

## The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene; From Iles of Greece  
 The Princes Origillous, their high blood chaf'd  
 Haue to the port of Athens sent their shippes  
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
 Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore  
 Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian bay  
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made  
 To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures  
 The rauish'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 vnbruised Greekes do pitch  
 Their braue Pauillions. Priams six#gated City,  
 Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
 And Antenonidus with massie Staples  
 And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts  
 Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.  
 Now Expectaton 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. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Pandarus and Troylus.*

Troylus. **C** All here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.

Why should I warre without the wals of Troy

That finde such cruell battell here within?  
 Each Troian that is matter of his heart,  
 Let him to field, Troylus alas hath none.

*Pan.* Will this geere 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;  
 Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,  
 And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.

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

*Troy.* Haue I not tarried?

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

*Troy.* Haue I not tarried?

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

*Troy.* Still haue I tarried.

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

*Troy.* Patience her selfe, what Goddesses 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 euer I saw her looke,  
 Or any woman else.

*Troy.* I was about to tell thee, when my heart,  
 As wedged with a sigh, would riue in twaine,  
 Least Hector, or my Father should perceiue me:  
 I haue (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 be#tweene the Women. But for my  
 part she is my Kinswo  
 man, 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 inhow many Fadomes deepe  
 They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
 In Cressids loue. Thou answer'st she is Faire,  
 Powr'st in the open Vlcer 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 Cignits 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 loue her  
 But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,  
 Thou lai'st in euery gash that loue hath giuen 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 haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought  
 on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and  
 betweene, but small thanks 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#Moore, 'tis all  
 one to me.

*Troy.* Say I she is not faire?

*Troy.* I doe 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 leaue all  
 as I found it, and there an end.

*Exit Pand.*

*Sound Alarum.*

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

*Alarum.*

*Enter Æneas.*

*Æne.* How now Prince Troylus?

Wherefore not a field?

*Troy.* Because not there; this womans answer sorts.

For womanish it is to from thence:

What newes Æneas from the field to day?

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

*Troy.* By whom Æneas?

*Æne.* Troylus by Menelaus.

*Troy.* Let Paris bleed 'tis but a scar to scorne,

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus horne.

*Alarum.*

*Æne.* 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?

*Æne.* In all swift hast.

*Troy.* Come goe wee then together.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cressid and her man.*

*Cre.* Who were those went by?

*Man.* Queene Hecuba Hellen.

*Cre.* And whether go they?

*Man.* Vp to the Easterne Tower,

Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,

To see the battell: Hector whose pacience,

Is as a Vertue fixt to day was mou'd:

He chides Andromache and stroke his Armorer,

And like as there were husbandry in Warre

Before the Sunne rose, hee was harness lyte,  
 And to the field goe's he; where euery flower  
 Did as a Prophet weepe what it forswaw,  
 In Hectors wrath.

*Cre.* What was his cause of anger?

*Man.* The noise goe's this;  
 There is among the Greekes,  
 A Lord of Troian 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, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or  
 haue 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 ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so  
 out ot ioynt, that hee is a gowtie Briareus, many hands  
 and no vse; 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 disdained & shame where  
 of, hath euer since kept Hector fasting and waking.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Cre.* Who comes here?

*Man.* Madam your Vncle Pandarus.

*Cre.* Hectors a gallant man.

*Man.* As may be in the world Lady.

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

*Cre.* Good morrow Vncle 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 Vncle.

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

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

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

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

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cre.* So he faies 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 sell them that too.

*Cre.* What is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who Troylus?

Troylus is the better man of the two.

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

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

*Cre.* I, if I euer saw 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 not Hector is not Troylus in some degrees.

*Cre.* 'Tis iust, 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 aboue, time must friend or end: well Troylus well, I would my heart were in her bo dy; no, Hector is not abetter man then Troylus.

*Cre.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cre.* Pardon me, pardon me.

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

*Cre.* He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities.

*Cre.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beautie.

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

*Pan.* You haue no iudgement Neece; Hellen her selfe swore th'other day, that Troylus for a browne fauour (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 about Paris.

*Cre.* Why Paris hath colour inough.

*Pan.* So, he has.

*Cre.* Then Troylus should haue too much, if she prais'd him aboute, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue Hellens golden tongue had commended Troylus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I sweare to you,

I thinke Hellen loues 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 haire 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 prooue to you that Hellen loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

*Cres.* Iuno haue mercy, how came it clouen?

*Pan.* Why, you know 'tis dimpled,

I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

*Cre.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Dooes hee not?

*Cre.* Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in Autumne.

*Pan.* Why go to then, but to proue to you that Hellen loues Troylus.

*Cre.* Troylus wil stand to thee

Proofe, if youle prooue it so.

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

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

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

*Cre.* Without the racke.

*Pan.* And shee takes vpon 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 her eyes ran ore.

*Cre.* With Milstones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laught,

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

*Pan.* And Hector laught.

*Cre.* At what was ail this laughing?

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

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

*Pand.* They laught not so much at the haire, as at his  
pretty answeere.

*Cre.* What was his answeere?

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

*Cre.* This is her question.

*Pand.* That's true, make no question os that, two and  
fittie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is  
my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. Iupiter quoth  
she, which of these haire is Paris my husband? The for  
ked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there  
was such laughing, and Hellen so blusht, and Paris so  
chast, aod 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 retreat.*

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

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

*Cre.* At your pleasure.

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

*Enter Æneas.*

*Cre.* Speake not so low'd.

*Pan.* That's Æneas, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke Troylus; you shall see anon.

*Cre.* Who's that's?

*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 iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes Troylus? Ile shew you Troylus anon, if hee see me, you shall see him him nod at me.

*Cre.* Will he giue you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

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

*Enter Hector.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way Hector, there's a braue man Neece, O braue Hector! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; ist not a braue man?

*Cre.* O braue man!

*Pan.* Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good looke you What hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, 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 diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not? Why this is braue 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, 1 maruell where Troylus is, that's Hellenus, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's Hellenus.

*Cre.* Can Hellenus fight Vncle?

*Pan.* Hellenus no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell 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 Dæphobus. 'Tis Troylus! Ther's a man Neece, hem : Braue Troylus the Prince

of Chiualrie.

*Cre.* Peace, for shame peace.

*Pand.* Marke him, not him: O braue Troylus: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blou died, and his Helme more hackt then Hectors, and how he 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, Helento change, would giue 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 liue 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 haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, b1auty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gent lenesse, vertue, youth, liberality, arid 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.* Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vppon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; 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 haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past wat ching.

*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 Vnkle.

*Pan.* Ile be with you Neece by and by.

*Cres.* To bring Vnkle.

*Pan.* I, a token from Troylus.

*Cres.* By the same token. You are a Bawd.

*Exit Pand.*

Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice,

He offers in anothers enterprise:

But more in Troylus thousand fold I see,

Then in the glasse of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,

Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing:

That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;

Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.

That she was neuer yet, that euer knew

Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;

"Atchieuement, is command; vngai'd, beseech.

That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare.

*Exit.*

*Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.*

*Agam.* Princes:

What greefe hath set the laundies on your cheekes?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designes, begun on earth below

Fayles in the promist largenesse: checkes and disasters

Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.

As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the found Pine, and diuerts his Graine

Tortue and erant from his course of growth.

Not Princes, is it matter new to vs,

That we come short of our suppose so farre,

That after seuen yeares liege, yet Troy walles stand,

Sith euery action that hath gone before,

Where of we haue Record, Triall did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:

And that vnbodied figure of the thought

That gaue'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 protractiue trials of great loue,  
 To finde persistiue constancie in men?  
 The finenesse of which Mettall is not found  
 In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,  
 The Wise and Foole, the Artist and vn#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 powrefull fan,  
 Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;  
 And what hath m1sse, or matter by it selfe,  
 Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

*Nestor.* With due Obseruance of thy godly seat,  
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
 Thy latest words.

In the reproofe of Chance,  
 Lies the true prooffe of men: The Sea being smooth,  
 How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile  
 Vpon her patient brest, making their way  
 With those of Nobler 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 vntimber'd sides but euen now  
 Co#riual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,  
 Or made a Toste for Neptune, Euen so,  
 Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide  
 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 vnder 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.

*Vlys.* Agamemnon.

Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,  
 Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,  
 In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all

Should be shut vp: Heare what Vlysses speakes,  
 Besides the applause and approbation  
 The which most mighty for thy place and sway,  
 And thou most reuerend for thy stretcht#out life,  
 I giue to both your speeches: which were such,  
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
 Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe  
 As venerable Nestor (hatch'd in Siluer)  
 Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree  
 In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares  
 To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both  
 (Thou Great, and Wise) to heare Vlysses speake.

*Aga.* Speak Prince of Ithaca, and be't of lesse expect:  
 That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen  
 Diuide thy lips; then we are confident  
 When ranke Thersites opes his Masticke iawes,  
 We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.

*Vlys.* Troy yet vpon 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 vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.  
 When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,  
 To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,  
 What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
 Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.  
 The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,  
 Obserue 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 spehar'd  
 Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye  
 Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill  
 And postes like the Command'ment of a King,  
 Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets  
 In euill 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,  
 Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate  
 The vnity, and married calme of States  
 Quite from their fixure? 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 Brotber#hoods in Cities,  
 Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,  
 The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,  
 Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,  
 (But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?  
 Take but Degree away, vn#tune that string,  
 And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes  
 In mere 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 iarre, Iustice recides)  
 Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.  
 Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,  
 Power into Will, Will into Appetite,  
 And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,  
 So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)  
 Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,  
 And last, eate vp 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 euery step  
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sicke  
 Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer  
 Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.  
 And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,  
 Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.  
*Nest.* Most wisely hath Vlyssesheere discover'd  
 The Feauer, where of all our power is sicke.  
*Aga.* The Nature of the sicknesse found (Ulysses)  
 What is the remedie?  
*Vlys.* The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,  
 The sinew, and the fore#hand of our Hoste,  
 Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent  
 Lyes mocking our designes. With him, Patroclus,  
 Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue#long day  
 Breakes scurrill lests,  
 And with ridiculous and aukward action,  
 (Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)  
 He Pageants vs. 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 wooden 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 vnsquar'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 iust.  
 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 Riuet: and at this sport  
 Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough Patroclus,  
 Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all  
 In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,  
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
 Seuerals and generals of grace exact,  
 Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,  
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
 Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues  
 As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.  
*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twaine,  
 Who (as Vlysses 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 as an Oracle, and sets Thersites  
 A slaue, whose Gall coines standers like a Mint,  
 To match vs in comparisons with durt,  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
 How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.

*Vlys.* 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 contriue how many hands shall strike  
 When fitnessse call them on, and know by measure  
 Of their obseruant 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 Æneas.*

*Aga.* What would you 'fore our Tent?

*Æne.* Is this great Agamemnons Tent, I pray you?

*Aga.* Euen this.

*Æne.* 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.

*Æne.* Faire leaue, and large security. How may  
 A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,  
 Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

*Aga.* How?

*Æne.* I: I aske. that I might waken reuerence,  
 And on the cheeke be ready with a blush  
 Modestt as morning. when she coldly eyes  
 The youthfull Phœbus:

Which is that God in office guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Aga.* This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious Courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,  
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:  
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galles,  
Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & loues accord,  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace Æneas,  
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 transc#ds.

*Aga.* Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe Æneas?

*Æne.* I Greeke that is my name.

*Aga.* What's your affayre I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir pardon,'tis for Agamemnons eares.

*Aga.* He heares nought priuatly  
That comes from Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,  
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,  
To set his sence on the attentiu bent,  
And then to speake.

*Aga.* Speake frankly as the winde,  
It is not Agamemnons sleeping houre;  
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,  
He tels thee so himself.

*Æne.* Trumpet blow loud,  
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,  
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd.

*The Trumpets sound.*

We haue great Agamemnon heere in Troy,  
A Prince calld 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 one 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 loues his Mistris more then in confession,  
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)

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 euer 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 loue.  
 If any come, Hector shal honour him:  
 If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres,  
 The Grecian Dames are sun#burnt, and not worth  
 The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.

*Aga.* This shall be told our Louers Lord Æneas  
 If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,  
 We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,  
 And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,  
 That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:  
 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 Loue; tell him from me,  
 Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,  
 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.

*Æne.* Now heauens forbid such scarcitie of youth.

*Vlys.* Amen.

*Aga.* Faire Lord Æneas,  
 Let me touch your hand:  
 To our Pauillion shal I leade you first:  
 Achilles shall haue word of this intent,  
 So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:  
 Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,  
 And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Vlysses, and, Nestor.*

*Vlys.* Nestor.

*Nest.* What sayes Vlysses?

*Vlys.* I haue a young conception in my braine,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Vlysses.* This 'tis:

Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the seeded Pride

That hath to this maturity blowne vp

In ranke Achilles, must or now be cropt,

Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil

To ouer#bulke vs all.

*Nest.* Wel, and how?

*Vlys.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

How euer it is spred in general name,

Relates in purpose onely to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,

Whose grossnesse little charracters summe vp,

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

Printing on him.

*Vlys.* 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 Vlysses,

Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd

In this wilde action. For the successe

(Although particular) shall giue a scantling

Of good or bad, vnto 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,

Make Merit her election, and doth boyle

As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd

Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,

What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part

To steele a strong opinion to themselues,

Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,

In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes  
Directiue by the Limbes.

*Vlys.* Giue pardon to my speech:

Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector:  
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,  
And thinke perchance they'1 fell: If not,  
The luster of the better yet to shew,  
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,  
That euer 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?

*Vlys.* 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 Affricke Sunne,  
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes  
Should he scape Hector faire. If he were soyld,  
Why then we did our maine opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,  
And by deuce let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort to fight with Hector: Among our selues,  
Giue 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 vp in voyces: if he faile,  
Yet go we vnder our opinion still,  
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,  
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,  
Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe Achilles Plumes.

*Nest.* Now Vlysses, I begin to relish thy aduice,  
And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon, go we to him straight:  
Two Curses shal tame each other, Pride alone  
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Ajax, and Thersites.*

*Aia.* Thersites?

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

*Aia.* Thersites?

*Ther.* And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the

General run, were not that a botchy core?

*Aia.* Dogge.

*Ther.* Then there would come some matter from him:

I see none now.

*Aia.* Thou Bitch#Wolfes#Sonne, canst y# not heare?

Feele then.

*strikes him.*

*Ther.* The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel  
beefe#witted Lord.

*Aia.* Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will  
beate thee into handsomnesse.

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

*Aia.* Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

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

*Aia.* The Proclamation.

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

*Aia.* 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 loth  
som'st scab in Greece.

*Aia.* I say the Proclamation.

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

*Aia.* Mistresse Thersites.

*Ther.* Thou should'st strike him

*Aia.* Coblofe.

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

*Aia.* You horson Curre.

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Aia.* Thou stoole for a Witch.

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

*Aia.* You dogge.

*Ther.* You scuruy Lord.

*Aia.* 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 vpon him.

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

*Ther.* Nay but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who some euer you take him to be, he is Ajax.

*Achil.* I know that foole.

*Ther.* I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

*Aiax.* Therefore I beate thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicumes of wit he vtters: his euasions haue eares thus long. I haue 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 Aiax.

*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 haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

*Aiax.* 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?

*Aiax.* I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure Of the Proclamation, and he sayles vpon me.

*Ther.* I serue thee not.

*Aiax.* Well, go too, go too.

*Ther.* I serue heere voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: Aiax was heere the

voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

*Ther.* E'neso, a great deale of your wit too lies in your sinnewes, or else there be Liars, Hector shall haue 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 Vlysses, and old Nestor, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft

Oxen, and make you plough vp 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 wil see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leaue 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, liues, speeches spent,

Thus once againe sayes Nestor, from the Greekes,  
Deliuer Helen, and all damage else  
(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence,  
Wounds, friends, and what els 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'bottom of the worst. Let Helen go,  
 Since the first sword was drawne about this question,  
 Euery thythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,  
 Hath bin as deere as Helen: I meane of ours:  
 If we haue lost so many tenths of ours  
 To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs  
 (Had it our name) the valew of one ten;  
 What merit's in that reason which denies  
 The yeelding of her vp.

*Troy.* Fie, fie, my Brother;

Weigh you the worth and h1nour of a King  
 (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale  
 Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters Summe  
 The past proportion of his infinite,  
 And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,  
 With spannes and inches so diminutue,  
 As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

*Hel.* No maruel 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 gloues 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 obiect of all harme.  
 Who maruels 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 loue,  
 Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor  
 Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts  
 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,  
 Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood deiect.

*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 seruice 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 mine eyes and eares,  
 Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
 Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde  
 (Although, my will distaste, what it elected)  
 The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion  
 To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.  
 We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant  
 When we haue spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands  
 We do not throw in vnrespectue 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) toke a Truce,  
 And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,  
 And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,  
 He brought, a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse  
 Wrinkles Apolloes, and makes stale the morning.  
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keeps our Aunt?  
 Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,  
 Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,  
 And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants,  
 If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdom 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 neuer did?,  
 Begger the estimation which you priz'd,  
 Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!  
 That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.  
 But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,  
 That in their Country did them that disgrace,  
 We feare to warrant in our Natiue 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 vs pay betimes  
A moiety of that masse of moane to come.  
Cry Troyans cry, practice your eyes with teares,  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,  
Our fire#brand Brother Parisburnes vs 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 diuination 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 iustnesse of each acte  
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,  
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;  
Because Cassandra's mad, her brainsicke raptures  
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,  
Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,  
I am no more touch'd, then all Priams sonnes,  
And loue forbid there should be done among'st vs  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,  
To fight for, and maintaine.

*Par.* Else might the world conuince of leuitie,  
As well my vnder#takings as your counsels:  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gauē wings to my propension, and cut off  
All feares attending on so dire a proiect.  
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 haue 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 sweet delights;  
 You haue 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 haue the soyle of her faire Rape  
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
 What Treafon were it to the ransack'd Queene,  
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
 Now to deliuer her possession vp  
 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 vnfam'd,  
 Where Helen is the subiect. Then (I say)  
 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,  
 The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

*Hect.* Paris and Troylus, you haue both said well:  
 And on the cause and question now in hand,  
 Haue gloz'd, but superficially; not much  
 Vnlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
 Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.  
 The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemp'ed blood,  
 Then to make vp a free determination  
 'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,  
 Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce  
 Of any true decision. Nature craues  
 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 benumbed 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 haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist  
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heauie. 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,  
 Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

*Tro.* Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:  
 Were it not glory that we more affected,  
 Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,  
 I would not wish a drop of Troian 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 vs.  
 For I presume braue Hector would not loose  
 So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,  
 As smiles vpon the forehead of this action,  
 For the wide worlds reuenew.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus,  
 I haue a roisting challenge sent among'st  
 The dull and factous nobles of the Greekes,  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,  
 I was aduertiz'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: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but  
 Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's  
 Achilles, a rare Enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two  
 vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them

selues. O thou great thunder#darter of Olympus, forget that thou art loue 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 haue, which short#arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer 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 haue said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho? my Lord Achilles?

*Enter Patroclus.*

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

*Ther.* If I could haue remembered a guilt counterfeit, Thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe, The common curse of mankind?, follie and ignorance be thine in great reuenuew; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if (he that laies thee out sayes thou art a faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's Achilles?

*Patr.* What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?

*Ther.* I, the heauens 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 seru'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's Agamemnon?

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

*Patr.* 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 com mande Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus know er, and Patroclus is a foole.

*Patro.* You rascal.

*Ter.* Peace foole, I haue not done.

*Achil.* He is a priuiledg'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.* Deriue 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 serue such a foole: and Patroclus is a foole positieue.

*Patr.* Why am I a foole?

*Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, 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 iugling, and such knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulation factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, 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 moue the question of our place,  
Or know not what we are.

*Pat.* I shall so say to him.

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

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

*Nes.* What moues thus to bay at him?

*Vlis.* Achillis hath inueigled his Foole from him.

*Nes.* Who, Thersites?

*Vlis.* He.

*Nes.* Then will Ajax lacke matter, if he haue lost his Argument.

*Vlis.* 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.

*Vlis.* The amitie that wisdoms knits, not folly may easily vntie.

*Enter Patroclus.*

Here comes Patroclus.

*Nes.* No Achilles with him?

*Vlis.* 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 moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,  
To call vpon him; he hopes is no other,  
But for your health, and your digestion sake;  
An after Dinnings breath.

*Aga.* Heare you Patroclus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:  
But his euasion winged thus twist 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 vnholdsome dish,  
Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,  
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,  
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,  
And vnder honest; in selfe#assumption greater  
Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himselfe  
Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command:  
And vnder write in an obseruing 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 ouerhold his price so much,  
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin  
Not portable, lye vnder this report.  
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:  
A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,  
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

*Pat.* I shall, and bring his answer presently.

*Aga.* In second voyce weele not be satisfied,

We come to speake with him, Vlisses enter you.

*Exit Vlisses.*

*Aiax.* What is he more then another?

*Aga.* No more then what he thinkes he is.

*Aia.* Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes  
himselpe a better man then I am?

*Ag.* No question.

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

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

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

*Aga.* Your minde is the cleerer *Aiax*, and your vertues  
the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselpe; Pride is his  
owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and  
what euer praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the  
deede in the praise.

*Enter Vlisses.*

*Aiax.* I do hate proud man, as I hate the ingendring  
of Toades.

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

*Vlis.* Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

*Ag.* What's his excuse?

*Vlis.* He doth relye on none,  
But carries on the streame of his dispose,  
Without obseruance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

*Aga.* Why, will he not vpon our Faire request,  
Vntent this person, and share the ayre with vs?

*Vlis.* Things small as nothing, fore requests sake onely  
He makes important; possest he is with greatnesse,  
And speakes not to himselpe, 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 actiue parts,  
Kingdome'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 recouery.

*Ag.* Let *Aiax* 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 himselpe.

*Vlis.* 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 neuer suffers matter of the world,  
 Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue  
 And ruminare 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? Iupiter 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 vp this applause.

*Aia.* If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him ore the face.

*Ag.* O no, you shall not goe.

*Aia.* And a be proud with me, Ile phese his pride: let  
 me goe to him.

*Vlis.* Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

*Aia.* A paultry insolent fellow.

*Nest.* How he describes himselfe.

*Aia.* Can he not be sociable?

*Vlis.* The Rauen chides blacknesse.

*AinAia.* Ile let his humours bloud.

*Ag.* He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.

*Aia.* And all men were a my minde,

*Vlis.* Wit would be out of fashion.

*Aia.* A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords  
 first: shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

*Vlis.* A would haue ten shares.

*Aia.* I will knede him, He make him supple, hee's not  
 yet through warme.

*Nest.* Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am  
 bition is dry.

*Vlis.* My L. you seede too much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

*Diom.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Vlis.* Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme,

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Vlis.* 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Aia.* A horson dog, that dial palter thus with vs, would he were a Troian.

*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now#

*Ulis.* If he were proud.

*Dio.* Or couetous of praise.

*Vlis.* I, or surley borne.

*Dio.* Or strange, or selfe affected.

*VI.* Thank the heauens L. thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy part of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let Mars deuide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe. and for thy vigour,

Bull#bearing Milo: his addition yeelde

To sinnowie Ajax: I will not praise thy wisdom,

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 days

As greene as Ajax, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

*Aia.* Shall I call you Father?

*Ulis.* I my good Sonne.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him Lord Ajax.

*Vlis.* 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 cull 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 Seruant.*

*Pan.* Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol

low the yong Lord Paris?

*Ser.* I sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend vpon him I meane?

*Ser.* Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

*Pan.* You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must needes praise him.

*Ser.* The Lord be 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 Musicians.

*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 loue Musicke.

*Pa.* Command, I meane friend.

*Ser.* Who shall I command sir?

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

*Ser.* That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of Paris my L. who's there in person; with him the mor tall Venus, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible 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 vpon 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 haue 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 no.

*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 haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my  
Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

*Hel.* Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, weele heare you  
sing certainly.

*Pan.* Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me,  
but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and in oft esteem  
med friend your brother Troylus.

*Hel.* My Lord Pandarus hony sweete Lord.

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

*Hel.* You shall not bob vs out of our melody:  
if you doe, out melancholly vpon your head.

*Pan.* Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete  
Queene I faith#

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

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serue 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 disposer 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 spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an

instrument now sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Why this is kindly done?

*Pan.* My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

*Hel.* She shall haue 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 loue: this loue will vndoe vs al.

Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

*Pan.* Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

*Par.* I, good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

*Pan.* In good troth it begins so.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:

For O loues Bow,

Shootes Bucke and Doe:

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore:

These Louers cry, oh ho they dye;

Yet that which seemes the wound to kill.

Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:

So dying loue liues still,

O ho a while, but ha ha ha,

O ho grones out for ha ha ha#hey ho.

*Hel.* In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

*Par.* Hector Deiphœbus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my Nell would not haue 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 vs to Priams Hall

To greeete the Warriars. Sweet Hellen, I must woe you,

To helpe vnarme 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, disarm great Hector.

*Hel.* 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant Paris:

Yea what he shall rceiue of vs in duetie,

Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:

Yea ouershines our selfe.

Sweete about thought I loue thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.*

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

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

*Enter Troylus.*

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

*Troy.* Sirra walke off.

*Pan.* Haue you seene my Cousin?

*Troy.* No Pandarus: I stalke about her doore

Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes

Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,

And giue me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds

Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,

And flye with me to Cressid.

*Pan.* Walke here ith'Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

*Exit 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

Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me

Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fine,

Too subtil, 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 ioyes,  
 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.* Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:  
 My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulse,  
 And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,  
 Like vass1lage at vnawares encountring  
 The eye of Maiestie.

*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 haue sworne to me. What are you gone a gaine, 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 filis: 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'd 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 Riuer: go too, go too.

*Troy.* You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele bereaue you 'oth' deeds too, if shee call your actiuity in question: what billing againe? here's in witsnesse where of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Troy.* O Cressida how often haue 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 loue?

*Cres.* More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

*Troy.* Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer 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.* Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,

In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Not nothing monstrous neither?

*Troy.* Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition enough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstrositie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to limit.

*Cres.* They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lesse then the tenth pan of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monsters?

*Troy.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: wee 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 enuie 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? haue you not done talking yet?

*Cres.* Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

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

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

*Pan.* Nay, Ile giue 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 haue lou'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 euer pardon me,

If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:

I loue you now, but not till now so much  
 But I might maister it; infaith I lye:  
 My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow  
 Too head#strong for their mother: see we fooles,  
 Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs  
 When we are so vnsecret to our selues?  
 But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,  
 And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;  
 Or that we women had mens priuiledge  
 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 Heauens, what haue I done!

For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

*Troy.* Your leaue sweete Cressid?

*Pan.* Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

*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, haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:

But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,

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 loue,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To Angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,

Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,

Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

*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 loue.

To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,

Out#liuing beauties outward, with a minde

That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:

Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,  
 That my integritie and truth to you,  
 Might be affronted with the match and waight  
 Of such a winnowed puritie puritie in loue:  
 How were I then vp#lifted! but alas,  
 I am as true, as truths simplicitie,  
 And simpler then the infancie of truth.

*Cr1s.* In that Ile warre with you.

*Troy.* O vertuous fight,  
 When right with right wars who shall be most right:  
 True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come  
 Approoue 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 Ear1h to th'Center:  
 Yet after all comparisons of truth,  
 (As truths authenticke author to be cited)  
 As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Verse,  
 And sanctifie the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be:

If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,  
 When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:  
 When water drops haue worne the stones of Troy;  
 And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;  
 And mightie States characterlesse are grated  
 To dustie nothing; yet let memory,  
 From false to false, among false Maids in loue,  
 Vpbraid my falsehood, when they 'aue 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 wnesse here I hold you hand: here my Cousins,  
 if euer you proue false one to another, since I haue taken  
 such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers  
 betweene be 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, be  
cause 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 prouide this geere.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Vlysses, Diomedes, Nestor. Agamemnon, Menelaus and Calcas. Florish.*

*Cal.* Now Princes for the seruice haue done you,  
The aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,  
To call for recompence: appears it to your minde,  
That through the fight I beare 1n things to loue,  
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe,  
From certaine and possest conueniences,  
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custome and condition,  
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:  
And here to doe you seruice am become,  
As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.  
I doe beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To giue me now a little benefit:  
Out of those many registred in promise,  
Which you say, line to come in my behalfe.

*Agam.* What would'st thou of vs Troian? make demand?

*Cal.* You haue a Troian prisoner, cal'd Anthenor,  
Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.  
Oft haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore)  
Desir'd my Cressid 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,  
Giue vs 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 seruice I haue done.  
In most accepted paine.

*Aga.* Let Diomedes beare him,  
And bring vs Cressid hither: Calcas shall haue  
What he requests of vs: good Diomed  
Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;  
Withall bring word, if Hector will tomorrow

Be answer'd in his challenge Ajax is ready.

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

*Exit.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.*

*Vlis.* 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 vpon him;  
I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,  
Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?  
If so, I haue derision medicinable,  
To vse betweene your strangenesse and his pride,  
Which his owne will shall haue 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 greeete 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 vs?

*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?

*Aiax.* How now Patroclus?

*Achil.* Good morrow Aiax?

*Aiax.* Ha.

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Aiax.* I, and good next day too.

*Exeunt.*

*Achil.* What meane these fellowes? know they not Achilles?

*Patr.* They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend

To send their smiles before them to Achilles:

To come as humbly as they vs'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 fauour,  
 Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:  
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;  
 The loue 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 enioy  
 At ample point, all that I did possesse,  
 Saue these mens looks: who do me thinkes finde out  
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding,  
 As they haue often giuen. Here is Vlisses,  
 Ile interrupt his reading: how now Vlisses?

*Vlis.* Now great Thetis Sonne.

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Vlis.* A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,  
 How much in hauing, or without, or in,  
 Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;  
 Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:  
 As when his vertues shining vpon others,  
 Heare them, and they retort that heate againe  
 To the first giuer.

*Achil.* This is not strange Vlisses:

The beautie that is borne here in the face,  
 The bearer knowes not but commends it selfe,  
 Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,  
 Salutes each other with each others forme.  
 For speculation turnes not to it selfe,  
 Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there  
 Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

*Vlis.* I doe not straine it at the position,

It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,  
 Who in his circumstance, expresly proues  
 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 they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate  
 The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,  
 Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe  
 His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,  
 And apprehended here immediately:  
 The vnknowne Ajax;  
 Heauens what a man is there? a very Horse,  
 That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there (are.  
 Most abiect in regard, and deare in vse.  
 What things againe most deere in the esteeme,  
 And poore in worth: now shall we see tomorrow,  
 An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?  
 Ajax renown'd? O heauens, what some men doe,  
 While some men leaue 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 wantonnesse  
 To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,  
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
 As if his foote were on braue Hectors brest,  
 And great Troy shrinking.

*Achil.* I doe beleeeue it:

For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars,  
 Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:  
 What are my deedes forgot?

*Vlis.* Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,  
 Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:  
 A great siz'd monster of ingratitude:  
 Those scraps are good deedes past,  
 Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,  
 Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance. deere my Lord,  
 Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,  
 In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,  
 For honour trauels in a straight so narrow,  
 Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path:  
 For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,  
 That one by one pursue; if you giue way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;  
 Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,  
 And leaue you hindmost:  
 Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke,  
 Lye there for pauement to the abiect, 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 euer smiles,  
 And farewels goes out fighting: O let not vertue seeke  
 Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,  
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,  
 Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all  
 To enuious 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 pres1nt obiect:  
 Then maruell 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 aliue,  
 And case thy reputation in thy Tent;  
 Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselues,  
 And draue great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my priuacie,  
 I haue strong reasons.

*Vlis.* But'gainst your priuacie  
 The reasons are more potent and heroycall:  
 'Tis knowne Achilles, that you are in loue  
 With one of Priams daughters.

*Achil.* Ha? knowne?

*Vlis.* Is that a wonder?  
 The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,  
 Knowes almost euery graine of Plutoes gold;  
 Findes bottome in th'vncomprehensiuue deepes;  
 Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,  
 Doe thoughts vnuaille in their dumbe cradles:  
 There is a mysterie (with whom relation  
 Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State;  
 Which hath an operation more diuine,  
 Then breath or pen can giue expresseure to:

All the commerge that you haue 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 grieue yong Pirhus now at home,  
 When fame shall in her lland sound her trumpe;  
 And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,  
 Great Hectors sister did Achilles winne;  
 But our great Ajax brauely beate downe him.  
 Farewell my Lord: I as your loue speake;  
 The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

*Patr.* To this effect Achilles haue I mou'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 loue to me, restraines you thus:  
 Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your necke vnloose 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 receiue 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 giue themselues:  
 Omission to doe what is necessary,  
 Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,  
 And danger like an ague subtly taints  
 Euen 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'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat  
 To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,  
 An appetite that I am sicke withall,  
 To see great Hector in his weedes of peace;

*Enter Thersi.*

To talke with him, and to behold his visage,  
 Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

*Ther.* A wonder.

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes vp 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 raues in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why he stalkes vp 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 vn done for euer; for if Hector breake not his necke i'th'combat, heele break't himselfe in vaine#glory. He knows not mee: I said, good morrow Ajax; And he replyes, thanks 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 lerkin.

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

*Ther.* Who, I: why, heele answer nobody: 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 Page  
ant of Ajax.

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

*Patro.* Ioue blesse great Ajax.

*Ther.* Hum.

*Patro.* I come from the worthy Aehilles Achilles .

*Ther.* Ha?

*Patro.* Who most humbly desires you to inuite Hector to his Tent.

*Ther.* Hum.

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

*Ther.* Agamemnon?

*Patro.* I my Lord.

*Ther.* Ha?

*Patro.* What say you too't.

*Ther.* God buy you with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer sir.

*Ther.* If tomorrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke  
it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, 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 out a tune thus: what musicke will  
be in him when Hector has knockt out his braines, I know  
not: but I am sure none, vnlesse 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 Fountains stir'd,

And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

*Ther.* Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere  
again, that I might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a  
Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

*Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris,  
Diephœbus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.*

*Par.* See hoa, who is that there?

*Dieph.* It is the Lord Æneas

*Æne.* Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long

As you Prince Paris, nothing but heauenly businesse,

Should rob my bed#mate of my company.

*Diom.* That's my minde too: good morrow Lord

Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greeke Æneas take his hand,

Witness the processe of your speech within;

You told how Diomed in a whole weeke by dayes

Did haunt you in the Field.

*Æne.* 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 loue, Ile play the hunter for thy life,

With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

*Æne.* 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 aliue can loue in such a sort,  
 The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

*Diom.* We simpathize. loue let Æneas liue  
 (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 euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

*Æne.* 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 loue, that ere I heard of.  
 What businesse Lord so early?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek  
 To Calchas house; and there to render him,  
 For the enfreed Anthenor, the faire Cressid:  
 Lets haue your company; or if you please,  
 Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke  
 (Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)  
 My brother Troylus lodges there to night.  
 Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,  
 With the whole quality whereof, I feare  
 We shall be much vnwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you;  
 Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
 Then Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no helpe:  
 The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so  
 On Lord, wee le follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow all.

*Exit Æneas*

*Par.* And tell me noble Diomed; faith tell me true,  
 Euen in the soule of sound good fellowship,  
 Who in your thoughts merits faire Helen most?  
 My selfe, or Menelaus?

*Diom.* Both alike.  
 He merits well to haue 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 vp  
 The lees 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 heauier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your country#woman.

*Dio.* Shee's bitter to her country: heare me Paris,  
 For euey false drop in her bauty veines,  
 A Grecians life hath sunke: for euey scruple  
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
 A Troian hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,  
 She hath not giuen so many good words breath,  
 As for her, Greekes and Troians 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 Vnckle down;  
 He shall vnbolt the Gates.

*Troy.* Trouble him not:  
 To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,  
 And giue 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.

*Troy.* Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she (stayes,  
 As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of loue,  
 With wings more momentary, swift then thought:  
 You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;  
 O foolish Cressid, I might haue still held off,  
 And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?

*Pand.*

*within.*

What's all the doores open here?

*Troy.* It is your Vnckle.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Cres.* A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:  
I shall haue 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 Vnckle:

You bring me to doo#and then you floute me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what? let her say what:

What haue I brought you to doe?

*Cres.* Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be  
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 not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'  
head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle 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 deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing.

How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. Knocke.

I would not for halfe Troy haue you seene here.

*Exeunt*

*Pan.* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate  
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

*Æne.* Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there my Lord Æneas? by my troth I  
knew you not: what newes with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not Prince Troylus here?

*Pan.* Here? what should he doe here?

*Æne.* 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?

*Æne.* 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 goe fetch  
him hither, goe.

*Enter Troylus.*

*Troy.* How now, what's the matter?

*Æne.* My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,  
 My matter is so rash: there is at hand,  
 Paris your brother, and Deiphœbus,  
 The Grecian Diomed, and our Anthenor  
 Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth#with,  
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre.  
 We must giue vp to Diomedes hand  
 The Lady Cressida.

*Troy.* is it concluded so?

*Æne.* By Priam, the generall state of Troy.  
 They are at hand ready to effect it.

*Troy.* How my atchieuements mocke me;  
 I will goe meete them: and my Lord Æneas  
 We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

*Æn.* Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature  
 Haue not more gift in taciturnitie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cressid.*

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell  
 take Anthenor; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague  
 vpon 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 Vnckle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am  
 aboue.

*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 vpon Anthenor.

*Cres.* Good Vnckle beseech you, on my knees, I be  
 seech 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 immortall gods! I will not goe.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:

I know no touch of consanguinitie:  
 No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,  
 As the sweet Troylus: O you gods diuine!

Make Cressids name the very crowne of falsehood!  
 If euer she leaue Troylus: time, orce and death,  
 Do to this body what extremitie you can;  
 But the strong base and building of my loue,  
 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, Æneas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt  
 Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke  
 Comes fast vpon: 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 deliuer her,  
 Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother Troylus  
 A Priest, there offrings to it his heart.

*Par.* I know what 'tis to loue,  
 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 grieffe 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 arid colder pallat,  
 The like alaiment could I giue my grieffe:  
 My loue admits no qualifying crosse;

*Enter Troylus.*

No more my grieffe, in such a precious losse.

*Pan.* Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducce.

*Cres.* O Troylus, Troylus!

*Pan.* What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, hea uie heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by

friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime;  
 let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede  
 of such a Verse: We see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

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

*Cres.* Haue the gods enuie?

*Pan.* I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

*Cres.* And is it 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 iniurie of chance  
 Puts backe leaue#taking, iustles roughly by  
 All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips  
 Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents  
 Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,  
 Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.  
 We two, that with so many thousand sighes  
 Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,  
 With the rude breuitie and discharge of our  
 Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste  
 Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.  
 As many farwels as be stars in heauen,  
 With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,  
 He fumbles vp into a loose adiew;  
 And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,  
 Distasting with the salt of broken teares.

*Enter Æneas.*

*Æneas.*

*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 haue patience: she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,  
 or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Troy.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A wofull Cressid mong'st the merry Greekes.

Conventionally this speech is given to Cressida. *Troy.* When shall we see againe?

*Troy.* Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

*Cres.* I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

*Troy.* Nay, we must vse expostulation kindely,

For it is parting from vs:

I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Gloue 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 Sleeue.

*Cres.* And you this Gloue.

When shall I see you?

*Troy.* I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,

To giue thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

*Cres.* O heauens: be true againe?

*Troy.* Heare why I speake it; Loue:

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,

Their louing well compos'd, with guist of nature,

Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:

How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.

Alas, a kinde of godly iealousie;

Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:

Makes me affraid.

*Cres.* O heauens, you loue 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 Lauolt; 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#discoursiue diuell,

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 diuels to our selues,

When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,

Presuming on their changefull potencie.

*Æneas*

*within.*

Nay, good my Lord?

*Troy.* Come kisse, and let vs part.

*Paris*

*within.*

Brother Troylus?

*Troy.* Good brother come you hither,

And bring Æneas 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 mere simplicitie;

Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,

With truth and plainnesse I doe; 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 deliuer you.

At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,

And by the way possesse thee what she is.

Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,

If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Illion?

*Diom.* Faire Lady Cressid,

So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,

Pleades your faire visage, and to Diomed

You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.

*Troy.* Grecian, thou do'st not vse me curteously,

To shame the seale of my petition towards,

I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:

Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,

As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her seruant:

I charge thee vse her well, euen 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 mou'd Prince Troylus;

Let me be priuiledg'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 braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:  
Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,  
To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.

*Sound Trumpet.*

*Par.* Harke, Hectors Trumpet.

*Æne.* How haue 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 vs make ready straight.

*Æne.* Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie  
Let vs addresse to tend on Hectors heeles:  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lye  
On his faire worth, and single Chiualrie.

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

*Aga.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,  
Anticipating time. With starting courage,  
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy  
Thou dreadfull Ajax, that the appauled aire  
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*Aia.* 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 spout bloud:  
Thou blowest for Hector.

*Vlis.* No Trumpet answers,

*Achil.* 'Tis but early dayes.

*Aga.* Is not yong Diomed with Calcas daughter?

*Vlis.* 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 Cressid?

*Dio.* Euen 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 bet

ter she were kist in generall.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel: Ile begin. 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 once.

*Patro.* But that's no argument for kissing now;  
For thus pop't Paris in his hardiment.

*Vlis.* Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,  
For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.

*Patro.* Ile first was Menelaus kisse, this mine:  
Patroclus kisses you.

*Mene.* Oh this is trim.

*Patr.* Paris and I kisse euermore for him.

*Mene.* Ile haue my kisse sir: Lady by your leaue.

*Cres.* In kissing doe you render, or receiue.

*Patr.* Both take and giue.

*Cres.* Ile make my match to liue,  
The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no kisse.

*Mene.* Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.

*Cres.* You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.

*Mene.* An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,  
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.

*Mene.* You fillip me a'th'head.

*Cres.* No, Ile be sworne.

*Vlis.* It were no match, your naile against his horne:  
May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?

*Cres.* You may.

*Vlis.* I doe desire it.

*Cres.* Why begge then?

*Vlis.* Why then for Venus sake, giue me a kisse:  
When Hellen is a maide againe, and his#

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

*Vlis.* Neuer'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.

*Vlis.* Fie, fie, vpon her:  
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;  
Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out  
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:  
Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,  
That giue a coasting welcome ete ere it comes;  
And wide vnclaspe the tables of their thoughts,

To euery tickling reader: set them downe,  
 For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;  
 And daughters of the game.

*Exennt Exeunt .*

*Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas Helenus and Attendants. Florish.*

*All.* The Troians Trumpet.

*Aga.* Yonder comes the troope.

*Æne.* 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 diuided  
 By any voyce, or order of the field: Hector bad aske?

*Aga.* Which way would Hector haue it?

*Æne.* 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.

*Æne.* If not Achilles sir, what is your name?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore Achilles: but what ere, know this,  
 In the extremity of great and little:  
 Valour and pride excell themselues 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 loue whereof, halfe Hector staies at home:  
 Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe Hector, comes to seeke  
 This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.

*Achil.* A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.

*Aga.* Here is sir, Diomed: goe gentle Knight,  
 Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas  
 Consent vpon the order of their fight,  
 So be it: either to the vttermost,  
 Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,  
 Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

*Vis.* They are oppos'd already.

*Aga.* What Troian is that same that lookes so heauy?

*Vis.* The yongest Sonne of Priam;  
 A true Knight; they call him Troylus;  
 Not yet mature, yet m1tchlesse, firme of word,  
 Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;  
 Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;

His heart and hand both open, and both free:  
 For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes;  
 Yet giues he not till iudgement 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 obiects; but he, in heate of action,  
 Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.  
 They call him Troylus; and on him erect,  
 A second hope, as fairely built as Hector.  
 Thus saies Æneas one that knowes the youth,  
 Euen to his inches: and with priuate 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.

*tr#pets cease.*

*Diom.* You must no more.

*Æne.* Princes enough, so please you.

*Aia.* I am not warme yet, let vs 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 blood forbids  
 A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:  
 Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,  
 That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,  
 And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge,  
 All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood  
 Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister  
 Bounds in my fathers: by loue multipotent,  
 Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member  
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
 Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,  
 That any drop thou borrd'st 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 haue them fall vpon him thus.  
 Cozen, all honor to thee.

*Aia.* I thanke thee 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 Neoptolymus so mirable,  
On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes)  
Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,  
A thought of added honor, torne from Hector.

*Æne.* There is expectance here from both the sides,  
What further you will doe?

*Hect.* Weele answer it:  
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

*Aia.* If I might in entreaties finde successe,  
As seld I haue the chance; I would desire  
My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

*Diom.* Tis Agamemnons wish and great Achilles  
Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hect.* *Æneas* call my brother Troylus to me:  
And signifie this louing enterview  
To the expecters of our Troian part:  
Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:  
I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

*Enter Agamemnon and the rest.*

*Aia.* Great Agamemnon comes to meete vs 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: vnderstand more cleere  
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes  
And formelesse ruine of obliuion:  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:  
Bids thee with most diuine integritie,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector welcome.

*Hect.* I thanke thee most imperious Agamemnon.

*Aga.* My well#fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.

*Men.* Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,  
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

*Hect.* Who must we answer?

*Æne.* The Noble Menelaus.

*Hect.* O you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlet thanks,  
Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,  
Your quondam wife sweares still by Venus Gloue

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 haue (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft  
 Labouring for destiny, make cruell way  
 Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee  
 As hot as Perseus, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,  
 And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,  
 When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th'ayre,  
 Not letting it decline, on the declined:  
 That I haue said vnto my standers by,  
 Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.  
 And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,  
 When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,  
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I seene,  
 But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)  
 I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,  
 And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,  
 But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,  
 Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,  
 And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

*Æne.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,  
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time;  
 Most reuerend Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee.

*Ne.* I would my armes could match thee in contention  
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to  
 morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.

*Vlys.* I wonder now, how yonder City stands,  
 When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.

*Hect.* I know your fauour Lord Vlysses 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.

*Vlys.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.  
 My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;  
 For yonder wals that pertly front your Townc Towne ,  
 Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,  
 Must kisse their owne feet.

*Hect.* I must not beleeue you:  
 There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,  
 The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost

A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,  
 And that old common Arbitrator, Time,  
 Will one day end it.

*Vlys.* So to him we leaue 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 Vlysses, thou:  
 Now Hector I haue fed mine eyes on thee,  
 I haue with exact view perus'd, thee Hector,  
 And quoted ioynt by ioynt.

*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 haue done already.

*Achil.* Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,  
 As I wouid 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 vnderstand'st.  
 Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body  
 Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,  
 That I may giue the locall wound a name,  
 And make distinct the very breach, where#out  
 Hectors great spirit fl1w. Answer me heauens.

*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 coniecture  
 Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil.* I tell thee yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,  
 I'd not beleeeue 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 euery where, yea, ore and ore.  
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,  
 His insolence drawes folly from my lips,  
 But Ile endeuour deeds to match these words,  
 Or may I neuer#

*Ajax.* Do not chase thee Cosin;  
 And you Achilles, let these threats alone  
 Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.

You may euery day enough of Hector  
 If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,  
 Can scarce intreat you to be odde with him.

*Hect.* I pray you let vs see you in the field,  
 We haue 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 vpon that match.

*Aga.* First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,  
 There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,  
 As Hectors leysure, and your bounties shall  
 Concurr together seuerally intreat him.  
 Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,  
 That this great Souldier may his welcome know.

*Exeunt*

*Troy.* My Lord Vlysses, tell me I beseech you,  
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keepe?

*Vlys.* At Menelaus Tent, most Princely Troylus,  
 There Diomed doth feast with him to night,  
 Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,  
 But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view  
 On the faire Cressid.

*Troy.* Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,  
 After we part from Agamemnons Tent,  
 To bring me thither?

*Vlys.* You shall command me sir:  
 As gentle tell me, of what Honour was  
 This Cressida in Troy, had she no Louer 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 belou'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth;  
 But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.*

*Achil.* Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,  
 Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:  
 Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

*Pat.* Heere comes Thersites.

*Enter Thersites.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of Enuy?  
 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 keeps the Tent now?

*Ther.* The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

*Patr.* Well said aduersity, 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 grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and  
the like, take and take againe, such prepostrous discoue  
ries.

*Pat.* Why thou damnable box of enuy 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 skiene of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet  
flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou;  
Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water#flies,  
diminutiues of Nature.

*Pat.* Out gall.

*Ther.* Finch Egge.

*Ach.* My sweet Patroclus, 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 Loue,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe

An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,

Fall Greekes faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,

My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:

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 loues  
Quailes, but he has net so much Braine as eare#wax; and

the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother,  
 the Bull, the primative Statue, and oblique memoriall of  
 Cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing#horne in a chaine, hanging  
 at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is,  
 should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne  
 him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse and  
 Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse:  
 to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a fitchew, a Toade, a Li  
 zard, an 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, Vlysses Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.*

*Aga.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Aiax.* No yonder'tis, there where we see the light,

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Aiax.* No, not a whit.

*Enter Achilles.*

*Vlys.* Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

*Achil.* Welcome braue Hector, welcome Princes all.

*Agam.* So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

Aiax 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? sweet sinke,  
 sweet sure.

*Achil.* Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those  
 I 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 haue important businesse,

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Hector.

*Hect.* Giue me your hand.

*Vlys.* Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalcas Tent,  
 lie 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 vniust Knaue; 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 leaue to see Hector, then not to dogge him: they say, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vfes the Traitour Chalcas his Tent. Ile after#Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Diomed.*

*Dio.* What are you vp here ho? speake?

*Chal.* Who cals?

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

*Chal.* She comes to you.

*Enter Troylus and Vlisses.*

*Vlis.* Stand where the Torch may not discover vs.

*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?

*Vlis.* 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 your minde be coupled with your words.

*Troy.* What should she remember?

*Vlis.* 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 haue me do?

*Ther.* A iugling 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 night.

*Troy.* Hold, patience.

*Ulis.* How now Troian?

*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!

*Vlis.* You are moued Prince, let vs 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.

*Vlis.* Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

*Troy.* I pray thee stay?

*Vlis.* You haue 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 grieue thee? O withered truth!

*Vlis.* Why, how now Lord?

*Troy.* By loue I will be patient.

*Cres.* Gardian? why Greeke ?

*Dio.* Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

*Cres.* In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

*Vlis.* You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?  
 you will breake out.

*Troy.* She stroakes his cheeke.

*Vlis.* Come, come,

*Troy.* Nay stay, by loue 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 diuell 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; neuer trust me else.

*Dio.* Giue me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* Ile fetch you one.

*Exit.*

*Vlis.* You haue sworne patience.

*Troy.* Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition  
 Of what I feele: I am all patience.

*Enter Cressid.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge, now, now, now.

*Cres.* Here Diomed, keepe this Sleeue.

*Troy.* O beautie! where is thy Faith?

*Vis.* My Lord.

*Troy.* I will be patient, outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:

He lou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe,

*Dio.* Whose was't?

*Cres.* It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prythee Diomed visite me no more.

*Ther.* Now, she sharpenes: well said Whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall haue it.

*Cres.* What, this?

*Dio.* I that.

*Cres.* 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 Gloue,

And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;

As I kisse thee.

*Dio.* Nay, doe 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.

*Cres.* You shall not haue it Diomed; faith you shall not:

Ile giue you something else.

*Dio.* I will haue this: whose was it?

*Cres.* It is no matter.

*Dio.* Come tell me whose it was?

*Cres.* 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.

But now you haue 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 grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

*Troy.* Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,

It should 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 neuer 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 loue! 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 vs I finde:

The error of our eye, directs our minde.

What error leads, must erre: O then conclude,

Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

*Exit.*

*Ther.* A proefe of strength she could not publish more;

Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

*Vlis.* Al's done my Lord.

*Troy.* It is.

*Vlis.* Why stay we then?

*Troy.* To make a recordation to my soule

Of euery 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 inuert that test of eyes and eares;

As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created onely to calumniate.

Was Cressed here?

*Vlis.* I cannot coniuere Troian.

*Troy.* She was not sure.

*Vlis.* Most sure she was.

*Troy.* Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?

*Vlis.* Nor mine my Lord: Cressid was here but now.

*Troy.* Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:

Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage

To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame

For deprauation, to square the generall sex

By Cressids rule. Rather thinke this not Cressid.

*Vlis.* What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our mothers ?

*Troy.* Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?

*Troy.* This she? no, this is Diomids Cressida:

If beautie haue 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 vnitie it selfe,  
 This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!  
 That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe  
 By soule authoritie: where reason can reuolt  
 Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,  
 Without reuolt. This is, and is not Cressid:  
 Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight  
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,  
 Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:  
 And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,  
 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 heauen;  
 Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:  
 The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd, and loos'd,  
 And with another knot fiue finger tied,  
 The fractions of her faith, ort s of her loue:  
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,  
 Of her ore#eaten faith, are bound to Diomed

*Vis.* 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: neuer did yong man fancy  
 With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.  
 Harke Greek: as much I doe Cressida loue;  
 So much by weight, hate I her Diomed,  
 That Sleeue 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 Hurricano 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 vntruths stand by thy stained name,  
 And theyle seeme glorious.

*Vis.* O containe your selfe:

Your passion drawes eares hither.

*Enter Æneas*

*Æne.* I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:

Hector by this is arming him in Troy.

Aiax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.

*Troy.* Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:

Farewell reuolted faire: and Diomed

Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

*Vii.* Ile bring you to the Gates.

*Troy.* Accept distracted thanks.

*Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Ulisses.*

*Ther.* Would I could meete that roague Diomed, I

would croke like a Rauen: 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

diuell take them.

*Enter Hecter and Andromache.*

*And.* When was my Lord so much vnghently temper'd,

To stop his eares against admonishment ?

Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight today,

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

By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.

*And.* My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.

*Hect.* No more I say.

*Enter Cassandra.*

*Cassa.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Consort with me in loud and deere petition:

pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt

of bloody turbulence; and this whole night

Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.

*Cass.* O, 'tistrue.

*Hect.* Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.

*Cass.* No notes of sallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.

*Hect.* Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.

*Cass.* The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes;

They are polluted offrings, more abhord

Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,

To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:

For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the be halfe of charitie.

Cass. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;  
 But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:  
 Vnatme Vnarme sweete Hector.

Hect. Hold you still I say;  
 Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
 Life euery 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 Chiualrie:  
 Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;  
 And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.  
 Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,  
 Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue 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 captiue Grecian fals,  
 Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword;  
 You bid them rise, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'loue of all the gods  
 Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;  
 And when we haue our Armors buckled on,  
 The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,  
 Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie sauage, fie.

Troy. Hector, then 'tis warres.

Hect. Troylus, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who should with#hold me?  
 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,  
 Beckning with fierie truncheon 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 vpon 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 all together.

*Priam.* Come Hector, come, goe backe:

Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;  
 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.* Æneas is a field,

And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,  
 Euen 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 giue me leaue  
 To take that course by your consent and voice,  
 Which you doe here forbid me, Royall Priam.

*Cass.* O Priam, yeeld not to him.

*And.* Doe not deere father.

*Hect.* Andromache I am offended with you:

Vpon the loue 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 turnes 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 leaue;

Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue.

*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, beleue  
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.

*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 tisticke, a whorson rascally tisticke,  
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and  
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one  
o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and  
such an ache in my bones; that vnlesse 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 loue with words and errors still she feedes;

But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame

Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

*A Larum Alarum .*

*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 scurue,  
doting, foolish yong  
knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine  
see them meet; that, that same yong Troian asse, that loues  
the whore there, might send that Greekish whore#mai  
sterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the dissembling  
luxurious drabbe, of a sleeuelesse errant. O'th'tother side,  
the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole  
old Mouse#eaten dry cheese, Nestor: and that same dog#  
foxe Vlisses is not prou'd worth a Black#berry. They set  
me vp 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 Sleeue, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuier Stix,

I would swim after.

*Diom.* Thou do'st miscall retire:

I doe not flye; but aduantagious care  
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:  
Haue at thee?

*Ther.* Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore

Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

*Enter Hector.*

*Hect.* What art thou Greek? art thou for Hectors match?

Art thou of bloud, and honour?

*Ther.* No, no: I am a rascal: a scuruie railing knaue:  
a very filthy roague.

*Hect.* I doe beleeeue thee, liue.

*Ther.* God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeeue me; but a  
plague breake thy necke——for frighting me: what's be  
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue  
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mira  
cle——yet in a fort, lecherie eates it selfe; Ile seeke them.

*Exit.*

*Enter Diomed and Seruants.*

*Dio.* Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou Troylus Horse;

Present the faire steede to my Lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;  
Tell her, I haue 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#wife wauing his beame,  
Vpon the pashed courses of the Kings:  
Epistropus and Cedus, Polixines is slaine;  
Amphimacusand Thous deadly hurt;  
Patroclus tane or slaine, and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagittary  
Appauls our numbers, haste we Diomed  
To re#enforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter Nestor.*

*Nest.* Coe 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 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 euey where, he leaues and takes;  
 Dexteritie so obaying appetite,  
 That what he will, he does, and does so much,  
 That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

*Enter Vlisses.*

*Vlis.* Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles  
 Is arming, weeping, cursing. vowing vengeance;  
 Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,  
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
 That noselesse, 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 bath done to day,  
 Mad and fantasticke 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 Aiax.*

*Aia.* 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 Aiax.*

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

*Enter Diomed.*

*Diom.* Troylus, I say, wher's Troylus?

*Aia.* What would'st thou?

*Diom.* I would correct him.

*Aia.* Were I the Generall,

Thou should'st haue 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?

*Aia.* Ile fight with him alone, stand Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

*Troy.* Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you both.

*Exit Troylus.*

*Enter Hector.*

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

*Enter Achilles.*

*Achil.* Now doe I see thee; haue at thee Hector.

*Hect.* Pause if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Troian;

Be happy that my armes are out of vse:

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:

Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

*Exit.*

*Hect.* Fare thee well:

I would haue beene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

*Enter Troylus.*

*Troy.* Ajax bath tane Æneas; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,

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 vnlocke the riuets 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 selues in breath;

And when I haue the bloody 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 dou  
ble hen'd sparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the  
game: ware hornes ho?

*Exit Paris and Menelaus.*

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* Turne slaue and fight.

*Ther.* What are thou?

*Bast.* A Bastard Sonne of Priams.

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

*Bast.* The diuell take thee coward.

*Exeunt.*

*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 vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,

Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.

To close the day vp, Hectors life is done.

*Hect.* I am vnarm'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 vpon our Grecian part.

*Gree.* The Troian Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

*Achi.* The dragon wing of night ore#spreads the earth

And stickler#like the Armies seperates

My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.

Come, tye his body to my horses taylor;  
 Along the field, I will the Troian traile.

*Exeunt.*

*Sound Retreat.*

*Shout.*

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomed, and the rest marching.*

*Aga.* Harke, harke. what shout is that?

*Nest.* Peace Drums.

*Sold.* Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, Achilles.

*Dio.* The bruite is, Hector's slaine, and by Achilles.

*Aia.* 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 vs at our Tent.

If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphœbus.*

*Æne.* Stand hoe, yet are we masters of the field,

Neuer goe home; here starue 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.

Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:

Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.

I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

*Æne.* My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

*Troy* You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:

I doe not speake of flight, of 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 wiues;

Coolle 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 vpon 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 reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pand.* But heare you? heare you?

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

*Exeunt.*

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for mine aking bones: oh world,  
 world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh trai  
 tours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and  
 how ill requited? why should our indeuour 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 Pandar's fall:  
 Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;  
 Though not for me yet for your aking bones:  
 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 yon my diseases.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.