

Troilus and Cressida

3.1

*Music sounds within. Enter Pandarus [at one door]
and a Servant [at another door]*

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. 5

PANDARUS You depend upon a notable gentleman; I must
needs praise him.

SERVANT The Lord be praised!

PANDARUS You know me±±do you not?

SERVANT Faith, sir, superficially. 10

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? 15

PANDARUS Grace? Not so, friend. `Honour' and `lordship'
are my titles. What music is this?

SERVANT I do but partly know, sir. It is music in parts.

PANDARUS Know you the musicians?

SERVANT Wholly, sir. 20

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. 25

SERVANT Who shall I command, sir?

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

SERVANT That's to't indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request 30
of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the
mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's visible
soul±±

PANDARUS Who, my cousin Cressida?

SERVANT No, sir, Helen. Could not you find out that by 35
her attributes?

PANDARUS It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen
the Lady Cressid. I come to speak with Paris from the
Prince Troilus. I will make a complimentary assault upon
him, for my business seethes. 40

SERVANT Soddan business! There's a stewed phrase,
indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended [by musicians]

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 45
your fair pillow.

HELEN Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PANDARUS You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen. (To
Paris) Fair prince, here is good broken music.

PARIS You have broke it, cousin, and by my life you shall 50
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.

[She tickles him]

PANDARUS Rude, in sooth, in good sooth very rude. 55

PARIS Well said, my lord. Will 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. 60

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, go to!±±commends himself 65
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. Ay, faith±± 70

HELEN And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

PANDARUS Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall

it 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. 75

HELEN My lord Pandarus.

PANDARUS What says my sweet Queen, my very very
sweet Queen?

PARIS What exploit's in hand? Where sups he tonight?

HELEN Nay, but my lord±± 80

PANDARUS What says my sweet Queen? My cousin will
fall out with you.

HELEN (to Paris) You must not know where he sups.

PARIS I'll lay my life, with my dispenser Cressida.

PANDARUS No, no! No such matter. You are wide. Come, 85
your dispenser is sick.

PARIS Well, I'll make 's excuse.

PANDARUS Ay, good my lord. Why should you say
Cressida? No, your poor dispenser's sick.

PARIS 'I spy.' 90

PANDARUS You spy? What do you spy?±± [To a musician]
Come, give me an instrument.±±Now, sweet Queen.

HELEN Why, this is kindly done!

PANDARUS My niece is horrible in love with a thing you
have, sweet Queen. 95

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. 100

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.

[She strokes his forehead]

PANDARUS Ay, you may, you may. 105

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 truth, it begins so. 110

(Sings)

Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more!
For O love's bow
Shoots buck and doe.
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds, 115
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry `O! O!', they die.
Yet that which seems the wound to kill
Doth turn `O! O!' to `ha ha he!'
So dying love lives still. 120
`O! O!' a while, but `ha ha ha!'
`O! O!' groans out for `ha ha ha!'+
Heigh-ho.

HELEN In love++ay, faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PARIS He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds 125
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? 130

[Alarum]

Sweet lord, who's afield today?

PARIS Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the
gallantry of Troy. I would fain have armed today, but
my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother
Troilus went not? 135

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 today.++You'll remember your brother's
excuse? 140

PARIS To a hair.

PANDARUS Farewell, sweet Queen.

HELEN Commend me to your niece.

PANDARUS I will, sweet Queen.

Exit

Sound a retreat

PARIS
They're come from field. Let us to Priam's hall 145
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector. His stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touched,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews. You shall do more 150
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! 155

Exeunt