

# THE TRAGEDIE OF

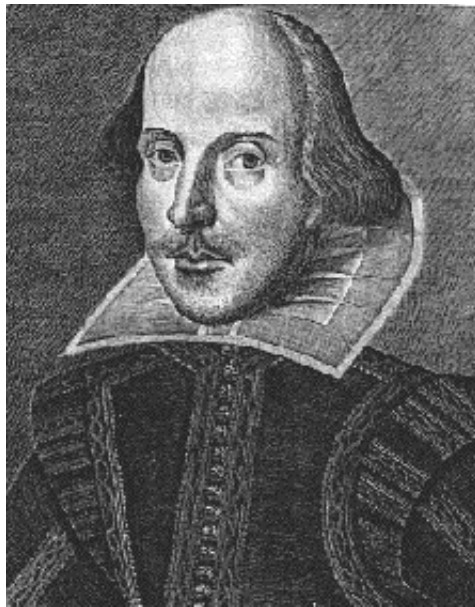
Troilus and Cressida.

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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**Shakespeare: First Folio**

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## The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida

XXI

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### The Prologue.

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2 *In Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece*  
 3 *The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd*  
 4 *Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes*  
 5 *Fraught with the ministers and instruments*  
 6 *Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore*  
 7 *Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay*  
 8 *Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made*  
 9 *To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures*  
 10 *The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,*  
 11 *With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.*  
 12 *To Tenedos they come,*  
 13 *And the deepe- drawing Barke do there disgorge*  
 14 *Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines*  
 15 *The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch*  
 16 *Their braue Pauillions. Priams six- gated City,*  
 17 *Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,*  
 18 *And Antenoridus with massie Staples*  
 19 *And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts*  
 20 *Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.*  
 21 *Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,*  
 22 *On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,*  
 23 *Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,*  
 24 *A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence*  
 25 *Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited*  
 26 *In like conditions, as our Argument;*  
 27 *To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play*  
 28 *Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,*  
 29 *Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,*  
 30 *To what may be digested in a Play:*  
 31 *Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,*  
 32 *Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre. [XX1v*

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*Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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34 *Enter Pandarus and Troylus.*

35 *Troylus.*

36 Call here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.

37 Why should I warre without the wals of Troy

38 That finde such cruell battell here within?

39 Each Troian that is master of his heart,

40 Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

41 *Pan.* Will this geere nere be mended?

42 *Troy.* The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,

43 Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:

44 But I am weaker then a womans teare;

45 Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;

46 Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,

47 And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.

48 *Pan.* Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my  
49 part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will  
50 haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needes tarry the  
51 grinding.

52 *Troy.* Haue I not tarried?

53 *Pan.* I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

54 *Troy.* Haue I not tarried?

55 *Pan.* I the boulting; but you must tarry the leau'ning,

56 *Troy.* Still haue I tarried.

57 *Pan.* I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word  
58 hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the  
59 heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay  
60 the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

61 *Troy.* Patience her selfe, what Goddesses ere she be,  
62 Doth lesser blench at sufferance, then I doe:

63 At *Priams* Royall Table doe I sit;

64 And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,

65 So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

66 *Pan.* Well:

67 She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,  
68 Or any woman else.

69 *Troy.* I was about to tell thee, when my heart,

70 As wedged with a sigh, would riue in twaine,

71 Least *Hector*, or my Father should perceiue me:

72 I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a- scorne)

73 Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:

74 But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,

75 Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

76 *Pan.* And her haire were not somewhat darker then

77 *Helens*, well go too, there were no more comparison be-tweene

78 the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-man,  
 79 I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold  
 80 some- body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will  
 81 not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but—  
 82 *Troy.* Oh *Pandarus!* I tell thee *Pandarus*;  
 83 When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:  
 84 Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe  
 85 They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
 86 In *Cressids* loue. Thou answer'st she is Faire,  
 87 Powr'st in the open Vlcer of my heart,  
 88 Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,  
 89 Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand  
 90 (In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)  
 91 Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,  
 92 The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense  
 93 Hard as the palme of Plough- man. This thou tel'st me;  
 94 As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her:  
 95 But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,  
 96 Thou lai'st in euery gash that loue hath giuen me,  
 97 The Knife that made it.  
 98 *Pan.* I speake no more then truth.  
 99 *Troy.* Thou do'st not speake so much.  
 100 *Pan.* Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is,  
 101 if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she  
 102 ha's the mends in her owne hands.  
 103 *Troy.* Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?  
 104 *Pan.* I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought  
 105 on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and  
 106 betweene, but small thanks for my labour.  
 107 *Troy.* What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?  
 108 *Pan.* Because she's Kinne to me, therefore shee's not  
 109 so faire as *Helen*, and she were not kin to me, she would  
 110 be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what  
 111 care I? I care not and she were a Black- a- Moore, 'tis all  
 112 one to me.  
 113 *Troy.* Say I she is not faire?  
 114 *Troy.* I doe not care whether you doe or no, Shee's a  
 115 Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks,  
 116 and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile  
 117 meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.  
 118 *Troy.* *Pandarus*? *Pan.* Not I.  
 119 *Troy.* Sweete *Pandarus*.  
 120 *Pan.* Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all  
 121 as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*  
 122 *Sound Alarum.*  
 123 *Tro.* Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,

124 Fooles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire,  
 125 When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.  
 126 I cannot fight vpon this Argument: [XX2  
 127 It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword,  
 128 But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?  
 129 I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,  
 130 And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,  
 131 As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite.  
 132 Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue  
 133 What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:  
 134 Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a Pearle,  
 135 Between our Ilium, and where shee recides  
 136 Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,  
 137 Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,  
 138 Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.  
 139 *Alarum. Enter Aeneas.*  
 140 *Aene.* How now Prince *Troylus*?  
 141 Wherefore not a field?  
 142 *Troy.* Because not there; this womans answer sorts.  
 143 For womanish it is to be from thence:  
 144 What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day?  
 145 *Aene.* That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.  
 146 *Troy.* By whom *Aeneas*?  
 147 *Aene.* *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.  
 148 *Troy.* Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne.  
 149 *Paris* is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*  
 150 *Aene.* Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.  
 151 *Troy.* Better at home, if would I might were may:  
 152 But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?  
 153 *Aene.* In all swift hast.  
 154 *Troy.* Come goe wee then together. *Exeunt.*  
 155 *Enter Cressid and her man.*  
 156 *Cre.* Who were those went by?  
 157 *Man.* Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.  
 158 *Cre.* And whether go they?  
 159 *Man.* Vp to the Easterne Tower,  
 160 Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,  
 161 To see the battell: *Hector* whose pacience,  
 162 Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:  
 163 He chides *Andromache* and strooke his Armorer,  
 164 And like as there were husbandry in Warre  
 165 Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,  
 166 And to the field goe's he; where euery flower  
 167 Did as a Prophet weepe what it forsaue,  
 168 In *Hectors* wrath.  
 169 *Cre.* What was his cause of anger?



170 *Man.* The noise goe's thus;  
 171 There is among the Greekes,  
 172 A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,  
 173 They call him *Ajax*.  
 174 *Cre.* Good; and what of him?  
 175 *Man.* They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone.  
 176 *Cre.* So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or  
 177 haue no legges.  
 178 *Man.* This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their  
 179 particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish  
 180 as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom  
 181 nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht  
 182 into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no  
 183 man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a-ny  
 184 man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. He is  
 185 melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,  
 186 hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so  
 187 out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands  
 188 and no vse; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.  
 189 *Cre.* But how should this man that makes me smile,  
 190 make *Hector* angry?  
 191 *Man.* They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the bat-tell  
 192 and stroke him downe, the disdain & shame where-of,  
 193 hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.  
 194 *Enter Pandarus.*  
 195 *Cre.* Who comes here?  
 196 *Man.* Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.  
 197 *Cre.* *Hectors* a gallant man.  
 198 *Man.* As may be in the world Lady.  
 199 *Pan.* What's that? what's that?  
 200 *Cre.* Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.  
 201 *Pan.* Good morrow Cozen *Cressid*: what do you talke  
 202 of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when  
 203 were you at Illium?  
 204 *Cre.* This morning Vncle.  
 205 *Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? Was  
 206 *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was  
 207 not vp? was she?  
 208 *Cre.* *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?  
 209 *Pan.* E'ene so; *Hector* was stirring early.  
 210 *Cre.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.  
 211 *Pan.* Was he angry?  
 212 *Cre.* So he saies here.  
 213 *Pan.* True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay  
 214 about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus*  
 215 will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of

216 *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.  
 217 *Cre.* What is he angry too?  
 218 *Pan.* Who *Troylus*?  
 219 *Troylus* is the better man of the two.  
 220 *Cre.* Oh *Iupiter*; there's no comparison.  
 221 *Pan.* What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you  
 222 know a man if you see him?  
 223 *Cre.* I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.  
 224 *Pan.* Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*.  
 225 *Cre.* Then you say as I say,  
 226 For I am sure he is not *Hector*.  
 227 *Pan.* No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.  
 228 *Cre.* 'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.  
 229 *Pan.* Himselfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.  
 230 *Cre.* So he is.  
 231 *Pan.* Condition I had gone bare- foote to India.  
 232 *Cre.* He is not *Hector*.  
 233 *Pan.* Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were  
 234 himselfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or  
 235 end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her bo-dy;  
 236 no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.  
 237 *Cre.* Excuse me.  
 238 *Pan.* He is elder.  
 239 *Cre.* Pardon me, pardon me.  
 240 *Pan.* Th' others not come too't, you shall tell me ano-ther  
 241 tale when th' others come too't: *Hector* shall not  
 242 haue his will this yeare.  
 243 *Cre.* He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.  
 244 *Pan.* Nor his qualities.  
 245 *Cre.* No matter.  
 246 *Pan.* Nor his beautie.  
 247 *Cre.* 'Twould not become him, his own's better.  
 248 *Pan.* You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her selfe  
 249 swore th' other day, that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for  
 250 so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.  
 251 *Cre.* No, but browne.  
 252 *Pan.* Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.  
 253 *Cre.* To say the truth, true and not true.  
 254 *Pan.* She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.  
 255 *Cre.* Why *Paris* hath colour inough.  
 256 *Pan.* So he has.  
 257 *Cre.* Then *Troylus* should haue too much, if she prais'd  
 258 him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing [XX2v  
 259 colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a  
 260 praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* gol-den  
 261 tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper nose.

262 *Pan.* I sweare to you,  
 263 I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.  
 264 *Cre.* Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.  
 265 *Pan.* Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th' other  
 266 day into the compast window, and you know he has not  
 267 past three or foure haire on his chinne.  
 268 *Cres.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone  
 269 bring his particulars as therein, to a totall.  
 270 *Pand.* Why he is very yong, and yet will he within  
 271 three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.  
 272 *Cres.* Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?  
 273 *Pan.* But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, she  
 274 came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.  
 275 *Cres.* *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?  
 276 *Pan.* Why, you know 'tis dimpled,  
 277 I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man  
 278 in all Phrigia.  
 279 *Cre.* Oh he smiles valiantly.  
 280 *Pan.* Does hee not?  
 281 *Cre.* Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.  
 282 *Pan.* Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen*  
 283 loues *Troylus*.  
 284 *Cre.* *Troylus* wil stand to thee  
 285 Proofe, if youle prooue it so.  
 286 *Pan.* *Troylus*? why he esteemes her no more then I e-steeme  
 287 an addle egge.  
 288 *Cre.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an  
 289 idle head, you would eate chickens i'th' shell.  
 290 *Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tick-led  
 291 his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must  
 292 needs confesse.  
 293 *Cre.* Without the racke.  
 294 *Pan.* And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on  
 295 his chinne.  
 296 *Cre.* Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.  
 297 *Pand.* But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba*  
 298 laught that her eyes ran ore.  
 299 *Cre.* With Milstones.  
 300 *Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.  
 301 *Cre.* But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot  
 302 of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?  
 303 *Pan.* And *Hector* laught.  
 304 *Cre.* At what was all this laughing?  
 305 *Pand.* Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on  
 306 *Troylus* chin.  
 307 *Cres.* And t'had beene a greene haire, I should haue

308 laught too.

309 *Pan.* They laught not so much at the haire, as at his  
310 pretty answer.

311 *Cre.* What was his answer?

312 *Pan.* Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on  
313 your chinne; and one of them is white.

314 *Cre.* This is her question.

315 *Pan.* That's true, make no question of that, two and  
316 fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is  
317 my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth  
318 she, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The for-ked  
319 one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there  
320 was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so  
321 chaft, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

322 *Cre.* So let it now,  
323 For it has beene a great while going by.

324 *Pan.* Well Cozen,  
325 I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

326 *Cre.* So I does.

327 *Pan.* Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you  
328 an 'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreat.*

329 *Cres.* And Ile spring vp in his teares, an 'twere a nettle  
330 against May.

331 *Pan.* Harke they are comming from the field, shal we  
332 stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium,  
333 good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

334 *Cre.* At your pleasure.

335 *Pan.* Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we  
336 may see most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names,  
337 as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* about the rest.

338 *Enter Aeneas.*

339 *Cre.* Speake not so low'd.

340 *Pan.* That's *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one  
341 of the flowers of Troy I can you, marke *Troylus*, you  
342 shal see anon.

343 *Cre.* Who's that?

344 *Enter Antenor.*

345 *Pan.* That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell  
346 you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th soun-dest  
347 iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of  
348 person: when comes *Troylus*? Ile shew you *Troylus* anon,  
349 if hee see me, you shall see him nod at me.

350 *Cre.* Will he giue you the nod?

351 *Pan.* You shall see.

352 *Cre.* If he do, the rich shall haue, more.

353 *Enter Hector.*

354 *Pan.* That's *Hector*, that, that looke you, that there's a  
 355 fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece,  
 356 O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a coun-tenance;  
 357 ist not a braue man?  
 358 *Cre.* O braue man!  
 359 *Pan.* Is a not? It does a mans heart good, looke you  
 360 what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you  
 361 see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, tak't  
 362 off, who will as they say, there be hacks.  
 363 *Cre.* Be those with Swords?  
 364 *Enter Paris.*  
 365 *Pan.* Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell  
 366 come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it does ones heart  
 367 good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke  
 368 yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not? Why  
 369 this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day?  
 370 Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good  
 371 now, ha? Would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall *Troy-lus*  
 372 anon.  
 373 *Cre.* Whose that?  
 374 *Enter Hellenus.*  
 375 *Pan.* That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, that's  
 376 *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hel-lenus*.  
 377 *Cre.* Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?  
 378 *Pan.* *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I  
 379 maruell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not heare the  
 380 people crie *Troylus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.  
 381 *Cre.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?  
 382 *Enter Troylus.*  
 383 *Pan.* Where? Yonder? That's *Doephobus*. 'Tis *Troy-lus*!  
 384 Ther's a man Neece, hem? Braue *Troylus* the Prince  
 385 of Chiualrie.  
 386 *Cre.* Peace, for shame peace.  
 387 *Pand.* Marke him, not him: O braue *Troylus*: looke  
 388 well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blou-died,  
 389 and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he [YY1  
 390 lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're  
 391 saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way,  
 392 had I a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddess, hee  
 393 should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris*  
 394 is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would  
 395 giue money to boot.  
 396 *Enter common Souldiers.*  
 397 *Cres.* Heere come more.  
 398 *Pan.* Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and  
 400 bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th' eyes

401 of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon,  
 402 Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be  
 403 such a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.  
 404 *Cres.* There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better  
 405 man then *Troylus*.  
 406 *Pan.* *Achilles*? a Dray- man, a Porter, a very Camell.  
 407 *Cres.* Well, well.  
 408 *Pan.* Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue  
 409 you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth,  
 410 beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gen-tlenesse,  
 411 vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice,  
 412 and salt that seasons a man?  
 413 *Cres.* I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date  
 414 in the pye, for then the mans dates out.  
 415 *Pan.* You are such another woman, one knowes not  
 416 at what ward you lye.  
 417 *Cres.* Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my  
 418 wit, to defend my wiles; vpon my secrecy, to defend  
 419 mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you  
 420 to defend all these: and all these wardes I lye at, at a  
 421 thousand watches.  
 422 *Pan.* Say one of your watches.  
 423 *Cres.* Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of  
 424 the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would  
 425 not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the  
 426 blow, vnlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past wat-ching.  
 428 *Enter Boy.*  
 429 *Pan.* You are such another.  
 430 *Boy.* Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.  
 431 *Pan.* Where?  
 432 *Boy.* At your owne house.  
 433 *Pan.* Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.  
 434 Fare ye well good Neece.  
 435 *Cres.* Adieu Vnkle.  
 436 *Pan.* Ile be with you Neece by and by.  
 437 *Cres.* To bring Vnkle.  
 438 *Pan.* I, a token from *Troylus*.  
 439 *Cres.* By the same token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*  
 440 Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice,  
 441 He offers in anothers enterprise:  
 442 But more in *Troylus* thousand fold I see,  
 443 Then in the glasse of *Pandar*'s praise may be;  
 444 Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,  
 445 Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing:  
 446 That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;  
 447 Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.

448 That she was neuer yet, that euer knew  
 449 Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:  
 450 Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;  
 451 "*Atchieuement, is command; vngain'd, beseech.*  
 452 That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,  
 453 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*  
 454 *Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlysses, Diome-des,*  
 455 *Menelaus, with others.*  
 456 *Agam. Princes:*  
 457 What greefe hath set the Iaundies on your cheekes?  
 458 The ample proposition that hope makes  
 459 In all designes, begun on earth below  
 460 Fayles in the promist largenesse: checkes and disasters  
 461 Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.  
 462 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,  
 463 Infect the sound Pine, and diuerts his Graine  
 464 Tortiue and erant from his course of growth.  
 465 Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,  
 466 That we come short of our suppose so farre,  
 467 That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand,  
 468 Sith euery action that hath gone before,  
 469 Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw  
 470 Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:  
 471 And that vn bodied figure of the thought  
 472 That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)  
 473 Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,  
 474 And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else  
 475 But the protractiue trials of great Ioue,  
 476 To finde persistiue constancie in men?  
 477 The finenesse of which Mettall is not found  
 478 In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,  
 479 The Wise and Foole, the Artist and vn- read,  
 480 The hard and soft, seeme all affin'd, and kin.  
 481 But on the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,  
 482 Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,  
 483 Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;  
 484 And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,  
 485 Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.  
 486 *Nestor. With due Obseruance of thy godly seat,*  
 487 *Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply*  
 488 *Thy latest words.*  
 489 In the reproofe of Chance,  
 490 Lies the true prooffe of men: The Sea being smooth,  
 491 How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile  
 492 Vpon her patient brest, making their way  
 493 With those of Nobler bulke?

494 But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage  
 495 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold  
 496 The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,  
 497 Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements  
 498 Like *Perseus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,  
 499 Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now  
 500 Co-riual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,  
 501 Or made a Toste for Neptune. Euen so,  
 502 Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide  
 503 In stormes of Fortune.  
 504 For, in her ray and brightnesse,  
 505 The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze  
 506 Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde  
 507 Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,  
 508 And Flies fled vnder shade, why then  
 509 The thing of Courage,  
 510 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
 511 And with an accent tun'd in selfe- same key,  
 512 Retyres to chiding Fortune.  
 513 *Vlys. Agamemnon:*  
 514 Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,  
 515 Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,  
 516 In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all  
 517 Should be shut vp: Heare what *Vlysses* speakes,  
 518 Besides the applause and approbation  
 519 The which most mighty for thy place and sway, [YY1v  
 520 And thou most reuerend for thy stretcht- out life,  
 521 I giue to both your speeches: which were such,  
 522 As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece  
 523 Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe  
 524 As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Siluer)  
 525 Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree  
 526 In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares  
 527 To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both  
 528 (Thou Great, and Wise) to heare *Vlysses* speake.  
 529 *Aga.* Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect:  
 530 That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen  
 531 Diuide thy lips; then we are confident  
 532 When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke iawes,  
 533 We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.  
 534 *Vlys.* Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,  
 535 And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master  
 536 But for these instances.  
 537 The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;  
 538 And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand  
 539 Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.



540 When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,  
 541 To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,  
 542 What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
 543 Th' vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.  
 544 The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,  
 545 Obserue degree, priority, and place,  
 546 Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,  
 547 Office, and custome, in all line of Order:  
 548 And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol  
 549 In noble eminence, enthron'd, and spear'd  
 550 Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye  
 551 Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,  
 552 And postes like the Command'ment of a King,  
 553 Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets  
 554 In euill mixture to disorder wander,  
 555 What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?  
 556 What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?  
 557 Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,  
 558 Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate  
 559 The vnity, and married calme of States  
 560 Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd,  
 561 (Which is the Ladder to all high designes)  
 562 The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,  
 563 Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,  
 564 Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,  
 565 The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,  
 566 Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,  
 567 (But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?  
 568 Take but Degree away, vn- tune that string,  
 569 And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes  
 570 In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,  
 571 Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,  
 572 And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:  
 573 Strength should be Lord of imbecility,  
 574 And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:  
 575 Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,  
 576 (Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)  
 577 Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.  
 578 Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,  
 579 Power into Will, Will into Appetite,  
 580 And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,  
 581 So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)  
 582 Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,  
 583 And last, eate vp himselfe.  
 584 Great *Agamemnon*:  
 585 This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

586 Followes the choaking:  
 587 And this neglection of Degree, is it  
 588 That by a pace goes backward in a purpose  
 589 It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd  
 590 By him one step below; he, by the next,  
 591 That next, by him beneath: so euery step  
 592 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sicke  
 593 Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer  
 594 Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.  
 595 And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,  
 596 Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,  
 597 Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.  
 598 *Nest.* Most wisely hath *Vlysses* heere discover'd  
 599 The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.  
 600 *Aga.* The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlysses*)  
 601 What is the remedie?  
 602 *Vlys.* The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,  
 603 The sinew, and the fore- hand of our Hoste,  
 604 Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,  
 605 Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent  
 606 Lyes mocking our designes. With him, *Patroclus*,  
 607 Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue- long day  
 608 Breakes scurrill Iests,  
 609 And with ridiculous and aukward action,  
 610 (Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)  
 611 He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,  
 612 Thy toplesse deputation he puts on;  
 613 And like a strutting Player, whose conceit  
 614 Lies in his Ham- string, and doth thinke it rich  
 615 To heare the wooden Dialogue and sound  
 616 'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,  
 617 Such to be pittied, and ore- rested seeming  
 618 He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,  
 619 'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnsquar'd,  
 620 Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,  
 621 Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stuffe,  
 622 The large *Achilles* (on his prest- bed lolling)  
 623 From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,  
 624 Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.  
 625 Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard  
 626 As he, being drest to some Oration:  
 627 That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends  
 628 Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,  
 629 Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,  
 630 'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,  
 631 Arming to answer in a night- Alarme,

632 And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age  
 633 Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,  
 634 And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,  
 635 Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport  
 636 Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,  
 637 Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all  
 638 In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,  
 639 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
 640 Seuerals and generals of grace exact,  
 641 Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,  
 642 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
 643 Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues  
 644 As stufte for these two, to make paradoxes.  
 645 *Nest.* And in the imitation of these twaine,  
 646 Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes  
 647 With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:  
 648 *Ajax* is growne selfe- will'd, and beares his head  
 649 In such a reyne, in full as proud a place  
 650 As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;  
 651 Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre [YY2  
 652 Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*  
 653 A slaue, whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint,  
 654 To match vs in comparisons with durt,  
 655 To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
 656 How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.  
 657 *Vlys.* They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,  
 658 Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,  
 659 Fore- stall prescience, and esteeme no acte  
 660 But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,  
 661 That do contriue how many hands shall strike  
 662 When fitnessse call them on, and know by measure  
 663 Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,  
 664 Why this hath not a fingers dignity:  
 665 They call this Bed- worke, Mapp'ry, Closset- Warre:  
 666 So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,  
 667 For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,  
 668 They place before his hand that made the Engine,  
 669 Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,  
 670 By Reason guide his execution.  
 671 *Nest.* Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse  
 672 Makes many *Thetis* sonnes. *Tucket*  
 673 *Aga.* What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus*.  
 674 *Men.* From Troy. *Enter Aeneas*.  
 675 *Aga.* What would you 'fore our Tent?  
 676 *Aene.* Is this great *Agamemnon's* Tent, I pray you?  
 677 *Aga.* Euen this.

678 *Aene.* May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,  
 679 Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?  
 680 *Aga.* With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,  
 681 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce  
 682 Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.  
 683 *Aene.* Faire leaue, and large security. How may  
 684 A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,  
 685 Know them from eyes of other Mortals?  
 686 *Aga.* How?  
 687 *Aene.* I: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,  
 688 And on the cheeke be ready with a blush  
 689 Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes  
 690 The youthfull Phoebus:  
 691 Which is that God in office guiding men?  
 692 Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?  
 693 *Aga.* This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy  
 694 Are ceremonious Courtiers.  
 695 *Aene.* Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,  
 696 As bending Angels; that's their Fame, in peace;  
 697 But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galles,  
 698 Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & *Ioues* accord,  
 699 Nothing so full of heart. But peace *Aeneas*,  
 700 Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,  
 701 The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:  
 702 If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.  
 703 But what the repining enemy commends,  
 704 That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transce[n]ds.  
 705 *Aga.* Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*?  
 706 *Aene.* I Greeke, that is my name.  
 707 *Aga.* What's your affayre I pray you?  
 708 *Aene.* Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemmons* eares.  
 709 *Aga.* He heares nought priuatly  
 710 That comes from Troy.  
 711 *Aene.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,  
 712 I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,  
 713 To set his sence on the attentiu bent,  
 714 And then to speake.  
 715 *Aga.* Speake frankely as the winde,  
 716 It is not *Agamemmons* sleeping houre;  
 717 That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,  
 718 He tels thee so himselfe.  
 719 *Aene.* Trumpet blow loud,  
 720 Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,  
 721 And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,  
 722 What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd.  
 723 *The Trumpets sound.*

724 We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,  
 725 A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:  
 726 Who in this dull and long- continew'd Truce  
 727 Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,  
 728 And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,  
 729 If there be one among'st the fayr'st of Greece,  
 730 That holds his Honor higher then his ease,  
 731 That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,  
 732 That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,  
 733 That loues his Mistris more then in confession,  
 734 (With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)  
 735 And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,  
 736 In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.  
 737 *Hector*, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,  
 738 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.  
 739 He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
 740 Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,  
 741 And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,  
 742 Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,  
 743 To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.  
 744 If any come, *Hector* shal honour him:  
 745 If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres,  
 746 The Grecian Dames are sun- burnt, and not worth  
 747 The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.  
 748 *Aga.* This shall be told our Louers Lord *Aeneas*,  
 749 If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,  
 750 We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,  
 751 And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,  
 752 That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:  
 753 If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,  
 754 That one meets *Hector*; if none else, Ile be he.  
 755 *Nest.* Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man  
 756 When *Hectors* Grandsire suckt: he is old now,  
 757 But if there be not in our Grecian mould,  
 758 One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire  
 759 To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,  
 760 Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,  
 761 And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,  
 762 And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady  
 763 Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste  
 764 As may be in the world: his youth in flood,  
 765 Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.  
 766 *Aene.* Now heauens forbid such scarsitie of youth.  
 767 *Vlys.* Amen.  
 768 *Aga.* Faire Lord *Aeneas*,  
 769 Let me touch your hand:

770 To our Pauillion shal I leade you first:  
 771 *Achilles* shall haue word of this intent,  
 772 So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:  
 773 Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,  
 774 And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*  
 775 *Manet Vlysses, and Nestor.*  
 776 *Vlys. Nestor.*  
 777 *Nest.* What sayes *Vlysses*?  
 778 *Vlys.* I haue a young conception in my braine,  
 779 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.  
 780 *Nest.* What is't?  
 781 *Vlysses.* This 'tis:  
 782 Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the seeded Pride  
 783 That hath to this maturity blowne vp [YY2v  
 784 In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,  
 785 Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil  
 786 To ouer- bulke vs all.  
 787 *Nest.* Wel, and how?  
 788 *Vlys.* This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,  
 789 How euer it is spred in general name,  
 790 Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.  
 791 *Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,  
 792 Whose grossenesse little charracters summe vp,  
 793 And in the publication make no straine,  
 794 But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren  
 795 As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)  
 796 'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement,  
 797 I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose  
 798 Pointing on him.  
 799 *Vlys.* And wake him to the answer, thinke you?  
 800 *Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose  
 801 That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,  
 802 If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportfull Combate,  
 803 Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.  
 804 For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute  
 805 With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me *Vlysses*,  
 806 Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd  
 807 In this wilde action. For the successe  
 808 (Although particular) shall giue a scantling  
 809 Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:  
 810 And in such Indexes, although small prickes  
 811 To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene  
 812 The baby figure of the Gyant- masse  
 813 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
 814 He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choyse;  
 815 And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,

816 Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle  
 817 As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd  
 818 Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,  
 819 What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part  
 820 To steele a strong opinion to themselues,  
 821 Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,  
 822 In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes  
 823 Directiue by the Limbes.  
 824 *Vlys.* Giue pardon to my speech:  
 825 Therefore 'tis meet *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:  
 826 Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,  
 827 And thinke perchance they'l sell: If not,  
 828 The luster of the better yet to shew,  
 829 Shall shew the better. Do not consent,  
 830 That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:  
 831 For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,  
 832 Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.  
 833 *Nest.* I see them not with my old eies: what are they?  
 834 *Vlys.* What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,  
 835 (Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:  
 836 But he already is too insolent,  
 837 And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,  
 838 Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes  
 839 Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,  
 840 Why then we did our maine opinion crush  
 841 In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,  
 842 And by deuce let blockish *Ajax* draw  
 843 The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selues,  
 844 Giue him allowance as the worthier man,  
 845 For that will physicke the great Myrmidon  
 846 Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall  
 847 His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.  
 848 If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off,  
 849 Wee'l dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,  
 850 Yet go we vnder our opinion still,  
 851 That we haue better men. But hit or misse,  
 852 Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,  
 853 *Ajax* imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.  
 854 *Nest.* Now *Vlysses*, I begin to rellish thy aduice,  
 855 And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith  
 856 To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight:  
 857 Two Curses shal tame each other, Pride alone  
 858 Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*  
 859 *Enter Ajax, and Thersites.*  
 860 *Aia.* *Thersites*?  
 861 *Ther.* *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer

862 generally.  
 863 *Aia. Thersites?*  
 864 *Ther.* And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the  
 865 General run, were not that a botchy core?  
 866 *Aia.* Dogge.  
 867 *Ther.* Then there would come some matter from him:  
 868 I see none now.  
 869 *Aia.* Thou Bitch- Wolfes- Sonne, canst y not heare?  
 870 Feele then. *Strikes him.*  
 871 *Ther.* The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel  
 872 beefe- witted Lord.  
 873 *Aia.* Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will  
 874 beate thee into handsomnesse.  
 875 *Ther.* I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse:  
 876 but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then y  
 877 learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst  
 878 thou? A red Murren o'thy Iades trickes.  
 879 *Aia.* Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.  
 880 *Ther.* Doest thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st |(me thus?  
 881 *Aia.* The Proclamation.  
 882 *Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.  
 883 *Aia.* Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.  
 884 *Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and  
 885 I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-som'st  
 886 scab in Greece.  
 887 *Aia.* I say the Proclamation.  
 888 *Ther.* Thou grumblest & railest euery houre on *A-chilles*,  
 889 and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cer-berus*  
 890 is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.  
 891 *Aia.* Mistresse *Thersites*.  
 892 *Ther.* Thou should'st strike him.  
 893 *Aia.* Coblofe.  
 894 *Ther.* He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as  
 895 a Sailor breakes a bisket.  
 896 *Aia.* You horson Curre. *Ther.* Do, do.  
 897 *Aia.* Thou stoole for a Witch.  
 898 *Ther.* I, do, do, thou sodden- witted Lord: thou hast  
 899 no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An Asinico  
 900 may tutor thee. Thou scuruy valiant Asse, thou art heere  
 901 but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and solde a-mong  
 902 those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse  
 903 to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art  
 904 by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.  
 905 *Aia.* You dogge.  
 906 *Ther.* You scuruy Lord.  
 907 *Aia.* You Curre.



908 *Ther.* Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.  
 909 *Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.*  
 910 *Achil.* Why how now *Ai*ax? wherefore do you this?  
 911 How now *Thersites*? what's the matter man?  
 912 *Ther.* You see him there, do you?  
 913 *Achil.* I, what's the matter.  
 914 *Ther.* Nay looke vpon him.  
 915 *Achil.* So I do: what's the matter? [YY3  
 916 *Ther.* Nay but regard him well.  
 917 *Achil.* Well, why I do so.  
 918 *Ther.* But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who  
 919 some euer you take him to be, he is *Ai*ax.  
 920 *Achil.* I know that foole.  
 921 *Ther.* I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.  
 922 *Ai*ax. Therefore I beate thee.  
 923 *Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters: his  
 924 euasions haue eares thus long. I haue bobbed his Braine  
 925 more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Spar-rowes  
 926 for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth  
 927 part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ai*ax who wears  
 928 his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you  
 929 what I say of him.  
 930 *Achil.* What?  
 931 *Ther.* I say this *Ai*ax—  
 932 *Achil.* Nay good *Ai*ax.  
 933 *Ther.* Has not so much wit.  
 934 *Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.  
 935 *Ther.* As will stop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom  
 936 he comes to fight.  
 937 *Achil.* Peace foole.  
 938 *Ther.* I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole  
 939 will not: he there, that he, looke you there.  
 940 *Ai*ax. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall—  
 941 *Achil.* Will you set your wit to a Fooles.  
 942 *Ther.* No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.  
 943 *Pat.* Good words *Thersites*.  
 944 *Achil.* What's the quarrell?  
 945 *Ai*ax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure  
 946 of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.  
 947 *Ther.* I serue thee not.  
 948 *Ai*ax. Well, go too, go too.  
 949 *Ther.* I serue heere voluntary.  
 950 *Achil.* Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not vo-luntary,  
 951 no man is beateen voluntary: *Ai*ax was heere the  
 952 voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.  
 953 *Ther.* E'ne so, a great deale of your wit too lies in your

954 sinnewes, or else there be Liars. *Hector* shall haue a great  
 955 catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as  
 956 good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.  
 957 *Achil.* What with me to *Thersites*?  
 958 *Ther.* There's *Vlysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was  
 959 mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke  
 960 you like draft- Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.  
 961 *Achil.* What? what?  
 962 *Ther.* Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to—  
 963 *Aiax.* I shall cut out your tongue.  
 964 *Ther.* 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou  
 965 afterwards.  
 966 *Pat.* No more words *Thersites*.  
 967 *Ther.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids  
 968 me, shall I?  
 969 *Achil.* There's for you *Patroclus*.  
 970 *Ther.* I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come  
 971 any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit  
 972 stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*  
 973 *Pat.* A good riddance.  
 974 *Achil.* Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,  
 975 That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne,  
 976 Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy  
 977 To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,  
 978 That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare  
 979 Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.  
 980 *Aiax.* Farewell? who shall answer him?  
 981 *Achil.* I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise  
 982 He knew his man.  
 983 *Aiax.* O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. *Exit.*  
 984 *Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.*  
 985 *Pri.* After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,  
 986 Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes,  
 987 Deliuer *Helen*, and all damage else  
 988 (As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence,  
 989 Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd  
 990 In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)  
 991 Shall be stroke off. *Hector*, what say you too't.  
 992 *Hect.* Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I,  
 993 As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*,  
 994 There is no Lady of more softer bowels,  
 995 More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,  
 996 More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes  
 997 Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surety.  
 998 Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd  
 999 The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches

1000 To'th' bottome of the worst. Let *Helen* go,  
 1001 Since the first sword was drawne about this question,  
 1002 Euery tythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,  
 1003 Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours:  
 1004 If we haue lost so many tenths of ours  
 1005 To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs  
 1006 (Had it our name) the valew of one ten;  
 1007 What merit's in that reason which denies  
 1008 The yeelding of her vp,  
 1009 *Troy*. Fie, fie, my Brother;  
 1010 Weigh you the worth and honour of a King  
 1011 (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale  
 1012 Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe  
 1013 The past proportion of his infinite,  
 1014 And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,  
 1015 With spannes and inches so diminutiue,  
 1016 As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?  
 1017 *Hel*. No maruel though you bite so sharp at reasons,  
 1018 You are so empty of them, should not our Father  
 1019 Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,  
 1020 Because your speech hath none that tels him so.  
 1021 *Troy*. You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest  
 1022 You furre your gloues with reason: here are your reasons  
 1023 You know an enemy intends you harme,  
 1024 You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,  
 1025 And reason flyes the obiect of all harme.  
 1026 Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds  
 1027 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
 1028 The very wings of reason to his heeles:  
 1029 Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,  
 1030 And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,  
 1031 Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor  
 1032 Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts  
 1033 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,  
 1034 Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood deiect.  
 1035 *Hect*. Brother, she is not worth  
 1036 What she doth cost the holding.  
 1037 *Troy*. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?  
 1038 *Hect*. But value dwels not in particular will,  
 1039 It holds his estimate and dignitie  
 1040 As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,  
 1041 As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,  
 1042 To make the seruice greater then the God,  
 1043 And the will dotes that is inclineable  
 1044 To what infectiously it selfe affects,  
 1045 Without some image of th' affected merit.

1046 *Troy.* I take to day a Wife, and my election  
 1047 Is led on in the conduct of my Will; [YY3v  
 1048 My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,  
 1049 Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
 1050 Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde  
 1051 (Although my will distaste what it elected)  
 1052 The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion  
 1053 To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.  
 1054 We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant  
 1055 When we haue spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands  
 1056 We do not throw in vnrespectiue same,  
 1057 Because we now are full. It was thought meete  
 1058 *Paris* should do some vengeance on the Greekes;  
 1059 Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,  
 1060 The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,  
 1061 And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,  
 1062 And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,  
 1063 He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse  
 1064 Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.  
 1065 Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:  
 1066 Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,  
 1067 Whose price hath launch'd about a thousand Ships,  
 1068 And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.  
 1069 If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,  
 1070 (As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)  
 1071 If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,  
 1072 (As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,  
 1073 And cride inestimable; why do you now  
 1074 The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,  
 1075 And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?  
 1076 Begger the estimation which you priz'd,  
 1077 Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!  
 1078 That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.  
 1079 But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,  
 1080 That in their Country did them that disgrace,  
 1081 We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.  
 1082 *Enter Cassandra with her haire about*  
 1083 *her eares.*  
 1084 *Cas.* Cry *Troyans*, cry.  
 1085 *Priam.* What noyse? what shreeke is this?  
 1086 *Troy.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.  
 1087 *Cas.* Cry *Troyans*.  
 1088 *Hect.* It is *Cassandra*.  
 1089 *Cas.* Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,  
 1090 And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.  
 1091 *Hect.* Peace sister, peace.

1092 *Cas.* Virgins, and Boyes; mid- age & wrinkled old,  
 1093 Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,  
 1094 Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes  
 1095 A moiety of that masse of moane to come.  
 1096 Cry Troyans cry, practise your eyes with teares,  
 1097 Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,  
 1098 Our fire- brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.  
 1099 Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;  
 1100 Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*  
 1101 *Hect.* Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not these hie strains  
 1102 Of diuination in our Sister, worke  
 1103 Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud  
 1104 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,  
 1105 Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,  
 1106 Can qualifie the same?  
 1107 *Troy.* Why Brother *Hector*,  
 1108 We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte  
 1109 Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,  
 1110 Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;  
 1111 Because *Cassandra*'s mad, her brainsicke raptures  
 1112 Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,  
 1113 Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd  
 1114 To make it gracious. For my priuate part,  
 1115 I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,  
 1116 And Ioue forbid there should be done among'st vs  
 1117 Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,  
 1118 To fight for, and maintaine.  
 1119 *Par.* Else might the world conuince of leuitie,  
 1120 As well my vnder- takings as your counsels:  
 1121 But I attest the gods, your full consent  
 1122 Gaue wings to my propension, and cut off  
 1123 All feares attending on so dire a proiect.  
 1124 For what (alas) can these my single armes?  
 1125 What propugnation is in one mans valour  
 1126 To stand the push and enmity of those  
 1127 This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,  
 1128 Were I alone to passe the difficulties,  
 1129 And had as ample power, as I haue will,  
 1130 *Paris* should ne're retract what he hath done,  
 1131 Nor faint in the pursuite.  
 1132 *Pri.* *Paris*, you speake  
 1133 Like one be- sotted on your sweet delights;  
 1134 You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,  
 1135 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.  
 1136 *Par.* Sir, I propose not meerely to my selfe,  
 1137 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:

1138 But I would haue the soyle of her faire Rape  
 1139 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
 1140 What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,  
 1141 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
 1142 Now to deliuer her possession vp  
 1143 On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,  
 1144 That so degenerate a straine as this,  
 1145 Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?  
 1146 There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,  
 1147 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
 1148 When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,  
 1149 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd,  
 1150 Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then (I say)  
 1151 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,  
 1152 The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.  
 1153 *Hect. Paris* and *Troylus*, you haue both said well:  
 1154 And on the cause and question now in hand,  
 1155 Haue gloz'd, but superficially; not much  
 1156 Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought  
 1157 Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.  
 1158 The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce  
 1159 To the hot passion of distemp' red blood,  
 1160 Then to make vp a free determination  
 1161 'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,  
 1162 Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce  
 1163 Of any true decision. Nature craues  
 1164 All dues be rendred to their Owners: now  
 1165 What neerer debt in all humanity,  
 1166 Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law  
 1167 Of Nature be corrupted through affection,  
 1168 And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,  
 1169 To their benumbed wills resist the same,  
 1170 There is a Law in each well- ordred Nation,  
 1171 To curbe those raging appetites that are  
 1172 Most disobedient and refracturie.  
 1173 If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King  
 1174 (As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes  
 1175 Of Nature, and of Nation, speake alowd  
 1176 To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist  
 1177 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
 1178 But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion [YY4  
 1179 Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,  
 1180 My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
 1181 In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;  
 1182 For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,  
 1183 Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

1184 *Tro.* Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:  
 1185 Were it not glory that we more affected,  
 1186 Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,  
 1187 I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,  
 1188 Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,  
 1189 She is a theame of honour and renowne,  
 1190 A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
 1191 Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,  
 1192 And fame in time to come canonize vs.  
 1193 For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose  
 1194 So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,  
 1195 As smiles vpon the fore- head of this action,  
 1196 For the wide worlds reueneu.  
 1197 *Hect.* I am yours,  
 1198 You valiant off- spring of great *Priamus*,  
 1199 I haue a roisting challenge sent among'st  
 1200 The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,  
 1201 Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,  
 1202 I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,  
 1203 Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:  
 1204 This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*  
 1205 *Enter Thersites solus.*  
 1206 How now *Thersites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy  
 1207 furie? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates  
 1208 me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it  
 1209 were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd  
 1210 at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but  
 1211 Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's  
 1212 *Achilles*, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two  
 1213 vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them-selues.  
 1214 O thou great thunder- darter of Olympus, forget  
 1215 that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose  
 1216 all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not  
 1217 that little lesse then little wit from them that they  
 1218 haue, which short- arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so  
 1219 abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a  
 1220 Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and  
 1221 cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole  
 1222 Camp, or rather the bone- ach, for that me thinkes is the  
 1223 curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue  
 1224 said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho?  
 1225 my Lord *Achilles*?  
 1226 *Enter Patroclus.*  
 1227 *Patr.* Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come  
 1228 in and raile.  
 1229 *Ther.* If I could haue remembered a guilt counterfeit,

1230 thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation,  
 1231 but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common  
 1232 curse of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great  
 1233 reuenew; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline  
 1234 come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till  
 1235 thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a  
 1236 faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer  
 1237 shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?  
 1238 *Patr.* What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?  
 1239 *Ther.* I, the heauens heare me.  
 1240 *Enter Achilles.*  
 1241 *Achil.* Who's there?  
 1242 *Patr.* *Thersites*, my Lord.  
 1243 *Achil.* Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese,  
 1244 my digestion, why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my  
 1245 Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?  
 1246 *Ther.* Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*,  
 1247 what's *Achilles*?  
 1248 *Patr.* Thy Lord *Thersites*: then tell me I pray thee,  
 1249 what's thy selfe?  
 1250 *Ther.* Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*,  
 1251 what art thou?  
 1252 *Patr.* Thou maist tell that know'st.  
 1253 *Achil.* O tell, tell.  
 1254 *Ther.* Ile declin the whole question: *Agamemnon* com-mands  
 1255 *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-er,  
 1256 and *Patroclus* is a foole.  
 1257 *Patro.* You rascal.  
 1258 *Ther.* Peace foole, I haue not done.  
 1259 *Achil.* He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Thersites*.  
 1260 *Ther.* *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-sites*  
 1261 is a foole, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.  
 1262 *Achil.* Deriue this? come?  
 1263 *Ther.* *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*,  
 1264 *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*,  
 1265 *Thersites* is a foole to serue such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a  
 1266 foole positie.  
 1267 *Patr.* Why am I a foole?  
 1268 *Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomedes,*  
 1269 *Ajax, and Calcas.*  
 1270 *Ther.* Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me  
 1271 thou art. Looke you, who comes here?  
 1272 *Achil.* *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in  
 1273 with me *Thersites*. *Exit.*  
 1274 *Ther.* Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such  
 1275 knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a



1276 good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to  
 1277 death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and  
 1278 Warre and Lecherie confound all.  
 1279 *Agam.* Where is *Achilles*?  
 1280 *Patr.* Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.  
 1281 *Agam.* Let it be knowne to him that we are here:  
 1282 He sent our Messengers, and we lay by  
 1283 Our appertainments, visiting of him:  
 1284 Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke  
 1285 We dare not moue the question of our place,  
 1286 Or know not what we are.  
 1287 *Pat.* I shall so say to him.  
 1288 *Vlis.* We saw him at the opening of his Tent,  
 1289 he is not sicke.  
 1290 *Aia.* Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may  
 1291 call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my  
 1292 head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause?  
 1293 A word my Lord.  
 1294 *Nes.* What moues *Ajax* thus to bay at him?  
 1295 *Vlis.* *Achilles* hath inueigled his Foole from him.  
 1296 *Nes.* Who, *Thersites*?  
 1297 *Vlis.* He.  
 1298 *Nes.* Then will *Ajax* lacke matter, if he haue lost his  
 1299 Argument.  
 1300 *Vlis.* No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-ment  
 1301 *Achilles*.  
 1302 *Nes.* All the better, their fraction is more our wish  
 1303 then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a  
 1304 Foole could disunite.  
 1305 *Vlis.* The amitie that wisdome knits, not folly may  
 1306 easily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.* [YY4v  
 1307 Here comes *Patroclus*.  
 1308 *Nes.* No *Achilles* with him?  
 1309 *Vlis.* The Elephant hath ioyns, but none for curtesie:  
 1310 His legge are legs for necessitie, not for flight.  
 1311 *Patro.* *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry:  
 1312 If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,  
 1313 Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,  
 1314 To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,  
 1315 But for your health, and your digestion sake;  
 1316 An after Dinners breath.  
 1317 *Aga.* Heare you *Patroclus*:  
 1318 We are too well acquainted with these answers:  
 1319 But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,  
 1320 Cannot but flye our apprehensions.  
 1321 Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,

1322 Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,  
 1323 Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,  
 1324 Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glosse;  
 1325 Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,  
 1326 Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,  
 1327 We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,  
 1328 If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,  
 1329 And vnder honest; in selfe- assumption greater  
 1330 Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himselfe  
 1331 Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,  
 1332 Disguise the holy strength of their command:  
 1333 And vnder write in an obseruing kinde  
 1334 His humorous predominance, yea watch  
 1335 His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if  
 1336 The passage and whole carriage of this action  
 1337 Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,  
 1338 That if he ouerhold his price so much,  
 1339 Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin  
 1340 Not portable, lye vnder this report.  
 1341 Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:  
 1342 A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,  
 1343 Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.  
 1344 *Pat.* I shall, and bring his answer presently.  
 1345 *Aga.* In second voyce weele not be satisfied,  
 1346 We come to speake with him, *Vlisses* enter you.  
 1347 *Exit Vlisses.*  
 1348 *Ajax.* What is he more then another?  
 1349 *Aga.* No more then what he thinkes he is.  
 1350 *Aia.* Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes  
 1351 himselfe a better man then I am?  
 1352 *Ag.* No question.  
 1353 *Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?  
 1354 *Ag.* No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as  
 1355 wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether  
 1356 more tractable.  
 1357 *Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride  
 1358 grow? I know not what it is.  
 1359 *Aga.* Your minde is the cleerer *Ajax*, and your vertues  
 1360 the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his  
 1361 owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and  
 1362 what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the  
 1363 deede in the praise.  
 1364 *Enter Vlysses.*  
 1365 *Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring  
 1366 of Toades.  
 1367 *Nest.* Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?

1368 *Vlis.* *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.  
 1369 *Ag.* What's his excuse?  
 1370 *Vlis.* He doth relye on none,  
 1371 But carries on the streame of his dispose,  
 1372 Without oberuance or respect of any,  
 1373 In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.  
 1374 *Aga.* Why, will he not vpon our faire request,  
 1375 Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?  
 1376 *Vlis.* Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely  
 1377 He makes important; possesse he is with greatnesse,  
 1378 And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride  
 1379 That quarrels at selfe- breath. Imagin'd wroth  
 1380 Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,  
 1381 That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,  
 1382 Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,  
 1383 And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?  
 1384 He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,  
 1385 Cry no recouery.  
 1386 *Ag.* Let *Aiax* goe to him.  
 1387 Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;  
 1388 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led  
 1389 At your request a little from himselfe.  
 1390 *Vlis.* O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.  
 1391 Weele consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,  
 1392 When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,  
 1393 That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,  
 1394 And neuer suffers matter of the world,  
 1395 Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue  
 1396 And ruminare himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,  
 1397 Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?  
 1398 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,  
 1399 Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,  
 1400 Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,  
 1401 As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,  
 1402 That were to enlard his fat already, pride,  
 1403 And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes  
 1404 With entertaining great *Hiperion*.  
 1405 This L[ord]. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,  
 1406 And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.  
 1407 *Nest.* O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.  
 1408 *Dio.* And how his silence drinks vp this applause.  
 1409 *Aia.* If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him  
 1410 ore the face.  
 1411 *Ag.* O no, you shall not goe.  
 1412 *Aia.* And a be proud with me, ile phese his pride: let  
 1413 me goe to him.

1414 *Vlis.* Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.  
 1415 *Aia.* A paultry insolent fellow.  
 1416 *Nest.* How he describes himselfe.  
 1417 *Aia.* Can he not be sociable?  
 1418 *Vlis.* The Rauen chides blacknesse.  
 1419 *Aia.* He let his humours bloud.  
 1420 *Ag.* He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-tient.  
 1422 *Aia.* And all men were a my minde.  
 1423 *Vlis.* Wit would be out of fashion.  
 1424 *Aia.* A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords  
 1425 first: shall pride carry it?  
 1426 *Nest.* And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.  
 1427 *Vlis.* A would haue ten shares.  
 1428 *Aia.* I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not  
 1429 yet through warme.  
 1430 *Nest.* Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-bition  
 1431 is dry.  
 1432 *Vlis.* My L[ord]. you feede too much on this dislike.  
 1433 *Nest.* Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.  
 1434 *Diom.* You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.  
 1435 *Vlis.* Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.  
 1436 Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,  
 1437 I will be silent.  
 1438 *Nest.* Wherefore should you so? [YY5  
 1439 He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.  
 1440 *Vlis.* 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.  
 1441 *Aia.* A horson dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would  
 1442 he were a *Troian*.  
 1443 *Nest.* What a vice were it in *Aiax* now—  
 1444 *Vlis.* If he were proud.  
 1445 *Dio.* Or couetous of praise.  
 1446 *Vlis.* I, or surley borne.  
 1447 *Dio.* Or strange, or selfe affected.  
 1448 *Vl.* Thank the heauens L[ord]. thou art of sweet composure;  
 1449 Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:  
 1450 Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature  
 1451 Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;  
 1452 But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,  
 1453 Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,  
 1454 And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,  
 1455 Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelde  
 1456 To sinnowie *Aiax*: I will not praise thy wisdome,  
 1457 Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines  
 1458 Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nestor*  
 1459 Instructed by the Antiquary times:  
 1460 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

1461 But pardon Father *Nestor*, were your dayes  
 1462 As greene as *Ajax*, and your braine so temper'd,  
 1463 You should not haue the eminence of him,  
 1464 But be as *Ajax*.  
 1465 *Aia*. Shall I call you Father?  
 1466 *Vlis*. I my good Sonne.  
 1467 *Dio*. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax*.  
 1468 *Vlis*. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*  
 1469 Keepes thicket: please it our Generall,  
 1470 To call together all his state of warre,  
 1471 Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow  
 1472 We must with all our maine of power stand fast:  
 1473 And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,  
 1474 And cull their flowre, *Ajax* shall cope the best.  
 1475 *Ag*. Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;  
 1476 Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw  
 1477 deepe. *Exeunt. Musicke sounds within.*  
 1478 *Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.*  
 1479 *Pan*. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-low  
 1480 the yong Lord *Paris*?  
 1481 *Ser*. I sir, when he goes before me.  
 1482 *Pan*. You depend vpon him I meane?  
 1483 *Ser*. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.  
 1484 *Pan*. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must  
 1485 needes praise him.  
 1486 *Ser*. The Lord be praised.  
 1487 *Pa*. You know me, doe you not?  
 1488 *Ser*. Faith sir, superficially.  
 1489 *Pa*. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.  
 1490 *Ser*. I hope I shall know your honour better.  
 1491 *Pa*. I doe desire it.  
 1492 *Ser*. You are in the state of Grace?  
 1493 *Pa*. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my  
 1494 title: What Musique is this?  
 1495 *Ser*. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.  
 1496 *Pa*. Know you the Musitians.  
 1497 *Ser*. Wholly sir.  
 1498 *Pa*. Who play they to?  
 1499 *Ser*. To the hearers sir.  
 1500 *Pa*. At whose pleasure friend?  
 1501 *Ser*. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.  
 1502 *Pa*. Command, I meane friend.  
 1503 *Ser*. Who shall I command sir?  
 1504 *Pa*. Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too  
 1505 courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe  
 1506 these men play?

1507 *Ser.* That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request  
 1508 of *Paris* my L[ord]. who's there in person; with him the mor-tall  
 1509 *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible  
 1510 soule.  
 1511 *Pa.* Who? my Cosin *Cressida*.  
 1512 *Ser.* No sir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by  
 1513 her attributes?  
 1514 *Pa.* It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the  
 1515 Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the  
 1516 Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall assault vpon  
 1517 him, for my businesse seethes.  
 1518 *Ser.* Sodden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.  
 1519 *Enter Paris and Helena.*  
 1520 *Pan.* Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire com-pany:  
 1521 faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them,  
 1522 especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your  
 1523 faire pillow.  
 1524 *Hel.* Deere L[ord]. you are full of faire words.  
 1525 *Pan.* You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene:  
 1526 faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.  
 1527 *Par.* You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you  
 1528 shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a  
 1529 peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.  
 1530 *Pan.* Truely Lady no.  
 1531 *Hel.* O sir.  
 1532 *Pan.* Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.  
 1533 *Paris.* Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.  
 1534 *Pan.* I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my  
 1535 Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.  
 1536 *Hel.* Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, weele heare you  
 1537 sing certainly.  
 1538 *Pan.* Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me,  
 1539 but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most estee-med  
 1540 friend your brother *Troylus*.  
 1541 *Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweete Lord.  
 1542 *Pan.* Go too sweete Queene, goe to.  
 1543 Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.  
 1544 *Hel.* You shall not bob vs out of our melody:  
 1545 If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.  
 1546 *Pan.* Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete  
 1547 Queene Ifaith—  
 1548 *Hel.* And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.  
 1549 *Pan.* Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it  
 1550 not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.  
 1551 And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him  
 1552 at Supper, you will make his excuse.

1553 *Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*?  
 1554 *Pan.* What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very  
 1555 sweete Queene?  
 1556 *Par.* What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?  
 1557 *Hel.* Nay but my Lord?  
 1558 *Pan.* What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will  
 1559 fall out with you.  
 1560 *Hel.* You must not know where he sups.  
 1561 *Par.* With my disposer *Cressida*.  
 1562 *Pan.* No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your  
 1563 disposer is sicke.  
 1564 *Par.* Well, Ile make excuse.  
 1565 *Pan.* I good my Lord: why should you say *Cressida*?  
 1566 no, your poore disposer's sicke.  
 1567 *Par.* I spie. [YY5v  
 1568 *Pan.* You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an  
 1569 Instrument now sweete Queene.  
 1570 *Hel.* Why this is kindly done?  
 1571 *Pan.* My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you  
 1572 haue sweete Queene.  
 1573 *Hel.* She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord  
 1574 *Paris*.  
 1575 *Pand.* Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are  
 1576 twaine.  
 1577 *Hel.* Falling in after falling out, may make them three.  
 1578 *Pan.* Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing  
 1579 you a song now.  
 1580 *Hel.* I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou  
 1581 hast a fine fore- head.  
 1582 *Pan.* I you may, you may.  
 1583 *Hel.* Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al.  
 1584 Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid*.  
 1585 *Pan.* Loue? I that it shall yfaith.  
 1586 *Par.* I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.  
 1587 *Pan.* In good troth it begins so.  
 1588 *Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:*  
 1589 *For O loues Bow,*  
 1590 *Shootes Bucke and Doe:*  
 1591 *The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,*  
 1592 *But tickles still the sore:*  
 1593 *These Louers cry, oh ho they dye;*  
 1594 *Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,*  
 1595 *Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:*  
 1596 *So dying loue liues still,*  
 1597 *Oh ho a while, but ha ha ha,*  
 1598 *O he grones out for ha ha ha — hey ho.*

1599 *Hel.* In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.  
 1600 *Par.* He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds  
 1601 hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot  
 1602 thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.  
 1603 *Pan.* Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot  
 1604 thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a  
 1605 generation of Vipers?  
 1606 Sweete Lord, whose a field to day?  
 1607 *Par.* *Hector, Deiphoebus, Helenus, Anthenor,* and all the  
 1608 gallantry of *Troy.* I would faine haue arm'd to day, but  
 1609 my *Nell* would not haue it so.  
 1610 How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?  
 1611 *Hel.* He hangs the lippe at something; you know all  
 1612 Lord *Pandarus*?  
 1613 *Pan.* Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how  
 1614 they sped to day:  
 1615 Youle remember your brothers excuse?  
 1616 *Par.* To a hayre.  
 1617 *Pan.* Farewell sweete Queene.  
 1618 *Hel.* Commend me to your Neece.  
 1619 *Pan.* I will sweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*  
 1620 *Par.* They're come from fielde: let vs to *Priams* Hall  
 1621 To greete the Warriars. Sweet *Hellen,* I must woe you,  
 1622 To helpe vnarme our *Hector:* his stubborne Buckles,  
 1623 With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,  
 1624 Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,  
 1625 Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more  
 1626 Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great *Hector.*  
 1627 *Hel.* 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris:*  
 1628 Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duetie,  
 1629 Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:  
 1630 Yea ouershines our selfe.  
 1631 Sweete aboue thought I loue thee. *Exeunt.*  
 1632 *Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.*  
 1633 *Pan.* How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen  
 1634 *Cressidas*?  
 1635 *Man.* No sir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.  
 1636 *Enter Troylus.*  
 1637 *Pan.* O here he comes: How now, how now?  
 1638 *Troy.* Sirra walke off.  
 1639 *Pan.* Haue you seene my Cousin?  
 1640 *Troy.* No *Pandarus:* I stalke about her doore  
 1641 Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes  
 1642 Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon,*  
 1643 And giue me swift transportance to those fields,  
 1644 Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds



1645 Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandarus*,  
 1646 From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,  
 1647 And flye with me to *Cressid*.  
 1648 *Pan.* Walke here ith 'Orchard, Ile bring her straight.  
 1649 *Exit Pandarus*.  
 1650 *Troy.* I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,  
 1651 Th' imaginary relish is so sweete,  
 1652 That it inchants my sence: what will it be  
 1653 When that the watry pallats taste indeede  
 1654 Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me  
 1655 Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fine,  
 1656 Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,  
 1657 For the capacitie of my ruder powers;  
 1658 I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,  
 1659 That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,  
 1660 As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes  
 1661 The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus*.  
 1662 *Pan.* Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you  
 1663 must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde  
 1664 so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it  
 1665 is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a  
 1666 new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand*.  
 1667 *Troy.* Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:  
 1668 My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulse,  
 1669 And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,  
 1670 Like vassalage at vnawares encountring  
 1671 The eye of Maiestie.  
 1672 *Enter Pandarus and Cressida*.  
 1673 *Pan.* Come, come, what neede you blush?  
 1674 Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now  
 1675 to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone a-gaine,  
 1676 you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must  
 1677 you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw  
 1678 backward weele put you i'th fils: why doe you not speak  
 1679 to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.  
 1680 Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and  
 1681 'twere darke you'ld close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse  
 1682 the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee- farme? build there  
 1683 Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your  
 1684 hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for  
 1685 all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.  
 1686 *Troy.* You haue bereft me of all words Lady.  
 1687 *Pan.* Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele  
 1688 bereaue you o'th' deedes too, if shee call your actiuity in  
 1689 question: what billing againe? here's in wisse where-of  
 1690 the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go

1691 get a fire?  
 1692 *Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?  
 1693 *Troy.* O *Cressida*, how often haue I wisht me thus?  
 1694 *Cres.* Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.  
 1695 *Troy.* What should they grant? what makes this pret-ty  
 1696 abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete La-dy  
 1697 in the fountaine of our loue? [YY6  
 1698 *Cres.* More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.  
 1699 *Troy.* Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see  
 1700 truely.  
 1701 *Cres.* Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe  
 1702 footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to  
 1703 feare the worst, oft cures the worse.  
 1704 *Troy.* Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,  
 1705 In all *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster.  
 1706 *Cres.* Not nothing monstrous neither?  
 1707 *Troy.* Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe  
 1708 to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; think-ing  
 1709 it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition  
 1710 inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed.  
 1711 This is the monstrositie in loue Lady, that the will is in-finite,  
 1712 and the execution confin'd; that the desire is bound-lesse,  
 1713 and the act a slaue to limit.  
 1714 *Cres.* They say all Louers sweare more performance  
 1715 then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they  
 1716 neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten;  
 1717 and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They  
 1718 that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are  
 1719 they not Monsters?  
 1720 *Troy.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we  
 1721 are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare  
 1722 till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuersion shall haue  
 1723 a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his  
 1724 birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few  
 1725 words to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as  
 1726 what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth;  
 1727 and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troy-lus*.  
 1729 *Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?  
 1730 *Enter Pandarus.*  
 1731 *Pan.* What blushing still? haue you not done talking  
 1732 yet?  
 1733 *Cres.* Wel! Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate  
 1734 to you.  
 1735 *Pan.* I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of  
 1736 you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch,  
 1737 chide me for it.

1738 *Tro.* You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word  
1739 and my firme faith.

1740 *Pan.* Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred  
1741 though they be long ere they are wooed, they are con-stant  
1742 being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le  
1743 sticke where they are throwne.

1744 *Cres.* Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee  
1745 heart: Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for  
1746 many weary moneths.

1747 *Troy.* Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

1748 *Cres.* Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord  
1749 With the first glance; that euer pardon me,  
1750 If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:

1751 I loue you now, but not till now so much  
1752 But I might maister it; infaith I lye:  
1753 My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow  
1754 Too head- strong for their mother: see we fooles,  
1755 Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs  
1756 When we are so vnsecret to our selues?

1757 But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,  
1758 And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;  
1759 Or that we women had mens priuiledge  
1760 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,  
1761 For in this rapture I shall surely speake  
1762 The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence  
1763 Comming in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes  
1764 My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

1765 *Troy.* And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

1766 *Pan.* Pretty yfaith.

1767 *Cres.* My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,  
1768 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:  
1769 I am asham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!  
1770 For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

1771 *Troy.* Your leaue sweete *Cressid*?

1772 *Pan.* Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow mor-ning.

1774 *Cres.* Pray you content you.

1775 *Troy.* What offends you Lady?

1776 *Cres.* Sir, mine owne company.

1777 *Troy.* You cannot shun your selfe.

1778 *Cres.* Let me goe and try:  
1779 I haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:  
1780 But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,  
1781 To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?

1782 I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

1783 *Troy.* Well know they what they speake, that speakes  
1784 so wisely.

1785 *Cre.* Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,  
 1786 And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
 1787 To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,  
 1788 Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,  
 1789 Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.  
 1790 *Troy.* O that I thought it could be in a woman:  
 1791 As if it can, I will presume in you,  
 1792 To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.  
 1793 To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,  
 1794 Out- liuing beauties outward, with a minde  
 1795 That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:  
 1796 Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,  
 1797 That my integritie and truth to you,  
 1798 Might be affronted with the match and waight  
 1799 Of such a winnowed puritie in loue:  
 1800 How were I then vp- lifted! but alas,  
 1801 I am as true, as truths simplicitie,  
 1802 And simpler then the infancie of truth.  
 1803 *Cres.* In that Ile warre with you.  
 1804 *Troy.* O vertuous fight,  
 1805 When right with right wars who shall be most right:  
 1806 True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come  
 1807 Approoue their truths by *Troylus*, when their times,  
 1808 Full of protest, of oath and big compare;  
 1809 Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,  
 1810 As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone:  
 1811 As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:  
 1812 As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th 'Center:  
 1813 Yet after all comparisons of truth,  
 1814 (As truths authenticke author to be cited)  
 1815 As true as *Troylus*, shall crowne vp the Verse,  
 1816 And sanctifie the numbers.  
 1817 *Cres.* Prophet may you be:  
 1818 If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,  
 1819 When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:  
 1820 When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;  
 1821 And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;  
 1822 And mightie States characterlesse are grated  
 1823 To dustie nothing; yet let memory,  
 1824 From false to false, among false Maids in loue,  
 1825 Vpbraid my falsehood, when they' aue said as false,  
 1826 As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth;  
 1827 As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;  
 1828 Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;  
 1829 Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood, [YY6v  
 1830 As false as *Cressid*.

1831 *Pand.* Go too, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it, Ile  
 1832 be the wisse here I hold your hand: here my Cousins,  
 1833 if euer you proue false one to another, since I haue taken  
 1834 such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers  
 1835 betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call  
 1836 them all Panders; let all constant men be *Troylusses*, all  
 1837 false women *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders:  
 1838 say, Amen.  
 1839 *Troy.* Amen.  
 1840 *Cres.* Amen.  
 1841 *Pan.* Amen.  
 1842 Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, be-cause  
 1843 it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse  
 1844 it to death: away.  
 1845 And *Cupid* grant all tong- tide Maidens heere,  
 1846 Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*  
 1847 *Enter Vlysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon,*  
 1848 *Menelaus and Chalcas. Florish.*  
 1849 *Cal.* Now Princes for the seruice I haue done you,  
 1850 Th' aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,  
 1851 To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,  
 1852 That through the sight I beare in things to loue,  
 1853 I haue abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
 1854 Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe,  
 1855 From certaine and possest conueniences,  
 1856 To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all  
 1857 That time, acquaintance, custome and condition,  
 1858 Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:  
 1859 And here to doe you seruice am become,  
 1860 As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.  
 1861 I doe beseech you, as in way of taste,  
 1862 To giue me now a little benefit:  
 1863 Out of those many registred in promise,  
 1864 Which you say, liue to come in my behalfe.  
 1865 *Agam.* What would'st thou of vs Troian? make  
 1866 demand?  
 1867 *Cal.* You haue a Troian prisoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,  
 1868 Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.  
 1869 Oft haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore)  
 1870 Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange.  
 1871 Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,  
 1872 I know is such a wrest in their affaires;  
 1873 That their negotiations all must slacke,  
 1874 Wanting his mannage: and they will almost,  
 1875 Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,  
 1876 In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,

1877 And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence,  
 1878 Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done,  
 1879 In most accepted paine.  
 1880 *Aga.* Let *Diomedes* beare him,  
 1881 And bring vs *Cressid* hither: *Calcas* shall haue  
 1882 What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*  
 1883 Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;  
 1884 Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow  
 1885 Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.  
 1886 *Dio.* This shall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen  
 1887 Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*  
 1888 *Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.*  
 1889 *Vlis.* *Achilles* stands i'th entrance of his Tent;  
 1890 Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,  
 1891 As if he were forgot: and Princes all,  
 1892 Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him;  
 1893 I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,  
 1894 Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?  
 1895 If so, I haue derision medicinable,  
 1896 To vse betweene your strangenesse and his pride,  
 1897 Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke;  
 1898 It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse  
 1899 To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees,  
 1900 Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.  
 1901 *Agam.* Weele execute your purpose, and put on  
 1902 A forme of strangenesse as we passe along,  
 1903 So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,  
 1904 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,  
 1905 Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.  
 1906 *Achil.* What comes the Generall to speake with me?  
 1907 You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.  
 1908 *Aga.* What saies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?  
 1909 *Nes.* Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?  
 1910 *Achil.* No.  
 1911 *Nes.* Nothing my Lord.  
 1912 *Aga.* The better.  
 1913 *Achil.* Good day, good day.  
 1914 *Men.* How doe you? how doe you?  
 1915 *Achi.* What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?  
 1916 *Ajax.* How now *Patroclus*?  
 1917 *Achil.* Good morrow *Ajax*?  
 1918 *Ajax.* Ha.  
 1919 *Achil.* Good morrow.  
 1920 *Ajax.* I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*  
 1921 *Achil.* What meane these fellowes? know they not  
 1922 *Achilles*?

1923 *Patr.* They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend  
 1924 To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:  
 1925 To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.  
 1926 *Achil.* What am I poore of late?  
 1927 'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,  
 1928 Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,  
 1929 He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,  
 1930 As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter- flies,  
 1931 Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:  
 1932 And not a man for being simply man,  
 1933 Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours  
 1934 That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,  
 1935 Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:  
 1936 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;  
 1937 The loue that leand on them as slippery too,  
 1938 Doth one plucke downe another, and together  
 1939 Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;  
 1940 Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy  
 1941 At ample point, all that I did possesse,  
 1942 Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out  
 1943 Something not worth in me such rich beholding,  
 1944 As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vlisses*,  
 1945 Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vlisses*?  
 1946 *Vlis.* Now great *Thetis* Sonne.  
 1947 *Achil.* What are you reading?  
 1948 *Vlis.* A strange fellow here  
 1949 Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,  
 1950 How much in hauing, or without, or in,  
 1951 Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;  
 1952 Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:  
 1953 As when his vertues shining vpon others,  
 1954 Heate them, and they retort that heate againe  
 1955 To the first giuer.  
 1956 *Achil.* This is not strange *Vlisses*:  
 1957 The beautie that is borne here in the face,  
 1958 The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,  
 1959 Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd, [YYY1  
 1960 Salutes each other with each others forme.  
 1961 For speculation turnes not to it selfe,  
 1962 Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there  
 1963 Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.  
 1964 *Vlis.* I doe not straine it at the position,  
 1965 It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,  
 1966 Who in his circumstance, expresly proues  
 1967 That no man is the Lord of any thing,  
 1968 (Though in and of him there is much consisting,)

1969 Till he communicate his parts to others:  
 1970 Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,  
 1971 Till he behold them formed in th' applause,  
 1972 Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate  
 1973 The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,  
 1974 Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe  
 1975 His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,  
 1976 And apprehended here immediately:  
 1977 The vnknowne *Ai*ax;  
 1978 Heauens what a man is there? a very Horse,  
 1979 That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there |(are.  
 1980 Most abiect in regard, and deere in vse.  
 1981 What things againe most deere in the esteeme,  
 1982 And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,  
 1983 An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?  
 1984 *Ai*ax renown'd? O heauens, what some men doe,  
 1985 While some men leaue to doe!  
 1986 How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,  
 1987 Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:  
 1988 How one man eates into anothers pride,  
 1989 While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse  
 1990 To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,  
 1991 They clap the lubber *Ai*ax on the shoulder,  
 1992 As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* brest,  
 1993 And great *Troy* shrinking.  
 1994 *Achil*. I doe beleuee it:  
 1995 For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars,  
 1996 Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:  
 1997 What are my deedes forgot?  
 1998 *Vlis*. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,  
 1999 Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:  
 2000 A great siz'd monster of ingrattitudes:  
 2001 Those scraps are good deedes past,  
 2002 Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,  
 2003 Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance, deere my Lord,  
 2004 Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang  
 2005 Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,  
 2006 In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,  
 2007 For honour trauels in a straight so narrow,  
 2008 Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the paths  
 2009 For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,  
 2010 That one by one pursue; if you giue way,  
 2011 Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;  
 2012 Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,  
 2013 And leaue you hindmost:  
 2014 Or like gallant Horse falne in first ranke,



2015 Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere  
 2016 Ore- run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,  
 2017 Though lesse then yours in past, must ore- top yours:  
 2018 For time is like a fashionable Hoste,  
 2019 That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand;  
 2020 And with his armes out- stretcht, as he would flye,  
 2021 Graspes in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,  
 2022 And farewels goes out sighing: O let not vertue seeke  
 2023 Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,  
 2024 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,  
 2025 Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all [   
 2026 To enuious and calumniating time:  
 2027 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:  
 2028 That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,  
 2029 Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
 2030 And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,  
 2031 More laud then guilt oredusted.  
 2032 The present eye praises the present obiect:  
 2033 Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,  
 2034 That all the Greekes begin to worship *Ai*ax;  
 2035 Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,  
 2036 Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,  
 2037 And still it might, and yet it may againe,  
 2038 If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe aliue,  
 2039 And case thy reputation in thy Tent;  
 2040 Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,  
 2041 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselues,  
 2042 And draue great *Mars* to faction.  
 2043 *Achil.* Of this my priuacie,  
 2044 I haue strong reasons.  
 2045 *Vlis.* But 'gainst your priuacie  
 2046 The reasons are more potent and heroycall:  
 2047 'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue  
 2048 With one of *Priams* daughters.  
 2049 *Achil.* Ha? knowne?  
 2050 *Vlis.* Is that a wonder?  
 2051 The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,  
 2052 Knowes almost euery graine of Plutoes gold;  
 2053 Findes bottome in th' vncomprehensiuie deepes;  
 2054 Keepest place with thought; and almost like the gods,  
 2055 Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:  
 2056 There is a mysterie (with whom relation  
 2057 durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State;  
 2058 Which hath an operation more diuine,  
 2059 Then breath or pen can giue expressure to:  
 2060 All the commerse that you haue had with Troy,

2061 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.  
 2062 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,  
 2063 To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.  
 2064 But it must grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home,  
 2065 When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;  
 2066 And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,  
 2067 Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* winne;  
 2068 But our great *Ajax* brauely beate downe him.  
 2069 Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake;  
 2070 The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.  
 2071 *Patr.* To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you;  
 2072 A woman impudent and mannish growne,  
 2073 Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,  
 2074 In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;  
 2075 They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,  
 2076 And your great loue to me, restraines you thus:  
 2077 Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*  
 2078 Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,  
 2079 And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,  
 2080 Be shooke to ayrie ayre.  
 2081 *Achil.* Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?  
 2082 *Patr.* I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.  
 2083 *Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake,  
 2084 My fame is shrowdly gored.  
 2085 *Patr.* O then beware:  
 2086 Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselues:  
 2087 Omission to doe what is necessary,  
 2088 Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,  
 2089 And danger like an ague subtly taints  
 2090 Euen then when we sit idely in the sunne.  
 2091 *Achil.* Goe call *Thersites* hither sweet *Patroclus*, [YYY1v  
 2092 Ile send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him  
 2093 T' inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat  
 2094 To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,  
 2095 An appetite that I am sicke withall,  
 2096 To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Thersi.*  
 2097 To talke with him, and to behold his visage,  
 2098 Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.  
 2099 *Ther.* A wonder.  
 2100 *Achil.* What?  
 2101 *Ther.* *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for  
 2102 himselfe.  
 2103 *Achil.* How so?  
 2104 *Ther.* Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*,  
 2105 and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,  
 2106 that he raues in saying nothing.

2107 *Achil.* How can that be?  
 2108 *Ther.* Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a  
 2109 stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no  
 2110 Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her recko-ning:  
 2111 bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should  
 2112 say, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and so  
 2113 there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,  
 2114 which will not shew without knocking. The mans vn-done  
 2115 for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' com-bat,  
 2116 heele break't himselfe in vaine- glory. He knowes  
 2117 not mee: I said, good morrow *Aiax*; And he replyes,  
 2118 thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man,  
 2119 that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very  
 2120 land- fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of o-pinion,  
 2121 a man may weare it on both sides like a leather  
 2122 Ierkin.  
 2123 *Achil.* Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.  
 2124 *Ther.* Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he pro-fesses  
 2125 notanswering; speaking is for beggers: he weares  
 2126 his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let *Pa-troclus*  
 2127 make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-ant  
 2128 of *Aiax*.  
 2129 *Achil.* To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly desire the  
 2130 valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the most valorous *Hector*, to come  
 2131 vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his  
 2132 person, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, sixe or  
 2133 seauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian  
 2134 Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.  
 2135 *Patro.* Ioue blesse great *Aiax*.  
 2136 *Ther.* Hum.  
 2137 *Patr.* I come from the worthy *Achilles*.  
 2138 *Ther.* Ha?  
 2139 *Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector*  
 2140 to his Tent.  
 2141 *Ther.* Hum.  
 2142 *Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.  
 2143 *Ther.* *Agamemnon*?  
 2144 *Patr.* I my Lord.  
 2145 *Ther.* Ha?  
 2146 *Patr.* What say you too't.  
 2147 *Ther.* God buy you with all my heart.  
 2148 *Patr.* Your answer sir.  
 2149 *Ther.* If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke  
 2150 it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for  
 2151 me ere he has me.  
 2152 *Patr.* Your answer sir.

2153 *Ther.* Fare you well withall my heart.  
 2154 *Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?  
 2155 *Ther.* No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will  
 2156 be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know  
 2157 not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his  
 2158 sinewes to make catlings on.  
 2159 *Achil.* Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him  
 2160 straight.  
 2161 *Ther.* Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the  
 2162 more capable creature.  
 2163 *Achil.* My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd,  
 2164 And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.  
 2165 *Ther.* Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere  
 2166 againe, that I might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a  
 2167 Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.  
 2168 *Enter at one doore Aeneas with a Torch, at another*  
 2169 *Paris, Diephoebus, Anthenor, Diomed the*  
 2170 *Grecian, with Torches.*  
 2171 *Par.* See hoa, who is that there?  
 2172 *Dieph.* It is the Lord *Aeneas*.  
 2173 *Aene.* Is the Prince there in person?  
 2174 Had I so good occasion to lye long  
 2175 As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse,  
 2176 Should rob my bed- mate of my company.  
 2177 *Diom.* That's my minde too: good morrow Lord  
 2178 *Aeneas*.  
 2179 *Par.* A valiant Greeke *Aeneas*, take his hand,  
 2180 Witnesse the processe of your speech within;  
 2181 You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes  
 2182 Did haunt you in the Field.  
 2183 *Aene.* Health to you valiant sir,  
 2184 During all question of the gentle truce:  
 2185 But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,  
 2186 As heart can thinke, or courage execute.  
 2187 *Diom.* The one and other *Diomed* embraces,  
 2188 Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:  
 2189 But when contention, and occasion meetes,  
 2190 By *Ioue*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,  
 2191 With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.  
 2192 *Aene.* And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye  
 2193 With his face backward, in humane gentlenesse:  
 2194 Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchises* life,  
 2195 Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I sweare,  
 2196 No man aliue can loue in such a sort,  
 2197 The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.  
 2198 *Diom.* We simpathize. *Ioue* let *Aeneas* liue

2199 (If to my sword his fate be not the glory)  
 2200 A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,  
 2201 But in mine emulous honor let him dye:  
 2202 With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.  
 2203 *Aene.* We know each other well.  
 2204 *Dio.* We doe, and long to know each other worse.  
 2205 *Par.* This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting;  
 2206 The noblest hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.  
 2207 What businesse Lord so early?  
 2208 *Aene.* I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.  
 2209 *Par.* His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek  
 2210 To *Calcha's* house; and there to render him,  
 2211 For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Cressid*:  
 2212 Lets haue your company; or if you please,  
 2213 Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke,  
 2214 (Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)  
 2215 My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.  
 2216 Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,  
 2217 With the whole quality whereof, I feare  
 2218 We shall be much vnwelcome.  
 2219 *Aene.* That I assure you:  
 2220 *Troylus* had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
 2221 Then *Cressid* borne from Troy. [YYY2  
 2222 *Par.* There is no helpe:  
 2223 The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.  
 2224 On Lord, weele follow you.  
 2225 *Aene.* Good morrow all. *Exit Aeneas*  
 2226 *Par.* And tell me noble *Diomed*: faith tell me true,  
 2227 Euen in the soule of sound good fellowship,  
 2228 Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?  
 2229 My selfe, or *Menelaus*?  
 2230 *Diom.* Both alike.  
 2231 He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,  
 2232 Not making any scruple of her soylure,  
 2233 With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.  
 2234 And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,  
 2235 Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,  
 2236 With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:  
 2237 He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp  
 2238 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:  
 2239 You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,  
 2240 Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:  
 2241 Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,  
 2242 But he as he, which heauier for a whore.  
 2243 *Par.* You are too bitter to your country- woman.  
 2244 *Dio.* Shee's bitter to her country: heare me *Paris*,

2245 For euery false drop in her bauty veines,  
 2246 A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple  
 2247 Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
 2248 A Troian hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,  
 2249 She hath not giuen so many good words breath,  
 2250 As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.  
 2251 *Par.* Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,  
 2252 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
 2253 But we in silence hold this vertue well;  
 2254 Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.  
 2255 Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*  
 2256 *Enter Troylus and Cressida.*  
 2257 *Troy.* Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.  
 2258 *Cres.* Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;  
 2259 He shall vnbolt the Gates.  
 2260 *Troy.* Trouble him not:  
 2261 To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,  
 2262 And giue as soft attachment to thy sences,  
 2263 As Infants empty of all thought.  
 2264 *Cres.* Good morrow then.  
 2265 *Troy.* I prithee now to bed.  
 2266 *Cres.* Are you a weary of me?  
 2267 *Troy.* O *Cressida!* but that the busie day  
 2268 Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,  
 2269 And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:  
 2270 I would not from thee.  
 2271 *Cres.* Night hath beene too briefe.  
 2272 *Troy.* Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she |(staves,  
 2273 As hideously as hell; but flies the graspes of loue,  
 2274 With wings more momentary, swift then thought:  
 2275 You will catch cold, and curse me.  
 2276 *Cres.* Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;  
 2277 O foolish *Cressid*, I might haue still held off,  
 2278 And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?  
 2279 *Pand. within.* What's all the doores open here?  
 2280 *Troy.* It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*  
 2281 *Cres.* A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:  
 2282 I shall haue such a life.  
 2283 *Pan.* How now, how now? how goe maiden- heads?  
 2284 Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Cressid*?  
 2285 *Cres.* Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:  
 2286 You bring me to doo — and then you floute me too.  
 2287 *Pan.* To do what? to do what? let her say what:  
 2288 What haue I brought you to doe?  
 2289 *Cres.* Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be  
 2290 good, nor suffer others.

2291 *Pan.* Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochia*, hast  
 2292 not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it  
 2293 sleepe: a bug- beare take him. *One knocks.*  
 2294 *Cres.* Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'  
 2295 head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.  
 2296 My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:  
 2297 You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.  
 2298 *Troy.* Ha, ha.  
 2299 *Cre.* Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing.  
 2300 How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocke.*  
 2301 I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you seene here. *Exeunt*  
 2302 *Pan.* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate  
 2303 downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?  
 2304 *Aene.* Good morrow Lord, good morrow.  
 2305 *Pan.* Who's there my Lord *Aeneas*? by my troth I  
 2306 knew you not: what newes with you so early?  
 2307 *Aene.* Is not Prince *Troylus* here?  
 2308 *Pan.* Here? what should he doe here?  
 2309 *Aene.* Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:  
 2310 It doth import him much to speake with me.  
 2311 *Pan.* Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be  
 2312 sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should  
 2313 he doe here?  
 2314 *Aene.* Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him  
 2315 wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be  
 2316 false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch  
 2317 him hither, goe.  
 2318 *Enter Troylus.*  
 2319 *Troy.* How now, what's the matter?  
 2320 *Aene.* My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,  
 2321 My matter is so rash: there is at hand,  
 2322 *Paris* your brother, and *Deiphoebus*,  
 2323 The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*  
 2324 Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth- with,  
 2325 Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,  
 2326 We must giue vp to *Diomed*s hand  
 2327 The Lady *Cressida*.  
 2328 *Troy.* Is it concluded so?  
 2329 *Aene.* By *Priam*, and the generall state of *Troy*,  
 2330 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.  
 2331 *Troy.* How my atchieuements mocke me;  
 2332 I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Aeneas*,  
 2333 We met by chance; you did not finde me here.  
 2334 *Aen.* Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature  
 2335 Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*  
 2336 *Enter Pandarus and Cressid.*

2337 *Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell  
 2338 take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague  
 2339 vpon *Anthenor*; I would they had brok's necke.  
 2340 *Cres.* How now? what's the matter? who was here?  
 2341 *Pan.* Ah, ha!  
 2342 *Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?  
 2343 gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?  
 2344 *Pan.* Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am  
 2345 aboute.  
 2346 *Cres.* O the gods! what's the matter?  
 2347 *Pan.* Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been  
 2348 borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gen-tleman:  
 2349 a plague vpon *Anthenor*. [YYY2v  
 2350 *Cres.* Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I be-seech  
 2351 you what's the matter?  
 2352 *Pan.* Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone;  
 2353 thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou must to thy Father,  
 2354 and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be  
 2355 his baine, he cannot beare it.  
 2356 *Cres.* O you immortall gods! I will not goe.  
 2357 *Pan.* Thou must.  
 2358 *Cres.* I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:  
 2359 I know no touch of consanguinitie:  
 2360 No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,  
 2361 As the sweet *Troylus*: O you gods diuine!  
 2362 Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falshood!  
 2363 If euer she leaue *Troylus*: time, force and death,  
 2364 Do to this body what extremitie you can;  
 2365 But the strong base and building of my loue,  
 2366 Is as the very Center of the earth,  
 2367 Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.  
 2368 *Pan.* Doe, doe.  
 2369 *Cres.* Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised  
 2370 cheekes,  
 2371 Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart  
 2372 With sounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt*.  
 2373 *Enter Paris, Troylus, Aeneas, Deiphebus, An-thenor*  
 2374 *and Diomedes*.  
 2375 *Par.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt  
 2376 Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke  
 2377 Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*,  
 2378 Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,  
 2379 And hast her to the purpose.  
 2380 *Troy.* Walke into her house.  
 2381 Ile bring her to the Grecian presently;  
 2382 And to his hand, when I deliuer her,



2383 Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*  
 2384 A Priest, there offering to it his heart.  
 2385 *Par.* I know what 'tis to loue,  
 2386 And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.  
 2387 Please you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*  
 2388 *Enter Pandarus and Cressid.*  
 2389 *Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.  
 2390 *Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
 2391 The grieffe is fine, full perfect that I taste,  
 2392 And no lesse in a sense as strong  
 2393 As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?  
 2394 If I could temporise with my affection,  
 2395 Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,  
 2396 The like alaiment could I giue my grieffe:  
 2397 My loue admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troylus.*  
 2398 No more my grieffe, in such a precious losse.  
 2399 *Pan.* Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.  
 2400 *Cres.* O *Troylus, Troylus!*  
 2401 *Pan.* What a paire of spectacles is here? let me em-brace  
 2402 too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, hea-ue  
 2403 heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he  
 2404 answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by  
 2405 friendship, not by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime;  
 2406 let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede  
 2407 of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?  
 2408 *Troy. Cressid:* I loue thee in so strange a puritie;  
 2409 That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,  
 2410 More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which  
 2411 Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.  
 2412 *Cres.* Haue the gods enuie?  
 2413 *Pan.* I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.  
 2414 *Cres.* And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?  
 2415 *Troy.* A hatefull truth.  
 2416 *Cres.* What, and from *Troylus* too?  
 2417 *Troy.* From Troy, and *Troylus.*  
 2418 *Cres.* Ist possible?  
 2419 *Troy.* And sodainely, where iniurie of chance  
 2420 Puts backe leaue- taking, iustles roughly by  
 2421 All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips  
 2422 Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents  
 2423 Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,  
 2424 Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.  
 2425 We two, that with so many thousand sighes  
 2426 Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,  
 2427 With the rude breuitie and discharge of our  
 2428 Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste

2429 Crams his rich theuerie vp, he knowes not how.  
 2430 As many farwels as be stars in heauen,  
 2431 With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,  
 2432 He fumbles vp into a loose adiew;  
 2433 And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,  
 2434 Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter Aeneas.*  
 2435 *Aeneas within.* My Lord, is the Lady ready?  
 2436 *Troy.* Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so  
 2437 Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.  
 2438 Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.  
 2439 *Pan.* Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,  
 2440 Or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.  
 2441 *Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?  
 2442 *Troy.* No remedy.  
 2443 *Cres.* A wofull *Cressid* 'mong' st the merry Greekes.  
 2444 *Troy.* When shall we see againe?  
 2445 *Troy.* Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.  
 2446 *Cres.* I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?  
 2447 *Troy.* Nay, we must vse expostulation kindly,  
 2448 For it is parting from vs:  
 2449 I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:  
 2450 For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe,  
 2451 That there's no maculation in thy heart:  
 2452 But be thou true, say I, to fashion in  
 2453 My sequent protestation: be thou true,  
 2454 And I will see thee.  
 2455 *Cres.* O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers  
 2456 As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.  
 2457 *Troy.* And Ile grow friend with danger;  
 2458 Weare this Sleeue.  
 2459 *Cres.* And you this Gloue.  
 2460 When shall I see you?  
 2461 *Troy.* I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,  
 2462 To giue thee nightly visitation.  
 2463 But yet be true.  
 2464 *Cres.* O heauens: be true againe?  
 2465 *Troy.* Heare why I speake it; Loue:  
 2466 The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,  
 2467 Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,  
 2468 Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:  
 2469 How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.  
 2470 Alas, a kinde of godly ieaalousie;  
 2471 Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:  
 2472 Makes me affraid.  
 2473 *Cres.* O heauens, you loue me not!  
 2474 *Troy.* Dye I a villaine then:

2475 In this I doe not call your faith in question  
 2476 So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,  
 2477 Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor sweeten talke;  
 2478 Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all; [YYY3  
 2479 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
 2480 But I can tell that in each grace of these,  
 2481 There lurkes a still and dumb- discoursie diuell,  
 2482 That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.  
 2483 *Cres.* Doe you thinke I will:  
 2484 *Troy.* No, but something may be done that we wil not:  
 2485 And sometimes we are diuels to our selues,  
 2486 When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,  
 2487 Presuming on their changefull potencie.  
 2488 *Aeneas within.* Nay, good my Lord?  
 2489 *Troy.* Come kisse, and let vs part.  
 2490 *Paris within.* Brother *Troylus*?  
 2491 *Troy.* Good brother come you hither,  
 2492 And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.  
 2493 *Cres.* My Lord, will you be true? *Exit.*  
 2494 *Troy.* Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:  
 2495 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
 2496 I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;  
 2497 Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,  
 2498 With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare:  
 2499 *Enter the Greekes.*  
 2500 Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit  
 2501 Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.  
 2502 Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady  
 2503 Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.  
 2504 At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,  
 2505 And by the way possesse thee what she is.  
 2506 Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,  
 2507 If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,  
 2508 Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe  
 2509 As *Priam* is in Illion?  
 2510 *Diom.* Faire Lady *Cressid*,  
 2511 So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:  
 2512 The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,  
 2513 Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*  
 2514 You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.  
 2515 *Troy.* Grecian, thou do'st not vse me curteously,  
 2516 To shame the seale of my petition towards,  
 2517 I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:  
 2518 Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,  
 2519 As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her seruant:  
 2520 I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:

2521 For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'st not,  
 2522 (Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)  
 2523 Ile cut thy throate.  
 2524 *Diom.* Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troilus*;  
 2525 Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and message,  
 2526 To be a speaker free? when I am hence,  
 2527 Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;  
 2528 Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth  
 2529 She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;  
 2530 Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.  
 2531 *Troy.* Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,  
 2532 This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:  
 2533 Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,  
 2534 To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.  
 2535 *Sound Trumpet.*  
 2536 *Par.* Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.  
 2537 *Aene.* How haue we spent this morning  
 2538 The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,  
 2539 That swore to ride before him in the field.  
 2540 *Par.* 'Tis *Troilus* fault: come, come, to field with him.  
 2541 *Exeunt.*  
 2542 *Dio.* Let vs make ready straight.  
 2543 *Aene.* Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie  
 2544 Let vs addresse to tend on *Hectors* heeles:  
 2545 The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye  
 2546 On his faire worth, and single Chiualrie.  
 2547 *Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,*  
 2548 *Menelaus, Vlisses, Nester, Calcas, &c.*  
 2549 *Aga.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,  
 2550 Anticipating time. With starring courage,  
 2551 Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy  
 2552 Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appauled aire  
 2553 May pierce the head of the great Combatant,  
 2554 And hale him hither.  
 2555 *Aia.* Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse;  
 2556 Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:  
 2557 Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke  
 2558 Out- swell the collicke of puft *Aquilon*:  
 2559 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:  
 2560 Thou blowest for *Hector*.  
 2561 *Vlis.* No Trumpet answers.  
 2562 *Achil.* 'Tis but early dayes.  
 2563 *Aga.* Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?  
 2564 *Vlis.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,  
 2565 He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
 2566 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

2567 *Aga.* Is this the Lady *Cressid*?  
 2568 *Dio.* Euen she.  
 2569 *Aga.* Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete  
 2570 Lady.  
 2571 *Nest.* Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.  
 2572 *Vlis.* Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere bet-ter  
 2573 she were kist in generall.  
 2574 *Nest.* And very courtly counsell: Ile begin. So much  
 2575 for *Nestor*.  
 2576 *Achil.* Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady  
 2577 *Achilles* bids you welcome.  
 2578 *Mene.* I had good argument for kissing once.  
 2579 *Patro.* But that's no argument for kissing now;  
 2580 For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.  
 2581 *Vlis.* Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,  
 2582 For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.  
 2583 *Patro.* The first was *Menelaus* kisse, this mine:  
 2584 *Patroclus* kisses you.  
 2585 *Mene.* Oh this is trim.  
 2586 *Patr.* *Paris* and I kisse euermore for him.  
 2587 *Mene.* Ile haue my kisse sir: Lady by your leaue.  
 2588 *Cres.* In kissing doe you render, or receiue.  
 2589 *Patr.* Both take and giue.  
 2590 *Cres.* Ile make my match to liue,  
 2591 The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no  
 2592 kisse.  
 2593 *Mene.* Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.  
 2594 *Cres.* You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.  
 2595 *Mene.* An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.  
 2596 *Cres.* No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,  
 2597 That you are odde, and he is euen with you.  
 2598 *Mene.* You fillip me a'th' head.  
 2599 *Cres.* No, Ile be sworne.  
 2600 *Vlis.* It were no match, your naile against his horne:  
 2601 May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?  
 2602 *Cres.* You may.  
 2603 *Vlis.* I doe desire it.  
 2604 *Cres.* Why begge then?  
 2605 *Vlis.* Why then for *Venus* sake, giue me a kisse:  
 2606 When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his—  
 2607 *Cres.* I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due. [YYY3v  
 2608 *Vlis.* Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.  
 2609 *Diom.* Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.  
 2610 *Nest.* A woman of quicke sence.  
 2611 *Vlis.* Fie, fie, vpon her:  
 2612 Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;

2613 Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out  
 2614 At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:  
 2615 Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,  
 2616 That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes;  
 2617 And wide vnclaspe the tables of their thoughts,  
 2618 To euery tickling reader: set them downe,  
 2619 For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie:  
 2620 And daughters of the game. *Exeunt.*  
 2621 *Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus*  
 2622 *and Attendants. Florish.*  
 2623 *All.* The Troians Trumpet.  
 2624 *Aga.* Yonder comes the troope.  
 2625 *Aene.* Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done  
 2626 To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,  
 2627 A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights  
 2628 Shall to the edge of all extremitie  
 2629 Pursue each other; or shall be diuided  
 2630 By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?  
 2631 *Aga.* Which way would *Hector* haue it?  
 2632 *Aene.* He cares not, heele obey conditions.  
 2633 *Aga.* 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,  
 2634 A little proudly, and great deale disprising  
 2635 The Knight oppos'd.  
 2636 *Aene.* If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?  
 2637 *Achil.* If not *Achilles*, nothing.  
 2638 *Aene.* Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,  
 2639 In the extremity of great and little:  
 2640 Valour and pride excell themselues in *Hector*;  
 2641 The one almost as infinite as all;  
 2642 The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:  
 2643 And that which lookes like pride, is curtesie:  
 2644 This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud;  
 2645 In loue wherof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:  
 2646 Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke  
 2647 This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.  
 2648 *Achil.* A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.  
 2649 *Aga.* Here is sir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,  
 2650 Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*  
 2651 Consent vpon the order of their fight,  
 2652 So be it: either to the vttermost,  
 2653 Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,  
 2654 Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.  
 2655 *Vlis.* They are oppos'd already.  
 2656 *Aga.* What Troian is that same that lookes so heauy?  
 2657 *Vlis.* The yongest Sonne of *Priam*;  
 2658 A true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;

2659 Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,  
 2660 Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;  
 2661 Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;  
 2662 His heart and hand both open, and both free:  
 2663 For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he shewes;  
 2664 Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,  
 2665 Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:  
 2666 Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;  
 2667 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
 2668 To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,  
 2669 Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.  
 2670 They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,  
 2671 A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.  
 2672 Thus saies *Aeneas*, one that knowes the youth,  
 2673 Euen to his inches: and with priuate soule,  
 2674 Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. *Alarum*.  
 2675 *Aga*. They are in action.  
 2676 *Nest*. Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.  
 2677 *Troy*. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.  
 2678 *Aga*. His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Ajax*. *tru[m]pets* |(cease  
 2679 *Diom*. You must no more.  
 2680 *Aene*. Princes enough, so please you.  
 2681 *Aia*. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.  
 2682 *Diom*. As *Hector* pleases.  
 2683 *Hect*. Why then will I no more:  
 2684 Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;  
 2685 A cousen german to great *Priams* seede:  
 2686 The obligation of our bloud forbids  
 2687 A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:  
 2688 Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,  
 2689 That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,  
 2690 And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge,  
 2691 All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud  
 2692 Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister  
 2693 Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,  
 2694 Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member  
 2695 Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
 2696 Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,  
 2697 That any drop thou borrowd'st from thy mother,  
 2698 My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword  
 2699 Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:  
 2700 By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;  
 2701 *Hector* would haue them fall vpon him thus.  
 2702 Cozen, all honor to thee.  
 2703 *Aia*. I thanke thee *Hector*:  
 2704 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:

2705 I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence  
 2706 A great addition, earned in thy death.  
 2707 *Hect.* Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,  
 2708 On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (Oyes)  
 2709 Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,  
 2710 A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.  
 2711 *Aene.* There is expectance here from both the sides,  
 2712 What further you will doe?  
 2713 *Hect.* Weele answer it:  
 2714 The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.  
 2715 *Aia.* If I might in entreaties finde successe,  
 2716 As seld I haue the chance; I would desire  
 2717 My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.  
 2718 *Diom.* 'Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*  
 2719 Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.  
 2720 *Hect.* *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:  
 2721 And signifie this louing enterview  
 2722 To the expecters of our Troian part:  
 2723 Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:  
 2724 I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.  
 2725 *Enter Agamemnon and the rest.*  
 2726 *Aia.* Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.  
 2727 *Hect.* The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:  
 2728 But for *Achilles*, mine owne serching eyes  
 2729 Shall finde him by his large and portly size.  
 2730 *Aga.* Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one  
 2731 That would be rid of such an enimie.  
 2732 But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere  
 2733 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes  
 2734 And formelesse ruine of obliuion:  
 2735 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
 2736 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:  
 2737 Bids thee with most diuine integritie,  
 2738 From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.  
 2739 *Hect.* I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*. [YYY4  
 2740 *Aga.* My well- fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.  
 2741 *Men.* Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,  
 2742 You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.  
 2743 *Hect.* Who must we answer?  
 2744 *Aene.* The Noble *Menelaus*.  
 2745 *Hect.* O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,  
 2746 Mocke not, that I affect th' vntraded Oath,  
 2747 Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus* Gloue  
 2748 Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.  
 2749 *Men.* Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.  
 2750 *Hect.* O pardon, I offend.



2751 *Nest.* I haue (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft  
 2752 Labouring for destiny, make cruell way  
 2753 Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee  
 2754 As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,  
 2755 And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,  
 2756 When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th' ayre,  
 2757 Not letting it decline, on the declined:  
 2758 That I haue said vnto my standers by,  
 2759 Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.  
 2760 And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,  
 2761 When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,  
 2762 Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I seene,  
 2763 But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)  
 2764 I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,  
 2765 And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,  
 2766 But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,  
 2767 Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,  
 2768 And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.  
 2769 *Aene.* 'Tis the old *Nestor*.  
 2770 *Hect.* Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,  
 2771 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:  
 2772 Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.  
 2773 *Ne.* I would my armes could match thee in contention  
 2774 As they contend with thee in courtesie.  
 2775 *Hect.* I would they could.  
 2776 *Nest.* Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to  
 2777 morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.  
 2778 *Vlys.* I wonder now, how yonder City stands,  
 2779 When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.  
 2780 *Hect.* I know your fauour Lord *Vlysses* well.  
 2781 Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,  
 2782 Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*  
 2783 In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.  
 2784 *Vlys.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.  
 2785 My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;  
 2786 For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,  
 2787 Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,  
 2788 Must kisse their owne feet.  
 2789 *Hect.* I must not beleeeue you:  
 2790 There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,  
 2791 The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost  
 2792 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,  
 2793 And that old common Arbitrator, Time,  
 2794 Will one day end it.  
 2795 *Vlys.* So to him we leaue it.  
 2796 Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;

2797 After the Generall, I beseech you next  
 2798 To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.  
 2799 *Achil.* I shall forestall thee Lord *Vlysses*, thou:  
 2800 Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,  
 2801 I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,  
 2802 And quoted ioynt by ioynt.  
 2803 *Hect.* Is this *Achilles*?  
 2804 *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.  
 2805 *Hect.* Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.  
 2806 *Achil.* Behold thy fill.  
 2807 *Hect.* Nay, I haue done already.  
 2808 *Achil.* Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,  
 2809 As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.  
 2810 *Hect.* O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:  
 2811 But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st.  
 2812 Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?  
 2813 *Achil.* Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body  
 2814 Shall I destroy him? Whether three, or there, or there,  
 2815 That I may giue the locall wound a name,  
 2816 And make distinct the very breach, where- out  
 2817 *Hectors* great spirit flew. Answer me heauens.  
 2818 *Hect.* It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,  
 2819 To answer such a question: Stand againe;  
 2820 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
 2821 As to prenominate in nice coniecture  
 2822 Where thou wilt hit me dead?  
 2823 *Achil.* I tell thee yea.  
 2824 *Hect.* Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,  
 2825 I'd not beleue thee: henceforth guard thee well,  
 2826 For Ile not kill thee there, not there, nor there,  
 2827 But by the forge that stythied Mars his helme,  
 2828 Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.  
 2829 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,  
 2830 His insolence drawes folly from my lips,  
 2831 But Ile endeuour deeds to match these words,  
 2832 Or may I neuer—  
 2833 *Aiax.* Do not chafe thee Cosin:  
 2834 And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone  
 2835 Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.  
 2836 You may euery day enough of *Hector*  
 2837 If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,  
 2838 Can scarce intreat you to be odde with him.  
 2839 *Hect.* I pray you let vs see you in the field,  
 2840 We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd  
 2841 The Grecians cause.  
 2842 *Achil.* Dost thou intreat me *Hector*?

2843 To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,  
 2844 To night, all Friends.  
 2845 *Hect.* Thy hand vpon that match.  
 2846 *Aga.* First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,  
 2847 There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,  
 2848 As *Hectors* leysure, and your bounties shall  
 2849 Concurrer together, seuerally intreat him.  
 2850 Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,  
 2851 That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*  
 2852 *Troy.* My Lord *Vlysses*, tell me I beseech you,  
 2853 In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?  
 2854 *Vlys.* At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troylus*,  
 2855 There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,  
 2856 Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,  
 2857 But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view  
 2858 On the faire *Cressid*.  
 2859 *Troy.* Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,  
 2860 After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,  
 2861 To bring me thither?  
 2862 *Vlys.* You shall command me sir:  
 2863 As gentle tell me, of what Honour was  
 2864 This *Cressida* in Troy, had she no Louer there  
 2865 That wailes her absence?  
 2866 *Troy.* O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,  
 2867 A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?  
 2868 She was belou'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth;  
 2869 But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt*.  
 2870 *Enter Achilles, and Patroclus*.  
 2871 *Achil.* Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night, [YYY4v  
 2872 Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:  
 2873 *Patroclus*, let vs Feast him to the hight.  
 2874 *Pat.* Heere comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites*.  
 2875 *Achil.* How now, thou core of Enuy?  
 2876 Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?  
 2877 *Ther.* Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll  
 2878 of Ideot- worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.  
 2879 *Achil.* From whence, Fragment?  
 2880 *Ther.* Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.  
 2881 *Pat.* Who keepes the Tent now?  
 2882 *Ther.* The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.  
 2883 *Patr.* Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?  
 2884 *Ther.* Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,  
 2885 thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.  
 2886 *Patro.* Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?  
 2887 *Ther.* Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten  
 2888 diseases of the South, guts- griping Ruptures, Catarres,

2889 Loades a grauell i' th' backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and  
 2890 the like, take and take againe, such prepostrous discoueries.  
 2892 *Pat.* Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what  
 2893 mean'st thou to curse thus?  
 2894 *Ther.* Do I curse thee?  
 2895 *Patr.* Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-stinguishable  
 2896 Curre.  
 2897 *Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle,  
 2898 immateriall skiene of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet  
 2899 flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou:  
 2900 Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water- flies,  
 2901 diminutiues of Nature.  
 2902 *Pat.* Out gall.  
 2903 *Ther.* Finch Egge.  
 2904 *Ach.* My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite  
 2905 From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:  
 2906 Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,  
 2907 A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,  
 2908 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe  
 2909 An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,  
 2910 Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,  
 2911 My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:  
 2912 Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,  
 2913 This night in banquetting must all be spent.  
 2914 Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*  
 2915 *Ther.* With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these  
 2916 two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too  
 2917 little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's  
 2918 *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues  
 2919 Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eare- wax; and  
 2920 the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother,  
 2921 the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of  
 2922 Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing- horne in a chaine, hanging  
 2923 at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold  
 2924 wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne  
 2925 him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse and  
 2926 Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse:  
 2927 to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-zard,  
 2928 an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe,  
 2929 I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire  
 2930 against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were  
 2931 not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar,  
 2932 so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy- day, spirits and fires.  
 2933 *Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlysses, Ne-stor,*  
 2934 *Diomed, with Lights.*  
 2935 *Aga.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

2936 *Ajax*. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.  
 2937 *Hect*. I trouble you.  
 2938 *Ajax*. No, not a whit.  
 2939 *Enter Achilles*.  
 2940 *Vlys*. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?  
 2941 *Achil*. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.  
 2942 *Agam*. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,  
 2943 *Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.  
 2944 *Hect*. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.  
 2945 *Men*. Goodnight my Lord.  
 2946 *Hect*. Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelaus*.  
 2947 *Ther*. Sweet draught: sweet quoth- a? sweet sinke,  
 2948 sweet sure.  
 2949 *Achil*. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those  
 2950 that go, or tarry.  
 2951 *Aga*. Goodnight.  
 2952 *Achil*. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*,  
 2953 Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.  
 2954 *Dio*. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,  
 2955 The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.  
 2956 *Hect*. Giue me your hand.  
 2957 *Vlys*. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,  
 2958 Ile keepe you company.  
 2959 *Troy*. Sweet sir, you honour me.  
 2960 *Hect*. And so good night.  
 2961 *Achil*. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt*.  
 2962 *Ther*. That same *Diomed*'s a false- hearted Rogue, a  
 2963 most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee  
 2964 leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend  
 2965 his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when  
 2966 he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-ous,  
 2967 there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes  
 2968 of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will ra-ther  
 2969 leaue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they say,  
 2970 he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vses the Traitour *Chalcas*  
 2971 his Tent. Ile after — Nothing but Letcherie? All  
 2972 incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt* [  
 2973 *Enter Diomed*.  
 2974 *Dio*. What are you vp here ho? speake?  
 2975 *Chal*. Who cals?  
 2976 *Dio*. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's your Daughter?  
 2977 *Chal*. She comes to you.  
 2978 *Enter Troylus and Vlisses*.  
 2979 *Vlis*. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.  
 2980 *Enter Cressid*.  
 2981 *Troy*. *Cressid* comes forth to him.

2982 *Dio.* How now my charge?  
 2983 *Cres.* Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.  
 2984 *Troy.* Yea, so familiar?  
 2985 *Vlis.* She will sing any man at first sight.  
 2986 *Ther.* And any man may finde her, if he can take her  
 2987 life: she's noted.  
 2988 *Dio.* Will you remember?  
 2989 *Cal.* Remember? yes.  
 2990 *Dio.* Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-pled  
 2991 with your words.  
 2992 *Troy.* What should she remember?  
 2993 *Vlis.* List?  
 2994 *Cres.* Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.  
 2995 *Ther.* Roguery.  
 2996 *Dio.* Nay then.  
 2997 *Cres.* Ile tell you what.  
 2998 *Dio.* Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.—  
 2999 *Cres.* In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?  
 3000 *Ther.* A iugling tricke, to be secretly open.  
 3001 *Dio.* What did you sweare you would bestow on me?  
 3002 *Cres.* I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,  
 3003 Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke. [YYY5  
 3004 *Dio.* Good night.  
 3005 *Troy.* Hold, patience.  
 3006 *Vlis.* How now Troian?  
 3007 *Cres.* *Diomed.*  
 3008 *Dio.* No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.  
 3009 *Troy.* Thy better must.  
 3010 *Cres.* Harke one word in your eare.  
 3011 *Troy.* O plague and madnesse!  
 3012 *Vlis.* You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,  
 3013 Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe  
 3014 To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;  
 3015 The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.  
 3016 *Troy.* Behold, I pray you.  
 3017 *Vlis.* Nay, good my Lord goe off:  
 3018 You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?  
 3019 *Troy.* I pray thee stay?  
 3020 *Vlis.* You haue not patience, come.  
 3021 *Troy.* I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,  
 3022 I will not speake a word.  
 3023 *Dio.* And so good night.  
 3024 *Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.  
 3025 *Troy.* Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!  
 3026 *Vlis.* Why, how now Lord?  
 3027 *Troy.* By *Ioue* I will be patient.

3028 *Cres.* Gardian? why Greeke?  
 3029 *Dio.* Fo, fo, adew, you palter.  
 3030 *Cres.* In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.  
 3031 *Vlis.* You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?  
 3032 you will breake out.  
 3033 *Troy.* She stroakes his cheeke.  
 3034 *Vlis.* Come, come.  
 3035 *Troy.* Nay stay, by *Ioue* I will not speake a word.  
 3036 There is betweene my will, and all offences,  
 3037 A guard of patience; stay a little while.  
 3038 *Ther.* How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and  
 3039 potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.  
 3040 *Dio.* But will you then?  
 3041 *Cres.* In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.  
 3042 *Dio.* Giue me some token for the surety of it.  
 3043 *Cres.* Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*  
 3044 *Vlis.* You haue sworne patience.  
 3045 *Troy.* Feare me not sweete Lord.  
 3046 I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition  
 3047 Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid.*  
 3048 *Ther.* Now the pledge, now, now, now.  
 3049 *Cres.* Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.  
 3050 *Troy.* O beautie! where is thy Faith?  
 3051 *Vlis.* My Lord.  
 3052 *Troy.* I will be patient, outwardly I will.  
 3053 *Cres.* You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:  
 3054 He lou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.  
 3055 *Dio.* Whose was't?  
 3056 *Cres.* It is no matter now I haue't againe.  
 3057 I will not meete with you to morrow night:  
 3058 I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.  
 3059 *Ther.* Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.  
 3060 *Dio.* I shall haue it.  
 3061 *Cres.* What, this?  
 3062 *Dio.* I that.  
 3063 *Cres.* O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;  
 3064 Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed  
 3065 Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,  
 3066 And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;  
 3067 As I kisse thee.  
 3068 *Dio.* Nay, doe not snatch it from me.  
 3069 *Cres.* He that takes that, takes my heart withall.  
 3070 *Dio.* I had your heart before, this followes it.  
 3071 *Troy.* I did swaere patience.  
 3072 *Cres.* You shall not haue it *Diomed*; faith you shall not:  
 3073 Ile giue you something else.

3074 *Dio.* I will haue this: whose was it?  
 3075 *Cres.* It is no matter.  
 3076 *Dio.* Come tell me whose it was?  
 3077 *Cres.* 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.  
 3078 But now you haue it, take it.  
 3079 *Dio.* Whose was it?  
 3080 *Cres.* By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:  
 3081 And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.  
 3082 *Dio.* To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,  
 3083 And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.  
 3084 *Troy.* Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,  
 3085 It should be challeng'd.  
 3086 *Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:  
 3087 I will not keepe my word.  
 3088 *Dio.* Why then farewell,  
 3089 Thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.  
 3090 *Cres.* You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,  
 3091 But it strait starts you.  
 3092 *Dio.* I doe not like this fooling.  
 3093 *Ther.* Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, plea-ses  
 3094 me best.  
 3095 *Dio.* What shall I come? the houre.  
 3096 *Cres.* I, come: O *Ioue!* doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.  
 3097 *Dio.* Farewell till then. *Exit.*  
 3098 *Cres.* Good night: I prythee come:  
 3099 *Troylus* farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;  
 3100 But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.  
 3101 Ah poore our sexe; this fault in vs I finde:  
 3102 The errour of our eye, directs our minde.  
 3103 What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude,  
 3104 Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*  
 3105 *Ther.* A prooffe of strength she could not publish more;  
 3106 Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.  
 3107 *Vlis.* Al's done my Lord.  
 3108 *Troy.* It is.  
 3109 *Vlis.* Why stay we then?  
 3110 *Troy.* To make a recordation to my soule  
 3111 Of euery syllable that here was spoke:  
 3112 But if I tell how these two did coact;  
 3113 Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?  
 3114 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:  
 3115 An esperance so obstinately strong,  
 3116 That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;  
 3117 As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
 3118 Created onely to caluminate.  
 3119 Was *Cressed* here?



3120 *Vlis.* I cannot coniure Troian.  
 3121 *Troy.* She was not sure.  
 3122 *Vlis.* Most sure she was.  
 3123 *Troy.* Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?  
 3124 *Vlis.* Nor mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.  
 3125 *Troy.* Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:  
 3126 Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage  
 3127 To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame  
 3128 For deprauation, to square the generall sex  
 3129 By *Cressids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid*.  
 3130 *Vlis.* What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our  
 3131 mothers?  
 3132 *Troy.* Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.  
 3133 *Ther.* Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?  
 3134 *Troy.* This she? no, this is *Diomedes Cressida*:  
 3135 If beautie haue a soule, this is not she: [YYY5v  
 3136 If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;  
 3137 If sanctimonie be the gods delight:  
 3138 If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,  
 3139 This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!  
 3140 That cause sets vp, with, and against thy selfe  
 3141 By foule authoritie: where reason can reuolt  
 3142 Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,  
 3143 Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*:  
 3144 Within my soule, there doth conduce a sight  
 3145 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,  
 3146 Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:  
 3147 And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,  
 3148 Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,  
 3149 As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:  
 3150 Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:  
 3151 *Cressid* is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;  
 3152 Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:  
 3153 The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd, and loos'd,  
 3154 And with another knot fiue finger tied,  
 3155 The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue:  
 3156 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,  
 3157 Of her ore- eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*  
 3158 *Vlis.* May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached  
 3159 With that which here his passion doth expresse?  
 3160 *Troy.* I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well  
 3161 In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart  
 3162 Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy  
 3163 With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.  
 3164 Harke Greeke: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;  
 3165 So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,

3166 That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:  
 3167 Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,  
 3168 My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,  
 3169 Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,  
 3170 Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,  
 3171 Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare  
 3172 In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,  
 3173 Falling on *Diomed*.  
 3174 *Ther.* Heele tickle it for his concupie.  
 3175 *Troy.* O *Cressid!* O false *Cressid!* false, false, false:  
 3176 Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,  
 3177 And theyle seeme glorious.  
 3178 *Vlis.* O containe your selfe:  
 3179 Your passion drawes eares hither.  
 3180 *Enter Aeneas.*  
 3181 *Aene.* I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:  
 3182 *Hector* by this is arming him in Troy.  
 3183 *Ajax* your Guard, staies to conduct you home.  
 3184 *Troy.* Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:  
 3185 Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,  
 3186 Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.  
 3187 *Vli.* Ile bring you to the Gates.  
 3188 *Troy.* Accept distracted thankes.  
 3189 *Exeunt Troylus, Aeneas, and Vlisses.*  
 3190 *Ther.* Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I  
 3191 would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:  
 3192 *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of  
 3193 his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,  
 3194 then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still  
 3195 warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning  
 3196 diuell take them.  
 3197 *Enter Hecter and Andromache.*  
 3198 *And.* When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,  
 3199 To stop his eares against admonishment?  
 3200 Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.  
 3201 *Hect.* You traine me to offend you: get you gone.  
 3202 By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.  
 3203 *And.* My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.  
 3204 *Hect.* No more I say. *Enter Cassandra.*  
 3205 *Cassa.* Where is my brother *Hector*?  
 3206 *And.* Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:  
 3207 Consort with me in loud and deere petition:  
 3208 Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt  
 3209 Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night  
 3210 Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.  
 3211 *Cass.* O, 'tis true.

3212 *Hect.* Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.  
 3213 *Cass.* No notes of sallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.  
 3214 *Hect.* Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.  
 3215 *Cass.* The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes;  
 3216 They are polluted offrings, more abhord  
 3217 Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.  
 3218 *And.* O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,  
 3219 To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:  
 3220 For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,  
 3221 And rob in the behalfe of charitie.  
 3222 *Cass.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;  
 3223 But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:  
 3224 Vnarme sweete *Hector.*  
 3225 *Hect.* Hold you still I say;  
 3226 Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:  
 3227 Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man  
 3228 Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.  
 3229 *Enter Troylus.*  
 3230 How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?  
 3231 *And. Cassandra,* call my father to perswade.  
 3232 *Exit Cassandra.*  
 3233 *Hect.* No faith yong *Troylus*; doffe thy harnesse youth:  
 3234 I am to day ith' vaine of Chiualrie:  
 3235 Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;  
 3236 And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.  
 3237 Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,  
 3238 Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.  
 3239 *Troy.* Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;  
 3240 Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.  
 3241 *Hect.* What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.  
 3242 *Troy.* When many times the captiue Grecian fals,  
 3243 Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:  
 3244 You bid them rise, and liue.  
 3245 *Hect.* O 'tis faire play.  
 3246 *Troy.* Fooles play, by heauen *Hector.*  
 3247 *Hect.* How now? how now?  
 3248 *Troy.* For th' loue of all the gods  
 3249 Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers,  
 3250 And when we haue our Armors buckled on,  
 3251 The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,  
 3252 Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.  
 3253 *Hect.* Fie, sauage, fie.  
 3254 *Troy.* *Hector*, then 'tis warres.  
 3255 *Hect.* *Troylus*, I would not haue you fight to day.  
 3256 *Troy.* Who should with- hold me?  
 3257 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,

3258 Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;  
 3259 Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;  
 3260 Their eyes ore- galled with recourse of teares;  
 3261 Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne  
 3262 Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:  
 3263 But by my ruine.  
 3264 *Enter Priam and Cassandra.*  
 3265 *Cass.* Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:  
 3266 He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,  
 3267 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, [YYY6  
 3268 Fall all together.  
 3269 *Priam.* Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:  
 3270 Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had visions;  
 3271 *Cassandra* doth foresee; and I my selfe,  
 3272 Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,  
 3273 To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
 3274 Therefore come backe.  
 3275 *Hect.* *Aeneas* is a field,  
 3276 And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,  
 3277 Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare  
 3278 This morning to them.  
 3279 *Priam.* I, but thou shalt not goe,  
 3280 *Hect.* I must not breake my faith:  
 3281 You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,  
 3282 Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue  
 3283 To take that course by your consent and voice,  
 3284 Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.  
 3285 *Cass.* O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.  
 3286 *And.* Doe not deere father.  
 3287 *Hect.* *Andromache* I am offended with you:  
 3288 Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.  
 3289 *Exit Andromache.*  
 3290 *Troy.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,  
 3291 Makes all these bodements.  
 3292 *Cass.* O farewell, deere *Hector*:  
 3293 Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:  
 3294 Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:  
 3295 Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;  
 3296 How poore *Andromache* shrils her dolour forth;  
 3297 Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,  
 3298 Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,  
 3299 And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!  
 3300 *Troy.* Away, away.  
 3301 *Cas.* Farewell: yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leaue;  
 3302 Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue. *Exit.*  
 3303 *Hect.* You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:

3304 Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:  
 3305 Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.  
 3306 *Priam.* Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about  
 3307 thee. *Alarum.*  
 3308 *Troy.* They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, beleeeue  
 3309 I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.  
 3310 *Enter Pandar.*  
 3311 *Pand.* Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?  
 3312 *Troy.* What now?  
 3313 *Pand.* Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.  
 3314 *Troy.* Let me reade.  
 3315 *Pand.* A whorson tisticke, a whorson rascally tisticke,  
 3316 so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and  
 3317 what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one  
 3318 o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and  
 3319 such an ache in my bones; that vnlesse a man were curst,  
 3320 I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee  
 3321 there?  
 3322 *Troy.* Words, words, meere words, no matter from  
 3323 the heart;  
 3324 Th' effect doth operate another way.  
 3325 Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:  
 3326 My loue with words and errors still she feedes;  
 3327 But edifies another with her deedes.  
 3328 *Pand.* Why, but heare you?  
 3329 *Troy.* Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame  
 3330 Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.  
 3331 *A Larum. Exeunt.*  
 3332 *Enter Thersites in excursion.*  
 3333 *Ther.* Now they are clapper- clawing one another, Ile  
 3334 goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Dio-mede*,  
 3335 has got that same scuruie, doting, foolish yong  
 3336 knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine  
 3337 see them meet; that, that same yong Troian asse, that loues  
 3338 the whore there, might send that Greekish whore- mai-sterly  
 3339 villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the dissembling  
 3340 luxurious drabbe, of a sleeuelesse errant. O'th' tother side,  
 3341 the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole  
 3342 old Mouse- eaten dry cheese, *Nestor*: and that same dog-foxe  
 3343  *Vlisses*, is not prou'd worth a Black- berry. They set  
 3344 me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Aiax* against that  
 3345 dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre  
 3346 *Aiax* prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme  
 3347 to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime  
 3348 barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.  
 3349 *Enter Diomed and Troylus.*

3350 Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th' other.  
 3351 *Troy.* Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuer Stix,  
 3352 I would swim after.  
 3353 *Diom.* Thou do'st miscall retire:  
 3354 I doe not flye, but aduantagious care  
 3355 Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:  
 3356 Haue at thee?  
 3357 *Ther.* Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore  
 3358 Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.  
 3359 *Enter Hector.*  
 3360 *Hect.* What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?  
 3361 Art thou of bloud, and honour?  
 3362 *Ther.* No, no: I am a rascall: a scuruie railing knaue:  
 3363 a very filthy roague.  
 3364 *Hect.* I doe beleue thee, liue.  
 3365 *Ther.* God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a  
 3366 plague breake thy necke — for frightening me: what's be-come  
 3367 of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue  
 3368 swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mira-cle  
 3369 — yet in a sort, lecherie eates it selfe: Ile seeke them.  
 3370 *Exit.*  
 3371 *Enter Diomed and Seruants.*  
 3372 *Dio.* Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troylus* Horse;  
 3373 Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressid*:  
 3374 Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;  
 3375 Tell her, I haue chastis'd the amorous Troyan,  
 3376 And am her Knight by proofe.  
 3377 *Ser.* I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*  
 3378 *Aga.* Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*  
 3379 Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*  
 3380 Hath *Doreus* prisoner.  
 3381 And stands Calossus- wise wauing his beame,  
 3382 Vpon the pashed courses of the Kings:  
 3383 *Epistropus* and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is slaine;  
 3384 *Amphimacus*, and *Thous* deadly hurt;  
 3385 *Patroclus* tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*  
 3386 Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagittary  
 3387 Appauls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*  
 3388 To re- enforcement, or we perish all.  
 3389 *Enter Nestor.*  
 3390 *Nest.* Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,  
 3391 And bid the snaile- pac'd *Ajax* arme for shame;  
 3392 There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:  
 3393 Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horse,  
 3394 And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,  
 3395 And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs, [YYY6v

3396 Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,  
 3397 And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,  
 3398 Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;  
 3399 Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;  
 3400 Dexteritie so obaying appetite,  
 3401 That what he will, he does, and does so much,  
 3402 That prooffe is call'd impossibility.  
 3403 *Enter Vlisses.*  
 3404 *Vlis.* Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*  
 3405 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;  
 3406 *Patroclus* wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie blood,  
 3407 Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,  
 3408 That noselesse, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;  
 3409 Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,  
 3410 And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:  
 3411 Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,  
 3412 Mad and fanasticke execution;  
 3413 Engaging and redeeming of himselfe.  
 3414 With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,  
 3415 As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.  
 3416 *Enter Ajax.*  
 3417 *Aia.* *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*. *Exit.*  
 3418 *Dio.* I, there, there.  
 3419 *Nest.* So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*  
 3420 *Enter Achilles.*  
 3421 *Achil.* Where is this *Hector*?  
 3422 Come, come, thou boy- queller, shew thy face:  
 3423 Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.  
 3424 *Hector*, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*  
 3425 *Enter Ajax.*  
 3426 *Aia.* *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*, shew thy head.  
 3427 *Enter Diomed.*  
 3428 *Diom.* *Troylus*, I say, wher's *Troylus*?  
 3429 *Aia.* What would'st thou?  
 3430 *Diom.* I would correct him.  
 3431 *Aia.* Were I the Generall,  
 3432 Thou should'st haue my office,  
 3433 Ere that correction: *Troylus* I say, what *Troylus*?  
 3434 *Enter Troylus.*  
 3435 *Troy.* Oh traitour *Diomed*!  
 3436 Turne thy false face thou traytor,  
 3437 And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.  
 3438 *Dio.* Ha, art thou there?  
 3439 *Aia.* Ile fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.  
 3440 *Dio.* He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.  
 3441 *Troy.* Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you

3442 both. *Exit Troylus.*  
 3443 *Enter Hector.*  
 3444 *Hect.* Yea *Troylus*? O well fought my yongest Brother.  
 3445 *Enter Achilles.*  
 3446 *Achil.* Now doe I see thee; haue at thee *Hector.*  
 3447 *Hect.* Pause if thou wilt.  
 3448 *Achil.* I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Troian;  
 3449 Be happy that my armes are out of vse:  
 3450 My rest and negligence befriends thee now,  
 3451 But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:  
 3452 Till when, goe seeke thy fortune. *Exit.*  
 3453 *Hect.* Fare thee well:  
 3454 I would haue beene much more a fresher man,  
 3455 Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?  
 3456 *Enter Troylus.*  
 3457 *Troy.* *Ajax* hath tane *Aeneas*; shall it be?  
 3458 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,  
 3459 He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,  
 3460 Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say; [  
 3461 I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*  
 3462 *Enter one in Armour.*  
 3463 *Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greeke,  
 3464 Thou art a goodly marke:  
 3465 No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,  
 3466 Ile frush it, and vnlocke the riuets all,  
 3467 But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beast abide?  
 3468 Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*  
 3469 *Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.*  
 3470 *Achil.* Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:  
 3471 Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:  
 3472 Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selues in breath;  
 3473 And when I haue the bloody *Hector* found,  
 3474 Empale him with your weapons round about:  
 3475 In fellest manner execute your arme.  
 3476 Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye;  
 3477 It is decreed, *Hector* the great must dye. *Exit.*  
 3478 *Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.*  
 3479 *Ther.* The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:  
 3480 now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my dou-ble  
 3481 hen'd sparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the  
 3482 game: ware hornes ho?  
 3483 *Exit Paris and Menelaus.*  
 3484 *Enter Bastard.*  
 3485 *Bast.* Turne slaue and fight.  
 3486 *Ther.* What art thou?  
 3487 *Bast.* A Bastard Sonne of *Priams*.



3488 *Ther.* I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Ba-stard  
 3489 begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard  
 3490 in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not  
 3491 bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take  
 3492 heede, the quarrel's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a  
 3493 whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell  
 3494 Bastard.  
 3495 *Bast.* The diuell take thee coward. *Exeunt.*  
 3496 *Enter Hector.*  
 3497 *Hect.* Most putrified core so faire without:  
 3498 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
 3499 Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:  
 3500 Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.  
 3501 *Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.*  
 3502 *Achil.* Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set;  
 3503 How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,  
 3504 Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.  
 3505 To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.  
 3506 *Hect.* I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.  
 3507 *Achil.* Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.  
 3508 So Illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;  
 3509 Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.  
 3510 On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine.  
 3511 *Achilles* hath the mighty *Hector* slaine. *Retreat.*  
 3512 Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.  
 3513 *Gree.* The Troian Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.  
 3514 *Achi.* The dragon wing of night ore- spreads the earth  
 3515 And stickler- like the Armies seperates  
 3516 My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,  
 3517 Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.  
 3518 Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;  
 3519 Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*  
 3520 *Sound Retreat. Shout.*  
 3521 *Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,*  
 3522 *Diomed, and the rest marching.*  
 3523 *Aga.* Harke, harke, what shout is that?  
 3524 *Nest.* Peace Drums. [YYYYY1  
 3525 *Sold.* *Achilles, Achilles, Hector's* slaine, *Achilles.*  
 3526 *Dio.* The brute is, *Hector's* slaine, and by *Achilles.*  
 3527 *Aia.* If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:  
 3528 Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.  
 3529 *Agam.* March patiently along: let one be sent  
 3530 To pray *Achilles* see vs at our Tent.  
 3531 If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,  
 3532 Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.  
 3533 *Exeunt.*

3534 *Enter Aeneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphoebus.*  
 3535 *Aene.* Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,  
 3536 Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.  
 3537 *Enter Troylus.*  
 3538 *Troy.* *Hector* is slaine.  
 3539 *All.* *Hector?* the gods forbid.  
 3540 *Troy.* Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile,  
 3541 In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.  
 3542 Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:  
 3543 Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.  
 3544 I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,  
 3545 And linger not our sure destructions on.  
 3546 *Aene.* My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.  
 3547 *Troy.* You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:  
 3548 I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,  
 3549 But dare all imminence that gods and men,  
 3550 Adresse their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:  
 3551 Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?  
 3552 Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,  
 3553 Goe in to Troy, and say there, *Hector's* dead:  
 3554 There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone;  
 3555 Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;  
 3556 Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,  
 3557 Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,  
 3558 *Hector* is dead: there is no more to say.  
 3559 Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,  
 3560 Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:  
 3561 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
 3562 Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:  
 3563 No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,  
 3564 Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,  
 3565 That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.  
 3566 Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:  
 3567 Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.  
 3568 *Enter Pandarus.*  
 3569 *Pand.* But heare you? heare you?  
 3570 *Troy.* Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame  
 3571 Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*  
 3572 *Pan.* A goodly medicine for mine akingbones: oh world,  
 3573 world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh trai-tours  
 3574 and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and  
 3575 how ill requited? why should our indeuour be so desir'd,  
 3576 and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what  
 3577 instance for it? let me see.  
 3578 Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,  
 3579 Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.

3580 And being once subdu'd in armed taile,  
3581 Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.  
3582 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;  
3583 As many as be here of Panders hall,  
3584 Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall:  
3585 Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;  
3586 Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:  
3587 Brethren and sisters of the hold- dore trade,  
3588 Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:  
3589 It should be now, but that my feare is this:  
3590 Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse:  
3591 Till then, Ile sweate, and seeke about for eases;  
3592 And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exeunt.*

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**FINIS.**

**3594 THE TRAGEDIE OF  
Troylus and Cressida.**

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