

Act 1 scene 1

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troy. 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. [40]

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong and skillful 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:

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part
I'll not meddle nor make no farther; he that will have a
cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.
[50]

Troy. Have I not tarried?

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

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troy. Still have I tarried.

Pan. 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.

Troy. 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?

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

Troy. I was about to tell thee,

Pan. 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

Call hi:ɪ mɪ vɑ:lɪt, ə'll ʏnɑ:ɪm əɡen, / Hwəɪ
should ə wɑr wɪθaʊt the wɔ:lz əv Trɔɪ : /
Thət fəʊnd səkruəl bʌtlɪ hi:ɪ wɪθɪn? / e:ch
Trɔ:ʃɑn thət ɪz mɑ:stɪə əv ɪz a:ɪt, / Let ɪm tə
fi:ld, Trɔɪlʊs əlɑ:s, əθ nɔ:ne.

Will this gi:ɪ nə:ɪ bɪ mended?

The Gre:kz əɪ strɔŋg ən skɪlfʊl tə θəɪ
streŋθ / fi:ɪsɪt tə θəɪ skɪl, ən tə θəɪ
fi:ɪsɪnɪs vɔljənt, / Bət əɪ əm we:kɪə θən ə
wɔ:mɑn's ti:ɪ; / Tɛ:mɪə θən sle:p; fɔndɪə
θən ɪɡnɔ:ɪəns, / Less vɔljənt θən the
vɜ:ʃɪn ɪn the nəɪht, / ən skɪlɪs əs
ʏnpræktɪsɪd ɪnfænsɪ:

Well, əɪv tə:ld jə nɔf ə θɪs; fəɪ məɪ pɑ:ɪt ə'll
nɔt meddlɪ nɔ:ɪ mə:ke nɔ: fɑ:θɪə; he: θət
əl hæv ə ke:kə aʊt ə the hwe:t məst ne:ds
tɑ:ɪ the grændɪn.

əv əɪ nɔt tɑ:ɪd?

əɪ the grændɪn; bət jə məs tɑ:ɪ the bɔ:ltɪn.

əv əɪ nɔt tɑ:ɪd?

əɪ the bɔ:ltɪn; bət jə məs tɑ:ɪ the levɪnɪn.

Still əv ə tɑ:ɪd.

əɪ, tə the levɪnɪn, bət hi:ɪə's ɪt ɪn the wɑ:ɪd
hi:ɪɑ:teɪ, the kne:dɪn, the mə:kɪn əv the ke:kə,
the he:tɪn əv the ɔ:ven, ən the be:kɪn, nə: jə
məst ste:y the ku:lɪn tu:u, ɔ:ɪ jə məɪ tʃɑ:ns
tə bʌrn jəɪ lɪps.

pɛ:ɪsɪəns əɪsɪlf, hwət ɡɔddɪs ɛ:ɪ shɪ be:, /
Dəθ lesseɪ blɛnʃ ət sʌffrəns θən əɪ dɔ :
ət prɑɪəm's rɔɪəl te:blɪ dɔ ə sɪt / ən hwɛn fe:ɪ
kresɪd kʌmɛs ɪntu mɪ θɔ:ɡhts, / So: tre:təɪ,
hwɛn shɪ kʌmɛs, hwɛn ɪz shɪ θɛnsɛ?

Well shɪ lʊkd ɪstɛ:nəɪht fe:ɪə θən ɛ:ɪ ə
saw əɪ lʊk, əɪ ənəɪ wɔ:mɑn ɛlsɛ.

ə wəz əbəʊt tə tell θɪ,

ən əɪ hɛ:ɪ wɛɪə nɑt sʌmewət dɑ:ɪkɪə θən
hɛlɛn's - wɛll ɡo: tə - θəɪ wɔɪ nɔ: mɔ:ɪ
kʌmpɑ:rɪsɪn bɛtwɛn the wɔ:mɛn! bət fəɪ məɪ
pɑ:ɪt shɪ ɪz mɪ kɪnswɔ:mɑn, ə wʊld nɔt əz
θɪ tɪɪm ɪt prɛ:se əɪ, bʌt ə wʊld sʌmbədɔɪ

will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but -

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drowned
Reply not in how many fathoms deep,
They lie indrenched; 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;
But saying thus instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troy. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith I'll not meddle in it, let her be as she is, if
she be fair, 'tis the better for her, and she be not, she has
the mends in her own hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*, how now *Pandarus*?

Pan. 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.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. 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?

Troy. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. 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'th'matter.

Troy. *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweet *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me I will leave all as
I found it and there an end.

Exit.

əd hɛɪd əɪ tɔːlk ɪstɛɪdɛːy əz əɪ dɪd; ə wɪl
nɒt dɪsprɛːsɛ jəɪ sɪstɪɹ ˌkɑːsəndrə's wɪt, bʌt -

O: *Pandarus* ə tell θɪ *Pandarus*, / hwen əɪ dɒ
tell θɪ θɛːɪɛ mɪ hɔːpɛs ləɪ drəʊnd / Rɛpləɪ
nɒt ɪn həʊ mənəri fədmɔːs dɛːp, / They ləɪ
ɪndrɛnʃɛd; ə tell θɪ əɪ əm mæd / ɪn ˌkrɛsɪd's
lʌvɛ? θəʊ ɑːnswɛɪst she: ɪs fɛːɪ, / Pɔːɪst ɪn
θɪ ɔːpən ʌlʃɛɹ ɒf mɪ hɑːɪt : / əɪ əɪyɛs, əɪ
hɛːɪ, əɪ ʃɛːk, əɪ ɡɛːt, əɪ vɔɪsɛ; / Bət sɛːɪɪn
θɪs ɪnstɛəd əv əɪl ən bɑːlm, / θəʊ lɛːɪst ɪn
ɛvrəri ɡæʃ θæt lʌvɛ əθ ɡɪvɪn mɪ / The knɪfɛ
θæt mɛːdɛ ɪt.

ə spɛːk nɔː mɔːɪɛ θən trʊθ.

θəʊ dɒst nɒt spɛːk sə mʌʃ.

fɛːθ ə'll nɒt mɛdɪl ɪnt, lɛt əɪ bɛ ɪs sɦɪ ɪs, ɪf
sɦɪ bɪ fɛːɪ, tɪs θɪ bɛtɛr fɔːɪ əɪ, ən sɦɪ bɪ nɒt,
sɦɪ hæs θɪ mɛndz ɪn əɪ ɔːn hændz.

ɡʊd ˌpændərəs, həʊ nəʊ ˌpændərəs?

əɪ əv hæd mɪ lɛːbʊɹ fəɪ mɪ trævəl, ɪl θɔːɡht
ɒn əv hɛɪ, ənd ɪl θɔːɡht ɒn əv jʊ, ɡɔːnɛ
bɛtwɛːn ən bɛtwɛːn, bət smɔːl θæŋks fəɪ mɪ
lɛːbʊɹ.

hwæt ɑːt θəʊ ɪŋgrəri ˌpændərəs? hwæt wɪθ
mɛː?

bɛkɔːs sɦɪ's kɪn tə mɛː, θɛːɪfɔːɪɛ sɦɪ's nɒt
sə fɛːɪ ɪs hɛlɛn, ən sɦɪ wɛɪɹ nɒt kɪn tə mɛː,
sɦɪ wʊld bɛː əz fɛːɪ ɒn frʌɪdɛːy, əz hɛlɛn ɪs
ɒn sʌndɛːy, bət hwæt ʃɛːɪɛ əɪ?

sɛːy əɪ sɦɪ ɪs nɒt fɛːɪ?

ə dɒ nɒt ʃɛːɪɛ hwɛːɪ yə dɒ əɪ nɔː, she:'s ɪ fʊl
tə stɛːy bɪhəɪnd əɪ fæθɛɪ, lɛt əɪ tə θɪ ɡrɛːks,
ən sɔː ə'll tɛll əɪ θɛ nɛx təɪmɛ ə sɛː əɪ; fəɪ
mɛɪ pɑːɪt ə'll mɛdɪl nɔːɪ mɛːkɛ nɔː mɔːɪɛ ɪθ
mætɛɪ.

ˌpændərəs.

nɒt əɪ.

sweːt ˌpændərəs.

prɛːy yə spɛːk nɔː mɔːɪɛ tə mɪ ə wɪl lɛːvɛ ɔːl
ɪs ə fəʊnd ɪt ən θɛːɪɛ ɪn ɛnd.

Sound alarum.

Troy. Peace you ungracious clamors, 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 wooed to woo, [130]
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 called the wild and wandering flood:
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Pe:ce yʌngre:sious clamours, pe:ce rude
səʊnds, / Fʊls ɒn bɔ:θ saɪdes, Helen must
ne:ds bi fe:i, / hwen with yə blʌd yə de:ləi
pe:nt əi thʌs, / ə cannot fəɪht ʌpɒn this
a:rgɪment : / It is too sta:rved ə sʌbjɪkt fo:i mɪ
swɔ:ɪd, / But Pandarus : O: gɒds! həʊ dɔ yə
plɛ:gue mɪ / ə cannot cʌme tə Cressid bʌt bi
Pandaɪ, / ənd he:'s əs tetʃəi tə be wʊəd tə
wʊ, / As she: ɪs stʌbbɔ:n-chast, əgenst əll
syuit. / Tell me: Apɒllo: fo:i θəi Daphne:'s
lʌve, / Hwət Cressid ɪs, hwət Pandaɪ, ənd
hwət we: / Heɪ bed ɪs ɪndiə θe:ɪe shɪ laɪs, ə
pɛəl, / Betwe:n əʊɪ ɪlyʊm, ənd hwɛ:ɪe she:
rɪsəɪdes / Let ɪt bi kɔld the wəɪld ən
wəndərin flʌd : / əʊɪself the mɛ:ʃənt, ən
θɪs se:lɪn Pandaɪ, / əʊɪ dəʊbtful hɔ:pe, əʊɪ
kɒnvəɪ ənd əʊɪ bɑ:ɪk.

Alarum. Enter Aeneas.

Aene. How now Prince *Troilus*, wherefore not afield.
[140]

Troy. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news *Aeneas* from the field today?

Aene. That *Paris* is returned home and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Aeneas*?

Aene. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

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

Alarum.

Aene. Hark what good sport is out of town today.
[150]

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

Aene. In all swift haste.

Troy. Come go we then together.

Həʊ nəʊ Prince Trəɪlʌs, hwɛ:ɪefɔ:ɪe nɒt
afe:ld.

Beɔse nɒt θe:ɪe; θɪs wɔ:mən's ə:nsweɪ
so:ɪts, / Fəɪ wɔ:mənɪʃ ɪt ɪs tə be: frəm
θenʃe. / Hwət news Aene:əs frəm the fe:ld
təde:y?

θət Paris ɪs retɜ:ɪnd hɔ:me ənd hɜ:ɪt.

Bəɪ hwəm Aene:əs?

Trəɪlʌs, bəɪ Menele:əs.

Let Paris ble:d, tis bʌt ə sca:ɪ tə sco:ɪn, /
Paris ɪs go:ɪd wɪθ Menele:əs hɔ:ɪn.

Hɑ:k hwət good spo:ɪt ɪs əʊt əv təʊn təde:y.

Betteɪ ət hɔ:me, ɪf "wʊld əɪ məɪht" weɪe
"mɛ:y" : / Bʌt tə the spo:ɪt əbrɔ:d; əɪe yʊ
bəʊnd θɪθəɪ?

ɪn əll swɪft hɑ:st.

Cʌme go: wɪ then toɡeɪə.

Exeunt.