

Troilus and Cressida

4.5

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? 5
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. 10

Enter Troilus

PANDARUS Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

CRESSIDA (*embracing him*) O Troilus, Troilus!

PANDARUS What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me
embrace you too. 'O heart', as the goodly saying is,
'O heart, heavy heart, 15
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 20
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 strained a purity
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy±±
More bright in zeal than the devotion which 25
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? 30

TROILUS

From Troy and Troilus.

CRESSIDA Is't possible?

TROILUS

And suddenly±±where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents 35
Our locked 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. 40
Injurious Time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu 45
And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Enter Aeneas

AENEAS My lord, is the lady ready?

TROILUS (*to Cressida*)

Hark, you are called. Some say the *genius* so
Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die. 50

[*To Pandarus*] 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 with Aeneas]

CRESSIDA

I must then to the Grecians.

TROILUS

No remedy.

CRESSIDA

A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! 55
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. 60

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, 65
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? 70

TROILUS

I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

CRESSIDA O heavens! `Be true' again!

TROILUS Hear why I speak it, love. 75

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
Their 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±± 80
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 85
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 90
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, 95
 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 [*at the door*]
 Brother Troilus?

TROILUS Good brother, come you hither,
 And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you. 100
 [*Exit Paris*]

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, 105
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Enter Paris, Aeneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes
 Fear not my truth. The moral of my wit
 Is 'plain and true!'; there's all the reach of it.±±
 Welcome, Sir Diomed. Here is the lady
 Which for Antenor we deliver you. 110
 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 Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe 115
 As Priam is in Ilium.

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. 120

TROILUS

Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition towards 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 called her servant. 125
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 130
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!' 135

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.
A trumpet sounds

PARIS

Hark, Hector's trumpet.

AENEAS How have we spent this morning? 140
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in 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 145
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.
Exeunt