

Troilus & Cressida

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 3 (line 1 - Verse)

Troilus

Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promised largeness: cheques and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us

That we come short of our suppose so far

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,

And call them shames? which are indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove

To find persistive constancy in men:

The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.