



MonologueBlogger.com

# Troilus and Cressida

## Act I, sc. 1

**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.