CELIA**

Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

**OLIVER**

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

**CELIA**

There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

**OLIVER**

Look, he recovers.

**ROSALIND**

I would I were at home.

**CELIA**

We'll lead you thither.  
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

**OLIVER**

Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a  
man's heart.

**ROSALIND**

I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would  
think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell  
your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh—ho!

**OLIVER**

This was not counterfeit: there is too great  
testimony in your complexion that it was a passion  
of earnest.

**ROSALIND**

Counterfeit, I assure you.

**OLIVER**

Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

**ROSALIND**

So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

**CELIA**

Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw  
homewards. Good sir, go with us.

**OLIVER**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That will I, for I must bear answer back  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend  
my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

*Exeunt*

## **Act 5, Scene 1**

The forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

**TOUCHSTONE**

We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

**AUDREY**

Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old  
gentleman's saying.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile  
Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the  
forest lays claim to you.

**AUDREY**

Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in  
the world: here comes the man you mean.

**TOUCHSTONE**

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my  
troth, we that have good wits have much to answer  
for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Enter WILLIAM*

**WILLIAM**

Good even, Audrey.

**AUDREY**

God ye good even, William.

**WILLIAM**

And good even to you, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

**WILLIAM**

Five and twenty, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A ripe age. Is thy name William?

**WILLIAM**

William, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

**WILLIAM**

Ay, sir, I thank God.

**TOUCHSTONE**

'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

**WILLIAM**

Faith, sir, so so.

**TOUCHSTONE**

'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

**WILLIAM**

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying,  
'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man  
knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen  
philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape,  
would open his lips when he put it into his mouth;  
meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and  
lips to open. You do love this maid?

**WILLIAM**

I do, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

**WILLIAM**

No, sir.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it  
is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out  
of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty  
the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse  
is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

**WILLIAM**

Which he, sir?

**TOUCHSTONE**

He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you  
clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the  
society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this  
female,—which in the common is woman; which  
together is, abandon the society of this female, or,  
clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better  
understanding, diest; or, to wit I kill thee, make  
thee away, translate thy life into death, thy  
liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with



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thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy  
with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with  
policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways:  
therefore tremble and depart.

**AUDREY**

Do, good William.

**WILLIAM**

God rest you merry, sir.

*Exit*

*Enter CORIN*

**CORIN**

Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

**TOUCHSTONE**

Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

*Exeunt*

## Act 5, Scene 2

The forest.

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER*

**ORLANDO**

Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you  
should like her? that but seeing you should love  
her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should  
grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

**OLIVER**

Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the  
poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden  
wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me,  
I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me;  
consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it  
shall be to your good; for my father's house and all

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the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I  
estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

**ORLANDO**

You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow:  
thither will I invite the duke and all's contented  
followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look  
you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter ROSALIND*

**ROSALIND**

God save you, brother.

**OLIVER**

And you, fair sister.

*Exit*

**ROSALIND**

O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee  
wear thy heart in a scarf!

**ORLANDO**

It is my arm.

**ROSALIND**

I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws  
of a lion.

**ORLANDO**

Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

**ROSALIND**

Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to  
swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

**ORLANDO**

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

**ROSALIND**

O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

**ORLANDO**

They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

**ROSALIND**

Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

**ORLANDO**

I can live no longer by thinking.

**ROSALIND**

I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart

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as your gesture cries it out, when your brother  
marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into  
what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is  
not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient  
to you, to set her before your eyes tomorrow human  
as she is and without any danger.

**ORLANDO**

Speakest thou in sober meanings?

**ROSALIND**

By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I  
say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your  
best array: bid your friends; for if you will be  
married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE*

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

**PHEBE**

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

**ROSALIND**

I care not if I have: it is my study  
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:  
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;  
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

**PHEBE**

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

**SILVIUS**

It is to be all made of sighs and tears;  
And so am I for Phebe.

**PHEBE**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And I for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

It is to be all made of faith and service;  
And so am I for Phebe.

**PHEBE**

And I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And I for no woman.

**SILVIUS**

It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion and all made of wishes,  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance;  
And so am I for Phebe.

**PHEBE**

And so am I for Ganymede.

**ORLANDO**

And so am I for Rosalind.

**ROSALIND**

And so am I for no woman.

**PHEBE**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

**SILVIUS**

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

**ORLANDO**

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

**ROSALIND**

Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

**ORLANDO**

To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

**ROSALIND**

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling  
of Irish wolves against the moon.

*To SILVIUS*

I will help you, if I can:

*To PHEBE*

I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together.

*To PHEBE*

I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be  
married to-morrow:

*To ORLANDO*

I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you  
shall be married to-morrow:

*To SILVIUS*

I will content you, if what pleases you contents  
you, and you shall be married to-morrow.

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*To ORLANDO*

As you love Rosalind, meet:

*To SILVIUS*

as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman,  
I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

**SILVIUS**

I'll not fail, if I live.

**PHEBE**

Nor I.

**ORLANDO**

Nor I.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 5, Scene 3**

The forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

**TOUCHSTONE**

To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will  
we be married.

**AUDREY**

I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is  
no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the  
world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages*

**First Page**

Well met, honest gentleman.

**TOUCHSTONE**

By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

**Second Page**

We are for you: sit i' the middle.

**First Page**

Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or  
spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only  
prologues to a bad voice?

**Second Page**

I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two  
gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time,  
This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time,  
And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time,

**TOUCHSTONE**

Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great  
matter in the ditty, yet the note was very  
untuneable.

**First Page**

You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.



***TOUCHSTONE***

By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear  
such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend  
your voices! Come, Audrey.

*Exeunt*

**Act 5, Scene 4**

The forest.

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA*

***DUKE SENIOR***

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?

***ORLANDO***

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;  
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE*

***ROSALIND***

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:  
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

***DUKE SENIOR***

That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

***ROSALIND***

And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

***ORLANDO***

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

***ROSALIND***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

**PHEBE**

That will I, should I die the hour after.

**ROSALIND**

But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

**PHEBE**

So is the bargain.

**ROSALIND**

You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

**SILVIUS**

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

**ROSALIND**

I have promised to make all this matter even.  
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;  
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:  
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,  
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:  
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her.  
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.

*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*

**DUKE SENIOR**

I do remember in this shepherd boy  
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

**ORLANDO**

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him  
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:  
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

**JAQUES**

There is, sure, another flood toward, and these  
couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of  
very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

**TOUCHSTONE**

Salutation and greeting to you all!

**JAQUES**

Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the  
motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in  
the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

**TOUCHSTONE**

If any man doubt that, let him put me to my  
purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered  
a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth  
with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have  
had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

**JAQUES**

And how was that ta'en up?

**TOUCHSTONE**

Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the  
seventh cause.

**JAQUES**

How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

**DUKE SENIOR**

I like him very well.

***TOUCHSTONE***

God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I  
press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country  
copulatives, to swear and to forswear: according as  
marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin,  
sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor  
humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else  
will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a  
poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

***DUKE SENIOR***

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

***TOUCHSTONE***

According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

***JAQUES***

But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the  
quarrel on the seventh cause?

***TOUCHSTONE***

Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more  
seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the  
cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word,  
if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the  
mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous.  
If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he  
would send me word, he cut it to please himself:  
this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was  
not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is  
called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not  
well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this  
is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not  
well cut,' he would say I lied: this is called the  
Counter-chegue Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie  
Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

***JAQUES***

And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

***TOUCHSTONE***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial,  
nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we  
measured swords and parted.

**JAQUES**

Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

**TOUCHSTONE**

O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have  
books for good manners: I will name you the degrees.  
The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the  
Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the  
fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the  
Countercheque Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with  
Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All  
these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may  
avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven  
justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the  
parties were met themselves, one of them thought but  
of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and  
they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the  
only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

**JAQUES**

Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at  
any thing and yet a fool.

**DUKE SENIOR**

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under  
the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA*

*Still Music*

**HYMEN**

Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.  
Good duke, receive thy daughter  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That thou mightst join her hand with his  
Whose heart within his bosom is.

**ROSALIND**

[*To DUKE SENIOR*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*To ORLANDO*

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

**DUKE SENIOR**

If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

**ORLANDO**

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

**PHEBE**

If sight and shape be true,  
Why then, my love adieu!

**ROSALIND**

I'll have no father, if you be not he:  
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:  
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

**HYMEN**

Peace, ho! I bar confusion:  
'Tis I must make conclusion  
Of these most strange events:  
Here's eight that must take hands  
To join in Hymen's bands,  
If truth holds true contents.  
You and you no cross shall part:  
You and you are heart in heart  
You to his love must accord,  
Or have a woman to your lord:  
You and you are sure together,  
As the winter to foul weather.  
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
Feed yourselves with questioning;  
That reason wonder may diminish,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:  
O blessed bond of board and bed!  
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
High wedlock then be honoured:  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town!

**DUKE SENIOR**

O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!  
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

**PHEBE**

I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter JAQUES DE BOYS*

**JAQUES DE BOYS**

Let me have audience for a word or two:  
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,  
In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here and put him to the sword:  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;  
Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restored to them again  
That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Welcome, young man;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
To one his lands withheld, and to the other  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot:  
And after, every of this happy number  
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity  
And fall into our rustic revelry.  
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

***JAQUES***

Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,  
The duke hath put on a religious life  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

***JAQUES DE BOYS***

He hath.

***JAQUES***

To him will I : out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

*To DUKE SENIOR*

You to your former honour I bequeath;  
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

*To ORLANDO*

You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

*To OLIVER*

You to your land and love and great allies:

*To SILVIUS*

You to a long and well-deserved bed:

*To TOUCHSTONE*



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage  
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:  
I am for other than for dancing measures.

**DUKE SENIOR**

Stay, Jaques, stay.

**JAQUES** *To see no pastime I*

what you would have  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

*Exit*

**DUKE SENIOR**

Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,  
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

*A dance*

EPILOGUE

**ROSALIND**

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;  
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord  
the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs  
no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no  
epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes,  
and good plays prove the better by the help of good  
epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am  
neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with  
you in the behalf of a good play! I am not  
furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not  
become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin  
with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love  
you bear to men, to like as much of this play as  
please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love  
you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering,  
none of you hates them—that between you and the  
women the play may please. If I were a woman I  
would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased  
me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I  
defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my  
kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

*Exeunt*

# Cymbeline

## Act 1, Scene 1

Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter two Gentlemen*

*First Gentleman*

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods  
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers  
Still seem as does the king.

*Second Gentleman*

But what's the matter?

*First Gentleman*

His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom  
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow  
That late he married—hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;  
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all  
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

*Second Gentleman*

None but the king?

*First Gentleman*

He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,  
That most desired the match; but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's look's, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*Second Gentleman*

And why so?

*First Gentleman*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing  
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—  
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!  
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think  
So fair an outward and such stuff within  
Endows a man but he.

*Second Gentleman*

You speak him far.

*First Gentleman*

I do extend him, sir, within himself,  
Crush him together rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

*Second Gentleman*

What's his name and birth?

*First Gentleman*

I cannot delve him to the root: his father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour  
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
But had his titles by Tenantius whom  
He served with glory and admired success,  
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time  
Died with their swords in hand; for which  
their father,  
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow  
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased  
As he was born. The king he takes the babe  
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,  
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,  
Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,  
And in's spring became a harvest, lived in court—  
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,  
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature  
A glass that feated them, and to the graver

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is.

*Second Gentleman*

I honour him  
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to the king?

*First Gentleman*

His only child.  
He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing—clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

*Second Gentleman*

How long is this ago?

*First Gentleman*

Some twenty years.

*Second Gentleman*

That a king's children should be so convey'd,  
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

*First Gentleman*

Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

*Second Gentleman*

I do well believe you.

*First Gentleman*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,  
The queen, and princess.

*Exeunt*

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and IMOGEN*

**QUEEN**

No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,  
After the slander of most stepmothers,  
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

**QUEEN**

You know the peril.  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king  
Hath charged you should not speak together.

*Exit*

**IMOGEN**

O  
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—  
Always reserved my holy duty—what  
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

My queen! my mistress!  
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man. I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter QUEEN*

**QUEEN**

Be brief, I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure.

*Aside*

Yet I'll move him  
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
Pays dear for my offences.

*Exit*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

**IMOGEN**

Nay, stay a little:  
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;  
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

How, how! another?  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And sear up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!

*Putting on the ring*

Remain, remain thou here  
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,  
As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles  
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner.

*Putting a bracelet upon her arm*

**IMOGEN**

O the gods!  
When shall we see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Alack, the king!

**CYMBELINE**

Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!  
If after this command thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!  
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

The gods protect you!  
And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.

*Exit*

**IMOGEN**

There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.



**CYMBELINE**

O disloyal thing,  
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st  
A year's age on me.

**IMOGEN**

I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation  
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

**CYMBELINE**

Past grace? obedience?

**IMOGEN**

Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

**CYMBELINE**

That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

**IMOGEN**

O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock.

**CYMBELINE**

Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne  
A seat for baseness.

**IMOGEN**

No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

**CYMBELINE**

O thou vile one!

**IMOGEN**

Sir,  
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:  
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is  
A man worth any woman, overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

**CYMBELINE**

What, art thou mad?

**IMOGEN**

Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were  
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

**CYMBELINE**

Thou foolish thing!

*Re-enter QUEEN*

They were again together: you have done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

**QUEEN**

Beseech your patience. Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice.

**CYMBELINE**

Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly!

*Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords*

**QUEEN**

Fie! you must give way.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Enter PISANIO*

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

**PISANIO**

My lord your son drew on my master.

**QUEEN**

Ha!  
No harm, I trust, is done?

**PISANIO**

There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

**QUEEN**

I am very glad on't.

**IMOGEN**

Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.  
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!  
I would they were in Afric both together;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

**PISANIO**

On his command: he would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven; left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When 't pleased you to employ me.

**QUEEN**

This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour  
He will remain so.

**PISANIO**

I humbly thank your highness.

**QUEEN**

Pray, walk awhile.

**IMOGEN**

About some half-hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 1, Scene 2**

The same. A public place.

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords*

**First Lord**

Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the  
violence of action hath made you reek as a  
sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in:  
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

**CLOTEN**

If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

**Second Lord**

*[Aside]* No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.

**First Lord**

Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be  
not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

**Second Lord**

*[Aside]* His steel was in debt; it went o' the  
backside the town.

**CLOTEN**

The villain would not stand me.

**Second Lord**

*[Aside]* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

**First Lord**

Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but  
he added to your having; gave you some ground.

**Second Lord**

*[Aside]* As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

**CLOTEN**

I would they had not come between us.

**Second Lord**

*[Aside]* So would I, till you had measured how long  
a fool you were upon the ground.

**CLOTEN**

And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

**Second Lord**

*[Aside]* If it be a sin to make a true election, she  
is damned.

**First Lord**

Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain  
go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen  
small reflection of her wit.

**Second Lord**

*[Aside]* She shines not upon fools, lest the  
reflection should hurt her.

**CLOTEN**

Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

**Second Lord**

*[Aside]* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

**CLOTEN**

You'll go with us?

**First Lord**

I'll attend your lordship.

**CLOTEN**

Nay, come, let's go together.

**Second Lord**

Well, my lord.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 1, Scene 3**

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO*

**IMOGEN**

I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,  
And question'dst every sail: if he should write  
And not have it, 'twere a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

**PISANIO**

It was his queen, his queen!

**IMOGEN**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Then waved his handkerchief?

**PISANIO**

And kiss'd it, madam.

**IMOGEN**

Senseless Linen! happier therein than I!  
And that was all?

**PISANIO**

No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

**IMOGEN**

Thou shouldst have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

**PISANIO**

Madam, so I did.

**IMOGEN**

I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but  
To look upon him, till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then  
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him?

**PISANIO**

Be assured, madam,  
With his next vantage.

**IMOGEN**

I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him  
How I would think on him at certain hours  
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear  
The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father  
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady*

**Lady**

The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

**IMOGEN**

Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.  
I will attend the queen.

**PISANIO**

Madam, I shall.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 1, Scene 4**

Rome. Philario's house.

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard*

**IACHIMO**

Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was  
then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy  
as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I  
could then have looked on him without the help of  
admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida  
had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

**PHILARIO**

You speak of him when he was less furnished than now  
he is with that which makes him both without and within.

**Frenchman**

I have seen him in France: we had very many there  
could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

**IACHIMO**

This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein  
he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,  
words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

**Frenchman**

And then his banishment.

**IACHIMO**

Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this  
lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully  
to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment,  
which else an easy battery might lay flat, for  
taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes  
it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps  
acquaintance?

**PHILARIO**

His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I  
have been often bound for no less than my life.  
Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained  
amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your  
knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS*

I beseech you all, be better known to this  
gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend  
of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida  
hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*Frenchman*

Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*POSTHUMUS LEONATUS*

Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies,  
which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

*Frenchman*

Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I  
did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity  
you should have been put together with so mortal a  
purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so  
slight and trivial a nature.

*POSTHUMUS LEONATUS*

By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller;  
rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in  
my every action to be guided by others' experiences:  
but upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say  
it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*Frenchman*

Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords,  
and by such two that would by all likelihood have  
confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

*IACHIMO*

Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

*Frenchman*

Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public,  
which may, without contradiction, suffer the report.  
It was much like an argument that fell out last  
night, where each of us fell in praise of our  
country mistresses; this gentleman at that time  
vouching—and upon warrant of bloody  
affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

chaste, constant—qualified and less attemptable  
than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

**IACHIMO**

That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's  
opinion by this worn out.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

**IACHIMO**

You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would  
abate her nothing, though I profess myself her  
adorer, not her friend.

**IACHIMO**

As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand  
comparison—had been something too fair and too good  
for any lady in Britain. If she went before others  
I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres  
many I have beheld. I could not but believe she  
excelled many: but I have not seen the most  
precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

**IACHIMO**

What do you esteem it at?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

More than the world enjoys.

**IACHIMO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's  
outprized by a trifle.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if  
there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit  
for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale,  
and only the gift of the gods.

***IACHIMO***

Which the gods have given you?

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

Which, by their graces, I will keep.

***IACHIMO***

You may wear her in title yours: but, you know,  
strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your  
ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable  
estimations; the one is but frail and the other  
casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished  
courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier  
to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the  
holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do  
nothing doubt you have store of thieves;  
notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

***PHILARIO***

Let us leave here, gentlemen.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I  
thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

***IACHIMO***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

With five times so much conversation, I should get  
ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even  
to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

No, no.

**IACHIMO**

I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to  
your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it  
something; but I make my wager rather against your  
confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your  
offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any  
lady in the world.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

You are a great deal abused in too bold a  
persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're  
worthy of by your attempt.

**IACHIMO**

What's that?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it,  
deserve more; a punishment too.

**PHILARIO**

Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly;  
let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be  
better acquainted.

**IACHIMO**

Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the  
approbation of what I have spoke!

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

What lady would you choose to assail?

**IACHIMO**

Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.  
I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring,  
that, commend me to the court where your lady is,  
with no more advantage than the opportunity of a  
second conference, and I will bring from thence  
that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring  
I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

**IACHIMO**

You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy  
ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot  
preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some  
religion in you, that you fear.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a  
graver purpose, I hope.

**IACHIMO**

I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo  
what's spoken, I swear.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your  
return: let there be covenants drawn between's: my  
mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your  
unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

**PHILARIO**

I will have it no lay.

**IACHIMO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

***IACHIMO***

Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

Agreed.

*Exeunt POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and IACHIMO*

***Frenchman***

Will this hold, think you?

***PHILARIO***

Signior Iachimo will not from it.  
Pray, let us follow 'em.

*Exeunt*

## Act 1, Scene 5

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS*

**QUEEN**

Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;  
Make haste: who has the note of them?

*First Lady*

I, madam.

**QUEEN**

Dispatch.

*Exeunt Ladies*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

**CORNELIUS**

Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

*Presenting a small box*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—  
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have  
Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
But though slow, deadly?

**QUEEN**

I wonder, doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—  
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

We count not worth the hanging, but none human,  
To try the vigour of them and apply  
Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.

**CORNELIUS**

Your highness  
Shall from this practise but make hard your heart:  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

**QUEEN**

O, content thee.

*Enter PISANIO*

*Aside*

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him  
Will I first work: he's for his master,  
An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;  
Take your own way.

**CORNELIUS**

*[Aside]* I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm.

**QUEEN**

*[To PISANIO]* Hark thee, a word.

**CORNELIUS**

*[Aside]* I do not like her. She doth think she has  
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on  
cats and dogs,  
Then afterward up higher: but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

**QUEEN**

No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

**CORNELIUS**

I humbly take my leave.

*Exit*

**QUEEN**

Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time  
She will not quench and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then  
As great as is thy master, greater, for  
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name  
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is: to shift his being  
Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes comes to decay  
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
To be depender on a thing that leans,  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,  
So much as but to prop him?

*The QUEEN drops the box: PISANIO takes it up*

Thou takest up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial. Nay, I prethee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:  
Think on my words.

*Exit PISANIO*

A sly and constant knave,  
Not to be shaken; the agent for his master  
And the remembrancer of her to hold  
The hand—fast to her lord. I have given him that  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured  
To taste of too.

*Re—enter PISANIO and Ladies*

So, so: well done, well done:  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Think on my words.

*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies*

**PISANIO**

And shall do:  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

*Exit*

## **Act 1, Scene 6**

The same. Another room in the palace.

*Enter IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

A father cruel, and a step—dame false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!  
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief—stol'n,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO*

**PISANIO**

Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,  
Comes from my lord with letters.

**IACHIMO**

Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety  
And greets your highness dearly.

*Presents a letter*

**IMOGEN**

Thanks, good sir:  
You're kindly welcome.

**IACHIMO**

*[Aside]* All of her that is out of door most rich!  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather directly fly.

**IMOGEN**

*[Reads]* 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose  
kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon  
him accordingly, as you value your trust—  
LEONATUS.'  
So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

**IACHIMO**

Thanks, fairest lady.  
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

**IMOGEN**

What makes your admiration?

**IACHIMO**

It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys  
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and  
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment,  
For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allured to feed.

**IMOGEN**

What is the matter, trow?

**IACHIMO**

The cloyed will,  
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub  
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb  
Longs after for the garbage.

**IMOGEN**

What, dear sir,  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

**IACHIMO**

Thanks, madam; well.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*To PISANIO*

Beseech you, sir, desire  
My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.

**PISANIO**

I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome.

*Exit*

**IMOGEN**

Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

**IACHIMO**

Well, madam.

**IMOGEN**

Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

**IACHIMO**

Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

**IMOGEN**

When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

**IACHIMO**

I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—  
Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, cries 'O,  
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows  
By history, report, or his own proof,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be, will his free hours languish for  
Assured bondage?'

**IMOGEN**

Will my lord say so?

**IACHIMO**

Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:  
It is a recreation to be by  
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,  
Some men are much to blame.

**IMOGEN**

Not he, I hope.

**IACHIMO**

Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might  
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;  
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

**IMOGEN**

What do you pity, sir?

**IACHIMO**

Two creatures heartily.

**IMOGEN**

Am I one, sir?  
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me  
Deserves your pity?

**IACHIMO**

Lamentable! What,  
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

**IMOGEN**

I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

**IACHIMO**

That others do—  
I was about to say—enjoy your—But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on 't.

**IMOGEN**

You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—  
Since doubling things go ill often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do; for certainties  
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born—discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

**IACHIMO**

Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as  
With labour; then by—peeping in an eye  
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

**IMOGEN**

My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

**IACHIMO**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And himself. Not I,  
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces  
That from pay mutest conscience to my tongue  
Charms this report out.

**IMOGEN**

Let me hear no more.

**IACHIMO**

O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart  
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,  
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd  
With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures  
That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff  
As well might poison poison! Be revenged;  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

**IMOGEN**

Revenged!  
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—  
As I have such a heart that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,  
How should I be revenged?

**IACHIMO**

Should he make me  
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
More noble than that runagate to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close as sure.

**IMOGEN**

What, ho, Pisanio!

**IACHIMO**

Let me my service tender on your lips.

**IMOGEN**

Away! I do condemn mine ears that have  
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report as thou from honour, and  
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
As in a Romish stew and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
He little cares for and a daughter who  
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

**IACHIMO**

O happy Leonatus! I may say  
The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever  
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,  
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one  
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch  
That he enchants societies into him;  
Half all men's hearts are his.

**IMOGEN**

You make amends.

**IACHIMO**

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:  
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured  
To try your taking a false report; which hath

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him  
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,  
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

**IMOGEN**

All's well, sir: take my power i' the court  
for yours.

**IACHIMO**

My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
And yet of moment to, for it concerns  
Your lord; myself and other noble friends,  
Are partners in the business.

**IMOGEN**

Pray, what is't?

**IACHIMO**

Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—  
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums  
To buy a present for the emperor  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels  
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange,  
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you  
To take them in protection?

**IMOGEN**

Willingly;  
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bedchamber.

**IACHIMO**

They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men: I will make bold

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To send them to you, only for this night;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

**IMOGEN**

O, no, no.

**IACHIMO**

Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word  
By lengthening my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise  
To see your grace.

**IMOGEN**

I thank you for your pains:  
But not away to-morrow!

**IACHIMO**

O, I must, madam:  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:  
I have outstood my time; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

**IMOGEN**

I will write.  
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 1**

Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords*

**CLOTEN**

Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the  
jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes  
must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine  
oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

***First Lord***

What got he by that? You have broke his pate with  
your bowl.

***Second Lord***

*[Aside]* If his wit had been like him that broke it,  
it would have run all out.

***CLOTEN***

When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for  
any standers—by to curtail his oaths, ha?

***Second Lord***

No my lord;

*Aside*

nor crop the ears of them.

***CLOTEN***

Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction?  
Would he had been one of my rank!

***Second Lord***

*[Aside]* To have smelt like a fool.

***CLOTEN***

I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a  
pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am;  
they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my  
mother: every Jack—slave hath his bellyful of  
fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that  
nobody can match.

***Second Lord***

*[Aside]* You are cock and capon too; and you crow,  
cock, with your comb on.

***CLOTEN***

Sayest thou?

***Second Lord***

It is not fit your lordship should undertake every  
companion that you give offence to.

***CLOTEN***

No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit  
offence to my inferiors.

***Second Lord***

Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

***CLOTEN***

Why, so I say.

***First Lord***

Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

***CLOTEN***

A stranger, and I not know on't!

***Second Lord***

*[Aside]* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it  
not.

***First Lord***

There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of  
Leonatus' friends.

***CLOTEN***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another,  
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

*First Lord*

One of your lordship's pages.

*CLOTEN*

Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no  
derogation in't?

*Second Lord*

You cannot derogate, my lord.

*CLOTEN*

Not easily, I think.

*Second Lord*

*[Aside]* You are a fool granted; therefore your  
issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

*CLOTEN*

Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost  
to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

*Second Lord*

I'll attend your lordship.

*Exeunt CLOTEN and First Lord*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,  
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked  
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

*Exit*

## Act 2, Scene 2

Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace:

a trunk in one corner of it.

*IMOGEN in bed, reading; a Lady attending*

**IMOGEN**

Who's there? my woman Helen?

**Lady**

Please you, madam

**IMOGEN**

What hour is it?

**Lady**

Almost midnight, madam.

**IMOGEN**

I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:  
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly

*Exit Lady*

To your protection I commend me, gods.  
From fairies and the tempters of the night  
Guard me, beseech ye.

*Sleeps. IACHIMO comes from the trunk*



**IACHIMO**

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,  
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper  
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows, white and azure laced  
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,  
To note the chamber: I will write all down:  
Such and such pictures; there the window; such  
The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,  
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.  
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

*Taking off her bracelet*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en  
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?  
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down  
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning  
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

*Clock strikes*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

One, two, three: time, time!

*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes*

***Scene III***

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords*

***First Lord***

Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

***CLOTEN***

It would make any man cold to lose.

***First Lord***

But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

***CLOTEN***

Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

***First Lord***

Day, my lord.

***CLOTEN***

I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians*

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

words to it: and then let her consider.

*SONG*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise:  
Arise, arise.

*CLOTEN*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will  
consider your music the better: if it do not, it is  
a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and  
calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to  
boot, can never amend.

*Exeunt Musicians*

*Second Lord*

Here comes the king.

*CLOTEN*

I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I  
was up so early: he cannot choose but take this  
service I have done fatherly.

*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

*CYMBELINE*

Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?  
Will she not forth?

*CLOTEN*

I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

**CYMBELINE**

The exile of her minion is too new;  
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
And then she's yours.

**QUEEN**

You are most bound to the king,  
Who lets go by no vantages that may  
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself  
To orderly soliciting, and be friended  
With aptness of the season; make denials  
Increase your services; so seem as if  
You were inspired to do those duties which  
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

**CLOTEN**

Senseless! not so.

*Enter a Messenger*

**Messenger**

So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;  
The one is Caius Lucius.

**CYMBELINE**

A worthy fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender;  
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,  
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

*Exeunt all but CLOTEN*

**CLOTEN**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still and dream.

*Knocks*

By your leave, ho!  
I know her women are about her: what  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes  
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;  
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what  
Can it not do and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me, for  
I yet not understand the case myself.

*Knocks*

By your leave.

*Enter a Lady*

*Lady*

Who's there that knocks?

*CLOTEN*

A gentleman.

*Lady*

No more?

*CLOTEN*

Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady*

That's more  
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

*CLOTEN*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Your lady's person: is she ready?

*Lady*

Ay,  
To keep her chamber.

*CLOTEN*

There is gold for you;  
Sell me your good report.

*Lady*

How! my good name? or to report of you  
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

*Enter IMOGEN*

*CLOTEN*

Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

*Exit Lady*

*IMOGEN*

Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains  
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks  
And scarce can spare them.

*CLOTEN*

Still, I swear I love you.

*IMOGEN*

If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:  
If you swear still, your recompense is still  
That I regard it not.

*CLOTEN*

This is no answer.

**IMOGEN**

But that you shall not say I yield being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

**CLOTEN**

To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:  
I will not.

**IMOGEN**

Fools are not mad folks.

**CLOTEN**

Do you call me fool?

**IMOGEN**

As I am mad, I do:  
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,  
And am so near the lack of charity—  
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather  
You felt than make't my boast.

**CLOTEN**

You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—  
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,  
On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;  
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil  
The precious note of it with a base slave.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

**IMOGEN**

Profane fellow  
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled  
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated  
For being preferred so well.

**CLOTEN**

The south-fog rot him!

**IMOGEN**

He never can meet more mischance than come  
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

*Enter PISANIO*

**CLOTEN**

'His garment!' Now the devil—

**IMOGEN**

To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

**CLOTEN**

'His garment!'

**IMOGEN**

I am sprited with a fool.  
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman  
Search for a jewel that too casually  
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think



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I saw't this morning: confident I am  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:  
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

**PISANIO**

'Twill not be lost.

**IMOGEN**

I hope so: go and search.

*Exit PISANIO*

**CLOTEN**

You have abused me:  
'His meanest garment!'

**IMOGEN**

Ay, I said so, sir:  
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

**CLOTEN**

I will inform your father.

**IMOGEN**

Your mother too:  
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,  
To the worst of discontent.

*Exit*

**CLOTEN**

I'll be revenged:  
'His meanest garment!' Well.

*Exit*

## Act 2, Scene 4

Rome. Philario's house.

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure  
To win the king as I am bold her honour  
Will remain hers.

**PHILARIO**

What means do you make to him?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Not any, but abide the change of time,  
Quake in the present winter's state and wish  
That warmer days would come: in these sear'd hopes,  
I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

**PHILARIO**

Your very goodness and your company  
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do's commission throughly: and I think  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I do believe,  
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar  
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found  
their courage  
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,  
Now mingled with their courages, will make known

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To their approvers they are people such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO*

**PHILARIO**

See! Iachimo!

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

The swiftest harts have posted you by land;  
And winds of all the comers kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

**PHILARIO**

Welcome, sir.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I hope the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

**IACHIMO**

Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

And therewithal the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts  
And be false with them.

**IACHIMO**

Here are letters for you.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Their tenor good, I trust.

**IACHIMO**

'Tis very like.

***PHILARIO***

Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court  
When you were there?

***IACHIMO***

He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

All is well yet.  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

***IACHIMO***

If I had lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness which  
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

The stone's too hard to come by.

***IACHIMO***

Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

***IACHIMO***

Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question further: but I now

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

If you can make't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour gains or loses  
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

***IACHIMO***

Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

Proceed.

***IACHIMO***

First, her bedchamber,—  
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess  
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on't was—

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

This is true;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

**IACHIMO**

More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

So they must,  
Or do your honour injury.

**IACHIMO**

The chimney  
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

This is a thing  
Which you might from relation likewise reap,  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

**IACHIMO**

The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—  
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

This is her honour!  
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise  
Be given to your remembrance—the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

**IACHIMO**

Then, if you can,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Showing the bracelet*

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!  
And now 'tis up again: it must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Jove!  
Once more let me behold it: is it that  
Which I left with her?

**IACHIMO**

Sir—I thank her—that:  
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said  
She prized it once.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

May be she pluck'd it off  
To send it me.

**IACHIMO**

She writes so to you, doth she?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;

*Gives the ring*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
Where there's another man: the vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.  
O, above measure false!

**PHILARIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
It may be probable she lost it; or  
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stol'n it from her?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring:  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

**IACHIMO**

By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure  
She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal it!  
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoyed her:  
The cognizance of her incontinency  
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore  
thus dearly.  
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

**PHILARIO**

Sir, be patient:  
This is not strong enough to be believed  
Of one persuaded well of—

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Never talk on't;  
She hath been colted by him.

**IACHIMO**

If you seek  
For further satisfying, under her breast—  
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,  
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

**IACHIMO**

Will you hear more?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;  
Once, and a million!

**IACHIMO**

I'll be sworn—

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou'st made me cuckold.

**IACHIMO**

I'll deny nothing.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

O, that I had her here, to tear her limb—meal!  
I will go there and do't, i' the court, before  
Her father. I'll do something—

*Exit*

**PHILARIO**

Quite besides  
The government of patience! You have won:  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

**IACHIMO**

With an my heart.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 5**

Another room in Philario's house.

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Is there no way for men to be but women  
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd  
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with  
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—wast not?—  
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition  
But what he look'd for should oppose and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;  
For even to vice  
They are not constant but are changing still

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better.

*Exit*

## **Act 3, Scene 1**

Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants*

**CYMBELINE**

Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet  
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues  
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—  
Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it—for him  
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately  
Is left untender'd.

**QUEEN**

And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

**CLOTEN**

There be many Caesars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses.

**QUEEN**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume  
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with  
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,  
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest  
Caesar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame: ' with shame—  
That first that ever touch'd him—he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—  
Poor ignorant baubles!— upon our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof  
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—  
O giglot fortune!—to master Caesar's sword,  
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright  
And Britons strut with courage.

**CLOTEN**

Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our  
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,  
as I said, there is no more such Caesars: other of  
them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such  
straight arms, none.

**CYMBELINE**

Son, let your mother end.

**CLOTEN**

We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as  
Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a  
hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If  
Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or  
put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute  
for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

**CYMBELINE**

You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free:  
Caesar's ambition,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' the world, against all colour here  
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be.

*CLOTEN*

|  
| We do.

*Lords*

|

*CYMBELINE*

Say, then, to Caesar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise  
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius made our laws,  
Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown and call'd  
Himself a king.

*CAIUS LUCIUS*

I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar—  
Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than  
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:  
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion  
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*CYMBELINE*

Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida  
So Caesar shall not find them.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Let proof speak.

**CLOTEN**

His majesty bids you welcome. Make  
pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if  
you seek us afterwards in other terms, you  
shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you  
beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in  
the adventure, our crows shall fare the better  
for you; and there's an end.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

So, sir.

**CYMBELINE**

I know your master's pleasure and he mine:  
All the remain is 'Welcome!'

*Exeunt*

## **Act 3, Scene 2**

Another room in the palace.

*Enter PISANIO, with a letter*

**PISANIO**

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,  
O master! what a strange infection  
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,  
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:  
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue. O my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low as were  
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love and truth and vows which I

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity  
so much as this fact comes to?

*Reading*

'Do't: the letter  
that I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.  
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Enter IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

How now, Pisanio!

**PISANIO**

Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

**IMOGEN**

Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!  
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer  
That knew the stars as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not  
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:  
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,  
For it doth physic love: of his content,  
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be  
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers  
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

*Reads*

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me  
in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as  
you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me

with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria,  
at Milford–Haven: what your own love will out of  
this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all  
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,  
increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford–Haven: read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—  
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—  
let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,  
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;  
For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick;  
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is  
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as  
To inherit such a haven: but first of all,  
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence—going  
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence:  
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour?

**PISANIO**

One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you:

*Aside*

and too much too.

**IMOGEN**

Why, one that rode to's execution, man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of  
riding wagers,  
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:  
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently  
A riding—suit, no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.



**PISANIO**

Madam, you're best consider.

**IMOGEN**

I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;  
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say,  
Accessible is none but Milford way.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 3, Scene 3**

Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following*

**BELARIUS**

A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you  
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through  
And keep their impious turbans on, without  
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!  
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

**GUIDERIUS**

Hail, heaven!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Hail, heaven!

**BELARIUS**

Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;  
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off;

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And you may then revolve what tales I have told you  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
Is nobler than attending for a cheque,  
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

**GUIDERIUS**

Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,  
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not  
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,  
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you  
That have a sharper known; well corresponding  
With your stiff age: but unto us it is  
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;  
A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.

**ARVIRAGUS**

What should we speak of  
When we are old as you? when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;  
We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,  
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;  
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

**BELARIUS**

How you speak!  
Did you but know the city's usuries  
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court  
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i'  
the search,  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story  
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd  
With Roman swords, and my report was once  
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not far off: then was I as a tree  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,  
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

**GUIDERIUS**

Uncertain favour!

**BELARIUS**

My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—  
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
I was confederate with the Romans: so  
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years  
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;  
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid  
More pious debts to heaven than in all  
The fore—end of my time. But up to the mountains!  
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
To him the other two shall minister;  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
These boys know little they are sons to the king;  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think they are mine; and though train'd  
up thus meanly  
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them  
In simple and low things to prince it much  
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who

The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story: say 'Thus, mine enemy fell,  
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more  
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused!  
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows  
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for  
their mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave:  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. The game is up.

*Exit*

## Act 3, Scene 4

Country near Milford-Haven.

*Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place  
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!  
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh  
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication: put thyself  
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
A look untender? If't be summer news,  
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!  
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue  
May take off some extremity, which to read

Would be even mortal to me.

**PISANIO**

Please you, read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

**IMOGEN**

*[Reads]* 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the  
strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie  
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises,  
but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain  
as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio,  
must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with  
the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away  
her life: I shall give thee opportunity at  
Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose  
where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain  
it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and  
equally to me disloyal.'

**PISANIO**

What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper  
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens and states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

**IMOGEN**

False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep  
charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

**PISANIO**

Alas, good lady!

**IMOGEN**

I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks  
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

**PISANIO**

Good madam, hear me.

**IMOGEN**

True honest men being heard, like false Aeneas,  
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity  
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;  
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured  
From thy great fall. Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,  
A little witness my obedience: look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief;  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike  
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

**PISANIO**

Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

**IMOGEN**

Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.  
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;  
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: though those that  
are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.  
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself  
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her  
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

**PISANIO**

O gracious lady,  
Since I received command to do this business  
I have not slept one wink.

**IMOGEN**

Do't, and to bed then.

**PISANIO**

I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

**IMOGEN**

Wherefore then  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent? whereunto I never  
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,  
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

The elected deer before thee?

**PISANIO**

But to win time  
To lose so bad employment; in the which  
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

**IMOGEN**

Talk thy tongue weary; speak  
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

**PISANIO**

Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

**IMOGEN**

Most like;  
Bringing me here to kill me.

**PISANIO**

Not so, neither:  
But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be  
But that my master is abused:  
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art.  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

**IMOGEN**

Some Roman courtezan.

**PISANIO**

No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And that will well confirm it.

*IMOGEN*

Why good fellow,  
What shall I do the where? where bide? how live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*PISANIO*

If you'll back to the court---

*IMOGEN*

No court, no father; nor no more ado  
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,  
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

*PISANIO*

If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*IMOGEN*

Where then  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;  
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*PISANIO*

I am most glad  
You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be  
But by self-danger, you should tread a course  
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least  
That though his actions were not visible, yet

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Report should render him hourly to your ear  
As truly as he moves.

*IMOGEN*

O, for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
I would adventure.

*PISANIO*

Well, then, here's the point:  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience: fear and niceness—  
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage:  
Ready in gibes, quick—answer'd, saucy and  
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!  
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch  
Of common—kissing Titan, and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*IMOGEN*

Nay, be brief  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*PISANIO*

First, make yourself but like one.  
Fore—thinking this, I have already fit—  
'Tis in my cloak—bag—doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: would you in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him know,  
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable  
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,  
You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment.

**IMOGEN**

Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even  
All that good time will give us: this attempt  
I am soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

**PISANIO**

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,  
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:  
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

**IMOGEN**

Amen: I thank thee.

*Exeunt, severally*

## **Act 3, Scene 5**

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, and Attendants*

**CYMBELINE**

Thus far; and so farewell.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Thanks, royal sir.  
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;  
And am right sorry that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

**CYMBELINE**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

So, sir: I desire of you  
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.  
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

**QUEEN**

And you!

**CYMBELINE**

My lords, you are appointed for that office;  
The due of honour in no point omit.  
So farewell, noble Lucius.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Your hand, my lord.

**CLOTEN**

Receive it friendly; but from this time forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

**CYMBELINE**

Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords*

**QUEEN**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

He goes hence frowning: but it honours us  
That we have given him cause.

***CLOTEN***

'Tis all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

***CYMBELINE***

Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

***QUEEN***

'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

***CYMBELINE***

Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: she looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty:  
We have noted it. Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

*Exit an Attendant*

***QUEEN***

Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady  
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes  
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter Attendant*

**CYMBELINE**

Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

**Attendant**

Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

**QUEEN**

My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

**CYMBELINE**

Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
Prove false!

*Exit*

**QUEEN**

Son, I say, follow the king.

**CLOTEN**

That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
have not seen these two days.

**QUEEN**

Go, look after.

*Exit CLOTEN*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!  
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her,  
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown  
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is  
To death or to dishonour; and my end  
Can make good use of either: she being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN*

How now, my son!

**CLOTEN**

'Tis certain she is fled.  
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

**QUEEN**

*[Aside]* All the better: may  
This night forestall him of the coming day!

*Exit*

**CLOTEN**

I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but  
Disdaining me and throwing favours on  
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment  
That what's else rare is choked; and in that point  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be revenged upon her. For when fools Shall—

*Enter PISANIO*

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?  
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,  
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Thou art straightway with the fiends.

**PISANIO**

O, good my lord!

**CLOTEN**

Where is thy lady? Or, by Jupiter,—  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

**PISANIO**

Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she missed?  
He is in Rome.

**CLOTEN**

Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
No further halting: satisfy me home  
What is become of her.

**PISANIO**

O, my all-worthy lord!

**CLOTEN**

All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is at once,  
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

**PISANIO**

Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight.



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Presenting a letter*

**CLOTEN**

Let's see't. I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne.

**PISANIO**

*[Aside]* Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

**CLOTEN**

Hum!

**PISANIO**

*[Aside]* I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,  
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

**CLOTEN**

Sirrah, is this letter true?

**PISANIO**

Sir, as I think.

**CLOTEN**

It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou  
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,  
undergo those employments wherein I should have  
cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is,  
what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it  
directly and truly, I would think thee an honest  
man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy  
relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

**PISANIO**

Well, my good lord.

**CLOTEN**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine: wilt thou serve me?

**PISANIO**

Sir, I will.

**CLOTEN**

Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

**PISANIO**

I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

**CLOTEN**

The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy lint service; go.

**PISANIO**

I shall, my lord.

*Exit*

**CLOTEN**

Meet thee at Milford-Haven!--I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:--even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time--the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart--that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,--which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot  
her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly,  
and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re—enter PISANIO, with the clothes*

Be those the garments?

**PISANIO**

Ay, my noble lord.

**CLOTEN**

How long is't since she went to Milford—Haven?

**PISANIO**

She can scarce be there yet.

**CLOTEN**

Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second  
thing that I have commanded thee: the third is,  
that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be  
but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself  
to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had  
wings to follow it! Come, and be true.

*Exit*

**PISANIO**

Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee  
Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
To him that is most true. To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,  
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed  
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

*Exit*

## Act 3, Scene 6

Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

*Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes*

**IMOGEN**

I see a man's life is a tedious one:  
I have tired myself, and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,  
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think  
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,  
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me  
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness  
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:  
I were best not to call; I dare not call:  
yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant,  
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever  
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here?  
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.  
Best draw my sword: and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens!

*Exit, to the cave*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

**BELARIUS**

You, Polydote, have proved best woodman and  
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I  
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:  
The sweat of industry would dry and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

**GUIDERIUS**

I am thoroughly weary.

**ARVIRAGUS**

I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

**GUIDERIUS**

There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,  
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

**BELARIUS**

*[Looking into the cave]*  
Stay; come not in.  
But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

**GUIDERIUS**

What's the matter, sir?

**BELARIUS**

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Re-enter IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd or bought what I have took:  
good troth,  
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found  
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:  
I would have left it on the board so soon  
As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

**GUIDERIUS**

Money, youth?

**ARVIRAGUS**

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

**IMOGEN**

I see you're angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died had I not made it.

**BELARIUS**

Whither bound?

**IMOGEN**

To Milford–Haven.

**BELARIUS**

What's your name?

**IMOGEN**

Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fall'n in this offence.

**BELARIUS**

Prithee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.  
Boys, bid him welcome.

**GUIDERIUS**

Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,  
I bid for you as I'd buy.

**ARVIRAGUS**

I'll make't my comfort  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

**IMOGEN**

'Mongst friends,  
If brothers.

*Aside*

Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize  
Been less, and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus.

**BELARIUS**

He wrings at some distress.

**GUIDERIUS**

Would I could free't!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Or I, whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. God's!

**BELARIUS**

Hark, boys.

*Whispering*

**IMOGEN**

Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by  
That nothing—gift of differing multitudes—  
Could not out—peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus's false.

**BELARIUS**

It shall be so.  
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

**GUIDERIUS**

Pray, draw near.

**ARVIRAGUS**

The night to the owl and morn to the lark  
less welcome.

**IMOGEN**

Thanks, sir.

**ARVIRAGUS**

I pray, draw near.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 3, Scene 7**

Rome. A public place.

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes*

**First Senator**

This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:  
That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius preconsul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commends



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida  
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

***First Tribune***

Is Lucius general of the forces?

***Second Senator***

Ay.

***First Tribune***

Remaining now in Gallia?

***First Senator***

With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
Of their dispatch.

***First Tribune***

We will discharge our duty.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 1**

Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

*Enter CLOTEN*

***CLOTEN***

I am near to the place where they should meet, if  
Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments  
serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by  
him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the  
rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said  
a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must  
play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it  
is not vain—glory for a man and his glass to confer  
in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are  
as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong,  
not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the  
advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike

conversant in general services, and more remarkable  
in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant  
thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is!  
Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy  
shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy  
mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before  
thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her  
father; who may haply be a little angry for my so  
rough usage; but my mother, having power of his  
testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My  
horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore  
purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is  
the very description of their meeting-place; and  
the fellow dares not deceive me.

*Exit*

## Act 4, Scene 2

Before the cave of Belarius.

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN*

**BELARIUS**

*[To IMOGEN]* You are not well: remain here in the cave;  
We'll come to you after hunting.

**ARVIRAGUS** *[To IMOGEN]*

Brother, stay here  
Are we not brothers?

**IMOGEN**

So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

**GUIDERIUS**

Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

**IMOGEN**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

So sick I am not, yet I am not well;  
But not so citizen a wanton as  
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;  
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom  
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:  
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

**GUIDERIUS**

I love thee; I have spoke it  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

**BELARIUS**

What! how! how!

**ARVIRAGUS**

If it be sin to say so, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say  
'My father, not this youth.'

**BELARIUS [Aside]**

O noble strain!  
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.  
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.  
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Brother, farewell.

**IMOGEN**

I wish ye sport.

**ARVIRAGUS**

You health. So please you, sir.

**IMOGEN**

*[Aside]* These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies  
I have heard!  
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!  
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Swallows some*

**GUIDERIUS**

I could not stir him:  
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter  
I might know more.

**BELARIUS**

To the field, to the field!  
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

**ARVIRAGUS**

We'll not be long away.

**BELARIUS**

Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

**IMOGEN**

Well or ill,  
I am bound to you.

**BELARIUS**

And shalt be ever.

*Exit IMOGEN, to the cave*

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had  
Good ancestors.

**ARVIRAGUS**

How angel-like he sings!

**GUIDERIUS**

But his neat cookery! he cut our roots  
In characters,  
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick  
And he her dieter.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

**GUIDERIUS**

I do note  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

**BELARIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

It is great morning. Come, away!—  
Who's there?

*Enter CLOTEN*

**CLOTEN**

I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

**BELARIUS**

'Those runagates!'  
Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis  
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

**GUIDERIUS**

He is but one: you and my brother search  
What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him.

*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS*

**CLOTEN**

Soft! What are you  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

**GUIDERIUS**

A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
A slave without a knock.

**CLOTEN**

Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

**GUIDERIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee?

**CLOTEN**

Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

**GUIDERIUS**

No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

**CLOTEN**

Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

**GUIDERIUS**

Hence, then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
I am loath to beat thee.

**CLOTEN**

Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

**GUIDERIUS**

What's thy name?

**CLOTEN**

Cloten, thou villain.

**GUIDERIUS**

Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Adder, Spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

**CLOTEN**

To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I am son to the queen.

**GUIDERIUS**

I am sorry for 't; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

**CLOTEN**

Art not afeard?

**GUIDERIUS**

Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

**CLOTEN**

Die the death:  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:  
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

*Exeunt, fighting*

*Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS*

**BELARIUS**

No companies abroad?

**ARVIRAGUS**

None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

**BELARIUS**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

**ARVIRAGUS**

In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

**BELARIUS**

Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head*

**GUIDERIUS**

This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;  
There was no money in't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head as I do his.

**BELARIUS**

What hast thou done?

**GUIDERIUS**

I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in  
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,  
And set them on Lud's—town.

**BELARIUS**

We are all undone.

**GUIDERIUS**

Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us: then why should we be tender  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,  
Play judge and executioner all himself,  
For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

**BELARIUS**

No single soul  
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his humour  
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have raved  
To bring him here alone; although perhaps  
It may be heard at court that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—  
As it is like him—might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

**BELARIUS**

I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

**GUIDERIUS**

With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reckon.

*Exit*

**BELARIUS**

I fear 'twill be revenged:  
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Would I had done't  
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through  
And put us to our answer.

**BELARIUS**

Well, 'tis done:  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll weringly to him: to gain his colour  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,  
And praise myself for charity.

*Exit*

**BELARIUS**

O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS*

**GUIDERIUS**

Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage  
For his return.

*Solemn music*

**BELARIUS**

My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

**GUIDERIUS**

Is he at home?

**BELARIUS**

He went hence even now.

**GUIDERIUS**

What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother  
it did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

**BELARIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
Of what we blame him for.

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead, bearing her in his arms*

**ARVIRAGUS**

The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

**GUIDERIUS**

O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

**BELARIUS**

O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.  
How found you him?

**ARVIRAGUS**

Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some fly hid tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his  
right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

**GUIDERIUS**

Where?

**ARVIRAGUS**

O' the floor;  
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

**GUIDERIUS**

Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

**ARVIRAGUS**

With fairest flowers  
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.

**GUIDERIUS**

Prithee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. To the grave!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Say, where shall's lay him?

**GUIDERIUS**

By good Euriphile, our mother.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Be't so:  
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
As once our mother; use like note and words,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

**GUIDERIUS**

Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

**ARVIRAGUS**

We'll speak it, then.

**BELARIUS**

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten  
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that: though mean and  
mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

**GUIDERIUS**

Pray You, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.

**ARVIRAGUS**

If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

*Exit BELARIUS*

**GUIDERIUS**

Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;  
My father hath a reason for't.

**ARVIRAGUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

'Tis true.

**GUIDERIUS**

Come on then, and remove him.

**ARVIRAGUS**

So. Begin.

*SONG*

**GUIDERIUS**

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

**GUIDERIUS**

Fear no more the lightning flash,

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

**GUIDERIUS**

Fear not slander, censure rash;

**ARVIRAGUS**

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

**GUIDERIUS**



|  
| All lovers young, all lovers must

**ARVIRAGUS**

| Consign to thee, and come to dust.

**GUIDERIUS**

No exorciser harm thee!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

**GUIDERIUS**

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Nothing ill come near thee!

**GUIDERIUS**

|  
| Quiet consummation have;

**ARVIRAGUS**

| And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN*

**GUIDERIUS**

We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

**BELARIUS**

Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:  
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.  
The ground that gave them first has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

*IMOGEN*

*[Awaking]* Yes, sir, to Milford–Haven; which is  
the way?—  
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?  
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—  
I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.  
But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!

*Seeing the body of CLOTEN*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;  
For so I thought I was a cave–keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,  
I tremble stiff with fear: but if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.  
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!  
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;  
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;  
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face  
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,  
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,  
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read  
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio  
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main–top! O Posthumus! alas,  
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!  
where's that?  
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?  
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
And cordial to me, have I not found it  
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horridier may seem to those  
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Falls on the body*

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer*

*Captain*

To them the legions garrison'd in Gailia,  
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending  
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:  
They are in readiness.

*CAIUS LUCIUS*

But what from Rome?

*Captain*

The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners  
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service: and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Syenna's brother.

*CAIUS LUCIUS*

When expect you them?

*Captain*

With the next benefit o' the wind.

*CAIUS LUCIUS*

This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers  
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

*Soothsayer*

Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—  
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—  
Unless my sins abuse my divination—  
Success to the Roman host.

*CAIUS LUCIUS*

Dream often so,  
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime  
It was a worthy building. How! a page!  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Captain*

He's alive, my lord.

*CAIUS LUCIUS*

He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
They crave to be demanded. Who is this  
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

*IMOGEN*

I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!  
There is no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*CAIUS LUCIUS*

'Lack, good youth!  
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than  
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

*IMOGEN*

Richard du Champ.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Aside*

If I do lie and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Thy name?

**IMOGEN**

Fidele, sir.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,  
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

**IMOGEN**

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Ay, good youth!  
And rather father thee than master thee.  
My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

*Exeunt*

## Act 4, Scene 3

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants*

**CYMBELINE**

Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

*Exit an Attendant*

A fever with the absence of her son,  
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen  
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure and  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

**PISANIO**

Sir, my life is yours;  
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,  
Hold me your loyal servant.

**First Lord**

Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing he was here:  
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will, no doubt, be found.

**CYMBELINE**

The time is troublesome.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*To PISANIO*

We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy  
Does yet depend.

*First Lord*

So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast, with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*CYMBELINE*

Now for the counsel of my son and queen!  
I am amazed with matter.

*First Lord*

Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of: come more, for more  
you're ready:  
The want is but to put those powers in motion  
That long to move.

*CYMBELINE*

I thank you. Let's withdraw;  
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us; but  
We grieve at chances here. Away!

*Exeunt all but PISANIO*

*PISANIO*

I heard no letter from my master since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress who did promise  
To yield me often tidings: neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.  
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.  
These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

*Exit*

## Act 4, Scene 4

Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS. GUIDERIUS* The noise is round about us.*BELARIUS* Let us from it.*ARVIRAGUS* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure?*GUIDERIUS* Nay, what hope Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us For barbarous and unnatural revolts During their use, and slay us after.*BELARIUS* Sons, We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us. To the king's party there's no going: newness Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd Among the bands—may drive us to a render Where we have lived, and so extort from's that Which we have done, whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture.*GUIDERIUS* This is, sir, a doubt In such a time nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying us.*ARVIRAGUS* It is not likely That when they hear the Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our note, To know from whence we are.*BELARIUS* O, I am known Of many in the army: many years, Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him From my remembrance. And, besides, the king Hath not deserved my service nor your loves; Who find in my exile the want of breeding, The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless To have the courtesy your cradle promised, But to be still hot summer's tamings and The shrinking slaves of winter.*GUIDERIUS* Than be so Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army: I and my brother are not known; yourself So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown, Cannot be question'd.*ARVIRAGUS* By this sun that shines, I'll thither: what thing is it that I never Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood, But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison! Never bestrid a horse, save one that had A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed To look upon the holy sun, to have The benefit of his blest beams, remaining So long a poor unknown.*GUIDERIUS* By heavens, I'll go: If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave, I'll take the better care, but if you will not, The hazard therefore due fall on me by The hands of Romans!*ARVIRAGUS* So say I amen.*BELARIUS* No reason I, since of your lives you set So slight a valuation, should reserve My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys! If in your country wars you chance to die, That is my bed too, lads, an there I'll lie: Lead, lead. [*Aside*]

The time seems long; their blood  
thinks scorn,  
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

*Exeunt*

## Act 5, Scene 1

Britain. The Roman camp.

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief*



**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd  
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves  
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands:  
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck  
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,  
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
To have them fall no more: you some permit  
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,  
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.  
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,  
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither  
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,  
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without and more within.

*Exit*

## **Act 5, Scene 2**

Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

*Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: from the other side, the British Army; POSTHUMUS LEONATUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS LEONATUS he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him*

**IACHIMO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.

*Exit*

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

**BELARIUS**

Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;  
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but  
The villany of our fears.

**GUIDERIUS**

|  
| Stand, stand, and fight!

**ARVIRAGUS**

|

*Re-enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN*

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hoodwink'd.

**IACHIMO**

'Tis their fresh supplies.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
Let's reinforce, or fly.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 5, Scene 3**

Another part of the field.

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and a British Lord*

*Lord*

Camest thou from where they made the stand?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I did.  
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord*

I did.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
But that the heavens fought: the king himself  
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; that the straight pass was damm'd  
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord*

Where was this lane?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;  
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

So long a breeding as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run  
The country base than to commit such slaughter  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cased, or shame—  
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;  
Or we are Romans and will give you that  
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,  
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.'  
These three,  
Three thousand confident, in act as many—  
For three performers are the file when all  
The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand, stand,'  
Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,  
turn'd coward  
But by example—O, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began  
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon  
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,  
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,  
Like fragments in hard voyages, became  
The life o' the need: having found the backdoor open  
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!  
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends  
O'er borne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter—man of twenty:  
Those that would die or ere resist are grown  
The mortal bugs o' the field.

*Lord*

This was strange chance  
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

*POSTHUMUS LEONATUS*

Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

*Lord*

Nay, be not angry, sir.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

'Lack, to what end?  
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;  
For if he'll do as he is made to do,  
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord*

Farewell; you're angry.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Still going?

*Exit Lord*

This is a lord! O noble misery,  
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!  
To-day how many would have given their honours  
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,  
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,  
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him  
For being now a favourer to the Briton,  
No more a Briton, I have resumed again  
The part I came in: fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be  
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;  
On either side I come to spend my breath;  
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains and Soldiers*

***First Captain***

Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken.  
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

***Second Captain***

There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave the affront with them.

***First Captain***

So 'tis reported:  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's there?

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

A Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

***Second Captain***

Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags  
his service  
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants,  
and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS LEONATUS to CYMBELINE, who  
delivers him over to a Gaoler: then exeunt omnes*

## **Act 5, Scene 4**

A British prison.

*Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and two Gaolers*

***First Gaoler***

You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;  
So graze as you find pasture.

*Second Gaoler*

Ay, or a stomach.

*Exeunt Gaolers*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Most welcome, bondage! for thou art away,  
think, to liberty: yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured  
By the sure physician, death, who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd  
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me  
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,  
Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.  
I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement: that's not my desire:  
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence.

*Sleeps*

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus Leonatus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus Leonatus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus Leonatus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus Leonatus round, as he lies sleeping*

**Sicilius Leonatus**

No more, thou thunder-master, show  
Thy spite on mortal flies:  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Rates and revenges.  
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
Whose face I never saw?  
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending nature's law:  
Whose father then, as men report  
Thou orphans' father art,  
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

***Mother***

Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity!

***Sicilius Leonatus***

Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserved the praise o' the world,  
As great Sicilius' heir.

***First Brother***

When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel;  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

***Mother***

With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exiled, and thrown  
From Leonati seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

***Sicilius Leonatus***

Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the geck and scorn  
O' th' other's villany?

***Second Brother***

For this from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents and us twain,  
That striking in our country's cause  
Fell bravely and were slain,  
Our fealty and Tenantius' right  
With honour to maintain.

***First Brother***

Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due,  
Being all to dolours turn'd?

***Sicilius Leonatus***

Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise  
Upon a valiant race thy harsh  
And potent injuries.

***Mother***

Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

***Sicilius Leonatus***

Peep through thy marble mansion; help;  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of the rest  
Against thy deity.

***First Brother***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

| Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,  
| And from thy justice fly.

***Second Brother***

|

*Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Apparitions fall on their knees*

***Jupiter***

No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,  
Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest  
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:  
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;  
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;  
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:  
and so, away: no further with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.  
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

*Ascends*

***Sicilius Leonatus***

He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
Stoop'd as to foot us: his ascension is  
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,  
As when his god is pleased.

***All***

Thanks, Jupiter!

*Sicilius Leonatus*

The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd  
His radiant root. Away! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

*The Apparitions vanish*

*Posthumus Leonatus*

[*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot  
A father to me; and thou hast created  
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:  
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,  
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in favours: so am I,  
That have this golden chance and know not why.  
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

*Reads*

'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,  
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of  
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be  
lopped branches, which, being dead many years,  
shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and  
freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,  
Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'  
'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;  
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter First Gaoler*

*First Gaoler*

Come, sir, are you ready for death?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

**First Gaoler**

Hanging is the word, sir: if  
you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

So, if I prove a good repast to the  
spectators, the dish pays the shot.

**First Gaoler**

A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is,  
you shall be called to no more payments, fear no  
more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of  
parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in  
flint for want of meat, depart reeling with too  
much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and  
sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain  
both empty; the brain the heavier for being too  
light, the purse too light, being drawn of  
heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be  
quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! It sums up  
thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and  
creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come,  
the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and  
counters; so the acquittance follows.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

**First Gaoler**

Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the  
tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your  
sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he  
would change places with his officer; for, look you,  
sir, you know not which way you shall go.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

***First Gaoler***

Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or do take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

***First Gaoler***

What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger*

***Messenger***

Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

***First Gaoler***

I'll be hang'd then.

***POSTHUMUS LEONATUS***

Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

*Exeunt POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and Messenger*

***First Gaoler***

Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

too that die against their wills; so should I, if I  
were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one  
mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and  
gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but  
my wish hath a preferment in 't.

*Exeunt*

## Act 5, Scene 5

Cymbeline's tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants*

**CYMBELINE**

Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made  
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart  
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,  
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before larges of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

**BELARIUS**

I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promises nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

**CYMBELINE**

No tidings of him?

**PISANIO**

He hath been search'd among the dead and living,  
But no trace of him.

**CYMBELINE**

To my grief, I am  
The heir of his reward;

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,  
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

**BELARIUS**

Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

**CYMBELINE**

Bow your knees.  
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you  
Companions to our person and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies*

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o' the court of Britain.

**CORNELIUS**

Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

**CYMBELINE**

Who worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

**CORNELIUS**

With horror, madly dying, like her life,  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I will report, so please you: these her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks  
Were present when she finish'd.

**CYMBELINE**

Prithee, say.

**CORNELIUS**

First, she confess'd she never loved you, only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

**CYMBELINE**

She alone knew this;  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

**CORNELIUS**

Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

**CYMBELINE**

O most delicate fiend!  
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

**CORNELIUS**

More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had  
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering  
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,  
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown:  
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless—desperate; open'd, in despite



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so  
Despairing died.

**CYMBELINE**

Heard you all this, her women?

**First Lady**

We did, so please your highness.

**CYMBELINE**

Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming; it had  
been vicious  
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS  
LEONATUS behind, and IMOGEN*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute that  
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit  
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter  
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:  
So think of your estate.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool,  
have threaten'd  
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which I make bold your highness  
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

**CYMBELINE**

I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,  
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,  
To say 'live, boy:' ne'er thank thy master; live:  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

**IMOGEN**

I humbly thank your highness.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
And yet I know thou wilt.

**IMOGEN**

No, no: alack,  
There's other work in hand: I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

**CYMBELINE**

What wouldst thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more: think more and more

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,  
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

**IMOGEN**

He is a Roman; no more kin to me  
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

**CYMBELINE**

Wherefore eyest him so?

**IMOGEN**

I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

**CYMBELINE**

Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

**IMOGEN**

Fidele, sir.

**CYMBELINE**

Thou'rt my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart*

**BELARIUS**

Is not this boy revived from death?

**ARVIRAGUS**

One sand another  
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad  
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

**GUIDERIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

The same dead thing alive.

**BELARIUS**

Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;  
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

**GUIDERIUS**

But we saw him dead.

**BELARIUS**

Be silent; let's see further.

**PISANIO** [*Aside*]

It is my mistress:  
Since she is living, let the time run on  
To good or bad.

*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward*

**CYMBELINE**

Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud.

*To IACHIMO*

Sir, step you forth;  
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;  
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

**IMOGEN**

My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

[*Aside*] What's that to him?

**CYMBELINE**

That diamond upon your finger, say  
How came it yours?

**IACHIMO**

Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

**CYMBELINE**

How! me?

**IACHIMO**

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
Which torments me to conceal. By villany  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may  
grieve thee,  
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

**CYMBELINE**

All that belongs to this.

**IACHIMO**

That paragon, thy daughter,—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

**CYMBELINE**

My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:  
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will  
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

**IACHIMO**

Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accursed  
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would  
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthumus—  
What should I say? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva.  
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,  
Fairness which strikes the eye—

**CYMBELINE**

I stand on fire:  
Come to the matter.

**IACHIMO**

All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,  
Most like a noble lord in love and one  
That had a royal lover, took his hint;  
And, not dispraising whom we praised,—therein  
He was as calm as virtue—he began  
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue  
being made,  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen-trolls, or his description  
Proved us unspeaking sots.

**CYMBELINE**

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

**IACHIMO**

Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.  
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of's bed and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;

And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain  
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,  
Remember me at court; where I was taught  
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd  
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:  
And, to be brief, my practise so prevail'd,  
That I return'd with simular proof enough  
To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
By wounding his belief in her renown  
With tokens thus, and thus; averting notes  
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—  
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks  
Of secret on her person, that he could not  
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—  
Methinks, I see him now—

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

*[Advancing]* Ay, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,  
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out  
For torturers ingenious: it is I  
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend  
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie—  
That caused a lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple  
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
Be call'd Posthumus Leonitus; and  
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!  
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
Imogen, Imogen!

**IMOGEN**

Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,  
There lie thy part.

*Striking her: she falls*

**PISANIO**

O, gentlemen, help!  
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!  
You ne'er kill'd Imogen til now. Help, help!  
Mine honour'd lady!

**CYMBELINE**

Does the world go round?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

How come these staggers on me?

**PISANIO**

Wake, my mistress!

**CYMBELINE**

If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

**PISANIO**

How fares thy mistress?

**IMOGEN**

O, get thee from my sight;  
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not where princes are.

**CYMBELINE**

The tune of Imogen!

**PISANIO**

Lady,  
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

**CYMBELINE**

New matter still?

**IMOGEN**

It poison'd me.

**CORNELIUS**

O gods!  
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd.  
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio  
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served  
As I would serve a rat.'

**CYMBELINE**

What's this, Cornelius?

**CORNELIUS**

The queen, sir, very oft importuned me  
To temper poisons for her, still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life, but in short time  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

**IMOGEN**

Most like I did, for I was dead.

**BELARIUS**

My boys,  
There was our error.

**GUIDERIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

This is, sure, Fidele.

**IMOGEN**

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?  
Think that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again.

*Embracing him*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Hang there like a fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die!

**CYMBELINE**

How now, my flesh, my child!  
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?  
Wilt thou not speak to me?

**IMOGEN**

*[Kneeling]* Your blessing, sir.

**BELARIUS**

*[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS]* Though you did love  
this youth, I blame ye not:  
You had a motive for't.

**CYMBELINE**

My tears that fall  
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
Thy mother's dead.

**IMOGEN**

I am sorry for't, my lord.

**CYMBELINE**

O, she was nought; and long of her it was  
That we meet here so strangely: but her son  
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

**PISANIO**

My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket; which directed him  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he enforced from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour: what became of him  
I further know not.

**GUIDERIUS**

Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.

**CYMBELINE**

Marry, the gods forfend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a bard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

**GUIDERIUS**

I have spoke it, and I did it.

**CYMBELINE**

He was a prince.

**GUIDERIUS**

A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

**CYMBELINE**

I am sorry for thee:  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

**IMOGEN**

That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

**CYMBELINE**

Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

**BELARIUS**

Stay, sir king:  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for.

*To the Guard*

Let his arms alone;  
They were not born for bondage.

**CYMBELINE**

Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

**ARVIRAGUS**

In that he spake too far.

**CYMBELINE**

And thou shalt die for't.

**BELARIUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

We will die all three:  
But I will prove that two on's are as good  
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Your danger's ours.

**GUIDERIUS**

And our good his.

**BELARIUS**

Have at it then, by leave.  
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

**CYMBELINE**

What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

**BELARIUS**

He it is that hath  
Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;  
I know not how a traitor.

**CYMBELINE**

Take him hence:  
The whole world shall not save him.

**BELARIUS**

Not too hot:  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have received it.

**CYMBELINE**

Nursing of my sons!

**BELARIUS**

I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

**CYMBELINE**

How! my issue!

**BELARIUS**

So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—  
For such and so they are—these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment: I moved her to't,  
Having received the punishment before,  
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

**CYMBELINE**

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service that you three have done is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

**BELARIUS**

Be pleased awhile.  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which for more probation  
I can with ease produce.

**CYMBELINE**

Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.

**BELARIUS**

This is he;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

**CYMBELINE**

O, what, am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
may reign in them now! O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

**IMOGEN**

No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.

**CYMBELINE**

Did you e'er meet?

**ARVIRAGUS**

Ay, my good lord.

**GUIDERIUS**

And at first meeting loved;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

**CORNELIUS**

By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

**CYMBELINE**

O rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce  
abridgement  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived You?  
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?  
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,  
And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
And all the other by-dependencies,  
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place  
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brother, me, her master, hitting  
Each object with a joy: the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

*To BELARIUS*

Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

**IMOGEN**

You are my father too, and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season.

**CYMBELINE**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

**IMOGEN**

My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Happy be you!

**CYMBELINE**

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well become'd this place, and graced  
The thankings of a king.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might  
Have made you finish.

**IACHIMO**

*[Kneeling]* I am down again:  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,  
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Kneel not to me:  
The power that I have on you is, to spare you;  
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,  
And deal with others better.

**CYMBELINE**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Nobly doom'd!  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;  
Pardon's the word to all.

**ARVIRAGUS**

You holp us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we that you are.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows  
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection of it: let him show  
His skill in the construction.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Philarmonus!

***Soothsayer***

Here, my good lord.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**

Read, and declare the meaning.

***Soothsayer***

*[Reads]* 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself  
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a  
piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar  
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many  
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old  
stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end  
his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in  
peace and plenty.'  
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leonatus, doth import so much.

*To CYMBELINE*

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'  
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

**CYMBELINE**

This hath some seeming.

*Soothsayer*

The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,  
For many years thought dead, are now revived,  
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

**CYMBELINE**

Well  
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Soothsayer*

The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun  
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Caesar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

**CYMBELINE**

Laud we the gods;  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave  
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.  
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

*Exeunt*

# Measure for Measure

## Act 1, Scene 1

An apartment in the DUKE'S palace.

*Enter DUKE VINCENTIO, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Escalus.

**ESCALUS**

My lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Of government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;  
Since I am put to know that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice  
My strength can give you: then no more remains,  
But that to your sufficiency [ ]  
[ ] as your Worth is able,  
And let them work. The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms  
For common justice, you're as pregnant in  
As art and practise hath enriched any  
That we remember. There is our commission,  
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,  
I say, bid come before us Angelo.

*Exit an Attendant*

What figure of us think you he will bear?  
For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply,  
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,  
And given his deputation all the organs  
Of our own power: what think you of it?

**ESCALUS**

If any in Vienna be of worth  
To undergo such ample grace and honour,  
It is Lord Angelo.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

Look where he comes.

*Enter ANGELO*

***ANGELO***

Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

Angelo,  
There is a kind of character in thy life,  
That to the observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd  
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advertise;  
Hold therefore, Angelo:—  
In our remove be thou at full ourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary.  
Take thy commission.

***ANGELO***

Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure  
Be stamp'd upon it.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

No more evasion:

We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition  
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall importune,  
How it goes with us, and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well;  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
Of your commissions.

**ANGELO**

Yet give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you something on the way.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do  
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:  
I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Through it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

**ANGELO**

The heavens give safety to your purposes!

**ESCALUS**

Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

**DUKE**

I thank you. Fare you well.

*Exit*

**ESCALUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place:  
A power I have, but of what strength and nature  
I am not yet instructed.

**ANGELO**

'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

**ESCALUS**

I'll wait upon your honour.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 1, Scene 2**

A Street.

*Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen*

**LUCIO**

If the duke with the other dukes come not to  
composition with the King of Hungary, why then all  
the dukes fall upon the king.

**First Gentleman**

Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of  
Hungary's!

**Second Gentleman**

Amen.

**LUCIO**

Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that  
went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped  
one out of the table.



*Second Gentleman*

"Thou shalt not steal"?

*LUCIO*

Ay, that he razed.

*First Gentleman*

Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and  
all the rest from their functions: they put forth  
to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in  
the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition  
well that prays for peace.

*Second Gentleman*

I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*LUCIO*

I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where  
grace was said.

*Second Gentleman*

No? a dozen times at least.

*First Gentleman*

What, in metre?

*LUCIO*

In any proportion or in any language.

*First Gentleman*

I think, or in any religion.

*LUCIO*

Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all  
controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a  
wicked villain, despite of all grace.

*First Gentleman*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

**LUCIO**

I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

**First Gentleman**

And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

**LUCIO**

I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

**First Gentleman**

I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

**Second Gentleman**

Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

**LUCIO**

Behold, behold. where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

**Second Gentleman**

To what, I pray?

**LUCIO**

Judge.

**Second Gentleman**

To three thousand dolours a year.

*First Gentleman*

Ay, and more.

*LUCIO*

A French crown more.

*First Gentleman*

Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou  
art full of error; I am sound.

*LUCIO*

Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as  
things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow;  
impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE*

*First Gentleman*

How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

*MISTRESS OVERDONE*

Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried  
to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

*Second Gentleman*

Who's that, I pray thee?

*MISTRESS OVERDONE*

Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

*First Gentleman*

Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

*MISTRESS OVERDONE*

Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested, saw  
him carried away; and, which is more, within these  
three days his head to be chopped off.

**LUCIO**

But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so.  
Art thou sure of this?

**MISTRESS OVERDONE**

I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam  
Julietta with child.

**LUCIO**

Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two  
hours since, and he was ever precise in  
promise-keeping.

**Second Gentleman**

Besides, you know, it draws something near to the  
speech we had to such a purpose.

**First Gentleman**

But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

**LUCIO**

Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen*

**MISTRESS OVERDONE**

Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what  
with the gallows and what with poverty, I am  
custom-shrunk.

*Enter POMPEY*

How now! what's the news with you?

**POMPEY**

Yonder man is carried to prison.

***MISTRESS OVERDONE***

Well; what has he done?

***POMPEY***

A woman.

***MISTRESS OVERDONE***

But what's his offence?

***POMPEY***

Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

***MISTRESS OVERDONE***

What, is there a maid with child by him?

***POMPEY***

No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

***MISTRESS OVERDONE***

What proclamation, man?

***POMPEY***

All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

***MISTRESS OVERDONE***

And what shall become of those in the city?

***POMPEY***

They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

***MISTRESS OVERDONE***

But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

***POMPEY***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To the ground, mistress.

***MISTRESS OVERDONE***

Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth!  
What shall become of me?

***POMPEY***

Come; fear you not: good counsellors lack no  
clients: though you change your place, you need not  
change your trade; I'll be your tapster still.  
Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that  
have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you  
will be considered.

***MISTRESS OVERDONE***

What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

***POMPEY***

Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to  
prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers*

***CLAUDIO***

Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?  
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

***Provost***

I do it not in evil disposition,  
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

***CLAUDIO***

Thus can the demigod Authority  
Make us pay down for our offence by weight  
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;  
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Re—enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen*

**LUCIO**

Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

**CLAUDIO**

From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:  
As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,  
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,  
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

**LUCIO**

If could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would  
send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say  
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom  
as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy  
offence, Claudio?

**CLAUDIO**

What but to speak of would offend again.

**LUCIO**

What, is't murder?

**CLAUDIO**

No.

**LUCIO**

Lechery?

**CLAUDIO**

Call it so.

**Provost**

Away, sir! you must go.

**CLAUDIO**

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One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

**LUCIO**

A hundred, if they'll do you any good.  
Is lechery so look'd after?

**CLAUDIO**

Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract  
I got possession of Julietta's bed:  
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,  
Save that we do the denunciation lack  
Of outward order: this we came not to,  
Only for propagation of a dower  
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,  
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love  
Till time had made them for us. But it chanceth  
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment  
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

**LUCIO**

With child, perhaps?

**CLAUDIO**

Unhappily, even so.  
And the new deputy now for the duke—  
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,  
Or whether that the body public be  
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;  
Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
Or in his emmence that fills it up,  
I stagger in:—but this new governor  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall  
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round  
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

**LUCIO**

I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on  
thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love,



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may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him.

**CLAUDIO**

I have done so, but he's not to be found.  
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:  
This day my sister should the cloister enter  
And there receive her approbation:  
Acquaint her with the danger of my state:  
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends  
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:  
I have great hope in that; for in her youth  
There is a prone and speechless dialect,  
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade.

**LUCIO**

I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the  
like, which else would stand under grievous  
imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I  
would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a  
game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

**CLAUDIO**

I thank you, good friend Lucio.

**LUCIO**

Within two hours.

**CLAUDIO**

Come, officer, away!

*Exeunt*

## **Act 1, Scene 3**

A monastery.

*Enter DUKE VINCENTIO and FRIAR THOMAS*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

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No, holy father; throw away that thought;  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee  
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

**FRIAR THOMAS**

May your grace speak of it?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever loved the life removed  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.  
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this?

**FRIAR THOMAS**

Gladly, my lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

We have strict statutes and most biting laws.  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,  
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,  
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,  
Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

**FRIAR THOMAS**

It rested in your grace  
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:  
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord Angelo.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I do fear, too dreadful:  
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,  
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,  
When evil deeds have their permissive pass  
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,  
I have on Angelo imposed the office;  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,  
And yet my nature never in the fight  
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,  
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,  
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,  
Supply me with the habit and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear me  
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action  
At our more leisure shall I render you;  
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;  
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

*Exeunt*

## Act 1, Scene 4

A nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA*

**ISABELLA**

And have you nuns no farther privileges?

**FRANCISCA**

Are not these large enough?

**ISABELLA**

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Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more;  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

**LUCIO**

*[Within]* Ho! Peace be in this place!

**ISABELLA**

Who's that which calls?

**FRANCISCA**

It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,  
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;  
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.  
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men  
But in the presence of the prioress:  
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,  
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.  
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

*Exit*

**ISABELLA**

Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls

*Enter LUCIO*

**LUCIO**

Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses  
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me  
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

**ISABELLA**

Why 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask,  
The rather for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella and his sister.

**LUCIO**

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Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:  
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

**ISABELLA**

Woe me! for what?

**LUCIO**

For that which, if myself might be his judge,  
He should receive his punishment in thanks:  
He hath got his friend with child.

**ISABELLA**

Sir, make me not your story.

**LUCIO**

It is true.  
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin  
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:  
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted.  
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.

**ISABELLA**

You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

**LUCIO**

Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:  
Your brother and his lover have embraced:  
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time  
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

**ISABELLA**

Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

**LUCIO**

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Is she your cousin?

**ISABELLA**

Adoptedly; as school—maids change their names  
By vain though apt affection.

**LUCIO**

She it is.

**ISABELLA**

O, let him marry her.

**LUCIO**

This is the point.  
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand and hope of action: but we do learn  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His givings—out were of an infinite distance  
From his true—meant design. Upon his place,  
And with full line of his authority,  
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood  
Is very snow—broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
He—to give fear to use and liberty,  
Which have for long run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business  
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

**ISABELLA**

Doth he so seek his life?

**LUCIO**

Has censured him  
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath

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A warrant for his execution.

**ISABELLA**

Alas! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good?

**LUCIO**

Assay the power you have.

**ISABELLA**

My power? Alas, I doubt—

**LUCIO**

Our doubts are traitors  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

**ISABELLA**

I'll see what I can do.

**LUCIO**

But speedily.

**ISABELLA**

I will about it straight;  
No longer staying but to give the mother  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother: soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

**LUCIO**

I take my leave of you.

**ISABELLA**

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Good sir, adieu.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 1**

A hall In ANGELO's house.

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind*

**ANGELO**

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch and not their terror.

**ESCALUS**

Ay, but yet  
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!  
Let but your honour know,  
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,  
That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,  
Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,  
Whether you had not sometime in your life  
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,  
And pull'd the law upon you.

**ANGELO**

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,  
That justice seizes: what know the laws  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,  
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it.  
You may not so extenuate his offence  
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,



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Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

**ESCALUS**

Be it as your wisdom will.

**ANGELO**

Where is the provost?

**Provost**

Here, if it like your honour.

**ANGELO**

See that Claudio  
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:  
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;  
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

*Exit Provost*

**ESCALUS**

*[Aside]* Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!  
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:  
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none:  
And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY*

**ELBOW**

Come, bring them away: if these be good people in  
a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in  
common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

**ANGELO**

How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

**ELBOW**

If it Please your honour, I am the poor duke's  
constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon

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justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

**ANGELO**

Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

**ELBOW**

If it? please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

**ESCALUS**

This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

**ANGELO**

Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

**POMPEY**

He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

**ANGELO**

What are you, sir?

**ELBOW**

He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

**ESCALUS**

How know you that?

**ELBOW**

My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

**ESCALUS**

How? thy wife?

**ELBOW**

Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

**ESCALUS**

Dost thou detest her therefore?

**ELBOW**

I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

**ESCALUS**

How dost thou know that, constable?

**ELBOW**

Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

**ESCALUS**

By the woman's means?

**ELBOW**

Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

**POMPEY**

Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

**ELBOW**

Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

**ESCALUS**

Do you hear how he misplaces?

**POMPEY**

Sir, she came in great with child; and longing,  
saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes;  
sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very  
distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a  
dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen  
such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very  
good dishes,—

**ESCALUS**

Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

**POMPEY**

No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in  
the right: but to the point. As I say, this  
Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and  
being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for  
prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said,  
Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the  
rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very  
honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could  
not give you three-pence again.

**FROTH**

No, indeed.

**POMPEY**

Very well: you being then, if you be remembered,  
cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

**FROTH**

Ay, so I did indeed.

**POMPEY**

Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be  
remembered, that such a one and such a one were past  
cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very  
good diet, as I told you,—

**FROTH**

All this is true.

**POMPEY**

Why, very well, then,—

**ESCALUS**

Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

**POMPEY**

Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

**ESCALUS**

No, sir, nor I mean it not.

**POMPEY**

Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of four-score pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

**FROTH**

All-hallond eve.

**POMPEY**

Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

**FROTH**

I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

**POMPEY**

Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

**ANGELO**

This will last out a night in Russia,  
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave.  
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;  
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

**ESCALUS**

I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

*Exit ANGELO*

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

**POMPEY**

Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

**ELBOW**

I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

**POMPEY**

I beseech your honour, ask me.

**ESCALUS**

Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

**POMPEY**

I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.  
Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a  
good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

**ESCALUS**

Ay, sir, very well.

**POMPEY**

Nay; I beseech you, mark it well.

**ESCALUS**

Well, I do so.

**POMPEY**

Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

**ESCALUS**

Why, no.

**POMPEY**

I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

**ESCALUS**

He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

**ELBOW**

First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

**POMPEY**

By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

**ELBOW**

Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time has yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

**POMPEY**

Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

**ESCALUS**

Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

***ELBOW***

O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

***ESCALUS***

If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

***ELBOW***

Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

***ESCALUS***

Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

***ELBOW***

Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

***ESCALUS***

Where were you born, friend?

***FROTH***

Here in Vienna, sir.

***ESCALUS***

Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

***FROTH***



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Yes, an't please you, sir.

**ESCALUS**

So. What trade are you of, sir?

**POMPHEY**

Tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

**ESCALUS**

Your mistress' name?

**POMPHEY**

Mistress Overdone.

**ESCALUS**

Hath she had any more than one husband?

**POMPEY**

Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

**ESCALUS**

Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

**FROTH**

I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

**ESCALUS**

Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell.

*Exit FROTH*

Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

**POMPEY**

Pompey.

**ESCALUS**

What else?

**POMPEY**

Bum, sir.

**ESCALUS**

Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you;  
so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the  
Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey,  
howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you  
not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

**POMPEY**

Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

**ESCALUS**

How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What  
do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

**POMPEY**

If the law would allow it, sir.

**ESCALUS**

But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall  
not be allowed in Vienna.

**POMPEY**

Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the  
youth of the city?

**ESCALUS**

No, Pompey.

**POMPEY**

Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then.  
If your worship will take order for the drabs and  
the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

**ESCALUS**

There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you:  
it is but heading and hanging.

**POMPEY**

If you head and hang all that offend that way but  
for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a  
commission for more heads: if this law hold in  
Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it  
after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this  
come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

**ESCALUS**

Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your  
prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find  
you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever;  
no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey,  
I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd  
Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall  
have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

**POMPEY**

I thank your worship for your good counsel:

*Aside*

but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall  
better determine.  
Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:  
The valiant heart is not whipt out of his trade.

*Exit*

**ESCALUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

***ELBOW***

Seven year and a half, sir.

***ESCALUS***

I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

***ELBOW***

And a half, sir.

***ESCALUS***

Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

***ELBOW***

Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

***ESCALUS***

Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

***ELBOW***

To your worship's house, sir?

***ESCALUS***

To my house. Fare you well.

*Exit ELBOW*

What's o'clock, think you?

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

*Justice*

Eleven, sir.

*ESCALUS*

I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Justice*

I humbly thank you.

*ESCALUS*

It grieves me for the death of Claudio;  
But there's no remedy.

*Justice*

Lord Angelo is severe.

*ESCALUS*

It is but needful:  
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;  
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:  
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.  
Come, sir.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 2**

Another room in the same.

*Enter Provost and a Servant*

*Servant*

He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight  
I'll tell him of you.

*Provost*

Pray you, do.

*Exit Servant*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I'll know  
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,  
He hath but as offended in a dream!  
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he  
To die for't!

*Enter ANGELO*

**ANGELO**

Now, what's the matter. Provost?

**Provost**

Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

**ANGELO**

Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?  
Why dost thou ask again?

**Provost**

Lest I might be too rash:  
Under your good correction, I have seen,  
When, after execution, judgment hath  
Repented o'er his doom.

**ANGELO**

Go to; let that be mine:  
Do you your office, or give up your place,  
And you shall well be spared.

**Provost**

I crave your honour's pardon.  
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?  
She's very near her hour.

**ANGELO**

Dispose of her  
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

*Re-enter Servant*

***Servant***

Here is the sister of the man condemn'd  
Desires access to you.

***ANGELO***

Hath he a sister?

***Provost***

Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,  
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,  
If not already.

***ANGELO***

Well, let her be admitted.

*Exit Servant*

See you the fornicatress be removed:  
Let have needful, but not lavish, means;  
There shall be order for't.

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO*

***Provost***

God save your honour!

***ANGELO***

Stay a little while.

*To ISABELLA*

You're welcome: what's your will?

***ISABELLA***

I am a woeful suitor to your honour,  
Please but your honour hear me.

**ANGELO**

Well; what's your suit?

**ISABELLA**

There is a vice that most I do abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;  
For which I would not plead, but that I must;  
For which I must not plead, but that I am  
At war 'twixt will and will not.

**ANGELO**

Well; the matter?

**ISABELLA**

I have a brother is condemn'd to die:  
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
And not my brother.

**Provost**

*[Aside]* Heaven give thee moving graces!

**ANGELO**

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?  
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:  
Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,  
And let go by the actor.

**ISABELLA**

O just but severe law!  
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour!

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]* Give't not o'er so: to him  
again, entreat him;  
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:  
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,  
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:  
To him, I say!



**ISABELLA**

Must he needs die?

**ANGELO**

Maiden, no remedy.

**ISABELLA**

Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,  
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

**ANGELO**

I will not do't.

**ISABELLA**

But can you, if you would?

**ANGELO**

Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

**ISABELLA**

But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,  
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
As mine is to him?

**ANGELO**

He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]* You are too cold.

**ISABELLA**

Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word.  
May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

As mercy does.  
If he had been as you and you as he,  
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,  
Would not have been so stern.

**ANGELO**

Pray you, be gone.

**ISABELLA**

I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]*  
Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

**ANGELO**

Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

**ISABELLA**

Alas, alas!  
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

**ANGELO**

Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him: he must die tomorrow.

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!  
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;  
Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]* Ay, well said.

**ANGELO**

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:  
Those many had not dared to do that evil,  
If the first that did the edict infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake  
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,  
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, ere they live, to end.

**ISABELLA**

Yet show some pity.

**ANGELO**

I show it most of all when I show justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

**ISABELLA**

So you must be the first that gives this sentence,  
And he, that suffer's. O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]* That's well said.

**ISABELLA**

Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]* O, to him, to him, wench! he  
will relent;  
He's coming; I perceive 't.

**Provost**

*[Aside]* Pray heaven she win him!

**ISABELLA**

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:  
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,  
But in the less foul profanation.

**LUCIO**

Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o, that.

**ISABELLA**

That in the captain's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]* Art avised o' that? more on 't.

**ANGELO**

Why do you put these sayings upon me?

**ISABELLA**

Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
A natural guiltiness such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

**ANGELO**

*[Aside]* She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

**ISABELLA**

Gentle my lord, turn back.

**ANGELO**

I will bethink me: come again tomorrow.

**ISABELLA**

Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

**ANGELO**

How! bribe me?

**ISABELLA**

Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]* You had marr'd all else.

**ISABELLA**

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

**ANGELO**

Well; come to me to-morrow.

**LUCIO**

*[Aside to ISABELLA]* Go to; 'tis well; away!

**ISABELLA**

Heaven keep your honour safe!

**ANGELO** *[Aside]*

Amen:  
For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

**ISABELLA**

At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

**ANGELO**

At any time 'fore noon.

**ISABELLA**

'Save your honour!

*Exeunt ISABELLA, LUCIO, and Provost*

**ANGELO**

From thee, even from thy virtue!  
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?  
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?  
Ha!  
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I  
That, lying by the violet in the sun,  
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense  
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,  
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary  
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!  
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?  
Dost thou desire her foully for those things  
That make her good? O, let her brother live!  
Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,  
That I desire to hear her speak again,  
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?  
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,  
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous  
Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,  
With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite. Even till now,  
When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd how.

*Exit*

## Act 2, Scene 3

A room in a prison.

*Enter, severally, DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as a friar, and Provost*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

**Provost**

I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Bound by my charity and my blest order,  
I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison. Do me the common right  
To let me see them and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

**Provost**

I would do more than that, if more were needful.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Enter JULIET*

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,  
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;  
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man  
More fit to do another such offence  
Than die for this.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

When must he die?

***Provost***

As I do think, to-morrow.  
I have provided for you: stay awhile,

*To JULIET*

And you shall be conducted.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

***JULIET***

I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

***JULIET***

I'll gladly learn.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

Love you the man that wrong'd you?

***JULIET***

Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.



**DUKE VINCENTIO**

So then it seems your most offenceful act  
Was mutually committed?

**JULIET**

Mutually.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

**JULIET**

I do confess it, and repent it, father.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,  
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,  
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear,—

**JULIET**

I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

There rest.  
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.  
Grace go with you, Benedicite!

*Exit*

**JULIET**

Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

**Provost**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

'Tis pity of him.

*Exeunt*

## Act 2, Scene 4

A room in ANGELO's house.

*Enter ANGELO*

**ANGELO**

When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;  
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name;  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied  
Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,  
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,  
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn:  
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter a Servant*

How now! who's there?

**Servant**

One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

**ANGELO**

Teach her the way.

*Exit Servant*

O heavens!  
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
Making both it unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Of necessary fitness?  
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;  
Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence.

*Enter ISABELLA*

How now, fair maid?

**ISABELLA**

I am come to know your pleasure.

**ANGELO**

That you might know it, would much better please me  
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

**ISABELLA**

Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

**ANGELO**

Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,  
As long as you or I yet he must die.

**ISABELLA**

Under your sentence?

**ANGELO**

Yea.

**ISABELLA**

When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted  
That his soul sicken not.

**ANGELO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good  
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made  
As to put metal in restrained means  
To make a false one.

**ISABELLA**

'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

**ANGELO**

Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.  
Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,  
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd?

**ISABELLA**

Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

**ANGELO**

I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than for accompt.

**ISABELLA**

How say you?

**ANGELO**

Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak  
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:  
I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:  
Might there not be a charity in sin  
To save this brother's life?

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*ANGELO*

Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,  
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*ISABELLA*

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*ANGELO*

Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,  
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

*ISABELLA*

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*ANGELO*

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright  
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:  
Your brother is to die.

*ISABELLA*

So.

*ANGELO*

And his offence is so, as it appears,  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

**ISABELLA**

True.

**ANGELO**

Admit no other way to save his life,—  
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,  
Finding yourself desired of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-building law; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;  
What would you do?

**ISABELLA**

As much for my poor brother as myself:  
That is, were I under the terms of death,  
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

**ANGELO**

Then must your brother die.

**ISABELLA**

And 'twere the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

**ANGELO**

Were not you then as cruel as the sentence  
That you have slander'd so?

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*ANGELO*

You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;  
And rather proved the sliding of your brother  
A merriment than a vice.

*ISABELLA*

O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:  
I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*ANGELO*

We are all frail.

*ISABELLA*

Else let my brother die,  
If not a feodary, but only he  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

*ANGELO*

Nay, women are frail too.

*ISABELLA*

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;  
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

*ANGELO*

I think it well:  
And from this testimony of your own sex,—  
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;  
If you be one, as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants, show it now,  
By putting on the destined livery.

**ISABELLA**

I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,  
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

**ANGELO**

Plainly conceive, I love you.

**ISABELLA**

My brother did love Juliet,  
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

**ANGELO**

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

**ISABELLA**

I know your virtue hath a licence in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

**ANGELO**

Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

**ISABELLA**

Ha! little honour to be much believed,  
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud  
What man thou art.

**ANGELO**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report  
And smell of calumny. I have begun,  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety and proluxious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

*Exit*

**ISABELLA**

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approval;  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:  
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour.  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorr'd pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

*Exit*

**Act 3, Scene 1**

A room in the prison.

*Enter DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and Provost*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

**CLAUDIO**

The miserable have no other medicine  
But only hope:  
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Be absolute for death; either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skyey influences,  
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun  
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;  
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;  
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;  
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,  
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;  
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;  
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

**CLAUDIO**

I humbly thank you.  
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;  
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

**ISABELLA**

*[Within]* What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

**Provost**

Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

**CLAUDIO**

Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Enter ISABELLA*

**ISABELLA**

My business is a word or two with Claudio.

**Provost**

And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Provost, a word with you.

**Provost**

As many as you please.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed.

*Exeunt DUKE VINCENTIO and Provost*

**CLAUDIO**

Now, sister, what's the comfort?

**ISABELLA**

Why,  
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.  
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:  
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;  
To-morrow you set on.

**CLAUDIO**

Is there no remedy?

**ISABELLA**

None, but such remedy as, to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain.

**CLAUDIO**

But is there any?

**ISABELLA**

Yes, brother, you may live:  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

**CLAUDIO**

Perpetual durance?

**ISABELLA**

Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,  
Though all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determined scope.

**CLAUDIO**

But in what nature?

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

In such a one as, you consenting to't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked.

**CLAUDIO**

Let me know the point.

**ISABELLA**

O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

**CLAUDIO**

Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

**ISABELLA**

There spake my brother; there my father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew  
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

**CLAUDIO**

The prenzie Angelo!

**ISABELLA**

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed.

**CLAUDIO**

O heavens! it cannot be.

**ISABELLA**

Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,  
So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

**CLAUDIO**

Thou shalt not do't.

**ISABELLA**

O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

**CLAUDIO**

Thanks, dear Isabel.

**ISABELLA**

Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

**CLAUDIO**

Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin,  
Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

**ISABELLA**

Which is the least?

**CLAUDIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

**ISABELLA**

What says my brother?

**CLAUDIO**

Death is a fearful thing.

**ISABELLA**

And shamed life a hateful.

**CLAUDIO**

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thought  
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

**ISABELLA**

Alas, alas!

**CLAUDIO**

Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

O you beast!  
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?  
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!  
For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!  
Die, perish! Might but my bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

**CLAUDIO**

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

**ISABELLA**

O, fie, fie, fie!  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:  
'Tis best thou diest quickly.

**CLAUDIO**

O hear me, Isabella!

*Re-enter DUKE VINCENTIO*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

**ISABELLA**

What is your will?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and  
by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I  
would require is likewise your own benefit.

**ISABELLA**

I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be  
stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.



*Walks apart*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: tomorrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

**CLAUDIO**

Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Hold you there: farewell.

*Exit CLAUDIO*

Provost, a word with you!

*Re-enter Provost*

**Provost**

What's your will, father

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

**Provost**

In good time.

*Exit Provost. ISABELLA comes forward*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good:  
the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty  
brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of  
your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever  
fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you,  
fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but  
that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should  
wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this  
substitute, and to save your brother?

**ISABELLA**

I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my  
brother die by the law than my son should be  
unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good duke  
deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can  
speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or  
discover his government.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter  
now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made  
trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my  
advisings: to the love I have in doing good a  
remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe  
that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged  
lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from  
the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious  
person; and much please the absent duke, if  
peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of  
this business.

**ISABELLA**

Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do  
anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have  
you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of  
Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

**ISABELLA**

I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage—dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well—seeming Angelo.

**ISABELLA**

Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

**ISABELLA**

What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

**ISABELLA**

Show me how, good father.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

**ISABELLA**

The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

**ISABELLA**

I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

*Exeunt severally*

## Act 3, Scene 2

The street before the prison.

*Enter, on one side, DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY*

**ELBOW**

Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will  
needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we  
shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

O heavens! what stuff is here

**POMPEY**

'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the  
merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by  
order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and  
furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that  
craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

**ELBOW**

Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

And you, good brother father. What offence hath  
this man made you, sir?

**ELBOW**

Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we  
take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found  
upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have  
sent to the deputy.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!  
The evil that thou causest to be done,  
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back  
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

**POMPEY**

Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet,  
sir, I would prove—

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,  
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:  
Correction and instruction must both work  
Ere this rude beast will profit.

**ELBOW**

He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him  
warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if  
he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were  
as good go a mile on his errand.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

That we were all, as some would seem to be,  
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

**ELBOW**

His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

**POMPEY**

I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a  
friend of mine.

*Enter LUCIO*

**LUCIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Still thus, and thus; still worse!

**LUCIO**

How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

**POMPEY**

Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

**LUCIO**

Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

**POMPEY**

Yes, faith, sir.

**LUCIO**

Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

**ELBOW**

For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

**LUCIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the  
due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he  
doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.  
Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison,  
Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you  
will keep the house.

**POMPEY**

I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

**LUCIO**

No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.  
I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: If  
you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the  
more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

And you.

**LUCIO**

Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

**ELBOW**

Come your ways, sir; come.

**POMPEY**

You will not bail me, then, sir?

**LUCIO**

Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar?  
what news?

**ELBOW**

Come your ways, sir; come.

**LUCIO**

Go to kennel, Pompey; go.

*Exeunt ELBOW, POMPEY and Officers*



What news, friar, of the duke?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I know none. Can you tell me of any?

**LUCIO**

Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other  
some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

**LUCIO**

It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from  
the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born  
to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he  
puts transgression to 't.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

He does well in 't.

**LUCIO**

A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in  
him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

**LUCIO**

Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred;  
it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp  
it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put  
down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and  
woman after this downright way of creation: is it  
true, think you?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

How should he be made, then?

**LUCIO**

Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

**LUCIO**

Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

**LUCIO**

O, sir, you are deceived.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

'Tis not possible.

**LUCIO**

Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You do him wrong, surely.

**LUCIO**

Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

What, I prithee, might be the cause?

**LUCIO**

No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Wise! why, no question but he was.

**LUCIO**

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Either this is the envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings—forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully: or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

**LUCIO**

Sir, I know him, and I love him.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

**LUCIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Come, sir, I know what I know.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

**LUCIO**

Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

**LUCIO**

I fear you not.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

**LUCIO**

I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Why should he die, sir?

**LUCIO**

Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: the ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would  
never bring them to light: would he were returned!  
Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing.  
Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The  
duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on  
Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee,  
he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown  
bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell.

*Exit*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?  
But who comes here?

*Enter ESCALUS, Provost, and Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE*

**ESCALUS**

Go; away with her to prison!

**MISTRESS OVERDONE**

Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted  
a merciful man; good my lord.

**ESCALUS**

Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in  
the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play  
the tyrant.

**Provost**

A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please  
your honour.

**MISTRESS OVERDONE**

My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me.  
Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the  
duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob:  
I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

**ESCALUS**

That fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be  
called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to;  
no more words.

*Exeunt Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE*

Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered;  
Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished  
with divines, and have all charitable preparation.  
if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be  
so with him.

**Provost**

So please you, this friar hath been with him, and  
advised him for the entertainment of death.

**ESCALUS**

Good even, good father.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Bliss and goodness on you!

**ESCALUS**

Of whence are you?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Not of this country, though my chance is now  
To use it for my time: I am a brother  
Of gracious order, late come from the See  
In special business from his holiness.

**ESCALUS**

What news abroad i' the world?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

**ESCALUS**

One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

What pleasure was he given to?

**ESCALUS**

Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

**ESCALUS**

You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him

he is indeed Justice.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

If his own life answer the straitness of his  
proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he  
chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

**ESCALUS**

I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Peace be with you!

*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost*

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go;  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing.  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice and let his grow!  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!  
How may likeness made in crimes,  
Making practise on the times,  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most ponderous and substantial things!  
Craft against vice I must apply:  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothed but despised;  
So disguise shall, by the disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting.

*Exit*

**Act 4, Scene 1**

The moated grange at ST. LUKE's.



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Enter MARIANA and a Boy*

*Boy sings*

Take, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again, bring again;  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

**MARIANA**

Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:  
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

*Exit Boy*

*Enter DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish  
You had not found me here so musical:  
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.  
I pray, you, tell me, hath any body inquired  
for me here to-day? much upon this time have  
I promised here to meet.

**MARIANA**

You have not been inquired after:  
I have sat here all day.

*Enter ISABELLA*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I do constantly believe you. The time is come even  
now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may  
be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

**MARIANA**

I am always bound to you.

*Exit*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Very well met, and well come.  
What is the news from this good deputy?

**ISABELLA**

He hath a garden circummured with brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;  
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,  
That makes his opening with this bigger key:  
This other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;  
There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

**ISABELLA**

I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me  
The way twice o'er.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

**ISABELLA**

No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;  
And that I have possess'd him my most stay  
Can be but brief; for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

That stays upon me, whose persuasion is  
I come about my brother.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

'Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

*Re-enter MARIANA*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;  
She comes to do you good.

**ISABELLA**

I do desire the like.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

**MARIANA**

Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Take, then, this your companion by the hand,  
Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;  
The vaporous night approaches.

**MARIANA**

Will't please you walk aside?

*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

O place and greatness! millions of false eyes  
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious quests  
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreams  
And rack thee in their fancies.

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA*

Welcome, how agreed?

**ISABELLA**

She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,  
If you advise it.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

**ISABELLA**

Little have you to say  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
'Remember now my brother.'

**MARIANA**

Fear me not.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.  
He is your husband on a pre-contract:  
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:  
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 2**

A room in the prison.

*Enter Provost and POMPEY*

**Provost**

Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

**POMPEY**

If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

**Provost**

Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

**POMPEY**

Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

**Provost**

What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

*Enter ABHORSON*

**ABHORSON**

Do you call, sir?

**Provost**

Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

**ABHORSON**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

**Provost**

Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.

*Exit*

**POMPEY**

Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

**ABHORSON**

Ay, sir; a mystery

**POMPEY**

Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

**ABHORSON**

Sir, it is a mystery.

**POMPEY**

Proof?

**ABHORSON**

Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter Provost*

**Provost**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Are you agreed?

**POMPEY**

Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is  
a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth  
oftener ask forgiveness.

**Provost**

You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe  
to-morrow four o'clock.

**ABHORSON**

Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

**POMPEY**

I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have  
occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find  
me yare; for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you  
a good turn.

**Provost**

Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

*Exeunt POMPEY and ABHORSON*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,  
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:  
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

**CLAUDIO**

As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:  
He will not wake.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

***Provost***

Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare yourself.

*Knocking within*

But, hark, what noise?  
Heaven give your spirits comfort!

*Exit CLAUDIO*

By and by.  
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve  
For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before*

Welcome father.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

The best and wholesomest spirits of the night  
Envelope you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

***Provost***

None, since the curfew rung.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

Not Isabel?

***Provost***

No.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

They will, then, ere't be long.

***Provost***

What comfort is for Claudio?

***DUKE VINCENTIO***



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

There's some in hope.

**Provost**

It is a bitter deputy.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his power  
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that  
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so, he's just.

*Knocking within*

Now are they come.

*Exit Provost*

This is a gentle provost: seldom when  
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

*Knocking within*

How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed with haste  
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

*Re-enter Provost*

**Provost**

There he must stay until the officer  
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,  
But he must die to-morrow?

**Provost**

None, sir, none.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

**Provost**

Happily  
You something know; yet I believe there comes  
No countermand; no such example have we:  
Besides, upon the very siege of justice  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger*

This is his lordship's man.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

**Messenger**

*[Giving a paper]*  
My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this  
further charge, that you swerve not from the  
smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or  
other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it,  
it is almost day.

**Provost**

I shall obey him.

*Exit Messenger*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

*[Aside]* This is his pardon, purchased by such sin  
For which the pardoners himself is in.  
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is born in high authority:  
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.  
Now, sir, what news?

**Provost**

I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss  
in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted  
putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Pray you, let's hear.

**Provost**

*[Reads]*

'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let  
Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the  
afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction,  
let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let  
this be duly performed; with a thought that more  
depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail  
not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.'  
What say you to this, sir?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the  
afternoon?

**Provost**

A Bohemian born, but here nursed un and bred; one  
that is a prisoner nine years old.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

How came it that the absent duke had not either  
delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I  
have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

**Provost**

His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and,  
indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord  
Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

It is now apparent?

*Provost*

Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Hath he born himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

*Provost*

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

He wants advice.

*Provost*

He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Provost*

Pray, sir, in what?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

In the delaying death.

**Provost**

A lack, how may I do it, having the hour limited,  
and an express command, under penalty, to deliver  
his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case  
as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my  
instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine  
be this morning executed, and his head born to Angelo.

**Provost**

Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it.  
Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was  
the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his  
death: you know the course is common. If any thing  
fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good  
fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead  
against it with my life.

**Provost**

Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

**Provost**

To him, and to his substitutes.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You will think you have made no offence, if the duke  
avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Provost*

But what likelihood is in that?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Provost*

I know them both.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 3**

Another room in the same.

*Enter POMPEY*

**POMPEY**

I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copperspur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

*Enter ABHORSON*

**ABHORSON**

Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

**POMPEY**

Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged.  
Master Barnardine!

**ABHORSON**

What, ho, Barnardine!

**BARNARDINE**

*[Within]* A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

**POMPEY**

Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

**BARNARDINE**

*[Within]* Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

**ABHORSON**

Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

**POMPEY**

Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

**ABHORSON**

Go in to him, and fetch him out.

**POMPEY**

He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

**ABHORSON**

Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

**POMPEY**

Very ready, sir.

*Enter BARNARDINE*

**BARNARDINE**

How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

**ABHORSON**

Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

**BARNARDINE**

You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

**POMPEY**

O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.



**ABHORSON**

Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do  
we jest now, think you?

*Enter DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily  
you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort  
you and pray with you.

**BARNARDINE** *Friar, not I*

I have been drinking hard all night,  
and I will have more time to prepare me, or they  
shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not  
consent to die this day, that's certain.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you  
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

**BARNARDINE**

I swear I will not die to-day for any man's  
persuasion.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

But hear you.

**BARNARDINE**

Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me,  
come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

*Exit*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!  
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

*Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY*

*Re-enter Provost*

**Provost**

Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;  
And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

**Provost**

Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head  
Just of his colour. What if we do omit  
This reprobate till he were well inclined;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!  
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,  
And sent according to command; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

**Provost**

This shall be done, good father, presently.  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come  
If he were known alive?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Let this be done.  
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting  
To the under generation, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

**Provost**

I am your free dependant.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

*Exit Provost*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them, whose contents  
Shall witness to him I am near at home,  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound  
To enter publicly: him I'll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount  
A league below the city; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost*

**Provost**

Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Convenient is it. Make a swift return;  
For I would commune with you of such things  
That want no ear but yours.

**Provost**

I'll make all speed.

*Exit*

**ISABELLA**

*[Within]* Peace, ho, be here!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA*

**ISABELLA**

Ho, by your leave!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

**ISABELLA**

The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:  
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

**ISABELLA**

Nay, but it is not so.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,  
In your close patience.

**ISABELLA**

O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You shall not be admitted to his sight.

**ISABELLA**

Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!  
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;  
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.  
Mark what I say, which you shall find  
By every syllable a faithful verity:  
The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes;  
One of our convent, and his confessor,  
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried  
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,  
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,  
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom  
In that good path that I would wish it go,  
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,  
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
And general honour.

**ISABELLA**

I am directed by you.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;  
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:  
Say, by this token, I desire his company  
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours  
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you  
Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo  
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,  
I am combined by a sacred vow  
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:  
Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,  
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

*Enter LUCIO*

**LUCIO**

Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Not within, sir.

**LUCIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see  
thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain  
to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for  
my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set  
me to 't. But they say the duke will be here  
to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother:  
if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been  
at home, he had lived.

*Exit ISABELLA*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your  
reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

**LUCIO**

Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do:  
he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

**LUCIO**

Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee  
I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You have told me too many of him already, sir, if  
they be true; if not true, none were enough.

**LUCIO**

I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Did you such a thing?

**LUCIO** *Yes, marry, did I*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

but I was fain to forswear it;  
they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

**LUCIO**

By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end:  
if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of  
it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 4**

A room in ANGELO's house.

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS*

**ESCALUS**

Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

**ANGELO**

In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions  
show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be  
not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and  
redeliver our authorities there

**ESCALUS**

I guess not.

**ANGELO**

And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his  
entering, that if any crave redress of injustice,  
they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

**ESCALUS**

He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of  
complaints, and to deliver us from devices

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand  
against us.

**ANGELO**

Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes  
i' the morn; I'll call you at your house: give  
notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet  
him.

**ESCALUS**

I shall, sir. Fare you well.

**ANGELO**

Good night.

*Exit ESCALUS*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant  
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!  
And by an eminent body that enforced  
The law against it! But that her tender shame  
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;  
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,  
That no particular scandal once can touch  
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,  
Save that riotous youth, with dangerous sense,  
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
By so receiving a dishonour'd life  
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!  
A lack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

*Exit*

## **Act 4, Scene 5**

Fields without the town.

*Enter DUKE VINCENTIO in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

These letters at fit time deliver me



*Giving letters*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.  
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
And hold you ever to our special drift;  
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,  
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,  
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice  
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;  
But send me Flavius first.

**FRIAR PETER**

It shall be speeded well.

*Exit*

*Enter VARRIUS*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:  
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends  
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 6**

Street near the city gate.

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA*

**ISABELLA**

To speak so indirectly I am loath:  
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;  
He says, to veil full purpose.

**MARIANA**

Be ruled by him.

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic  
That's bitter to sweet end.

**MARIANA**

I would Friar Peter—

**ISABELLA**

O, peace! the friar is come.

*Enter FRIAR PETER*

**FRIAR PETER**

Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,  
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;  
The generous and gravest citizens  
Have hent the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

*Exeunt*

## **Act 5, Scene 1**

The city gate.

*MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, at their stand. Enter DUKE VINCENTIO,  
VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

My very worthy cousin, fairly met!  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

**ANGELO**

|  
| Happy return be to your royal grace!

**ESCALUS**

|

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

**ANGELO**

You make my bonds still greater.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves, with characters of brass,  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time  
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,  
You must walk by us on our other hand;  
And good supporters are you.

*FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward*

**FRIAR PETER**

Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

**ISABELLA**

Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard  
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.  
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:  
Reveal yourself to him.

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:  
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believed,  
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

**ANGELO**

My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother  
Cut off by course of justice,—

**ISABELLA**

By course of justice!

**ANGELO**

And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

**ISABELLA**

Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:  
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?  
That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;  
Is it not strange and strange?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Nay, it is ten times strange.

**ISABELLA**

It is not truer he is Angelo  
Than this is all as true as it is strange:  
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Away with her! Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible  
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute  
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:  
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

By mine honesty,  
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.

**ISABELLA**

O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason  
For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Many that are not mad  
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

**ISABELLA**

I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger,—

**LUCIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

That's I, an't like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo  
For her poor brother's pardon.

**ISABELLA**

That's he indeed.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You were not bid to speak.

**LUCIO**

No, my good lord;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I wish you now, then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
Be perfect.

**LUCIO**

I warrant your honour.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

The warrants for yourself; take heed to't.

**ISABELLA**

This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

**LUCIO**

Right.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

It may be right; but you are i' the wrong  
To speak before your time. Proceed.

**ISABELLA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

I went  
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

That's somewhat madly spoken.

**ISABELLA**

Pardon it;  
The phrase is to the matter.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Mended again. The matter; proceed.

**ISABELLA**

In brief, to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—  
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,  
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,  
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

This is most likely!

**ISABELLA**

O, that it were as like as it is true!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

By heaven, fond wretch, thou knowist not what thou speak'st,  
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour  
In hateful practise. First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason  
That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:  
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou camest here to complain.

**ISABELLA**

And is this all?  
Then, O you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up  
In countenance! Heaven shield your grace from woe,  
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!  
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us? This needs must be a practise.  
Who knew of Your intent and coming hither?

**ISABELLA**

One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

**LUCIO**

My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;  
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord  
For certain words he spake against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Words against me? this is a good friar, belike!  
And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

**LUCIO**

But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,  
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

A very scurvy fellow.

***FRIAR PETER***

Blessed be your royal grace!  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her  
As she from one ungot.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

We did believe no less.  
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

***FRIAR PETER***

I know him for a man divine and holy;  
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman;  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

***LUCIO***

My lord, most villanously; believe it.

***FRIAR PETER***

Well, he in time may come to clear himself;  
But at this instant he is sick my lord,  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,  
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know  
Is true and false; and what he with his oath  
And all probation will make up full clear,  
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman.  
To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly and personally accused,  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

***DUKE VINCENTIO***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Good friar, let's hear it.

*ISABELLA is carried off guarded; and MARIANA comes forward*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?  
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!  
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;  
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge  
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?  
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

**MARIANA**

Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face  
Until my husband bid me.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

What, are you married?

**MARIANA**

No, my lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Are you a maid?

**MARIANA**

No, my lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

A widow, then?

**MARIANA**

Neither, my lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

**LUCIO**

My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are  
neither maid, widow, nor wife.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause  
To prattle for himself.

**LUCIO**

Well, my lord.

**MARIANA**

My lord; I do confess I ne'er was married;  
And I confess besides I am no maid:  
I have known my husband; yet my husband  
Knows not that ever he knew me.

**LUCIO**

He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

**LUCIO**

Well, my lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

**MARIANA**

Now I come to't my lord  
She that accuses him of fornication,  
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,  
And charges him my lord, with such a time  
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms  
With all the effect of love.

**ANGELO**

Charges she more than me?

**MARIANA**

Not that I know.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

No? you say your husband.

**MARIANA**

Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,  
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,  
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

**ANGELO**

This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

**MARIANA**

My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

*Unveiling*

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once thou swore'st was worth the looking on;  
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house  
In her imagined person.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Know you this woman?

**LUCIO**

Carnally, she says.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Sirrah, no more!

**LUCIO**

Enough, my lord.

**ANGELO**

My lord, I must confess I know this woman:  
And five years since there was some speech of marriage  
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Partly for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition, but in chief  
For that her reputation was disvalued  
In levity: since which time of five years  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,  
Upon my faith and honour.

**MARIANA**

Noble prince,  
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,  
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,  
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly  
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,  
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees  
Or else for ever be confixed here,  
A marble monument!

**ANGELO**

I did but smile till now:  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice  
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
These poor informal women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member  
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practise out.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Ay, with my heart  
And punish them to your height of pleasure.  
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,  
Though they would swear down each particular saint,  
Were testimonies against his worth and credit  
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.  
There is another friar that set them on;  
Let him be sent for.

**FRIAR PETER**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Would he were here, my lord! for he indeed  
Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
Your provost knows the place where he abides  
And he may fetch him.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Go do it instantly.

*Exit Provost*

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;  
But stir not you till you have well determined  
Upon these slanderers.

**ESCALUS**

My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

*Exit DUKE*

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that  
Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

**LUCIO**

'Cucullus non facit monachum:' honest in nothing  
but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most  
villanous speeches of the duke.

**ESCALUS**

We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and  
enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a  
notable fellow.

**LUCIO**

As any in Vienna, on my word.

**ESCALUS**

Call that same Isabel here once again; I would speak with her.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Exit an Attendant*

Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you  
shall see how I'll handle her.

**LUCIO**

Not better than he, by her own report.

**ESCALUS**

Say you?

**LUCIO**

Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately,  
she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly,  
she'll be ashamed.

**ESCALUS**

I will go darkly to work with her.

**LUCIO**

That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

*Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA; and Provost with the DUKE VINCENTIO in his friar's habit*

**ESCALUS**

Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all  
that you have said.

**LUCIO**

My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with  
the provost.

**ESCALUS**

In very good time: speak not you to him till we  
call upon you.

**LUCIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Mum.

**ESCALUS**

Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander  
Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

'Tis false.

**ESCALUS**

How! know you where you are?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Respect to your great place! and let the devil  
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!  
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

**ESCALUS**

The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:  
Look you speak justly.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,  
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?  
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?  
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,  
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth  
Which here you come to accuse.

**LUCIO**

This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

**ESCALUS**

Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,  
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women  
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth  
And in the witness of his proper ear,  
To call him villain? and then to glance from him



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?  
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll touse you  
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.  
What 'unjust'!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Be not so hot; the duke  
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he  
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,  
Nor here provincial. My business in this state  
Made me a looker on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark.

**ESCALUS**

Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

**ANGELO**

What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?  
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

**LUCIO**

'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate:  
do you know me?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I  
met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

**LUCIO**

O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Most notably, sir.

**LUCIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

**LUCIO**

O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

**ANGELO**

Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

**ESCALUS**

Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

*[To Provost]* Stay, sir; stay awhile.

**ANGELO**

What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

**LUCIO**

Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers DUKE VINCENTIO*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a duke.  
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

*To LUCIO*

Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you  
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

**LUCIO**

This may prove worse than hanging.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

*[To ESCALUS]* What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:  
We'll borrow place of him.

*To ANGELO*

Sir, by your leave.  
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,  
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,  
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,  
And hold no longer out.

**ANGELO**

O my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then and sequent death  
Is all the grace I beg.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Come hither, Mariana.

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

**ANGELO**

I was, my lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.  
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,  
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

*Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER and Provost*

**ESCALUS**

My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour  
Than at the strangeness of it.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Come hither, Isabel.  
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then  
Advertising and holy to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.

**ISABELLA**

O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty!

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You are pardon'd, Isabel:  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;  
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power  
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,  
So happy is your brother.

**ISABELLA**

I do, my lord.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and Provost*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

For this new-married man approaching here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—  
Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,  
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE" > MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.  
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;  
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.  
We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.  
Away with him!

**MARIANA**

O my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.  
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life  
And choke your good to come; for his possessions,  
Although by confiscation they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you withal,  
To buy you a better husband.

**MARIANA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

O my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Never crave him; we are definitive.

**MARIANA**

Gentle my liege,—

*Kneeling*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

You do but lose your labour.  
Away with him to death!

*To LUCIO*

Now, sir, to you.

**MARIANA**

O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;  
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come  
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Against all sense you do importune her:  
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.

**MARIANA**

Isabel,  
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;  
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.  
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad: so may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

He dies for Claudio's death.

**ISABELLA**

Most bounteous sir,

*Kneeling*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my brother lived: I partly think  
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
Till he did look on me: since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died:  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;  
Intent but merely thoughts.

**MARIANA**

Merely, my lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.  
I have bethought me of another fault.  
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour?

**Provost**

It was commanded so.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Had you a special warrant for the deed?

**Provost**

No, my good lord; it was by private message.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

For which I do discharge you of your office:  
Give up your keys.

**Provost**

Pardon me, noble lord:  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;  
Yet did repent me, after more advice;  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
That should by private order else have died,  
I have reserved alive.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

What's he?

**Provost**

His name is Barnardine.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.  
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

*Exit Provost*

**ESCALUS**

I am sorry, one so learned and so wise  
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood.  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

**ANGELO**

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Which is that Barnardine?

**Provost**



This, my lord.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

There was a friar told me of this man.  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul.  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd:  
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;  
And pray thee take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;  
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

**Provost**

This is another prisoner that I saved.  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;  
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

*[To ISABELLA]* If he be like your brother, for his sake  
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.  
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.  
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;  
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:  
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.  
I find an apt remission in myself;  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

*To LUCIO*

You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,  
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;  
Wherein have I so deserved of you,  
That you extol me thus?

**LUCIO**

'Faith, my lord. I spoke it but according to the  
trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I  
had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Whipt first, sir, and hanged after.  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city.  
Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,  
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

**LUCIO**

I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore.  
Your highness said even now, I made you a duke:  
good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

**LUCIO**

Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,  
whipping, and hanging.

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Slandering a prince deserves it.

*Exit Officers with LUCIO*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.  
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:  
There's more behind that is more grate.ulate.  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:  
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good;  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

*Exeunt*

# Pericles: Prince of Tyre

## Act 1, Scene 1

Antioch. A room in the palace.

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, Prince PERICLES, and followers*

**ANTIOCHUS**

Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received  
The danger of the task you undertake.

**PERICLES**

I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

**ANTIOCHUS**

Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate—house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS*

**PERICLES**

See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever razed and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.  
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflamed desire in my breast  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

**ANTIOCHUS**

Prince Pericles,--

**PERICLES**

That would be son to great Antiochus.

**ANTIOCHUS**

Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death--like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,  
That without covering, save yon field of stars,  
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

**PERICLES**

Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must;  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.  
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do  
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
And all good men, as every prince should do;  
My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

**ANTIOCHUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Scorning advice, read the conclusion then:  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daughter*

Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!  
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

**PERICLES**

Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.

*He reads the riddle*

I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed.  
I sought a husband, in which labour  
I found that kindness in a father:  
He's father, son, and husband mild;  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,

*Takes hold of the hand of the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS*

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken:  
But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

**ANTIOCHUS**

Pericles: Prince of Tyre

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life.  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

**PERICLES**

Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:  
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind.  
Blows dust in other's eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:  
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts  
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.  
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's  
their will;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?  
It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

**ANTIOCHUS**

*[Aside]* Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found  
the meaning:  
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,  
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,  
We might proceed to cancel of your days;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:  
Forty days longer we do respite you;  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:  
And until then your entertain shall be  
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

*Exeunt all but PERICLES*

**PERICLES**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight!  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certain you were not so bad  
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
Where now you're both a father and a son,  
By your untimely claspings with your child,  
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
Then, lest my lie be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

*Exit*

*Re-enter ANTIOCHUS*

**ANTIOCHUS**

He hath found the meaning, for which we mean  
To have his head.  
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner;  
And therefore instantly this prince must die:  
For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends us there?

*Enter THALIARD*

**THALIARD**

Doth your highness call?

**ANTIOCHUS**

Thaliard,  
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
Her private actions to your secrecy;



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:  
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

**THALIARD**

My lord,  
'Tis done.

**ANTIOCHUS**

Enough.

*Enter a Messenger*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

**Messenger**

My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

*Exit*

**ANTIOCHUS**

As thou  
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot  
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return  
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

**THALIARD**

My lord,  
If I can get him within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

**ANTIOCHUS**

Thaliard, adieu!

*Exit THALIARD*

Till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succor to my head.

*Exit*

## Act 1, Scene 2

Tyre. A room in the palace.

*Enter PERICLES*

**PERICLES**

*[To Lords without]* Let none disturb us.—Why should  
this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,  
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.  
And so with me: the great Antiochus,  
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great can make his will his act,  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
Nor boots it me to say I honour him.  
If he suspect I may dishonour him:  
And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;  
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:  
Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,  
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,  
And punish that before that he would punish.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

*Enter HELICANUS, with other Lords*

***First Lord***

Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

***Second Lord***

And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable!

***HELICANUS***

Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.  
They do abuse the king that flatter him:  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;  
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

***PERICLES***

All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us.

*Exeunt Lords*

Helicanus, thou  
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

***HELICANUS***

An angry brow, dread lord.

***PERICLES***

If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

***HELICANUS***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence  
They have their nourishment?

**PERICLES**

Thou know'st I have power  
To take thy life from thee.

**HELICANUS**

*[Kneeling]*  
I have ground the axe myself;  
Do you but strike the blow.

**PERICLES**

Rise, prithee, rise.  
Sit down: thou art no flatterer:  
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid  
That kings should let their ears hear their  
faults hid!  
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,  
What wouldst thou have me do?

**HELICANUS**

To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

**PERICLES**

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
That minister'st a potion unto me  
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,  
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty.  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou  
know'st this,  
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Such fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:  
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,  
That I should open to the listening air  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,  
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him:  
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprovest me for it,—

**HELICANUS**

Alas, sir!

**PERICLES**

Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,  
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

**HELICANUS**

Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak.  
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by public war or private treason  
Will take away your life.  
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.  
Your rule direct to any; if to me.  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

**PERICLES**

I do not doubt thy faith;  
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

**HELICANUS**

We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

**PERICLES**

Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus  
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had and have of subjects' good  
On thee I lay whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:  
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:  
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 1, Scene 3**

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

*Enter THALIARD*

**THALIARD**

So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I  
kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to  
be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive  
he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that,  
being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired  
he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he  
had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a  
villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to  
be one! Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other Lords of Tyre*

**HELICANUS**

You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,  
Further to question me of your king's departure:  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

**THALIARD**

*[Aside]* How! the king gone!

**HELICANUS**

If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch—

**THALIARD**

*[Aside]* What from Antioch?

**HELICANUS**

Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—  
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:  
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

**THALIARD**

*[Aside]* Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please:  
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.  
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

**HELICANUS**

Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

**THALIARD**

From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But since my landing I have understood  
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

**HELICANUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master, not to us:  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

*Exeunt*

## Act 1, Scene 4

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

*Enter CLEON, the governor of Tarsus, with DIONYZA, and others*

**CLEON**

My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

**DIONYZA**

That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

**CLEON**

O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;  
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,  
They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

**DIONYZA**

I'll do my best, sir.

**CLEON**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,  
A city on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,  
And strangers ne'er beheld but wondered at;  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by:  
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

**DIONYZA**

O, 'tis too true.

**CLEON**

But see what heaven can do! By this our change,  
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defiled for want of use,  
They are now starved for want of exercise:  
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true?

**DIONYZA**

Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

**CLEON**

O, let those cities that of plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*Enter a Lord*

**Lord**

Where's the lord governor?

**CLEON**

Here.  
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

**Lord**

We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

**CLEON**

I thought as much.  
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

**Lord**

That's the least fear; for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

**CLEON**

Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:  
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need we fear?  
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.  
Go tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

*Lord*

I go, my lord.

*Exit*

*CLEON*

Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES with Attendants*

*PERICLES*

Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets:  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;  
And these our ships, you happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

*All*

The gods of Greece protect you!  
And we'll pray for you.

*PERICLES*

Arise, I pray you, rise:  
We do not look for reverence, but to love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*CLEON*

The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,—  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

**PERICLES**

Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER*

**GOWER**

Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in conversation,  
To whom I give my benison,  
Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he speken can;  
And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON; all the train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone  
From others' labours; for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive;  
And to fulfil his prince' desire,  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin  
And had intent to murder him;  
And that in Tarsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest.  
He, doing so, put forth to seas,  
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;  
For now the wind begins to blow;

Thunder above and deeps below  
Make such unquiet, that the ship  
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tost:  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapen but himself;  
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:  
And here he comes. What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text.

*Exit*

## **Act 2, Scene 1**

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea—side.

*Enter PERICLES, wet*

**PERICLES**

Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
And having thrown him from your watery grave,  
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three FISHERMEN*

**First Fisherman**

What, ho, Pilch!

**Second Fisherman**

Ha, come and bring away the nets!

**First Fisherman**

What, Patch—breech, I say!

***Third Fisherman***

What say you, master?

***First Fisherman***

Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll  
fetch thee with a wanion.

***Third Fisherman***

Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that  
were cast away before us even now.

***First Fisherman***

Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what  
pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when,  
well—a—day, we could scarce help ourselves.

***Third Fisherman***

Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the  
porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say  
they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them,  
they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I  
marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

***First Fisherman***

Why, as men do a—land; the great ones eat up the  
little ones: I can compare our rich misers to  
nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and  
tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at  
last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales  
have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping  
till they've swallowed the whole parish, church,  
steeple, bells, and all.

***PERICLES***

*[Aside]* A pretty moral.

***Third Fisherman***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have  
been that day in the belfry.

*Second Fisherman*

Why, man?

*Third Fisherman*

Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I  
had been in his belly, I would have kept such a  
jangling of the bells, that he should never have  
left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and  
parish up again. But if the good King Simonides  
were of my mind,—

*PERICLES*

*[Aside]* Simonides!

*Third Fisherman*

We would purge the land of these drones, that rob  
the bee of her honey.

*PERICLES*

*[Aside]* How from the finny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watery empire recollect  
All that may men approve or men detect!  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

*Second Fisherman*

Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day  
fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody  
look after it.

*PERICLES*

May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

*Second Fisherman*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

**PERICLES**

A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him:  
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

**First Fisherman**

No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our  
country Greece gets more with begging than we can do  
with working.

**Second Fisherman**

Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

**PERICLES**

I never practised it.

**Second Fisherman**

Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing  
to be got now—a—days, unless thou canst fish for't.

**PERICLES**

What I have been I have forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:  
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

**First Fisherman**

Die quoth—a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here;  
come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a  
handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and  
we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for  
fasting—days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks,



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida  
and thou shalt be welcome.

**PERICLES**

I thank you, sir.

**Second Fisherman**

Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

**PERICLES**

I did but crave.

**Second Fisherman**

But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I  
shall 'scape whipping.

**PERICLES**

Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

**Second Fisherman**

O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your  
beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office  
than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the  
net.

*Exit with Third Fisherman*

**PERICLES**

*[Aside]* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

**First Fisherman**

Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

**PERICLES**

Not well.

**First Fisherman**

Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and  
our king the good Simonides.

**PERICLES**

The good King Simonides, do you call him.

**First Fisherman**

Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

**PERICLES**

He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

**First Fisherman**

Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

**PERICLES**

Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

**First Fisherman**

O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net*

**Second Fisherman**

Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

**PERICLES**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.  
Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,  
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;  
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,  
Which my dead father did bequeath to me.  
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,  
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield  
Twixt me and death;'—and pointed to this brace;—  
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—  
The which the gods protect thee from!—may  
defend thee.'  
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;  
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again:  
I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

*First Fisherman*

What mean you, sir?

*PERICLES*

To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,  
For it was sometime target to a king;  
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,  
And for his sake I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
And if that ever my low fortune's better,  
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

*First Fisherman*

Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*PERICLES*

I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

*First Fisherman*

Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

*Second Fisherman*

Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up  
this garment through the rough seams of the waters:  
there are certain condolences, certain vails. I

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hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from  
whence you had it.

**PERICLES**

Believe 't, I will.  
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;  
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his building on my arm:  
Unto thy value I will mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.  
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.

**Second Fisherman**

We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to  
make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

**PERICLES**

Then honour be but a goal to my will,  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 2**

The same. A public way or platform leading to the

lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the  
reception of King, Princess, Lords,

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants*

**SIMONIDES**

Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

**First Lord**

They are, my liege;  
And stay your coming to present themselves.

**SIMONIDES**

Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

*Exit a Lord*

**THAISA**

It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

**SIMONIDES**

It's fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model which heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.  
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight in his device.

**THAISA**

Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess*

**SIMONIDES**

Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

**THAISA**

A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun  
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

**SIMONIDES**

He loves you well that holds his life of you.

*The Second Knight passes over*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Who is the second that presents himself?

**THAISA**

A prince of Macedon, my royal father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;  
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.'

*The Third Knight passes over*

**SIMONIDES**

And what's the third?

**THAISA**

The third of Antioch;  
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;  
The word, 'Me pompae provexit apex.'

*The Fourth Knight passes over*

**SIMONIDES**

What is the fourth?

**THAISA**

A burning torch that's turned upside down;  
The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

**SIMONIDES**

Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,  
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

*The Fifth Knight passes over*

**THAISA**

The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;  
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

*The Sixth Knight, PERICLES, passes over*

**SIMONIDES**

And what's  
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself  
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

**THAISA**

He seems to be a stranger; but his present is  
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;  
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

**SIMONIDES**

A pretty moral;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

**First Lord**

He had need mean better than his outward show  
Can any way speak in his just commend;  
For by his rusty outside he appears  
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

**Second Lord**

He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

**Third Lord**

And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

**SIMONIDES**

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.  
But stay, the knights are coming; we will withdraw  
Into the gallery.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

*Exeunt*

*Great shouts within and all cry 'The mean knight!'*

## **Act 2, Scene 3**

The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and Knights, from tilting*

**SIMONIDES**

Knights,  
To say you're welcome were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are princes and my guests.

**THAISA**

But you, my knight and guest;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

**PERICLES**

'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

**SIMONIDES**

Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'  
the feast,—  
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

**KNIGHTS**

We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

**SIMONIDES**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Your presence glads our days: honour we love;  
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Marshal*

Sir, yonder is your place.

*PERICLES*

Some other is more fit.

*First Knight*

Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen  
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*PERICLES*

You are right courteous knights.

*SIMONIDES*

Sit, sir, sit.

*PERICLES*

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

*THAISA*

By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury.  
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

*SIMONIDES*

He's but a country gentleman;  
Has done no more than other knights have done;  
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

*THAISA*

To me he seems like diamond to glass.

***PERICLES***

Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence;  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:  
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

***SIMONIDES***

What, are you merry, knights?

***Knights***

Who can be other in this royal presence?

***SIMONIDES***

Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,—  
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—  
We drink this health to you.

***KNIGHTS***

We thank your grace.

***SIMONIDES***

Yet pause awhile:  
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

***THAISA***

What is it  
To me, my father?

***SIMONIDES***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

O, attend, my daughter:  
Princes in this should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them:  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
Here, say we drink this standing—bowl of wine to him.

**THAISA**

Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

**SIMONIDES**

How!  
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

**THAISA**

*[Aside]* Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

**SIMONIDES**

And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

**THAISA**

The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

**PERICLES**

I thank him.

**THAISA**

Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

**PERICLES**

I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

**THAISA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

**PERICLES**

A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;  
My education been in arts and arms;  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

**THAISA**

He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

**SIMONIDES**

Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
I will not have excuse, with saying this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

*The Knights dance*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.  
Come, sir;  
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
And that their measures are as excellent.

**PERICLES**

In those that practise them they are, my lord.

**SIMONIDES**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

O, that's as much as you would be denied  
Of your fair courtesy.

*The Knights and Ladies dance*

Unclasp, unclasp:  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well.

*To PERICLES*

But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct  
These knights unto their several lodgings!

*To PERICLES*

Yours, sir,  
We have given order to be next our own.

**PERICLES**

I am at your grace's pleasure.

**SIMONIDES**

Princes, it is too late to talk of love;  
And that's the mark I know you level at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 4**

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES*

**HELICANUS**

No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest lived not free:  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,  
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

**ESCANES**

'Twas very strange.

**HELICANUS**

And yet but justice; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

**ESCANES**

'Tis very true.

*Enter two or three Lords*

**First Lord**

See, not a man in private conference  
Or council has respect with him but he.

**Second Lord**

It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

**Third Lord**

And cursed be he that will not second it.

**First Lord**

Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a word.

**HELICANUS**

With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

**First Lord**

Know that our griefs are risen to the top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks.

**HELICANUS**

Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.

**First Lord**

Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.  
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
And be resolved he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leave us to our free election.

**Second Lord**

Whose death indeed's the strongest in our censure:  
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—  
Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,  
That best know how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

**All**

Live, noble Helicane!

**HELICANUS**

For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to  
Forbear the absence of your king:  
If in which time expired, he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;  
Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

**First Lord**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;  
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour us.

**HELICANUS**

Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 5**

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him*

**First Knight**

Good morrow to the good Simonides.

**SIMONIDES**

Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
A married life.  
Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

**Second Knight**

May we not get access to her, my lord?

**SIMONIDES**

Faith, by no means; she has so strictly tied  
Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.  
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

**Third Knight**

Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

*Exeunt Knights*



**SIMONIDES**

So,  
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:  
She tells me here, she'd wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.  
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;  
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no!  
Well, I do commend her choice;  
And will no longer have it be delay'd.  
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES*

**PERICLES**

All fortune to the good Simonides!

**SIMONIDES**

To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you  
For your sweet music this last night: I do  
Protest my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

**PERICLES**

It is your grace's pleasure to commend;  
Not my desert.

**SIMONIDES**

Sir, you are music's master.

**PERICLES**

The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

**SIMONIDES**

Let me ask you one thing:  
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

**PERICLES**

A most virtuous princess.

**SIMONIDES**

And she is fair too, is she not?

**PERICLES**

As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

**SIMONIDES**

Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;  
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

**PERICLES**

I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

**SIMONIDES**

She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

**PERICLES**

*[Aside]* What's here?  
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!  
'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life.  
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

**SIMONIDES**

Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art  
A villain.

**PERICLES**

By the gods, I have not:  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

**SIMONIDES**

Traitor, thou liest.

**PERICLES**

Traitor!

**SIMONIDES**

Ay, traitor.

**PERICLES**

Even in his throat—unless it be the king—  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

**SIMONIDES**

*[Aside]* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

**PERICLES**

My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

**SIMONIDES**

No?  
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA*

**PERICLES**

Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did ere solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you.

**THAISA**

Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

**SIMONIDES**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

*Aside*

I am glad on't with all my heart.—  
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger?

*Aside*

who, for aught I know,  
May be, nor can I think the contrary,  
As great in blood as I myself.—  
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame  
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,  
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—  
Man and wife:  
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:  
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;  
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—  
What, are you both pleased?

**THAISA**

Yes, if you love me, sir.

**PERICLES**

Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

**SIMONIDES**

What, are you both agreed?

**BOTH**

Yes, if it please your majesty.

**SIMONIDES**

It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;  
And then with what haste you can get you to bed.

*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER*

**GOWER**

Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now crouches fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
E'er the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed.  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded. Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:  
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA a nurse. The KING shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES takes leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest*

By many a dern and painful perch  
Of Pericles the careful search,  
By the four opposing coigns  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made with all due diligence  
That horse and sail and high expense  
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,  
Fame answering the most strange inquire,  
To the court of King Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenor these:  
Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;  
Says to 'em, if King Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Y-ravished the regions round,  
And every one with claps can sound,  
'Our heir-apparent is a king!  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

His queen with child makes her desire—  
Which who shall cross?—along to go:  
Omit we all their dole and woe:  
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood  
Varies again; the grisly north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives:  
The lady shrieks, and well—a—near  
Does fall in travail with her fear:  
And what ensues in this fell storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.  
I nill relate, action may  
Conveniently the rest convey;  
Which might not what by me is told.  
In your imagination hold  
This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
The sea—tost Pericles appears to speak.

*Exit*

*Enter PERICLES, on shipboard*

**PERICLES**

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still  
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;  
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O  
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails!

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant*

Now, Lychorida!

**LYCHORIDA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

**PERICLES**

How, how, Lychorida!

**LYCHORIDA**

Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter: for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

**PERICLES**

O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We here below  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

**LYCHORIDA**

Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

**PERICLES**

Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for  
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world  
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,  
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon't!

*Enter two Sailors*

**First Sailor**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

What courage, sir? God save you!

**PERICLES**

Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

**First Sailor**

Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou?  
Blow, and split thyself.

**Second Sailor**

But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss  
the moon, I care not.

**First Sailor**

Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high,  
the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be  
cleared of the dead.

**PERICLES**

That's your superstition.

**First Sailor**

Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still  
observed: and we are strong in custom. Therefore  
briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

**PERICLES**

As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

**LYCHORIDA**

Here she lies, sir.

**PERICLES**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

*Exit Lychorida*

*Second Sailor*

Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked  
and bitumed ready.

*PERICLES*

I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

*Second Sailor*

We are near Tarsus.

*PERICLES*

Thither, gentle mariner.  
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

*Second Sailor*

By break of day, if the wind cease.

*PERICLES*

O, make for Tarsus!  
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:  
I'll bring the body presently.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III.**

**GOWER.**

Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
E'er the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded. Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:  
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

*[Dumb Show.]*

*[Enter, Pericles and Simonides, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida a nurse. The King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart, with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.]*

By many a dern and painful perch  
Of Pericles the careful search,  
By the four opposing coigns  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made with all due diligence  
That horse and sail and high expense  
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,  
Fame answering the most strange inquire,  
To the court of King Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenour these:  
Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;  
Says to 'em, if King Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis

Y-ravished the regions round,  
And every one with claps can sound,  
'Our heir-apparent is a king!  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
His queen with child makes her desire —  
Which who shall cross? — along to go:  
Omit we all their dole and woe:  
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood  
Varies again; the grisled north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives:  
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near  
Does fall in travail with her fear:  
And what ensues in this fell storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.  
I nill relate, action may  
Conveniently the rest convey;  
Which might not what by me is told.  
In your imagination hold  
This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.

[Exit.]

**SCENE I.**

[Enter Pericles, on shipboard.]

**PERICLES.**

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
Which wash forth both heaven and hell; and thou that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still  
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;  
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard. Lychorida! — Lucina, O  
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails!

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

*[Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.]*

Now, Lychorida!

**LYCHORIDA.**

Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

**PERICLES.**

How, how, Lychorida!

**LYCHORIDA.**

Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter: for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

**PERICLES.**

O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We here below  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

**LYCHORIDA.**

Patience, good sir.  
Even for this charge.

**PERICLES.**

Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for  
Thou art the rudliest welcome to this world  
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,  
With all thou canst find here, Now, the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon't!

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

*[Enter two Sailors.]*

**FIRST SAILOR.**

What courage, sir? God save you!

**PERICLES.**

Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

**FIRST SAILOR.**

Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and  
split thyself.

**SECOND SAILOR.**

But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I  
care not.

**FIRST SAILOR.**

Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is  
loud and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

**PERICLES.**

That's your superstition.

**FIRST SAILOR.**

Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it has been still observed; and we  
are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must  
overboard straight.

**PERICLES.**

As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

**LYCHORIDA.**

Here she lies, sir.

**PERICLES.**

A terrible childben hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida.  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

*[Exit Lychorida.]*

**SECOND SAILOR.**

Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed  
ready.

**PERICLES.**

I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

**SECOND SAILOR.**

We are near Tarsus.

**PERICLES.**

Thither, gentle mariner,  
Alter thy course for Tyre. When, canst thou reach it?

**SECOND SAILOR.**

By break of day, if the wind cease.

**PERICLES.**

O, make for Tarsus!  
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:  
I'll bring the body presently.

*[Exeunt.]*

## Act 3, Scene 2

Ephesus. A room in CERIMON's house.

Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON*

**PHILEMON**

Doth my lord call?

**CERIMON**

Get fire and meat for these poor men:  
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Servant*

I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endured.

**CERIMON**

Your master will be dead ere you return;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature  
That can recover him.

*To PHILEMON*

Give this to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works.

*Exeunt all but CERIMON*

*Enter two Gentlemen*

**First Gentleman**

Good morrow.

**Second Gentleman**

Good morrow to your lordship.

**CERIMON**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Gentlemen,  
Why do you stir so early?

*First Gentleman*

Sir,  
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake;  
The very principals did seem to rend,  
And all—to topple: pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

*Second Gentleman*

That is the cause we trouble you so early;  
'Tis not our husbandry.

*CERIMON*

O, you say well.

*First Gentleman*

But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.  
'Tis most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*CERIMON*

I hold it ever,  
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former.  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have,  
Together with my practise, made familiar  
To me and to my aid the blest infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.

*Second Gentleman*

Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

*Enter two or three Servants with a chest*

*First Servant*

So; lift there.

**CERIMON**

What is that?

*First Servant*

Sir, even now  
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:  
'Tis of some wreck.

**CERIMON**

Set 't down, let's look upon't.

*Second Gentleman*

'Tis like a coffin, sir.

**CERIMON**

Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:  
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,  
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

*Second Gentleman*

'Tis so, my lord.

**CERIMON**

How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!  
Did the sea cast it up?

**First Servant**

I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
As toss'd it upon shore.

**CERIMON**

Wrench it open;  
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

**Second Gentleman**

A delicate odour.

**CERIMON**

As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.  
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

**First Gentleman**

Most strange!

**CERIMON**

Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasured  
With full bags of spices! A passport too!  
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

*Reads from a scroll*

'Here I give to understand,  
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,  
I, King Pericles, have lost  
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.  
Who finds her, give her burying;  
She was the daughter of a king:  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requite his charity!'

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That even cracks for woe! This chanced tonight.

*Second Gentleman*

Most likely, sir.

**CERIMON**

Nay, certainly to-night;  
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough  
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

*Exit a Servant*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian  
That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.  
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!  
The music there!—I pray you, give her air.  
Gentlemen.  
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth  
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced  
Above five hours: see how she gins to blow  
Into life's flower again!

*First Gentleman*

The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder and set up  
Your fame forever.

**CERIMON**

She is alive; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be.

*She moves*

**THAISA**

O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

**Second Gentleman**

Is not this strange?

**First Gentleman**

Most rare.

**CERIMON**

Hush, my gentle neighbours!  
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.  
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;  
And AEsculapius guide us!

*Exeunt, carrying her away*

## **Act 3, Scene 3**

Tarsus. A room in CLEON's house.

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms*

**PERICLES**

Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

**CLEON**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,  
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

**DIONYZA**

O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

**PERICLES**

We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,  
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here  
I charge your charity withal, leaving her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

**CLEON**

Fear not, my lord, but think  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglecton  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

**PERICLES**

I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

**DIONYZA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
Than yours, my lord.

**PERICLES**

Madam, my thanks and prayers.

**CLEON**

We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,  
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

**PERICLES**

I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears:  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 3, Scene 4**

Ephesus. A room in CERIMON's house.

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA*

**CERIMON**

Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now  
At your command. Know you the character?

**THAISA**

It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my eaning time; but whether there  
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

**CERIMON**

Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

**THAISA**

My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER*

**GOWER**

Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,  
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But, alack,  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid  
Hight Philoten: and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be:  
Be't when she weaved the sleided silk  
With fingers long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp needle wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
That still records with moan; or when  
She would with rich and constant pen

Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
This Philoten contends in skill  
With absolute Marina: so  
With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given. This so darks  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:  
And cursed Dionyza hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath  
Prest for this blow. The unborn event  
I do commend to your content:  
Only I carry winged time  
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;  
Which never could I so convey,  
Unless your thoughts went on my way.  
Dionyza does appear,  
With Leonine, a murderer.

*Exit*

## **Act 4, Scene 1**

Tarsus. An open place near the sea—shore.

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE*

**DIONYZA**

Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:  
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,  
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

**LEONINE**

I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.



**DIONYZA**

The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here  
she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.  
Thou art resolved?

**LEONINE**

I am resolved.

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers*

**MARINA**

No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,  
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring me from my friends.

**DIONYZA**

How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?  
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have  
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's changed  
With this unprofitable woe!  
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

**MARINA**

No, I pray you;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

**DIONYZA**

Come, come;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart. We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me  
I can go home alone.

**MARINA**

Well, I will go;  
But yet I have no desire to it.

**DIONYZA**

Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:  
Remember what I have said.

**LEONINE**

I warrant you, madam.

**DIONYZA**

I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:  
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:  
What! I must have a care of you.

**MARINA**

My thanks, sweet madam.

*Exit DIONYZA*

Is this wind westerly that blows?

**LEONINE**

South-west.

**MARINA**

When I was born, the wind was north.

**LEONINE**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Was't so?

**MARINA**

My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cried 'Good seaman!' to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands, haling ropes;  
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea  
That almost burst the deck.

**LEONINE**

When was this?

**MARINA**

When I was born:  
Never was waves nor wind more violent;  
And from the ladder–tackle washes off  
A canvas–climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

**LEONINE**

Come, say your prayers.

**MARINA**

What mean you?

**LEONINE**

If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

**MARINA**

Why will you kill me?

**LEONINE**

To satisfy my lady.

**MARINA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Why would she have me kill'd?  
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life:  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger?

**LEONINE**

My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

**MARINA**

You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:  
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

**LEONINE**

I am sworn,  
And will dispatch.

*He seizes her*

*Enter Pirates*

**First Pirate**

Hold, villain!

*LEONINE runs away*

**Second Pirate**

A prize! a prize!

**Third Pirate**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Half-part, mates, half-part.  
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA*

*Re-enter LEONINE*

**LEONINE**

These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;  
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:  
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear  
she's dead,  
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

*Exit*

## **Act 4, Scene 2**

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT*

**Pandar**

Boult!

**BOULT**

Sir?

**Pandar**

Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of  
gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being  
too wenchless.

**Bawd**

We were never so much out of creatures. We have but  
poor three, and they can do no more than they can  
do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pandar*

Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd*

Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

*BOULT*

Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

*Bawd*

What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pandar*

Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*BOULT*

Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

*Exit*

*Pandar*

Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd*

Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

***Pandar***

O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor  
the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore,  
if in our youths we could pick up some pretty  
estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.  
Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods  
will be strong with us for giving over.

***Bawd***

Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

***Pandar***

As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse.  
Neither is our profession any trade; it's no  
calling. But here comes Boulton.

*Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA*

***BOULT***

*[To MARINA]* Come your ways. My masters, you say  
she's a virgin?

***First Pirate***

O, sir, we doubt it not.

***BOULT***

Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see:  
if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

***Bawd***

Boulton, has she any qualities?

***BOULT***

She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent  
good clothes: there's no further necessity of  
qualities can make her be refused.

***Bawd***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

What's her price, Boul't?

**BOULT**

I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

**Pandar**

Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates*

**Bawd**

Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

**BOULT**

Performance shall follow.

*Exit*

**MARINA**

Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!  
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,  
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me  
For to seek my mother!

**Bawd**

Why lament you, pretty one?

**MARINA**

That I am pretty.

**Bawd**

Come, the gods have done their part in you.



**MARINA**

I accuse them not.

**Bawd**

You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

**MARINA**

The more my fault  
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

**Bawd**

Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

**MARINA**

No.

**Bawd**

Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all  
fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the  
difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

**MARINA**

Are you a woman?

**Bawd**

What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

**MARINA**

An honest woman, or not a woman.

**Bawd**

Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have  
something to do with you. Come, you're a young  
foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have  
you.

**MARINA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

The gods defend me!

**Bawd**

If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

*Re-enter BOULT*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

**BOULT**

I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs;  
I have drawn her picture with my voice.

**Bawd**

And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

**BOULT**

Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

**Bawd**

We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

**BOULT**

To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

**Bawd**

Who, Monsieur Veroles?

**BOULT**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd*

Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*BOULT*

Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd*

[*To MARINA*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

*MARINA*

I understand you not.

*BOULT*

O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practise.

*Bawd*

Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

*BOULT*

Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

**Bawd**

Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

**BOULT**

I may so.

**Bawd**

Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

**BOULT**

Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

**Bawd**

Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature flamed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

**BOULT**

I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

**Bawd**

Come your ways; follow me.

**MARINA**

If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.  
Diana, aid my purpose!

**Bawd**

What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?

*Exeunt*

## Act 4, Scene 3

Tarsus. A room in CLEON's house.

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA*

**DIONYZA**

Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

**CLEON**

O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

**DIONYZA**

I think  
You'll turn a child again.

**CLEON**

Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o' the earth  
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!  
Whom thou hast poison'd too:  
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

**DIONYZA**

That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,  
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.  
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?  
Unless you play the pious innocent,  
And for an honest attribute cry out  
'She died by foul play.'

**CLEON**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

**DIONYZA**

Be one of those that think  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

**CLEON**

To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow  
From honourable sources.

**DIONYZA**

Be it so, then:  
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did disdain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;  
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin  
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through;  
And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find  
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

**CLEON**

Heavens forgive it!

**DIONYZA**

And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And yet we mourn: her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expense 'tis done.

**CLEON**

Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

**DIONYZA**

You are like one that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:  
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA at Tarsus*

**GOWER**

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;  
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;  
Making, to take your imagination,  
From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
To use one language in each several clime  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you  
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,  
The stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a lord and knight.  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanced in time to great and high estate,  
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
Old Helicanus goes along behind.  
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;  
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his train; CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;  
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears  
o'ershower'd,  
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears  
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:  
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,  
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit.  
The epitaph is for Marina writ  
By wicked Dionyza.

*Reads the inscription on MARINA's monument*

'The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;  
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,  
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:  
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day  
In her unholy service. Patience, then,  
And think you now are all in Mytilene.

*Exit*

## Act 4, Scene 5

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

*Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen*

*First Gentleman*

Did you ever hear the like?

*Second Gentleman*



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she  
being once gone.

*First Gentleman*

But to have divinity preached there! did you ever  
dream of such a thing?

*Second Gentleman*

No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses:  
shall's go hear the vestals sing?

*First Gentleman*

I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I  
am out of the road of rutting for ever.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 4, Scene 6**

The same. A room in the brothel.

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT*

*Pandar*

Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she  
had ne'er come here.

*Bawd*

Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god  
Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must  
either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she  
should do for clients her fitment, and do me the  
kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks,  
her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her  
knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil,  
if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*BOULT*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us  
of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests.

*Pandar*

Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

*Bawd*

Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the  
way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

*BOULT*

We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish  
baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS*

*LYSIMACHUS*

How now! How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd*

Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

*BOULT*

I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*LYSIMACHUS*

You may so; 'tis the better for you that your  
resorters stand upon sound legs. How now!  
wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal  
withal, and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd*

We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never  
came her like in Mytilene.

*LYSIMACHUS*

If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

**Bawd**

Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Well, call forth, call forth.

**BOULT**

For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall  
see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

**LYSIMACHUS**

What, prithee?

**BOULT**

O, sir, I can be modest.

**LYSIMACHUS**

That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it  
gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Exit BOULT*

**Bawd**

Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never  
plucked yet, I can assure you.

*Re-enter BOULT with MARINA*

Is she not a fair creature?

**LYSIMACHUS**

'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea.  
Well, there's for you: leave us.

**Bawd**

I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and  
I'll have done presently.

**LYSIMACHUS**

I beseech you, do.

**Bawd**

[To MARINA] First, I would have you note, this is  
an honourable man.

**MARINA**

I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

**Bawd**

Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man  
whom I am bound to.

**MARINA**

If he govern the country, you are bound to him  
indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

**Bawd**

Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will  
you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

**MARINA**

What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Ha' you done?

**Bawd**

My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some  
pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will  
leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and BOULT*

**LYSIMACHUS**

Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

**MARINA**

What trade, sir?

**LYSIMACHUS**

Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

**MARINA**

I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

**LYSIMACHUS**

How long have you been of this profession?

**MARINA**

E'er since I can remember.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

**MARINA**

Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

**MARINA**

Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

**MARINA**

Who is my principal?

**LYSIMACHUS**

Why, your herb—woman; she that sets seeds and roots  
of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something  
of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious  
wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my  
authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly  
upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place:  
come, come.

**MARINA**

If you were born to honour, show it now;  
If put upon you, make the judgment good  
That thought you worthy of it.

**LYSIMACHUS**

How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

**MARINA**

For me,  
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune  
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,  
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,  
O, that the gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air!

**LYSIMACHUS**

I did not think  
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.  
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:  
Persever in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

**MARINA**

The good gods preserve you!

**LYSIMACHUS**

For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
Hold, here's more gold for thee.  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost  
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter BOULT*

**BOULT**

I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!  
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,  
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away!

*Exit*

**BOULT**

How's this? We must take another course with you.  
If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a  
breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,  
shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like  
a spaniel. Come your ways.

**MARINA**

Whither would you have me?

**BOULT**

I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common  
hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll  
have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd*

**Bawd**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

How now! what's the matter?

**BOULT**

Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

**Bawd**

O abominable!

**BOULT**

She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

**Bawd**

Marry, hang her up for ever!

**BOULT**

The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

**Bawd**

Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

**BOULT**

An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

**MARINA**

Hark, hark, you gods!

**Bawd**

She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!



*Exit*

**BOULT**

Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

**MARINA**

Whither wilt thou have me?

**BOULT**

To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

**MARINA**

Prithee, tell me one thing first.

**BOULT**

Come now, your one thing.

**MARINA**

What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

**BOULT**

Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

**MARINA**

Neither of these are so bad as thou art,  
Since they do better thee in their command.  
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
Of hell would not in reputation change:  
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every  
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;  
To the choleric fisting of every rogue  
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such  
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

**BOULT**

What would you have me do? go to the wars, would  
you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss  
of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to  
buy him a wooden one?

**MARINA**

Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty  
OLD receptacles, or common shores, of filth;  
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:  
Any of these ways are yet better than this;  
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,  
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods  
Would safely deliver me from this place!  
Here, here's gold for thee.  
If that thy master would gain by thee,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast:  
And I will undertake all these to teach.  
I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

**BOULT**

But can you teach all this you speak of?

**MARINA**

Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

**BOULT**

Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can  
place thee, I will.

**MARINA**

But amongst honest women.

**BOULT**

Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.  
But since my master and mistress have bought you,  
there's no going but by their consent: therefore I  
will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I  
doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.  
Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER*

**GOWER**

Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances  
Into an honest house, our story says.  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess—like to her admired lays;  
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;  
And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;  
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived  
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.  
In your supposing once more put your sight  
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:  
Where what is done in action, more, if might,  
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.

*Exit*

**Act 5, Scene 1**

On board PERICLES' ship, off Mytilene. A close

pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES  
within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying  
beside the Tyrian vessel.

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them  
HELICANUS*

***Tyrian Sailor***

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*[To the Sailor of Mytilene]* Where is lord Helicanus?  
he can resolve you.  
O, here he is.  
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,  
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,  
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

**HELICANUS**

That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

**Tyrian Sailor**

Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen*

**First Gentleman**

Doth your lordship call?

**HELICANUS**

Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard;  
I pray ye, greet them fairly.

*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors*

**Tyrian Sailor**

Sir,  
This is the man that can, in aught you would,  
Resolve you.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

**HELICANUS**

And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

**LYSIMACHUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

You wish me well.  
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

**HELICANUS**

First, what is your place?

**LYSIMACHUS**

I am the governor of this place you lie before.

**HELICANUS**

Sir,  
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance  
But to prorogue his grief.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Upon what ground is his distemperature?

**HELICANUS**

'Twould be too tedious to repeat;  
But the main grief springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

**LYSIMACHUS**

May we not see him?

**HELICANUS**

You may;  
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak To any.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Yet let me obtain my wish.

**HELICANUS**

Behold him.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

*PERICLES discovered*

This was a goodly person,  
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.

**LYSIMACHUS**

Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail, royal sir!

**HELICANUS**

It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

**First Lord**

Sir,  
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him.

**LYSIMACHUS**

'Tis well bethought.  
She questionless with her sweet harmony  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are midway stopp'd:  
She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
And, with her fellow maids is now upon  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of LYSIMACHUS*

**HELICANUS**

Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness  
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

**LYSIMACHUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

O, sir, a courtesy  
Which if we should deny, the most just gods  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so afflict our province. Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

**HELICANUS**

Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:  
But, see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA, and a young Lady*

**LYSIMACHUS**

O, here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?

**HELICANUS**

She's a gallant lady.

**LYSIMACHUS**

She's such a one, that, were I well assured  
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

**MARINA**

Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery, Provided  
That none but I and my companion maid  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

**LYSIMACHUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Come, let us leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous!

*MARINA sings*

**LYSIMACHUS**

Mark'd he your music?

**MARINA**

No, nor look'd on us.

**LYSIMACHUS**

See, she will speak to him.

**MARINA**

Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

**PERICLES**

Hum, ha!

**MARINA**

I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,  
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude.

*Aside*

I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he speak.'

**PERICLES**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*MARINA*

I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
You would not do me violence.

*PERICLES*

I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.  
You are like something that—What country—woman?  
Here of these shores?

*MARINA*

No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*PERICLES*

I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;  
Her stature to an inch; as wand—like straight;  
As silver—voiced; her eyes as jewel—like  
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,  
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

*MARINA*

Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*PERICLES*

Where were you bred?  
And how achieved you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?

*MARINA*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

If I should tell my history, it would seem  
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

**PERICLES**

Prithee, speak:  
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st  
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will  
believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—  
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest  
From good descending?

**MARINA**

So indeed I did.

**PERICLES**

Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st  
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were open'd.

**MARINA**

Some such thing  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

**PERICLES**

Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?  
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

**MARINA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

My name is Marina.

**PERICLES**

O, I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

**MARINA**

Patience, good sir,  
Or here I'll cease.

**PERICLES**

Nay, I'll be patient.  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

**MARINA**

The name  
Was given me by one that had some power,  
My father, and a king.

**PERICLES**

How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd Marina?

**MARINA**

You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

**PERICLES**

But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?  
And wherefore call'd Marina?

**MARINA**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Call'd Marina  
For I was born at sea.

**PERICLES**

At sea! what mother?

**MARINA**

My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

**PERICLES**

O, stop there a little!

*Aside*

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:  
My daughter's buried. Well: where were you bred?  
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

**MARINA**

You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

**PERICLES**

I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:  
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

**MARINA**

The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?  
It may be,  
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

I am the daughter to King Pericles,  
If good King Pericles be.

**PERICLES**

Ho, Helicanus!

**HELICANUS**

Calls my lord?

**PERICLES**

Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

**HELICANUS**

I know not; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene  
Speaks nobly of her.

**LYSIMACHUS**

She would never tell  
Her parentage; being demanded that,  
She would sit still and weep.

**PERICLES**

O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,  
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,  
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud  
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

**MARINA**

First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title?

**PERICLES**

I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been godlike perfect,  
The heir of kingdoms and another like  
To Pericles thy father.

**MARINA**

Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

**PERICLES**

Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;  
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge  
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

**HELICANUS**

Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

**PERICLES**

I embrace you.  
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

**HELICANUS**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

My lord, I hear none.

**PERICLES**

None!

The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

**LYSIMACHUS**

It is not good to cross him; give him way.

**PERICLES**

Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

**LYSIMACHUS**

My lord, I hear.

*Music*

**PERICLES**

Most heavenly music!

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.

*Sleeps*

**LYSIMACHUS**

A pillow for his head:

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

*Exeunt all but PERICLES*

*DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision*

**DIANA**

My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

And give them repetition to the life.  
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;  
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!  
Awake, and tell thy dream.

*Disappears*

**PERICLES**

Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

*Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA*

**HELICANUS**

Sir?

**PERICLES**

My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

*To LYSIMACHUS*

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

**LYSIMACHUS**

Sir,  
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

**PERICLES**

You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

**LYSIMACHUS**



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Sir, lend me your arm.

**PERICLES**

Come, my Marina.

*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER, before the temple of DIANA at Ephesus*

**GOWER**

Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.  
This, my last boon, give me,  
For such kindness must relieve me,  
That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mytilene  
To greet the king. So he thrived,  
That he is promised to be wived  
To fair Marina; but in no wise  
Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound.  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
At Ephesus, the temple see,  
Our king and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

*Exit*

## **Act 5, Scene 3**

The temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing

near the altar, as high priestess; a number of  
Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants  
of Ephesus attending.

*Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady*

**PERICLES**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid—child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years  
He sought to murder: but her better stars  
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

**THAISA**

Voice and favour!  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!

*Faints*

**PERICLES**

What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

**CERIMON**

Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

**PERICLES**

Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

**CERIMON**

Upon this coast, I warrant you.

**PERICLES**

'Tis most certain.

**CERIMON**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Look to the lady; O, she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early in blustering morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her  
Here in Diana's temple.

**PERICLES**

May we see them?

**CERIMON**

Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is recovered.

**THAISA**

O, let me look!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,  
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

**PERICLES**

The voice of dead Thaisa!

**THAISA**

That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
And drown'd.

**PERICLES**

Immortal Dian!

**THAISA**

Now I know you better.  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king my father gave you such a ring.

*Shows a ring*

**PERICLES**

This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness  
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

**MARINA**

My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*Kneels to THAISA*

**PERICLES**

Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina  
For she was yielded there.

**THAISA**

Blest, and mine own!

**HELICANUS**

Hail, madam, and my queen!

**THAISA**

I know you not.

**PERICLES**

You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,  
I left behind an ancient substitute:  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have named him oft.

**THAISA**

'Twas Helicanus then.

**PERICLES**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserved; and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

**THAISA**

Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,

Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can

From first to last resolve you.

**PERICLES**

Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives?

**CERIMON**

I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came placed here in the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

**PERICLES**

Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I

Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

**THAISA**

Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,

My father's dead.

**PERICLES**

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida

Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay  
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.

*Exeunt*

*Enter GOWER*

**GOWER**

In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,  
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
The worth that learned charity aye wears:  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,  
That him and his they in his palace burn;  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them; although not done, but meant.  
So, on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

*Exit*

## **Troilus and Cressida**

**Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece**

**The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come;**

**And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sperr up the sons of Troy.**

**Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come  
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence  
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play**

**Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:  
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.**

## **Troilus and Cressida**

### ***Act 1, Scene 1***

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



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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;

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, their high

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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,—

**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,

Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

*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*

## Act 1, Scene 2

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

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous their high

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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 attaint 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.

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, their high

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**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.

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

**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.

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**CRESSIDA** This is her question.

**PANDARUS** That's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, an Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

**CRESSIDA** So let it now; for it has been while going by.

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

**CRESSIDA** So I do.

**PANDARUS** I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

**CRESSIDA** And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

*A retreat sounded*

**PANDARUS** Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

**CRESSIDA** At your pleasure.

**PANDARUS** Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

**CRESSIDA** Speak not so loud.

*AENEAS passes*

**PANDARUS** That's Aeneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*ANTENOR passes*

**CRESSIDA** Who's that?

**PANDARUS** That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough, he's one o' the soundest judgments in whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

**CRESSIDA** Will he give you the nod?

**PANDARUS** You shall see.

**CRESSIDA** If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes*

**PANDARUS** That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's

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a countenance! is't not a brave man?

**CRESSIDA**O, a brave man!

**PANDARUS**Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

**CRESSIDA**Be those with swords?

**PANDARUS**Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

**PARIS** *passes* Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

**HELENUS** *passes*

**CRESSIDA**Who's that?

**PANDARUS**That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

**CRESSIDA**Can Helenus fight, uncle?

**PANDARUS**Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

**CRESSIDA**What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

**TROILUS** *passes*

**PANDARUS**Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

**CRESSIDA**Peace, for shame, peace!

**PANDARUS**Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

**CRESSIDA**Here come more.

*Forces pass*

**PANDARUS**Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the

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eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles  
are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had  
rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and  
all Greece.

**CRESSIDA** There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

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

**CRESSIDA** Well, well.

**PANDARUS** Well, well! why, have you any discretion? have  
you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not  
birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood,  
learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality,  
and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

**CRESSIDA** Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date  
in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

**PANDARUS** You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you  
lie.

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

**PANDARUS** Say one of your watches.

**CRESSIDA** Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the  
chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would  
not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took  
the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's  
past watching.

**PANDARUS** You are such another!

*Enter Troilus's Boy*

**Boy** Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

**PANDARUS** Where?

**Boy** At your own house; there he unarms him.

**PANDARUS** Good boy, tell him I come.

*Exit boy* I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

**CRESSIDA** Adieu, uncle.

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

**CRESSIDA** To bring, uncle?

**PANDARUS** Ay, a token from Troilus.

**CRESSIDA** By the same token, you are a bawd.

*Exit PANDARUS* Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprise;  
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

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Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.  
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:  
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet that ever knew  
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:  
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 1, Scene 3**

The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent. **Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others**

**AGAMEMNON** Princes,  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below  
Fails in the promised largeness: cheques and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us  
That we come short of our suppose so far  
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;  
Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,  
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else  
But the protractive trials of great Jove  
To find persistive constancy in men:  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft seem all affined and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass or matter, by itself  
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

**NESTOR** With due observance of thy godlike seat,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,

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How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk!  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide  
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness  
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of courage  
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key  
Retorts to chiding fortune.

**ULYSSES** Agamemnon,  
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit.  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation To which,

*To AGAMEMNON* most mighty for thy place and sway,

*To NESTOR* And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life  
I give to both your speeches, which were such  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass, and such again  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree  
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears  
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,  
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

**AGAMEMNON** Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect  
That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

**ULYSSES** Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
But for these instances.  
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:  
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand

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Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.  
When that the general is not like the hive  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre  
Observe degree, priority and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office and custom, in all line of order;  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans cheque to good and bad: but when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!  
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!  
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaken,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.  
And this neglection of degree it is  
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below, he by the next,

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That next by him beneath; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

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

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

**ULYSSES** The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus  
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests;  
And with ridiculous and awkward action,  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on,  
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,  
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.  
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
As he being drest to some oration.'  
That's done, as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!  
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'  
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,  
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport  
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;  
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,

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All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

**NESTOR** And in the imitation of these twain—  
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice—many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
To match us in comparisons with dirt,  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

**ULYSSES** They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,  
Count wisdom as no member of the war,  
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,  
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure  
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:  
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;  
So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.

**NESTOR** Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons.

*A tucket*

**AGAMEMNON** What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

**MENELAUS** From Troy.

*Enter AENEAS*

**AGAMEMNON** What would you 'fore our tent?

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

**AGAMEMNON** Even this.

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

**AGAMEMNON** With surety stronger than Achilles' arm  
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.

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**AENEAS** Fair leave and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

**AGAMEMNON** How!

**AENEAS** Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phoebus:  
Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

**AGAMEMNON** This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.

**AENEAS** Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,  
Jove's accord,  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, AEneas,  
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole sure,  
transcends.

**AGAMEMNON** Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself AEneas?

**AENEAS** Ay, Greek, that is my name.

**AGAMEMNON** What's your affair I pray you?

**AENEAS** Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

**AGAMEMNON** He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.

**AENEAS** Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

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

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

*Trumpet sounds* We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy

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

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

**NESTOR** Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;  
But if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,  
To answer for his love, tell him from me  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,  
And meeting him will tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste  
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

**AENEAS** Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

**ULYSSES** Amen.

**AGAMEMNON** Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;  
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go

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And find the welcome of a noble foe.

*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR*

**ULYSSES**Nestor!

**NESTOR**What says Ulysses?

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

**NESTOR**What is't?

**ULYSSES**This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

**NESTOR**Well, and how?

**ULYSSES**This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

**NESTOR**The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,  
Whose grossness little characters sum up:  
And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,  
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

**ULYSSES**And wake him to the answer, think you?

**NESTOR**Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,  
That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our imputation shall be oddly poised  
In this wild action; for the success,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;  
And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is supposed  
He that meets Hector issues from our choice  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,  
As 'twere from us all, a man distill'd  
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,

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To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
In no less working than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

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

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

**ULYSSES** What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:  
But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,  
Why then, we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves  
Give him allowance for the better man;  
For that will physic the great Myrmidon  
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall  
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,  
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,  
Yet go we under our opinion still  
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:  
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

**NESTOR** Ulysses,  
Now I begin to relish thy advice;  
And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.  
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2, Scene 1**

A part of the Grecian camp. **Enter AJAX and THERSITES**

**AJAX** Thersites!

**THERSITES** Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full, all over,

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generally?

**AJAX**Thersites!

**THERSITES**And those boils did run? say so: did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

**AJAX**Dog!

**THERSITES**Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

**AJAX**Thou bitch—wolf's son, canst thou not hear?

*Beating him* Feel, then.

**THERSITES**The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

**AJAX**Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

**THERSITES**I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

**AJAX**Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

**THERSITES**Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

**AJAX**The proclamation!

**THERSITES**Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

**AJAX**Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

**THERSITES**I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

**AJAX**I say, the proclamation!

**THERSITES**Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpine's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

**AJAX**Mistress Thersites!

**THERSITES**Thou shouldest strike him.

**AJAX**Cobloaf!

**THERSITES**He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

**AJAX***[Beating him]* You whoreson cur!

**THERSITES**Do, do.

**AJAX**Thou stool for a witch!

**THERSITES**Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and

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sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave.  
If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and  
tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no  
bowels, thou!

**AJAX**You dog!

**THERSITES**You scurvy lord!

**AJAX***[Beating him]* You cur!

**THERSITES**Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**ACHILLES**Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now,  
Thersites! what's the matter, man?

**THERSITES**You see him there, do you?

**ACHILLES**Ay; what's the matter?

**THERSITES**Nay, look upon him.

**ACHILLES**So I do: what's the matter?

**THERSITES**Nay, but regard him well.

**ACHILLES**'Well!' why, I do so.

**THERSITES**But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you  
take him to be, he is Ajax.

**ACHILLES**I know that, fool.

**THERSITES**Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

**AJAX**Therefore I beat thee.

**THERSITES**Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his  
evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his  
brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy  
nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not  
worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord,  
Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and  
his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of  
him.

**ACHILLES**What?

**THERSITES**I say, this Ajax—

*Ajax offers to beat him*

**ACHILLES**Nay, good Ajax.

**THERSITES**Has not so much wit—

**ACHILLES**Nay, I must hold you.

**THERSITES**As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he  
comes to fight.

**ACHILLES**Peace, fool!

**THERSITES**I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will  
not: he there: that he: look you there.

**AJAX**O thou damned cur! I shall—

**ACHILLES**Will you set your wit to a fool's?

**THERSITES**No, I warrant you; for a fools will shame it.

**PATROCLUS**Good words, Thersites.

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**ACHILLES**What's the quarrel?

**AJAX**I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

**THERSITES**I serve thee not.

**AJAX**Well, go to, go to.

**THERSITES**I serve here voluntarily.

**ACHILLES**Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

**THERSITES**E'en so; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

**ACHILLES**What, with me too, Thersites?

**THERSITES**There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

**ACHILLES**What, what?

**THERSITES**Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

**AJAX**I shall cut out your tongue.

**THERSITES**'Tis no matter! I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

**PATROCLUS**No more words, Thersites; peace!

**THERSITES**I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

**ACHILLES**There's for you, Patroclus.

**THERSITES**I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.

*Exit*

**PATROCLUS**A good riddance.

**ACHILLES**Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host: That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

**AJAX**Farewell. Who shall answer him?

**ACHILLES**I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise He knew his man.

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

*Exeunt*

## Act 2, Scene 2

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Troy. A room in Priam's palace. ***Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS***

***PRIAM*** After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:  
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—  
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed  
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—  
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?

***HECTOR*** Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I  
As far as toucheth my particular,  
Yet, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'  
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,  
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
What merit's in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up?

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

***HELENUS*** No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,  
You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

***TROILUS*** You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;  
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are  
your reasons:  
You know an enemy intends you harm;  
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,  
And reason flies the object of all harm:

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Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,  
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour  
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat  
their thoughts  
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

**HECTOR** Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
The holding.

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

**TROILUS** I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour:  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands  
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;  
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired,  
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.  
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—  
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'—  
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—  
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands

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And cried 'Inestimable!'—why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,  
And do a deed that fortune never did,  
Beggard the estimation which you prized  
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!  
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,  
That in their country did them that disgrace,  
We fear to warrant in our native place!

**CASSANDRA***[Within]* Cry, Trojans, cry!

**PRIAM**What noise? what shriek is this?

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

**CASSANDRA***[Within]* Cry, Trojans!

**HECTOR**It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving*

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

**HECTOR**Peace, sister, peace!

**CASSANDRA**Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,  
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;  
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.  
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:  
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

*Exit*

**HECTOR**Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains  
Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood  
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same?

**TROILUS**Why, brother Hector,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it,  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures  
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel  
Which hath our several honours all engaged  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:  
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain!



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

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

**PARIS**Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wiped off, in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up  
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble  
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed  
Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,  
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

**HECTOR**Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glozed, but superficially: not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? If this law

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Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.  
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still,  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

**TROILUS**Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:  
Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame in time to come canonize us;  
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promised glory  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action  
For the wide world's revenue.

**HECTOR**I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dun and factious nobles of the Greeks  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:  
I was advertised their great general slept,  
Whilst emulation in the army crept:  
This, I presume, will wake him.

*Exeunt*

## Act 2, Scene 3

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent. **Enter THERSITES, solus**

**THERSITES**How now, Thersites! what lost in the labyrinth of  
thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He  
beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction!  
would it were otherwise; that I could beat him,  
whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to

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conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little, little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS*

**PATROCLUS**Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

**THERSITES**If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

**PATROCLUS**What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

**THERSITES**Ay: the heavens hear me!

*Enter ACHILLES*

**ACHILLES**Who's there?

**PATROCLUS**Thersites, my lord.

**ACHILLES**Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

**THERSITES**Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

**PATROCLUS**Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

**THERSITES**Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

**PATROCLUS**Thou mayst tell that knowest.

**ACHILLES**O, tell, tell.

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**THESSITES** I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

**PATROCLUS** You rascal!

**THESSITES** Peace, fool! I have not done.

**ACHILLES** He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

**THESSITES** Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

**ACHILLES** Derive this; come.

**THESSITES** Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

**PATROCLUS** Why am I a fool?

**THESSITES** Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

**ACHILLES** Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.

*Exit*

**THESSITES** Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!

*Exit Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX*

**AGAMEMNON** Where is Achilles?

**PATROCLUS** Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

**AGAMEMNON** Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest perchance he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

**PATROCLUS** I shall say so to him.

*Exit*

**ULYSSES** We saw him at the opening of his tent:

He is not sick.

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

*Takes AGAMEMNON aside*

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**NESTOR**What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

**ULYSSES**Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

**NESTOR**Who, Thersites?

**ULYSSES**He.

**NESTOR**Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

**ULYSSES**No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

**NESTOR**All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

**ULYSSES**The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

*Re-enter PATROCLUS*

**NESTOR**No Achilles with him.

**ULYSSES**The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

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

**AGAMEMNON**Hear you, Patroclus:  
We are too well acquainted with these answers:  
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,  
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,  
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,  
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,  
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,  
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,  
If you do say we think him over-proud  
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater  
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier  
than himself  
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
And underwrite in an observing kind  
His humorous predominance; yea, watch  
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if  
The passage and whole carriage of this action  
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,  
That if he overhold his price so much,  
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

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Not portable, lie under this report:  
'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:  
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.

**PATROCLUSI** shall; and bring his answer presently.

*Exit*

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

*Exit ULYSSES*

**AJAX**What is he more than another?

**AGAMEMNON**No more than what he thinks he is.

**AJAX**Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a  
better man than I am?

**AGAMEMNON**No question.

**AJAX**Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

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

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

**AGAMEMNON**Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the  
fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is  
his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;  
and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours  
the deed in the praise.

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

**NESTOR**Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

*Aside Re-enter ULYSSES*

**ULYSSES**Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

**AGAMEMNON**What's his excuse?

**ULYSSES**He doth rely on none,  
But carries on the stream of his dispose  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

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

**ULYSSES**Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,  
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,  
And speaks not to himself but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth  
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse  
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages

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And batters down himself: what should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it  
Cry 'No recovery.'

**AGAMEMNON** Let Ajax go to him.  
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led  
At your request a little from himself.

**ULYSSES** O Agamemnon, let it not be so!  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord  
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles:  
That were to enlard his fat already pride  
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.  
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,  
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

**NESTOR** [*Aside to DIOMEDES*] O, this is well; he rubs the  
vein of him.

**DIOMEDES** [*Aside to NESTOR*] And how his silence drinks up  
this applause!

**AJAX** If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.  
**AGAMEMNON** O, no, you shall not go.  
**AJAX** An a' be proud with me, I'll phreeze his pride:  
Let me go to him.

**ULYSSES** Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.  
**AJAX** A paltry, insolent fellow!  
**NESTOR** How he describes himself!  
**AJAX** Can he not be sociable?  
**ULYSSES** The raven chides blackness.  
**AJAX** I'll let his humours blood.  
**AGAMEMNON** He will be the physician that should be the patient.  
**AJAX** An all men were o' my mind,—  
**ULYSSES** Wit would be out of fashion.  
**AJAX** ' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first:  
shall pride carry it?

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**NESTOR** An 'twould, you'd carry half.

**ULYSSES** A' would have ten shares.

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

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

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

**NESTOR** Our noble general, do not do so.

**DIOMEDES** You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

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

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

I will be silent.

**NESTOR** Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

**ULYSSES** Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

**AJAX** A whoreson dog, that shall pelter thus with us!

Would he were a Trojan!

**NESTOR** What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

**ULYSSES** If he were proud,—

**DIOMEDES** Or covetous of praise,—

**ULYSSES** Ay, or surly borne,—

**DIOMEDES** Or strange, or self-affected!

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

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice famed, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

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

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor;

Instructed by the antiquary times,

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

Put pardon, father Nestor, were your days

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

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

**AJAX** Shall I call you father?

**NESTOR** Ay, my good son.

**DIOMEDES** Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

**ULYSSES** There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

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And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,  
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

**AGAMEMNON**Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 3, Scene 1**

Troy. Priam's palace. ***Enter a Servant and PANDARUS***

**PANDARUS**Friend, you! pray you, a word: do not you follow  
the young Lord Paris?

**Servant**Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

**PANDARUS**You depend upon him, I mean?

**Servant**Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

**PANDARUS**You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs  
praise him.

**Servant**The lord be praised!

**PANDARUS**You know me, do you not?

**Servant**Faith, sir, superficially.

**PANDARUS**Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

**Servant**I hope I shall know your honour better.

**PANDARUS**I do desire it.

**Servant**You are in the state of grace.

**PANDARUS**Grace! not so, friend: honour and lordship are my titles.

*Music within* What music is this?

**Servant**I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

**PANDARUS**Know you the musicians?

**Servant**Wholly, sir.

**PANDARUS**Who play they to?

**Servant**To the hearers, sir.

**PANDARUS**At whose pleasure, friend

**Servant**At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

**PANDARUS**Command, I mean, friend.

**Servant**Who shall I command, sir?

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

**Servant**That's to 't indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request  
of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him,  
the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's  
invisible soul,—

**PANDARUS**Who, my cousin Cressida?

**Servant**No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her  
attributes?

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**PANDARUS**It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

**Servant**Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended*

**PANDARUS**Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

**HELEN**Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

**PANDARUS**You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

**PARIS**You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

**PANDARUS**Truly, lady, no.

**HELEN**O, sir,—

**PANDARUS**Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

**PARIS**Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

**PANDARUS**I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

**HELEN**Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

**PANDARUS**Well, sweet queen. you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

**HELEN**My Lord Pandarus; honey—sweet lord,—

**PANDARUS**Go to, sweet queen, to go:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

**HELEN**You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

**PANDARUS**Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

**HELEN**And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

**PANDARUS**Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

**HELEN**My Lord Pandarus,—

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**PANDARUS**What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

**PARIS**What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

**HELEN**Nay, but, my lord,—

**PANDARUS**What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

**PARIS**I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

**PANDARUS**No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

**PARIS**Well, I'll make excuse.

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

**PARIS**I spy.

**PANDARUS**You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

**HELEN**Why, this is kindly done.

**PANDARUS**My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

**HELEN**She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

**PANDARUS**He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

**HELEN**Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

**PANDARUS**Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

**HELEN**Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

**PANDARUS**Ay, you may, you may.

**HELEN**Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all.  
O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

**PANDARUS**Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

**PARIS**Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

**PANDARUS**In good troth, it begins so.

*Sings* Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh—ho!

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**HELEN**In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

**PARIS**He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

**PANDARUS**Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

**PARIS**Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

**HELEN**He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

**PANDARUS**Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

**PARIS**To a hair.

**PANDARUS**Farewell, sweet queen.

**HELEN**Commend me to your niece.

**PANDARUS**I will, sweet queen.

*Exit A retreat sounded*

**PARIS**They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

**HELEN**'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris; Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.

**PARIS**Sweet, above thought I love thee.

*Exeunt*

## Act 3, Scene 2

The same. Pandarus' orchard. ***Enter PANDARUS and Troilus's Boy, meeting***

**PANDARUS**How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

**Boy**No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

**PANDARUS**O, here he comes.

*Enter TROILUS* How now, how now!

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**TROILUS** Sirrah, walk off.

*Exit Boy*

**PANDARUS** Have you seen my cousin?

**TROILUS** No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transportance to those fields  
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds  
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings  
And fly with me to Cressid!

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

*Exit*

**TROILUS** I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,  
When that the watery palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,  
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

*Re-enter PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS** She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you  
must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches  
her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a  
sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest  
villain: she fetches her breath as short as a  
new-ta'en sparrow.

*Exit*

**TROILUS** Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encountering  
The eye of majesty.

*Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA*

**PANDARUS** Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.  
Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that  
you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again?  
you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?  
Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward,  
we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to  
her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your

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picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend  
daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner.  
So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now!  
a kiss in fee—farm! build there, carpenter; the air  
is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere  
I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the  
ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

**TROILUS**You have bereft me of all words, lady.

**PANDARUS**Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll  
bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your  
activity in question. What, billing again? Here's  
'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—  
Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

*Exit*

**CRESSIDA**Will you walk in, my lord?

**TROILUS**O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

**CRESSIDA**Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

**TROILUS**What should they grant? what makes this pretty  
abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet  
lady in the fountain of our love?

**CRESSIDA**More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

**TROILUS**Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

**CRESSIDA**Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer  
footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to  
fear the worst oft cures the worse.

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

**CRESSIDA**Nor nothing monstrous neither?

**TROILUS**Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep  
seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking  
it harder for our mistress to devise imposition  
enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed.  
This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will  
is infinite and the execution confined, that the  
desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

**CRESSIDA**They say all lovers swear more performance than they  
are able and yet reserve an ability that they never  
perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and  
discharging less than the tenth part of one. They  
that have the voice of lions and the act of hares,  
are they not monsters?

**TROILUS**Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we  
are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go  
bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion

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shall have a praise in present: we will not name  
desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition  
shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus  
shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst  
shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can  
speak truest not truer than Troilus.

**CRESSIDA** Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS*

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

**CRESSIDA** Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

**PANDARUS** I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you,  
you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he  
flinch, chide me for it.

**TROILUS** You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my  
firm faith.

**PANDARUS** Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred,  
though they be long ere they are wooed, they are  
constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you;  
they'll stick where they are thrown.

**CRESSIDA** Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.  
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day  
For many weary months.

**TROILUS** Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

**CRESSIDA** Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,  
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now; but not, till now, so much  
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;  
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!  
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,  
For in this rapture I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

**TROILUS** And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

**PANDARUS** Pretty, i' faith.

**CRESSIDA** My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;  
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:  
I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?

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For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

**TROILUS**Your leave, sweet Cressid!

**PANDARUS**Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

**CRESSIDA**Pray you, content you.

**TROILUS**What offends you, lady?

**CRESSIDA**Sir, mine own company.

**TROILUS**You cannot shun Yourself.

**CRESSIDA**Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. I would be gone:

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

**TROILUS**Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

**CRESSIDA**Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you love not, for to be wise and love

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

**TROILUS**O that I thought it could be in a woman—

As, if it can, I will presume in you—

To feed for aye her ramp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

How were I then uplifted! but, alas!

I am as true as truth's simplicity

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

**CRESSIDA**In that I'll war with you.

**TROILUS**O virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,

Want similes, truth tired with iteration,

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,

'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

**CRESSIDA**Prophet may you be!

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If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said 'as false  
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'  
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
'As false as Cressid.'

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

**TROILUS**Amen.

**CRESSIDA**Amen.

**PANDARUS**Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a  
bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your  
pretty encounters, press it to death: away!  
And Cupid grant all tongue—tied maidens here  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

*Exeunt*

## Act 3, Scene 3

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent. **Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS**

**CALCHAS**Now, princes, for the service I have done you,  
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind  
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,  
And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:

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I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

**AGAMEMNON**What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

**CALCHAS**You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—  
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,  
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs  
That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

**AGAMEMNON**Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

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

*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent*

**ULYSSES**Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:  
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:  
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me  
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:  
If so, I have derision medicinable,  
To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:  
It may be good: pride hath no other glass  
To show itself but pride, for supple knees  
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

**AGAMEMNON**We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along:  
So do each lord, and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

**ACHILLES**What, comes the general to speak with me?

Troilus and CressidaPrologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, their high

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You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

**AGAMEMNON**What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

**NESTOR**Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

**ACHILLES**No.

**NESTOR**Nothing, my lord.

**AGAMEMNON**The better.

*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR*

**ACHILLES**Good day, good day.

**MENELAUS**How do you? how do you?

*Exit*

**ACHILLES**What, does the cuckold scorn me?

**AJAX**How now, Patroclus!

**ACHILLES**Good morrow, Ajax.

**AJAX**Ha?

**ACHILLES**Good morrow.

**AJAX**Ay, and good next day too.

*Exit*

**ACHILLES**What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

**PATROCLUS**They pass by strangely: they were used to bend

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars.

**ACHILLES**What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declined is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;

I'll interrupt his reading.

How now Ulysses!

**ULYSSES**Now, great Thetis' son!

**ACHILLES**What are you reading?

**ULYSSES**A strange fellow here

Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever parted,

How much in having, or without or in,

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Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;  
As when his virtues shining upon others  
Heat them and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver.'

**ACHILLES** This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,  
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed  
Salutes each other with each other's form;  
For speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there  
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

**ULYSSES** I do not strain at the position,—  
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
Though in and of him there be much consisting,  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they're extended; who, like an arch,  
reverberates  
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.  
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are  
Most abject in regard and dear in use!  
What things again most dear in the esteem  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do!  
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast  
And great Troy shrieking.

**ACHILLES** I do believe it; for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, their high

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Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

**ULYSSES**Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost;  
Or like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,  
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;  
For time is like a fashionable host  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not  
virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was;  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to dust that is a little gilt  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
The present eye praises the present object.  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might, and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive  
And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves  
And drove great Mars to faction.

**ACHILLES**Of this my privacy

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I have strong reasons.

**ULYSSES** But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical:  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.

**ACHILLES** Ha! known!

**ULYSSES** Is that a wonder?  
The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery—with whom relation  
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;  
Which hath an operation more divine  
Than breath or pen can give expressure to:  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy  
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much  
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'  
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

*Exit*

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

**ACHILLES** Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

**PATROCLUS** Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

**ACHILLES** I see my reputation is at stake  
My fame is shrewdly gored.

**PATROCLUS** O, then, beware;  
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:  
Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

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And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

**ACHILLES**Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:  
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,  
To talk with him and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view.

*Enter THERSITES* A labour saved!

**THERSITES**A wonder!

**ACHILLES**What?

**THERSITES**Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

**ACHILLES**How so?

**THERSITES**He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

**ACHILLES**How can that be?

**THERSITES**Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out;' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

**ACHILLES**Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

**THERSITES**Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

**ACHILLES**To him, Patroclus; tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six—or-seven-times-honoured

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captain—general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon,  
et cetera. Do this.

**PATROCLUS** Jove bless great Ajax!

**THERSITES** Hum!

**PATROCLUS** I come from the worthy Achilles,—

**THERSITES** Ha!

**PATROCLUS** Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

**THERSITES** Hum!

**PATROCLUS** And to procure safe—conduct from Agamemnon.

**THERSITES** Agamemnon!

**PATROCLUS** Ay, my lord.

**THERSITES** Ha!

**PATROCLUS** What say you to't?

**THERSITES** God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

**PATROCLUS** Your answer, sir.

**THERSITES** If to—morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will  
go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me  
ere he has me.

**PATROCLUS** Your answer, sir.

**THERSITES** Fare you well, with all my heart.

**ACHILLES** Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

**THERSITES** No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in  
him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know  
not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo  
get his sinews to make catlings on.

**ACHILLES** Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

**THERSITES** Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more  
capable creature.

**ACHILLES** My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;  
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**THERSITES** Would the fountain of your mind were clear again,  
that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a  
tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

*Exit*

## **Act 4, Scene 1**

Troy. A street. **Enter, from one side, AENEAS, and Servant  
with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS,  
ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches**

**PARIS** See, ho! who is that there?

**DEIPHOBUS** It is the Lord Aeneas.

**AENEAS** Is the prince there in person?

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous their high



As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Had I so good occasion to lie long  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

**DIOMEDES** That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord AEneas.

**PARIS** valiant Greek, AEneas,—take his hand,—  
Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

**AENEAS** Health to you, valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce;  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance  
As heart can think or courage execute.

**DIOMEDES** The one and other Diomed embraces.  
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!  
But when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life  
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

**AENEAS** And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love in such a sort  
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

**DIOMEDES** We sympathize: Jove, let AEneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

**AENEAS** We know each other well.

**DIOMEDES** We do; and long to know each other worse.

**PARIS** This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
What business, lord, so early?

**AENEAS** I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

**PARIS** His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek  
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,  
For the enfried Antenor, the fair Cressid:  
Let's have your company, or, if you please,  
Haste there before us: I constantly do think—  
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:  
Rouse him and give him note of our approach.  
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear  
We shall be much unwelcome.

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, their high

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**AENEAS** That I assure you:  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

**PARIS** There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

**AENEAS** Good morrow, all.  
*Exit with Servant*

**PARIS** And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,  
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,  
Myself or Menelaus?

**DIOMEDES** Both alike:  
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,  
Not making any scruple of her soilure,  
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,  
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:  
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;  
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

**PARIS** You are too bitter to your countrywoman.  
**DIOMEDES** She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:  
For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

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

*Exeunt*

## Act 4, Scene 2

The same. Court of Pandarus' house. **Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA**

**TROILUS** Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

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**CRESSIDA** Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;  
He shall unbolt the gates.

**TROILUS** Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought!

**CRESSIDA** Good morrow, then.

**TROILUS** I prithee now, to bed.

**CRESSIDA** Are you a-weary of me?

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

**CRESSIDA** Night hath been too brief.

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

**CRESSIDA** Prithee, tarry:

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

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

**TROILUS** It is your uncle.

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

*Enter PANDARUS*

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

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

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

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

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

**CRESSIDA** Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' the head!

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulo55,1their hig

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

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

**TROILUS** Ha, ha!

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

*Knocking within* How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:  
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA*

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

*Enter AENEAS*

**AENEAS** Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

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

**AENEAS** Is not Prince Troilus here?

**PANDARUS** Here! what should he do here?

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

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

**AENEAS** Who!—nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong  
ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him, to be  
false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go  
fetch him hither; go.

*Re-enter TROILUS*

**TROILUS** How now! what's the matter?

**AENEAS** My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,  
My matter is so rash: there is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The Lady Cressida.

**TROILUS** Is it so concluded?

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

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

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

*Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS*

**PANDARUS** Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil  
take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a  
plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!

*Re-enter CRESSIDA*

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

**PANDARUS** Ah, ah!

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

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

**CRESSIDA** O the gods! what's the matter?

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

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

**PANDARUS** Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou  
art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father,  
and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death;  
'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

**CRESSIDA** O you immortal gods! I will not go.

**PANDARUS** Thou must.

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

**PANDARUS** Do, do.

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

*Exeunt*

## Act 4, Scene 3

The same. Street before Pandarus' house. **Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS,**

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulo553their hig

## **DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES**

**PARIS** It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd  
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

**TROILUS** Walk into her house;  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus  
A priest there offering to it his own heart.

*Exit*

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

*Exeunt*

### **Act 4, Scene 4**

The same. Pandarus' house. **Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA**

**PANDARUS** Be moderate, be moderate.  
**CRESSIDA** Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief.  
My love admits no qualifying dross;  
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

**PANDARUS** Here, here, here he comes.  
*Enter TROILUS* Ah, sweet ducks!

**CRESSIDA** O Troilus! Troilus!

*Embracing him*

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

**TROILUS** Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,

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As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

**CRESSIDA** Have the gods envy?

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

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

**TROILUS** A hateful truth.

**CRESSIDA** What, and from Troilus too?

**TROILUS** From Troy and Troilus.

**CRESSIDA** Is it possible?

**TROILUS** And suddenly; where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now with a robber's haste

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up into a lose adieu,

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

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

**TROILUS** Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so

Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

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

*Exit*

**CRESSIDA** I must then to the Grecians?

**TROILUS** No remedy.

**CRESSIDA** A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

When shall we see again?

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

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

**TROILUS** Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:

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

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

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And I will see thee.

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

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

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

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

**CRESSIDAO** heavens! 'be true' again!

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

**CRESSIDAO** heavens! you love me not.

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

**CRESSIDA** Do you think I will?

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

**AENEAS** [*Within*] Nay, good my lord,—

**TROILUS** Come, kiss; and let us part.

**PARIS** [*Within*] Brother Troilus!

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

**CRESSIDA** My lord, will you be true?

**TROILUS** Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:  
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

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As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit  
Is 'plain and true;' there's all the reach of it.

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

**DIOMEDES** Fair Lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

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

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

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

*Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES* Trumpet within

**PARIS** Hark! Hector's trumpet.

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

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

**DEIPHOBUS** Let us make ready straight.

**AENEAS** Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:

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The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth and single chivalry.

*Exeunt*

## Act 4, Scene 5

The Grecian camp. Lists set out. ***Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others***

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

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

*Trumpet sounds*

**ULYSSES** No trumpet answers.

**ACHILLES** 'Tis but early days.

**AGAMEMNON** Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

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

*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA*

**AGAMEMNON** Is this the Lady Cressid?

**DIOMEDES** Even she.

**AGAMEMNON** Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

**NESTOR** Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

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

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

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

**MENELAUS** I had good argument for kissing once.

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

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

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

**MENELAUS**O, this is trim!

**PATROCLUS**Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

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

**CRESSIDA**In kissing, do you render or receive?

**PATROCLUS**Both take and give.

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

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

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

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

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

**MENELAUS**You fillip me o' the head.

**CRESSIDA**No, I'll be sworn.

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

**CRESSIDA**You may.

**ULYSSES**I do desire it.

**CRESSIDA**Why, beg, then.

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

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

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

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

*Exit with CRESSIDA*

**NESTOR**A woman of quick sense.

**ULYSSES**Fie, fie upon her!

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

*Trumpet within*

**ALL**The Trojans' trumpet.

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**AGAMEMNON**Yonder comes the troop.

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

**AENEAS**Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands? or do you purpose

A victor shall be known? will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

**AGAMEMNON**Which way would Hector have it?

**AENEAS**He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

**ACHILLES**'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing

The knight opposed.

**AENEAS**If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

**ACHILLES**If not Achilles, nothing.

**AENEAS**Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

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

*Re-enter DIOMEDES*

**AGAMEMNON**Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Aeneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists*

**ULYSSES**They are opposed already.

**AGAMEMNON**What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

**ULYSSES**The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,

Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open and both free;

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

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath;

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Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects, but he in heat of action  
Is more vindicative than jealous love:  
They call him Troilus, and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says AEneas; one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches, and with private soul  
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight*

**AGAMEMNON** They are in action.

**NESTOR** Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

**TROILUS** Hector, thou sleep'st;  
Awake thee!

**AGAMEMNON** His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

**DIOMEDES** You must no more.

*Trumpets cease*

**AENEAS** Princes, enough, so please you.

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

**DIOMEDES** As Hector pleases.

**HECTOR** Why, then will I no more:

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,  
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
Cousin, all honour to thee!

**AJAX** I thank thee, Hector

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition earned in thy death.

**HECTOR** Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes  
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself

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A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

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

**HECTOR**We'll answer it;  
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

**AJAX**If I might in entreaties find success—  
As seld I have the chance—I would desire  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

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

**HECTOR**Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;  
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

**AJAX**Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

**HECTOR**The worthiest of them tell me name by name;  
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

**AGAMEMNON**Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy;  
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,  
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks  
And formless ruin of oblivion;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias—drawing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

**HECTOR**I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

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

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

**HECTOR**Who must we answer?

**AENEAS**The noble Menelaus.

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

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

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**HECTORO**, pardon; I offend.

**NESTORI** have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft  
Labouring for destiny make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
Despising many forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,  
Not letting it decline on the declined,  
That I have said to some my standers by  
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'  
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never saw like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

**AENEAS**'Tis the old Nestor.

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

**NESTORI** would my arms could match thee in contention,  
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

**HECTORI** would they could.

**NESTOR**Ha!

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

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

**HECTORI** know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

**ULYSSES**Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.

**HECTORI** must not believe you:

There they stand yet, and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,

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And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

**ULYSSES** So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

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

**HECTOR** Is this Achilles?  
**ACHILLES** I am Achilles.  
**HECTOR** Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.  
**ACHILLES** Behold thy fill.  
**HECTOR** Nay, I have done already.  
**ACHILLES** Thou art too brief: I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

**HECTOR** O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;  
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

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

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

**ACHILLES** I tell thee, yea.  
**HECTOR** Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never—

**AJAX** Do not chafe thee, cousin:  
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:

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You may have every day enough of Hector  
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

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

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

**HECTOR**Thy hand upon that match.  
**AGAMEMNON**First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;  
There in the full convive we: afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him.  
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

*Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES*

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

**ULYSSES**At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:  
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

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

**ULYSSES**You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That wails her absence?

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

*Exeunt*

## **Act 5, Scene 1**

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent. **Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS**

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

**PATROCLUS**Here comes Thersites.

*Enter THERSITES*

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

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

**ACHILLES**From whence, fragment?

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

**PATROCLUS**Who keeps the tent now?

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

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

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

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

**THERSITES**Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases  
of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,  
loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold  
palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing  
lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas,  
limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the  
rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take  
again such preposterous discoveries!

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

**THERSITES**Do I curse thee?

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

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

**PATROCLUS**Out, gall!

**THERSITES**Finch-egg!

**ACHILLES**My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,  
A token from her daughter, my fair love,  
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

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Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.  
Away, Patroclus!

*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS*

**THERSITES** With too much blood and too little brain, these two  
may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too  
little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.  
Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one  
that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as  
earwax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter  
there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue,  
and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty  
shoeing—horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's  
leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded  
with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to?  
To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to  
an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a  
dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an  
owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would  
not care; but to be Menelaus, I would conspire  
against destiny. Ask me not, what I would be, if I  
were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse  
of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus! Hey—day!  
spirits and fires!

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

**AGAMEMNON** We go wrong, we go wrong.

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

**HECTOR** I trouble you.

**AJAX** No, not a whit.

**ULYSSES** Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter ACHILLES*

**ACHILLES** Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

**AGAMEMNON** So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

**HECTOR** Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

**MENELAUS** Good night, my lord.

**HECTOR** Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

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

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

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

**AGAMEMNON** Good night.

*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS*

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

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

**HECTOR** Give me your hand.

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

**TROILUS** Sweet sir, you honour me.

**HECTOR** And so, good night.

*Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following*

**ACHILLES** Come, come, enter my tent.

*Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR*

**THERSITES** That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most  
unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers  
than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend  
his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound:  
but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it  
is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun  
borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his  
word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than  
not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan  
drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll  
after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

*Exit*

## Act 5, Scene 2

The same. Before Calchas' tent. **Enter DIOMEDES**

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

**CALCHAS** [*Within*] Who calls?

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

**CALCHAS** [*Within*] She comes to you.

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

**ULYSSES** Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter CRESSIDA*

**TROILUS** Cressid comes forth to him.

**DIOMEDES** How now, my charge!

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

*Whispers*

**TROILUS** Yea, so familiar!

**ULYSSES** She will sing any man at first sight.

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

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**DIOMEDES** Will you remember?

**CRESSIDA** Remember! yes.

**DIOMEDES** Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

**TROILUS** What should she remember?

**ULYSSES** List.

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

**THERSITES** Roguery!

**DIOMEDES** Nay, then,—

**CRESSIDA** I'll tell you what,—

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

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

**THERSITES** A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

**DIOMEDES** What did you swear you would bestow on me?

**CRESSIDA** I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

**DIOMEDES** Good night.

**TROILUS** Hold, patience!

**ULYSSES** How now, Trojan!

**CRESSIDA** Diomed,—

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

**TROILUS** Thy better must.

**CRESSIDA** Hark, one word in your ear.

**TROILUS** O plague and madness!

**ULYSSES** You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

**TROILUS** Behold, I pray you!

**ULYSSES** Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

**TROILUS** I pray thee, stay.

**ULYSSES** You have not patience; come.

**TROILUS** I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments

I will not speak a word!

**DIOMEDES** And so, good night.

**CRESSIDA** Nay, but you part in anger.

**TROILUS** Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

**ULYSSES** Why, how now, lord!

**TROILUS** By Jove,

I will be patient.

**CRESSIDA** Guardian!—why, Greek!

**DIOMEDES** Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

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

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

**TROILUS** She strokes his cheek!

**ULYSSES** Come, come.

**TROILUS** Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:  
There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience: stay a little while.

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

**DIOMEDES** But will you, then?

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

**DIOMEDES** Give me some token for the surety of it.

**CRESSIDA** I'll fetch you one.

*Exit*

**ULYSSES** You have sworn patience.

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

*Re-enter CRESSIDA*

**THERSITES** Now the pledge; now, now, now!

**CRESSIDA** Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

**TROILUS** O beauty! where is thy faith?

**ULYSSES** My lord,—

**TROILUS** I will be patient; outwardly I will.

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

**DIOMEDES** Whose was't?

**CRESSIDA** It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

**THERSITES** Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!

**DIOMEDES** I shall have it.

**CRESSIDA** What, this?

**DIOMEDES** Ay, that.

**CRESSIDA** O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,  
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

**DIOMEDES** I had your heart before, this follows it.

**TROILUS** I did swear patience.

**CRESSIDA** You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;

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I'll give you something else.

**DIOMEDESI** will have this: whose was it?

**CRESSIDA** It is no matter.

**DIOMEDES** Come, tell me whose it was.

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

But, now you have it, take it.

**DIOMEDES** Whose was it?

**CRESSIDA** By all Diana's waiting-women yond,

And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

**DIOMEDES** To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

**TROILUS** Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,

It should be challenged.

**CRESSIDA** Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

**DIOMEDES** Why, then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

**CRESSIDA** You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,

But it straight starts you.

**DIOMEDESI** do not like this fooling.

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

**DIOMEDES** What, shall I come? the hour?

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

**DIOMEDES** Farewell till then.

**CRESSIDA** Good night: I prithee, come.

*Exit DIOMEDES* Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads must err; O, then conclude

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

*Exit*

**THERSITES** A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'

**ULYSSES** All's done, my lord.

**TROILUS** It is.

**ULYSSES** Why stay we, then?

**TROILUS** To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

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Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
An esperance so obstinately strong,  
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,  
As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
Created only to calumniate.  
Was Cressid here?

**ULYSSES**I cannot conjure, Trojan.

**TROILUS**She was not, sure.

**ULYSSES**Most sure she was.

**TROILUS**Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

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

**TROILUS**Let it not be believed for womanhood!

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

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

**TROILUS**Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

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

**TROILUS**This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

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

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

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

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

**THERSITES**He'll tickle it for his concupy.  
**TROILUS**O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!  
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

**ULYSSES**O, contain yourself  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter AENEAS*

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

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

**ULYSSES**I'll bring you to the gates.

**TROILUS**Accept distracted thanks.

*Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSES*

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

*Exit*

## Act 5, Scene 3

Troy. Before Priam's palace. **Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE**

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

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

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

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

**HECTOR**No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA*

**CASSANDRA**Where is my brother Hector?

**ANDROMACHE**Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

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

**CASSANDRA**O, 'tis true.

**HECTOR**Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**ANDROMACHE**Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

*Exit CASSANDRA*

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

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

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

**TROILUS**When many times the captive Grecian falls,

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Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

**HECTOR**O, 'tis fair play.

**TROILUS**Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

**HECTOR**How now! how now!

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

**HECTOR**Fie, savage, fie!

**TROILUS**Hector, then 'tis wars.

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

**TROILUS**Who should withhold me?

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

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM*

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

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

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

**PRIAM**Ay, but thou shalt not go.

**HECTOR**I must not break my faith.

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

**CASSANDRA**O Priam, yield not to him!

**ANDROMACHE**Do not, dear father.

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, their high

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

*Exit ANDROMACHE*

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

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

**TROILUS** Away! away!

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

*Exit*

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

**PRIAM** Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums*

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

*Enter PANDARUS*

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

**TROILUS** What now?

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

**TROILUS** Let me read.

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

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

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

*Exeunt severally*

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## Act 5, Scene 4

Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp. ***Alarums: excursions. Enter***

### ***THERSITES***

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

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following*

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

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

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

*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting Enter HECTOR*

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

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

***HECTOR*** I do believe thee: live.

*Exit*

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

*Exit*

## Act 5, Scene 5

Another part of the plains. ***Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant***

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

**Servant**I go, my lord.

*Exit***Enter AGAMEMNON**

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

*Enter NESTOR*

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

*Enter ULYSSES*

**ULYSSES**O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution,

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

Engaging and redeeming of himself  
With such a careless force and forceless care  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX*

**AJAX** Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

*Exit*

**DIOMEDES** Ay, there, there.

**NESTOR** So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES*

**ACHILLES** Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:

Hector? where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

*Exeunt*

## Act 5, Scene 6

Another part of the plains. **Enter AJAX**

**AJAX** Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter DIOMEDES*

**DIOMEDES** Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

**AJAX** What wouldst thou?

**DIOMEDES** I would correct him.

**AJAX** Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS*

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

**DIOMEDES** Ha, art thou there?

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

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

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

*Exeunt, fighting* *Enter HECTOR*

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

*Enter ACHILLES*

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

**HECTOR** Pause, if thou wilt.

**ACHILLES** I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:

Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

*Exit*

**HECTOR** Fare thee well:

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Troilus and Cressida Prologue In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece The princes orgulous, their high

Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

*Re-enter TROILUS*

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

*Exit Enter one in sumptuous armour*

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

*Exeunt*

## Act 5, Scene 7

Another part of the plains. **Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons**

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

*Exeunt Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then THERSITES*

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

*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS Enter MARGARELON*

**MARGARELON** Turn, slave, and fight.

**THERSITES** What art thou?

**MARGARELON** A bastard son of Priam's.

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

*Exit*

**MARGARELON** The devil take thee, coward!



*Exit*

## Act 5, Scene 8

Another part of the plains. ***Enter HECTOR***

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

*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons*

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

**HECTOR** I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.  
**ACHILLES** Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.  
**HECTOR falls** So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.  
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,  
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

*A retreat sounded* Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

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

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

*Exeunt*

## Act 5, Scene 9

Another part of the plains. ***Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts within***

**AGAMEMNON** Hark! hark! what shout is that?  
**NESTOR** Peace, drums!  
*Within* Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles.

**DIOMEDES** The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.  
**AJAX** If it be so, yet bragless let it be;  
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

**AGAMEMNON** March patiently along: let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.  
If in his death the gods have us befriended,  
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

*Exeunt, marching*

## Act 5, Scene 10

Another part of the plains. ***Enter AENEAS and Trojans***

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

*Enter TROILUS*

**TROILUS**Hector is slain.

**ALL**Hector! the gods forbid!

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

**AENEAS**My lord, you do discomfort all the host!

**TROILUS**You understand me not that tell me so:

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

*Exeunt AENEAS and Trojans As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS*

**PANDARUS**But hear you, hear you!

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

*Exit*

As You Like It, Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Perciles, Troilus and Cressida

**PANDARUSA** goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world!  
world! world! thus is the poor agent despised!  
O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set  
a-work, and how ill requited! why should our  
endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed?  
what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:  
Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.  
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your  
painted cloths.  
As many as be here of pander's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;  
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:  
It should be now, but that my fear is this,  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,  
And at that time bequeathe you my diseases.

*Exit*