The Prologue.

In Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes of Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that sore
Their Crowns Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus *Queene,*
With wanton Paris *sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet unbruised Greekes do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priams *six=gated City,*
Dardan *and* Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus *with massie Staples*
And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile unarme againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this gere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Less valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillesse as unpractis'd Infancie.

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

Troy. Have I not tarried?

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

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leav'ing

Troy. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leavening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking;nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table doe I sit;
And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:
She look'd yesternight fairer, then every I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twaine,
Least *Hector*, or my Father should perceive me:
I have (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth. Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then *Helens*, well go too, there were no more comparison betweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but----

Troy. Oh *Pandarus!* I tell thee *Pandarus;*
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd;
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Cressids* love. Thou answer'st shee is Faire,
Powr'st in the open Ulcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,
The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me;
As true thou tel'st me, when I say I love her:
But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is, if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus:* How now *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my Labour for my travell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and betweene, but small thankes for my labour.

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

Pan. Because she's Kinne to me. therefore shee's not so faire as *Helen,* and she were not kin to me, she would be as faire on Friday as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-More, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

[*Troy*] I do not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

Troy. Pandarus? *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus.*

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you ungracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,
Fooles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument:

It

It is too starv'd a subject for my Sword,
But *Pandarus:* O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Cressed* but by *Pandar,*
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Love
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar,* and what we:
Her bed is *India,* there she lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where she recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandar,*
Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter AEneas.

Aene. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Because not there; this womans answer sorts.
For womanish it is to be from thence:
What newes *AEneas* from the field to day?

AEne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom, *AEneas?*

AEne. Troylus by *Menelaus.*

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*

AEne. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

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

AEne. In all swift hast.

Troy. Come goe wee then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cressed and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba,*and *Hellen.*

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Up to the Easterne Tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vaile
To see the battell: *Hector* whose pacience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mov'd:
He chides *Andromache* and strooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forsaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Man. The noise goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to *Hector,*
They call him *Ajax.*

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unlesse they are drunke, sicke, or have no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a-ny man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire, hee hath the joynts of everything, but every thing so out of joynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus,* many hands and no use; or purblinded *Argus,* all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the bat-tell and stroke him downe, the disdaine & shame where-

of, hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Uncle *Pandarus.*

Cre. Hectors a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Uncle *Pandarus.*

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Cressid:* what do you talke of? good morrow *Alexander:* how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Unckle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was not up? was she?

Cre. Hector was gone but *Hellen* was not up?

Pan. E'ne so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he saies here.

Pan. True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus;* I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pa . Who *Troylus?*
Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter;* there's no comparison.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?

Cre. I, if I ever say him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I say, *Troylus* is *Troylus.*

Cre. Then you say as I say,
For I am sure he is not *Hector.*

Pan. No nor *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just, to each of them he is himselfe.

Pan. Himselfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector.*

Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe: well, the Gods are above, time must friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troylus.*

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* shall not have his will this yeare.

Cre. He shall not neede it if he have his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement Neece; *Hellen* her selfe swore th'other day, that *Troylus* for a browne favour (for so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

*Cre.*To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris.*

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So, he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* should have too much, if she prasi'd him above, his complexion is higher then his, he having

colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieve *Hellens* golden tongue had commanded *Troylus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I sweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loves him better then *Paris.*

Cre. Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

[*Pan*] . Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haires on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector.*

Cres. Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to proove to you that *Hellen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cres. Juno have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I think his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, and 't were a clow'd in *Autumne.*

Pan. Why go to then, but to prove to yu that *Hellen* loves *Troylus.*

Cre. Troylus wil stand to thee
Proofe, if youle proove it so.

Pan. Troylus? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you love an addle egge as well as you love an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a marvel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And shee takes upon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that yer eyes ran ore.

*Cre.*With Milstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cra. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troylus* chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene haire, I should have laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the hayre, as at his pretty answere.

Cre. What was his answere?

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

*Cre.*This is her question.

Pand. That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white; that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Jupiter* quoth she, which of these haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chast, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For [is] has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Cres. And Ile spring up in his teares, and'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are coming from the field, shal we stand up here and see them, as they pass toward Ilium, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida.*

Cre. At your pleasure.

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

Enter AEneas.

Cre. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's *AEneas,* is not that a brave man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke *Troylus,* you shal see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th soundest judgement in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troylus?* Ile shew you *Troylus* anon if hee see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have, more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a [flelow]. Goe thy way *Hector,* there's a brave man Neere, O brave *Hector!* Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; ist not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on is Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no jesting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the divell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris,*yonder comes *Paris*: looke ye yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not? Why this is brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall *Troylus* anon.

Cre. Whose that?

Enter Hellenus

Pan. That's *Hellenus,* I marvell where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus,* I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus.*

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Unckle?

Pan. Hellenus no : yes heele fight indifferent, well, I marvell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troylus? Hellenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Daephobus.* 'Tis *Troylus!* Ther's a man Neece, hem[?] Brave *Troylus*, the Prince of Chivalrie.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Marke him; not him: O brave *Troylus:*looke well upon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors,* and how he lookes,

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a *Grace,* or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris? Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cres. Heere come more.

Pan. Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could live and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus.* Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greekes *Achilles,* a better man then *Troylus.*

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentlenesse, verture, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

Cres. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Cres. Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; uppon my secrecy, to defend mine honsety; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne house.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Cres. Adieu Unkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

*Cres.*To bring Unkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus.*

Cres. By the same token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*

Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loves full sacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterprise:
But more in *Troylus* thousand fold I see,
Then in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, joyes soule lyes in the dooing:
That she belov'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more then it is.
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxime out of love I teach;
"*Atchievement, is command; ungain'd, beseech.*
That though my hearts Contents firme love doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Senet. Enter Agamemnon,Nestor,Ulysses,Diomedes,Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What greefe hath set the Jaundies on your cheekes?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the proist largenesse: checkes and disasters
Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound Pine, and diverts his Graine
Tortive and erant from his course of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so farre,
That after seven yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To finde persistive constancie in men?
The finenesse of which Mettall is not found
In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wife and Foole the Artist and un-read,
The hard and soft, seeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,
Distinction with a lowd and powreful fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,
Lies in rich Vertue, and unmingled.

Nestor. With due Observance of thy godly seat,
Great *Agamemnon, Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble Boates dare faile
Upon her patient brest, making their way
With those of Noble bulke?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis,* and anon behold
The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements
Like *Perseus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,
Whose weake untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toste for Neptune. Even so,
Doth valours shew, and valours worth divide
In stormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightnesse,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze
Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled under shade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfe-same key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Ulys. Agamemnon:
Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be shut up:: Heare what *Ulysses* speakes,
Besides the applause and approbation
The which most mighty for thy place and sway,

And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,
I give to both your speeches: which were such
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in Brasse: and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heavens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare *Ulysses* speake.
Aga. Speake Prince of *Ithica,* and be't of lesse expect.
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen
Divide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke jawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.
Ulys. Troy yet upon his basis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.
The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hive,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'unworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Center
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order;
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets evill,
And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designes)
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive, and due of Byrth,
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, un-tune that string,
And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endlesse jarre, Justice recides)
Should loose her names, and so should Justice too.
Then every thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an universall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an universall prey,
And last, eate up himselfe.
Great *Agamemnon:*
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so every step
Exampled by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an envious Feaver
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.
And 'tis this Feaver that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse lives, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* heere discover'd
The Feaver, whereof all our power is sicke.
Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Ulysses)*
What is the remedie?
Ulys. The great *Achilles,* whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Having his eare fill of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designes. With him, *Patroclus,*
Upon a lazie Bed, the live-long day
Breakes scurrill Jests,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants us. Sometime great *Agamemnon,*
Thy toplesse deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the woodden Dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes unsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being drest to some Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of paralels: as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus,*
Or, give me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievments, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or losse, what is, or what is not, serves
As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.
Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as *Ulysses* sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Ajax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles,* and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre
Bold

Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*
A slave, whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint,
To match us in comparisons with durt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How ranke soever rounded in with danger.
Ulys. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-stall prescience, and esteeme no acte
But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,
That do contrive ho many hands shall strike
When fitnesse call them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closset-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,
By Reason guide his execution.
Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse
Makes many *Thetis* sonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus.*
Men. From Troy. *Enter AEneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
AEne. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
AEne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?
Aga. With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
AEne. Faire leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
AEne. I: I aske, that I might waken reverence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthfull Phoebus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*
Aga. This Troyan scornes us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonaire; unarm'd.
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they have galles,
Good armes, strong joynts, true swords, & *Joves* accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace *AEneas,*
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcēds.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *AEneas?*
AEne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?
AEne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heares nought privatly
That comes from Troy.
AEne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his sence on the attentive bent,
And then to speake.
Aga. Speake frankely as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,

He tels thee so himself.
Aene. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Brasse voyce through all thes lazie Tents,
And every Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd.
The Trumpets sound.
We have great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector, Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be on among'st the fayr'st of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,
That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loves his Mistris more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then ever Greeke did compasse in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shal honour him:
If none, hee'l say inTroy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Even so much.
Aga. This shall be told our Lovers Lord *AEneas,*
If none of them have soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant prove,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in love:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector:* if none else, Ile be he.
Nest. Tell him of *Nestor,* one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandsire suckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Love; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.
AEne. Now heaves forbid such a scarsitie of youth.
Ulys. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *AEneas,*
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pavillion shal I leade you first:
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall Feast with us before yu goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manet Ulysses, and Nestor.
Ulys. Nestor.
Nest. What sayes *Ulysses?*
Ulys. I have a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulysses. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne up

In ranke *Achilles,* must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like evil
To over-bulke us all.
Nest. Wel, and how?
Ulys. This challeng that the gallant *Hector* sends.
How ever it is spred in general name,
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles.*
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossenesse little charracters summe up,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles,* were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulys. And wake him to the answer, thinke you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles* : though't be a sportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute
With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me *Ulysses,*
Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the successe
(Although particuar) shall give a scantling
Of good or bad, unto the Generall:
And in such Indexes, although small prickes
To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene
The baby figure of the Gyant-masse
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector,* issues from our choyse;
And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth us all: a man distill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receyves the conqu'ring part
To steele a strong opinion to themselves,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directive by the Limbes.
Ulys. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector:*
Let us (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
And thinke perchance they'l sell: If not,
The luster of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eies: what are they?
Ulys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector,*
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Afticke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector:* Among our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off,
Wee'l dresse him up in voyces: if he faile,

Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But hit or misse,
Our projects life this shape of sence assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.

Nest. Now *Ulysses,* I begin to rellish thy advice,
And I wil give a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon,* go we to him straight:
Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*

Enter Ajax, and Thersites.

Aja: Thersites?

*Ther. Agamemnon,*how if he had Biles (ful) all over generally.

Aja. Thersites?

Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?

Aja. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Aja. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst [yu] not heare? Feele then. *Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrel beefe-witted Lord.

*Aja.*Speake then you whinid'st leaven speake, I will beat thee into handsomnesse.

Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse: but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then[yu] learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'th thy Jades trickes.

Aja. Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou thinke I have no sence thou strik'st (me thus?

Aja. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Aja. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the lothsom'st scab in Greece.

Aja. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest & railest every houre on *Achilles,* and thou art as ful of envy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.

Aja. Mistresse *Thersites.*

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Aja. Coblofe.

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aja. You horson Curre. *Ther.* Do, do.

Aja. Thou stoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Asinico may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Asse, thou art heere but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and solde among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aja. You dogge.

Ther. You scurvy Lord.

Aja. You Curre.

Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax?*wherefore do you this? How now *Thersites?* what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do so.
Ther. But yet you looke not well upon him: for who some ever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*
Achil. I know that foole.
Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.
Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.
Ther. Lo,lo,lo,lo, what *modicums* of wit he utters: his evasions have eares this long. I have bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I say of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I say this *Ajax*---
Achil. Nay good *Ajax.*
Ther, Has not so much wit.
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace foole.
Ther. I would have peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.
Ajax. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall----
Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fooles.
Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.
Pat. Good words *Thersites.*
Achil. What's the quarrell?
Ajax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go too, go too.
Ther. I serve heere voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance,'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary : *Ajax* was heere the voluntary, and you as under an Impresse.
Ther. E'ne to, a great deale of your wit too lies in your sinnewes, or else there be Liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.
Achil. What with me to *Thersites?*
Ther. There's *Ulysses,* and old *Nestor,* whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough up the warre.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles,* to *Ajax,* to----
Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.
Pat. No more words *Thersites.*
Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me. shall I?
Achil. There's for you *Patroclus.*
Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fooles. *Exit.*
Pat. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,
That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,
That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.
Ajax. Farewell? who shall answer him?
*Achil.*I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise

He knew his man.

Ajax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many houres, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes,
Deliver *Helen,* and all damage else
(As honour, losse of time, travaile, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else deere that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)
Shall be stroke off. *Hector,* what say you too't.

Hect. Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam,*
There is no Lady of more softer bowels,
More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches
To'th'botome of the worst. Let *Helen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question,
Every tythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath bin as deere as *Helen:* I meane of ours :
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yeelding of her up.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters summe
The past proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,
With spannes and inches so diminutive,
As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

Hel. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them, should not our Father
Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tels him so.

Troy. You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest
You furre your gloves with reason: here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,
And reason flyes the object of all harme.
Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heeles:
Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,
And flye like chidden Mercurie from Jove,
Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor
Should have hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,
Makes Livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth
What she doth cost the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwels not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignitie
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,
To make the service greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is inclineable
To what infectiously it selfe affects,
Without some image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

My Will enkindled by ine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I avoyde
(Although my will distaste what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes upon the Merchant
When we have spoyl'd them. nor the remaindeer Viands
We do not throw in unrespective same,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And sor an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshmesse
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l avouch, 'twas wisedome *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we have stolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeves unworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Cas. Cry *Troyans,* cry.
Priam. What noyse? what shreeke is this?
Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.
Cas. Cry Troyans.
Hect. It is *Cassandra.*
Cas. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.
Hect. Peace sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let us pay betimes
A moity of that masse of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes us all.
Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry. Troy burnes, or else let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*
Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus,* do not these hie strains
Of divination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?
Troy. Why Brother *Hector,*
We may not thinke the justnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then event doth forme it,
Nor once deject the courage of our mindes;
Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainsicke raptures
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our severall Hoonours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,
And Jove forbid there should be done among'st us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.
Par. Else might the world convince of levitie,
As well my under-takings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a project.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite.
Pri. Paris, you speake
Like one be-sotted on your fweet delights;
You have the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all,
Par. Sir, I propose not meerely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the soyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subject. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.
Hect. Paris and *Troylus*, you have both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Unfit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge , do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp'red blood,
then to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and revenge,
Have eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refracturie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake alowd
To have her backe return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavie. *Hectors* opinion.

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Upon our joynt and severall dignities.
Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heaving spleenes,
I would not with a drop of *Trojan* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector,*
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds.
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us.
For I presume brave *Hector* would not loose
So rich advangage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds revenew.
Hec. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus,*
I have a roisting challenge sent among'st
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was advertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thersites *solus.*

How now Thersites? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd at me: S'foote, Ile learne to conjure and raise Divels, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. There ther's *Achilles,*a rare Enginer, If *Troy* be not taken till these two undermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little lesse then little wit from them that they have, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so abundant scarse, it will not in circumvention deliver a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I have said my prayers and divell,envie, say Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles?*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy selfe upon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great revenew; heaven blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne upon't she never shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou devout? was thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heavens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon?*

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles,* then tell me *Patroclus,* what's *Achilles?*

Part. Thy Lord *Thersites:* then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus:* then tell me *Patroclus,* what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declin the whole question: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles, Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* Knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You rascall.

Ter. Peace foole, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man, proceede *Thersites.*

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Thersites* is a foole, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Derive this? come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole to offer to command *Achilles, Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon, Thersites* is a foole to serve such a foole: and *Partoclus* is a foole positive.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulisses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, Ile speake with no body: come in with me *Thersites.* *Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such jugling, and such knaverie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrell to draw emulation[s] factions, and bleede to death upon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subject, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.

Ulis. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sicke.

*Aja.*Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will favour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show us the cause? A word my Lord.

Nes. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulis. Achillis hath inveigled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Thersites?*

*Ulis.*He.

Nef. Then will *Ajax* lacke matter, if he have lost his Argument.

Ulis. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument *Achilles.*

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our wish then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a Foole could disunite.

Ulis. The amitie that wisedome knits, not folly may easily untie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Nes. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulis. The Elephant hath joynts, but none for curtesie:
His legge are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Patro. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus:*
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glosse;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an unholdsome dish,
Are like to rot untasted: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,
If you doe say, we thinke him over proud,
And under honest; in selfe-assumption greater
then in the note of judgement: & worthier then himselfe
Here tends the savage strangenesse he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And under write in an observing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
the passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he overhold his price so much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance give,
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answere presently.

Aga. In second voyce wele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, *Ulisses* enter you.

Exit Ulisses.

Ajax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aja. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Ajax,* you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer *Ajax,* and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates up himselfe; Pride is his owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what ever praises it self but in the deede, devoures the deede in the praise.

Enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulis. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. iWhat's his excuse?

Ulis. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.
Aga. Why, will he not upoon our faire request,
Untent his person, and share the ayre with us?
Ulys. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; possest he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.
Ag. Let *Ajax.* goe to him.
Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himselfe.
Ulis. O *Agamemnon,* let it not be so.
Weele consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles;* shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,
And never suffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: save such as doe revolve
And ruminate himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll. more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles,*
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiperion.*
This L. goe to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.
Nest. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.
Dio. And how his silence drinkes up this applause.
Aja. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him ore the face.
Ag. O no, you shall not goe.
Aja. And a be proud with me, Ile phese his pride: let me goe to him.
Ulis. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Aia. A paultry insolent fellow.
Nest. How he describes himselfe.
Aja. Can he not be sociable?
Ulis. The Raven chides blacknesse.
*Aja.*Ile let his humours bloud.
Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.
Aja. And all men were a my minde.
Ulis. Wit would be out of fashion.
Ais. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords first: shall pride carry it?
Nest. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.
Ulys. A would have ten shares.
Aja. I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.
Nest. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his ambition is dry.
Ulis. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.
Diom. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles.*
Ulis. Why. 'tis this naming of hiim doth him harme.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his fate,
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.
Ulis. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Aja. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with us, would he were a *Trojan.*
Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now---
Ulis. If he were proud.
Dio. Or covetous of praise.
Ulis. I, or surley burne.
Dio. Or strange, or selfe affected.
Ul. Thank the heavens L. thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave the sucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* devide Eternity in twaine,
And give him halfe, and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo:* his addition yeelde
To sinnowie *Ajax:* I will not praise thy wisdome,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nestor*
Instructed by the Antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
But pardon Father *Nestor,* were your dayes
As greene as *Ajax*, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax.*
Aja. Shall I call you Father?
Ulis. I my good Sonne.
Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax.*
Ulis. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicket: please it our Generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy:* to morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,
And cul their flowre, *Ajax* shall cope the best.
Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;
Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw deepe. *Exeunt.* *Musicke sounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris?*
Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend upon him I meane?
Ser. Sir, I doe depend upon the Lord.
Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must needes praise him.
Ser. The Lord by praised.
Pa. You know me, doe you not?
Ser. Faith sir, superficially.
Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*
Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.
Pa. I doe desire it.
Ser. You are in the state of Grace?
Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musique is this?
Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.
Pa. Know you the Musitians?
Ser. Wholly sir.
Pa. Who play they to?
Ser. To the hearers sir.
Pa. At whose pleasur friend?
Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that love Musicke.
Pa. Command, I meane friend.
Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too'd indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my L. who's there in person; with him the mortall *Venus,* the heart bloud of beauty, loves invisible soule.

Pa. Who? my Cosin *Cressida.*

Ser. No sir, *Helen,* could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida.*I come to speake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus:* I will make a complementall assault upon him, for my businesse seethes.

Ser. Sodden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Par. You have broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady so.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge us out, weele heare you sing certainely.

Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troylus.*

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus,* hony sweete Lord.

Pan. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.
Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob us out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholly upon your head.

Pan. Sweere Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene Ifaith----

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turne, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.
And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus?*

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my dosposer *Cressida.*

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say *Cressida?* no, your poore disposer's sicke.

Par. I spie.

Pan. You

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie: come, give me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in love with a thing you have sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris.*

Pand. Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

Hel. I, I. prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be love: this love will undoe us al. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Love? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I, good now love, love, no thing but love. In good troth it begins so.

Pan. *Love love, nothing but love, still moe:*
For O loves Bow,
Shootes Bucke and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the fore:
These Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he :
So dying love lives still,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho grones out for ha ha ha. - - -hey ho.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doves love, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Love a generation of Vipers?
Sweet Lord whose a field to day?

Par. Hector, Deiphoebus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would faine have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it so.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord *Pandarus?*

Pan. Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will sweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fielde: let us to *Priams* Hall
To greete the Warriers. Sweet *Hellen,* I must woe you,
To helpe unarme our *Hector:* his stubborne Buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers toucht
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great *Hector.*

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant *Paris:*
Yea what he shall receive of us in duetie,
Gives us more palme in beautie then we have:
Yea overshines our selfe.
Sweete above thought I love the. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen *Cressidas?*

Man. No sir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Have you seene my Cousin?

Troy. No *Pandarus:* I stalke about her doore
Like a strange soule upon the Stigian bankes
Staying for wastage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle *Pandarus,*
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Cresid.*

Pan. Walke here ith'Orchard, Ile bring her strainght.

Exeunt Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchants my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeede
Loves thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,
That I shall loose distinction in my joyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight: you must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

Troy. Even such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:
My heart beates thicker then a feaverous pulse,
And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,
Like vassalage at [unwares] encountring
The eye of Majestie.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blush? Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now to her, that you have sworne to me. What are you gone again, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes,, and you draw backward weele put you i'th fils: why doe you not speak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture. Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon,as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith River: go too, go too.

Troy. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deedes: but sheele bereave you 'oth' deeds too, if shee call your activity in question: what billing againe? here's in witnesse whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Cresida,* how often have I wisht me thus?

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete Lady in the fountaine of our love?

Cres. More

Cres. More dregs then water, if my teares have eyes.

Troy. Feares make divels of Cherubins, they never see truely.

Cres. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. O let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Not nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vowe to weepe seas, live in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to devise imposition inough, then for us to undergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstruositie in love Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all Lovers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and dischaarging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monsters?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid,* as what envie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troylus.*

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well Unckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle give him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages: your Unckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le sticke where they are throwne.

Cres. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

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

Cres. Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord
With the first glance; that ever pardon me,
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:
I love you now, but not till now so much
But I might maister it: infaith I lye:
My thoughts were like unbrideled children grow
Too head-strog for their mother: see we fooles,
Why have I blab'd: who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to our selves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priviledge
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes

My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.
Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.
Pan. Pretty yfaith.
Cres. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:
I am asham'd; O Heavens, what have I done!
For this time will I take my leave my Lord.
Troy. Your leave sweete *Cressid?*
Pan. Leave: and you take leave till to morrow mor-
ning.
Cres. Pray you content you.
Troy. What offends you Lady?
Cres. Sir, mine owne company.
Troy. You cannot shun your selfe.
Cres. Let me goe and try:
I have a kind of selfe recides with you:
But an unkinde selfe, that it selfe will leave,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I speake I know not what.
Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes
so wisely.
Cre. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
Or else you love not: for to be wise and love,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods above.
Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
As if it can, I will presume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of love.
To keepe her constancie in plight and yourth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:
Or that perswasion could but thus convince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of such a winnowed [purititie] in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths simplicitie,
And simpler then the infancie of truth.
*Cres.*In that Ile warre with you.
Troy. O vertuous sight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right:
True swaines in love, shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troylus,*when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare;
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus,*shall crowne up the Verse,
And sanctifie the nimbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be:
If I be false, or swerve a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:
When water drops have worne the Stones of *Troy;*
And bline oblivion swallow'd Cities up;
And mightie States characterlesse are grated
To dustie nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false Maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood, when they'ave said as false,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,

As false as *Cressid.*

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it, Ile be the witnesse here I hold your hand: here my Cousins, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene ce cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be *Troylusses,* all false women *Cressids,* and all brokers betweene, Panders: say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ulysses,Diomedes, Nestor,Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalcas. Florish.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I have done you,
Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the sight I beare in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe,
From certaine and possest conveniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custome and condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you service am become,
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I doe beseech you , as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit:
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say, live to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'st thou of us Trojan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, cal'd *Anthenor,*
Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft have you (often have you, thankes therefore)
Desir'd my *Cressida* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this *Anthenor,*
I know is such a wrest in their affaires;
That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almost,
Give us a Prince of Blood, a Sonne of *Priam,*
In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,
And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence,
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calcas* shall have
What he requests of us: good *Diomed*
Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am poud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus *in their Tent.*

Ulis. Achilles stands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him;
I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such unplausive eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use betweene your strangenesse and his pride,
Which his owne will shall have desire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse
To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.
Agam. Weele execute your purpose, and put on
A forme of strangenesse as we passe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What comes the Generall to speake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more'gainst Troy.
Aga. What saies *Achilles,* would he ought with us?
Nes. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?
Achil. No.
Nes. Nothing my Lord.
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How doe you? how doe you?
Achi. What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?
Ajax. How now *Patroclus?*
Achi. Good morrow *Ajax?*
Ajax. Ha.
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*
Achil. What meane these fellowes? know they not
Achilles?
Patr. They passe by strangely: they were us'd to bend
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles:*
To come as humbly as they us'd to creepe to holy Altars.
Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;
The love that leand on them as slippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy
At ample point, all that I did possesse,
Save these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding,
As they hvae often given. Here is *Ulysses,*
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Ulysses?*
Ulis. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulis. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearlely ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues shining upon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange *Ulisses:*
The beautie that is borne here in the face,
Ther bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,
Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

Salutes each other with each others forme.
For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath travail'd, and is married there
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.
Ulis. I doe not straine it as the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expresly proves
That no [may] is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th'applause,
Where the are extended: who like an arch reverb'rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,
Fronting the Sunne, receives and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The unknowne *Ajax;*
Heavens what a man is there? a very Horse, (are.
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Most abject in regard, and deare in use.
What things againe most deere in the esteeme,
And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him?
Ajax renown'd? O heavens, what some men doe,
While some men leave to doe!
How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonnese
To see these Grecian Lords: why, even already,
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
As if his foote were on brave *Hectors* brest,
And great *Troy* shrinking.
Achil. I doe beleeve it:
For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?
Ulis. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for oblivion:
A great siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deedes past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soone as done: perseverance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,
For honour travels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes a breast, kepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost:
Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke,
Lye there for a pavement to the abject, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,
Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable Hoste,
That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;
And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flye,
Graspes in the commer: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewels goes out sighing: O let not vertue seeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, with,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oredusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship *Ajax;*
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe alive,
And case thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacie,
I have strong reasons.
Ulis. But 'gainst your privacie
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles,* that you are in love
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne?
Ulis. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost every graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes bottome in th'uncomprehensive deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughts unvaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soule of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena.*
But it must grieve yong *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;
And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,
Great *Hectors* sister did *Achiles* winne;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beate downe him
Farewell my Lord: I as your lover speake;
The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* have I mov'd you;
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,
And your great love to me, restraines you thus:
Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke unloose his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shooke to ayrie ayre.
Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector?*
Patr. I, and perhaps receive much honor by him.
Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrowdly gored.
Patr. O then beware:
Those wounds heale ill, that men doe give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Even then when we sit idely in the sunne.
Achil. Goe call *Thersites* hither sweet *Patroclus,*

Ile send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him
T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sicke withall,
To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Therssi.*
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so?

Ther. Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector,* and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalkes up and downe like a Peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and so there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The mans undone for ever; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th'combat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee: I said, good morrow *Ajax;* And he replyes, thankes *Agamemnon.* What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.

*Achil.*Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites.*

Ther. Who, I : why, heele answer no body: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax.*

Achil. To him *Patroclus;* tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector*, to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, sixe or seaven times honour'd Captaine, Genearall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon,* &c. doe this

Patro. Jove blesse great *Ajax.*

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleven a clocke it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's our a tune thus: what musicke will be in him when Hector has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am sure none, unlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his

sinewes to make catlings on.
Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him straight.
Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable creature.
Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.
Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignoramce.

Enter at one doore AEneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diephoebus, Anthenor, Diomd the Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?
Dieph. It is the Lord *AEneas.*
AEne. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris,* nothing but heavenly businesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *AEneas.*
Par. A valiant Greeke *AEneas,* take his hand,
Witnesse the processe of your speeh within;
You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.
AEne. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.
Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By *Jove*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.
AEne. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentlenesse:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchises* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I sweare,
No man alive can love in such a sort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
Diom. We simpathize. *Jove* let *AEneas* live
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.
AEne. We know each other well.
Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting;
The noblest hatefull love, that ere I heard of.
What businesse Lord so early?
AEne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calcha's* house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Cressid:*
Let's have your company; or if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We shall be much unwelcome.
AEne. That I assure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Cressid* borne from Troy.
Par. There

Par. there is no helpe:
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.
On Lord, weele follow you.
AEne. Good morrow all. *Exit AEneas*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed;* faith tell me true,
Even in the soule of sound good fellow ship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?
My selfe, or *Menelaus?*
Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her soylure,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke up
The leese and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. Shee's bitter to her country: heare me *Paris,*
For every false drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath sunke: for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slaine. Since she could speake,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for he, Greekes and Trojans suffred death.
Par. Faire *Diomed.* you doe as chapmen doe,
Dis praise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.
Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Unckle down;
He shall unbolt the Gates.
Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy sences,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Cres. Good morrow then.
Troy. I prithee now to bed.
Cres. Are you a weary of me?
Troy. O *Cressida!* but that the busie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath beene too briefe. (stayes,
Troy. Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she
As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of love,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry;
O foolish *Cressid,* I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Harke, ther's one up?
Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?
Troy. It is your Unckle. *Enter Pandarus.*
Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life.
Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Cressid?*
Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Unckle:

You bring me to doo----and then you floute me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What have I brought you to doe?
Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle ner by
good, nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochia,* hast
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*
Cres. Did I not tell you? would he werre knockt ith'
head. Who's that at doore? good Unckle goe and see.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troy. Ha, ha.
Cre. Come you are deceiv'd, I thinke of no such thing.
How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocke.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* have you seene here. *Exeunt*
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
AEne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there my Lord *AEneas?* by my troth I
knew you not: what newes with you so early?
AEne. Is not Prince *Troylus* here?
Pan. Here? what should he doe here?
AEne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to speake with me.
Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be
sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should
he doe here?
AEne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him
wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be
false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet go fetch
him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?
AEne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphoebus,*
The Grecian *Diomed,* and our *Anthenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for hom forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must give up to *Diomeds* hand
The Lady *Cressida.*
Troy. Is it concluded so?
AEne. By *Priam*, and the generall state of *Troy,*
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troy. How my atchievements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *AEneas,*
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.
AEn. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pardarus and Cressid.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the divell
take *Anthenor;* the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
upon *Anthenor;* I would they had brok's necke.
Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ha!
Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?
gone? tell me sweet Unckle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deepe under the earth as I am
above.
Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been
borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gen-
tleman: a plague upon *Anthenor.*

Cres. Good Unckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor:* thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus:* 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it..

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Unckle: I have forgot my Father:
I know no touch of consanguinitie:
No kin, no love, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,
As the sweet *Troylus:* O you gods divine!
Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falshood!
If ever she leave *Troylus:* time, orce and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the strong base and building of my love,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Cres. Teare my bright [heire], and scratch my praised cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart
With sounding *Troylus.* I will not goe from *Troy.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troylus, AEneas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliverie to this valiant Greeke
Comes fast upon: good my brother *Troylus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And hast her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house:
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand, when I deliver her,
Thinke it an Alter, and thy brother *Troylus*
A Priest, there offring to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.
Please you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no lesse in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I give my griefe:
My love admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troylus.*
No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

Cres. O *Troylus, Troylus!*

Pan. What a paire pf spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heavie heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was never a truer rime; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Cressid: I love thee in so strange a puritie;
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envie?

Pan. I, I, I, I, ‘tis too plaine a case.
Cres. And it is true, that I must goe from Troy?
Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cres. What, and from *Troylus* too?
Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus.*
Cres. Ist possible?
Troy. And sodainely, where injurie of chance
Puts backe leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure: forcibly prevents
Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,
Even in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighes
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selves,
With the rude brevitie and discharge of out
Injurious tile; now with a robbers haste
Crams his riche theeverie up, he knowes not how.
As many farwels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath, and consign’d kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adiew;
And scants us with a single famisht kisse,
Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter AEneas.*
AEneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call’d: some say the genius so
Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.
Bid them have patience: she shall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,
or my heart will be blowne up by the root.
Cres. I must then to the Grecians?
Troy. No remedy.
Cres. A wofull *Cressid* ‘mong’st the merry Greekes.
[*Troy.*] When shall we see againe?
[*Troy.*] Here me my love: be thou but true of heart.
Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?
Troy. Nay, we must use expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from us:
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I wil throw my Glove to death himselfe,
That there’s no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.
Cres. O you shall be expos’d, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.
Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeve.
Cres. And you this Glove.
When shall I see you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.
Cres. O heavens: be true againe?
Troy. Heare why I speake it; Love:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their loving well compos’d, with guift of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:
How novelties may move, and parts with person.
Alas, a kinde of godly jealousie;
Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:
Makes me affraid.
Cres. O heavens, you love me not!
Troy. Dye I a villaine then:
In this I doe not call your faith in question
So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heele the high Lavolt; nor sweeten talke;
Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all;

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these,
There lurkes a still and dumb-discoursive divell,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Doe you thinke I will:
Troy. No, but something may be done that we wil not:
And sometimes we are divels to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potencie.
AEneas within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kisse, and let us part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus?*
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *AEneas* and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My Lord, will you be true? *Exit.*
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;
Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainnesse I do weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome sir *Diomed,* here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor,* we deliver you.
Ad the port (Lord) Ile give her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is.
Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,
If erre thou stand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Cressid.* and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* in Illion?
Diom. Faire Lady *Cressid,*
So please you save the thankes this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*
You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, tho do'st not use me curteously,
To shame the seale of my petition towards,
I praising her. I tell the Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be cal'd her servant:
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto,* if thou do'st not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throate.
Diom. Oh be not mov'd Prince *Troylus;*
Let me be priviledg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;
Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed,*
This brave, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady, give me your hand and as we walke,
To our owne selves bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.
Aene. How have we spent this morning
The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse.
That swore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault: come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.
Aene. Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie

Let us addresse to tend on *Hectors* heeles:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and single Chivalrie.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Ajax,* that the appaued aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aja. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse;
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke
Out-swell the collicke of puft *Aquilon:*
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spoit bloud:
Thou blowest for *Hector.*
Ulis. No Trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.
Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?
Ulis. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressed?*
Dio. Even she.
Aga. Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete Lady.
Nest. Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.
Ulis. Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere better she were kist in generall.
Nest. And very courtly counsell: Ile be gen. So much for *Nestor.*
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kissing one.
Patro. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Ulis. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,
For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. Ther first was *Menelaus* kisse, this mine: *Patroclus* kisses you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Pat. Paris and I kisse evermore for him.
Mene. Ile have my kisse sir: Lady by your leave.
Cres. In kissing doe you render, or receive.
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. Ile make my match to live.
The kisse you take is better then you give: therefore no kisse.
Mene. Ile give you boote, Ile give you three for one.
Cres. You are an odde man, give even, or give none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, every man is odde.
Cres. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is even with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th'head.
Cres. No, Ile be sworne.
Ulis. It were no match, your naile against his horne:
May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulis. I doe desire it.
Cres. Why begge then?
Ulis. Why then for *Venus* sake, give me a kisse:
When *Hellen* is a maide again, and his-----
Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

 Ulis. Never's

Ulis. Never's my day, and then a kisse of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Nest. A woman of quicke sence.
Ulys. Fie, fie, upon her:
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out
At every joint, and motive of her body:
Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclaspe the tables of their thoughts,
To every tickling reader: set them downe,
For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, AEneas, Helenus and Attendants. Flourish.

All. The Trojans Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
AEne. Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Aene. He cares not, heele obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector,* but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale disprising
The Knight oppos'd.
AEne. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles,* nothing.
AEne. Therefore *Achilles:* but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector;*
The one almost as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curtesie:
This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud;
In love whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:
Half heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke
This blended Knight, halfe Trojan, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceive you.
Aga. Here is sir, *Diomed:* go gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax:* as you and Lord *AEneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the uttermost,
Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.
Ulis. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Trojan is that same that lookes so heavy?
Ulis. The yongest Sonne of *Priam*;
A true Knight; they call him *Troylus;*
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedlesse in his tongue;
Not soone provok't, nor being provok't, soone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he gives; what thinkes, he shewes;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector,* but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindecative then jealous love.
They call him *Troylus;* and on him erect,
A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector.*
Thus saies *AEneas,* one thaat knowes the youth,
Even to his inches: and with private soule,

Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.
Troy, Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Ajax.* *trũpets cease.*
Diom. You must no more.
AEne. Princes enough, so please you.
Aja. I am not warme yet, let us fight againe.
*Diom.*As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;
A cousen german to great *Priams* seede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt us twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan: the sinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers : by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our ranke feud: but the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrowd'st from thy mother
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax:*
By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aja. I thanke the *Hector:*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymis* so mirable,
On whose bright crest, fme with her lowd'st (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector.*
AEne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele answere it:
The issue is embracement: *Ajax,* farewell.
*Aja.*If I might in entreaties finde successe,
As seld I have the chance; I would desire
My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector.*
Hect. AEneas, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And signifie this loving enterview
To the expecters of our Trojan part:
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:
I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.
Enter Agamemnon and the rest.
Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles,* mine owne serching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemie.
But that's no welcome: understand more cleere
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes,
And formelesse ruine of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with most divine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon.*
Aga. My

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.
Men. Let me confirme myPrincely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
AEne. The Noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th'untraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife sweares still by *Venus* Glove
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I have (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee
As hot as *Perseus,* spurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I have said unto my standers by,
Loe Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I have seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes have hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seene,
But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)
I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
AEne. 'Tis the old *Nestor.*
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As the contend with thee in courtesie.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to
morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I have seen the time.
Ulys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we have heere her Base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour Lord *Ulysses* well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.
Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
My prophesie is but halfe his journey yet;
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buffe the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feet.
Hect. I must not beleeve you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord *Ulysses,* thou:
Now *Hector* I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector,*
And quoted joynt by joynt.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou understand'st.
Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great spirit flow. Answer me heavens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand againe;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'ld not beleeve thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never-----
Ajax. Do not chafe thee Cosin:
And you *Achilles,* let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.
You may every day enough of *Hector*
If you have stomacke. The generall state I feare,
Can scarse intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let us see you in the field,
We have had pelting Warres since you refus'd
The Grecians cause.
Achil. Dost thou intreat me *Hector?*
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Aga. First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leysure, and your bounties shall
Concurre together, severally intreat him,
Beat lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*
Troy. My Lord *Ulysses,* tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?
Ulys. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troylus,*
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Cressid.*
Troy. Shall I (seeet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulys. You shall command me sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in Troy, had she no Lover there
That wailes her absence?
Troy. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,
A mocke is due:will you walke on my Lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and dooth;
But still sweet Love is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt*

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,

Which

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroclus, let us Feast him to the hight.
Pat. Heere comes *Thersites.* *Enter Thersites.*
Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?
Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll
of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, Fragment?
Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.
Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?
Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.
Patr. Well said adversity, and what need these tricks?
Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,
thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.
Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?
Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres,
Loades a gravell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and
the like, take and take againe, such prepostrous discove-
ries.
Pat. Why thou damnable box of envy thou, what
mean'st thou to curse thus?
Ther. Do I curse thee?
Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-
stinguishable Curre.
Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle,
immateriall skeine of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet
flap for a fore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou:
Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies,
diminutives of Nature.
Pat. Out gall.
Ther. Finch Egge.
Ach. My sweet *Patroclus,* I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba,*
A token from her daughter, my faire Love,
Both taxing me, and gagine me to keepe
And Oath that I have sworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My major vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come *Thersites,* helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting must all be spent.
Away *Patroclus.* *Exit.*
Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, [these]
two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too
little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's
Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves
Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and
the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother,
the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique memoriall of
Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging
at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold
wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne
him too: to an Asse were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse:
to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-
zard, and Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe,
I would not care: but to be *Menelaus,* I would conspire
against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were
not *Thersites:* for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar,
so I were not *Menelaus.* Hoy-day, spirits and fires.
Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon,Ulysses,Ne-
stor, Diomed, with Lights.
Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.
Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulys. Heere comes himself to guide you?

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector,* welcome Princes alll.

Agam. So nowfaire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, *Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hect. Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelaus.*

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweer sinke, sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

*Achil.*Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too *Diomed,* Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I have inportant businesse, The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hector.*

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent, Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

Ther. That same *Diomed's* a false-hearted Rogue, a most unjust Knave; I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather leave to see *Hector,* then not to dogge him: they say, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and uses the Traitour *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after----Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here ho? speake?

Chal. Who cals?

Dio. Diomed, Chalcas (I thinke) wher's your Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Ulisses.

Ulis. Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressid.

Troy.Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cres. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay but doe then; and let you minde by coupled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Ulis. List?

Cres. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne,-----

Cres. In faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling tricke, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. Good

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Ulis. How now Trojan?
Cres. Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better must.
Cres. Harke one word in your eare.
Troy. O plague and madnesse:
Ulys. You are moved Prince, let us depart I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Ulis. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee stay?
Ulis. You have not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not speake a word.
Dio. And so good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!
Ulis. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By *Jove* I will be patient.
Cres. Gardian? why Greeke?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.
Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.
Ulis. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?
you will breake out.
Troy, She stroakes his cheeke.
Ulis. Come, come.
Troy. Nay, stay, by *Jove* I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience; stay a little while.
Ther. How the divell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith I will lo; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Ulis. You have sworne patience.
Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.
I will not be my selfe, nor have cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid.*
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cres. Here *Diomed,* keepe this Sleeve.
Troy O beautie! where is thy Faith?
Ulis. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cres. You looke upon that Sleeve? behold it well:
He loved me: O false wench: give't me againe.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter now I have't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. I that.
Cref. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Glove,
And gives memoriall daintie kisses to it;
As I kisse thee.
Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.
Cres. He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy. I did sweare patience.
Cref. You shall not have it *Diomed;* faith you shall not:
Ile give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whose it was?
Cres. 'Twas one that lov'd me better then you will.
But how you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wert thou the divell, and wor'st it on thy horne,
It shoulld be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou never shalt mocke *Diomed againe.*
Cres. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,
But it strait starts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleases me best.
Dio. What shall I come? the houre.
Cres. I, come: O *Jove!* doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Cres. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.
Ah poore our sexe; this fault in us I finde:
The errour of our eye, directs our minde.
What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude,
Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A proofe of strength she could not publish more;
Unlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Ulis. Al's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Ulis. Why stay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my soule
Of every syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did coact;
Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert that test of eyes and eares;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Cressed* here?
Ulis. I cannot conjure Trojan.
Troy. She was not sure.
Ulis. Most sure she was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?
Ulis. Not mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be belieev'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not give advantage
To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame
For depravation, to square the generall sex
By *Cressids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid.*
Ulis. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, unlesse that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?
Troy. This she? no, this is *Diomids Cressida:*
If beautie have a soule, this is not she:

If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;
If sanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in unitie it selfe,
This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!
That cause sets up, with, and against thy selfe
By foule authoritie: where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
Without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid:*
Within my soule, there doth conduce a sight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,
Divides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the spacious bredth of this division,
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:
Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
Instance, O instance, strong as heaven it selfe:
The bonds of heaven are slipt, dissolv'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot five finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love;
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed.*

Ulis. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: never did yong man fancy
With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.
Harke Greek: as much I doe *Cressida* love;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed,*
That Sleeve is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadful spout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricao call,
Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
Falling on *Diomed.*

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.

Troy. O *Cressid!* O false *Cressid!* false, false, false:
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.

Ulis. O containe your selfe:
Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter AEneas.

AEne. I have been seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Ajax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.

Troy. Have with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell revolted faire: and *Diomed,*
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

Uli. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, AEneas, and Ulisses.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery. still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning divell take them.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his cares against admonishment?
Unarme, unarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the everlasting gods, Ile goe.
And. My dreames will sure prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more I say. *Enter Cassandra.*
Cassa. Where is my brother *Hector?*
And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloudy in intent :
Consort with me in loud and deere petition:
Pursue we him on knees: for I have dreampt
Of bloudy turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.
Cass. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.
Cass. No notes of sallie, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Begon I say: the gods have heard me sweare.
Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peevish vowes;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then spotted Livers in the sacrifice.
And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it is as lawfull:
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the bahalfe of charitie.
Cass. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;
But vowes to every purpose must not hold:
Unarme sweete *Hector.*
Hect. Hold you still I say;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.
Enter Troylus.
How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to perswade.
Exit Cassandra.
Hect. No faith yong*Troylus:* doffe thy harnesse youth:
I am to day ith'vaine of Chivalrie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Unarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy,
Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.
Hect. What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captive Grecian fals,
Even in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O 'tis faire play.
Troy. Fooles play, by heaven *Hector.*
Hect. How now? how now?
Troy. For th'love of all the gods
Let's leave the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie.
Troy. Hector, then 'tis warres.
Hect. Troylus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troylus. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars,*
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;
Not *Priamus,* and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:
But by my ruine.
Enter Priam and Cassandra.
Cass. Lay hold upon him *Priam,* hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall

Fall all together.
Priam. Come *Hector,* come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had vision;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.
Hect. AEneas is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.
Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe.
Hect. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam,*
*Cass.*O *Priam,* yeelde not to him.
And. Doe not deare father.
Hect. Andromache I am offended with you:
Upon the love you beare me, get you in.
Exit Andromache.
Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.
*Cass.*O farewell, Deere *Hector:*
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye tures pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrils her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector, Hectors* dead: O *Hector!*
Troy. Away, away.
Cas. Farewell : yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leave;
Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our Troy deceive. *Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about
thee. *Alarum.*
Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed,* beleeve
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeve.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?
Troy. What now?
Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.
Troy. Let me reade.
Pand. A whorson tisicke, a whorson rascally tisicke,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one
o'th's dayes: and I have a rheume in mine eyes too; and
such an ache in my bones; that unlesse a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee
there?
Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from
the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My love with words and errors still she feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.
Pand. Why, but hear you?
Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.
A Larum. *Exeunt /*

Enter Thersites in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomede,* has got that same scurvie, doting, foolish yong knaves Sleeve of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine see them meet; that, that same yong Trojan asse, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-maisterly villaine, with the Sleeve, backe to the dissembling luxurious drabbe, of a sleevelesse errant. O'th'tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole old Mouse-eaten dry cheefe, *Nestor:* and that same dog-foxe *Ulisses* is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They set me up in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Ajax,* against that dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*, and now is the curre *Ajax* prouder then the curre *Achilles,* and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme: and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here [comes] Sleeve, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the River Stix, I would swim after.

Diom. Thou do'st miscall retire:
I doe not flye; but advantagious care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Have at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Trojan: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hector. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match? Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascall: a scurvie railing knave: a very filthy roague.

Hect. I doe beleeve thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeve me; but a plague breake thy necke---for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle----yet in a sort, lecherie eates it selfe: Ile seeke them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Servants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my servant, take thou *Troylus* Horse;
Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressid:*
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Troyan.
And am her Knight by proofe.

Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon* : bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
And stands Calossus-wise waving his beame,
Upon the pashed courses of the Kings:
Epistropus and *Cedus, Polixines* is slaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appauls our nubers, haste we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles,*
And bid the snaile-pac'd *Ajax* arme for shame;
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horse,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,

Before

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexteritie so obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That proofe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulisses.

Ulis. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds have rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons,*
That noseless, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector. Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aja.Troylus, thou coward *Troylus.* *Exit.*
Dio. I, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector.* *Exit.*

Enter Ajax.

Aja. Troylus, thou coward *Troylus,* shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troylus, I say, wher's *Troylus?*
Aja. What would'st thou?
Diom. I would correct him.
Aja. Were I the Generall,
Thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction: *Troylus* I say, what *Troylus?*

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed!*
Turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Aja. Ile fight with him alone, stand *Diomed.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke upon.
Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, have at you both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus?* O well fought my yongest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; have at thee *Hector.*
Hect. Pause if thou wilt.
Achil. I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Trojan;
Be happy that my armes are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe seeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare the well:
I would have beene much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus

Troy. Ajax hath tane *AEneas;* shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile frush it, and unlocke the rivets all,
But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beast abide?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons:*
Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selves in breath;
And when I have the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arme.
Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great must dye. *Exit.*

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my double hen'd sparrow; lowe *Paris,* lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slave and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of *Priams.*

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards, I am a Bastard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take heede, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell Bastard.

Bast. The divell take thee coward.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons,

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Even with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To close the day up, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.
So Illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons,* cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine. *Retreat.*
Harke, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-spreds the earth
And stickler-like the Armies seperates
My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty [bed;] thus goes to bed,
Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;
Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menalaus, Nestor,
Diomed, and the rest marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, *Achilles.*
Dio. The bruite is, *Hector's* slaine, and by *Achilles.*
Aja. If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see us at our Tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.
Exeunt.
Enter AEneas, Paris, Anthenor, and Deiphoebus.
AEne. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,
Never goe home; here stare we out the night.
Enter Troylus
Troy. *Hector* is slaine.
All. Hector? the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile,
In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.
Frown on you heavens, effect your rage with speede:
Sit gods upon your throanes, and smile at Troy.
I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.
AEne. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.
Troy. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I doe not speake of flight, or feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addresse their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and say there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wives;
Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:
No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aking bones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and how ill requited? why should our indevour be so desir'd, and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what instance for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.
And being once subdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pander's* fall:
Or if you cannot weepe, yet give some grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse:
Till then, Ile sweate, and seeke about for eases;
and at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exeunt*

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F I N I S.