

Troilus and Cressida

[Shakespeare homepage](#) | [Troilus and Cressida](#) | Act 3, Scene 1
[Previous scene](#) | [Next scene](#)

SCENE I. 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?

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,--

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!

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