The Prologue.

In Troy there lies the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgilios, their high blood chief'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Frothe with the ministers and instruments
Of cruelly Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownes Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
Th' rattish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepe's, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Darden Plains
The fresh and yet unbraised Greeses do pitch
Their braue Pavillions Priam's fix'gated City,
Dardan and Timbría, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Atechonidius with massie Staples
And correspontus and fulfiling Bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expection tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greece,
Sets all on hazard. And bither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voice: but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes are the revant and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde faults, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.
THE TRAGFLEDIE

Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

Why should I warre without the walls of Troy
That finde such cruell bataille here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troylus alas hath none.

Pand. Will this greece neere be medel'd?

Troy. The Grecs are strong, & skillful to their strength,
Fiercest to their skill, and to their fierceness Valiant;
But I am weaker then a woman's tear;
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilful as vsprael'd Infanct.

Pand. Well, I haue told you enought of this; For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Her that will have a cake out of the wheate, must needs meddle with the grinding.

Troy. Have I not carried?

Pand. The grinding; but you must carry the bolting.

Troy. Have I not carried?

Pand. The bolting; but you must carry the steeping.

Troy. Still have I carried.

Pand. 1, to the steeping; but beares yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; May, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse e'er the be,
Doch leffer blench at suffering, then I doe:
At Primrose Royall Table doe I sit;
And when faire Cressid comes into my thoughts,
So (Truant) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pand. Well:

She look'd yeerlyright faire, then ever I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As weaged with a fire, would rise in swaine;
Let it Huell, or my Father should perceiue me;
I loose (as when the Sunne doth light a-comes)
Buried this fire, in wrikle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth, fate turnes to faddened fadness.

Pand. And her baire were not somewhat darker then Helen, well goe roo, there were no more comparision betweene the women. But for my part she is my Kinswoman, I would not (as they rareme it) praiie it, but I wold (some-body had heard her talle yesteray as I did:) I will not disparale your sister Caïsandra's wit, but.

Troy. Oh Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus!

When I doe tell thee,there my hopes ye dreOUNg'd:
Reply not in how many Fadornes deep
They lye indredict'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid doute. Thou answerst she is faire,
Pow'r in the open Wiker of my heart,
Her Eye, her Ring, her Cheekke, her Gaze, her Voice,
Handgiv in thy disoufe. O that her hand
(Whose comparision, all whiteis are vskis)
Writing their owen reproach; to whose softe feasure,
The Cignets Downe is bash'd, and spirit of Senic
Hath the palme of Ploughman. This thou tell'st me;
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But saying this, instead of Oyle and Balmes,
Thou hadst in every gush that love hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pand. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou doest not speake so much.

Pand. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as she is,
If she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, the
has the medals in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus?

Pand. I have had my laboure for my truelle, I long thought of her, and I long thought of you: Come betweene and betweene, but small thanks for my labour.

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

Pand. Because thees Kinne to me, therefore thee's not so faire as Helen, and thee 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 I 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 Faole to stay behind her Father: Let her to the Grecs, and lo Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th matter.

Troy. Pandarus?

Pand. Not I.

Pand. I speake you no more to me, Ile leave all as I found it, and there an end.

Exit Pand. Sound Marue.

Troy. Peace you vngragious Clamors, peace rude sounds,
Foolish on both sides, Helen must needs be faire.
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument.
It's too hard a subject for my Sword, 
But Pandarum: O God! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to Crefilid but by Pandarum, 
And he's so ready to be wood to woe, 
As his thickest shaft, against all fate. 
Tell me Apollo for that to Poste Louis 
What Crefilid, what Pandarum, and what we: 
Her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearl, 
Between our land, and where their resides.
Let it be said the wild and wandering blood, 
Ourselves the Merchant, and this laying 
Our doubtful hope, our country, and our Brake. 
Oh, ares, Enter Excerpt.

Ent. How now Prince Troylus?
Wherefore not a field?
Troy. Because there's three: this womananswer so
For womanish it is to be from silence:
What news since Enos from the field to day?
Ent. That Paris returned home, and hurt,
Troy. By whom slain?
Ent. Troylus by Panderum.
Troy. Let Paris bleed, his but a fear to score,
Paris is gone with Morelson home. 
Ent. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.
Troy. Better at home: if I would might may:
But to the sport abroad, are you bound neither?
Ent. I in all swift haste,
Troy. Come goe we see then together.
Exempt.

Cre. Who were those went by?
Mau. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.
Cre. And whither they goes?
Mau. Vp to the Eastern Tower.
Whole height commend's me subject all the vale, 
To see the battle: Hecilus whole paciation, 
Is as a Vetricke first to day was mood; 
He chistes Andromache and broke his Armor,
And like as were husbandry in Warre 
Before the Sunne rose, he was harnell lyte, 
And to the field goe he; where every flower 
Did as a Prophet wepe what it forswa, 
In Helen's wrath.
Cre. What was his cause of anger?
Mau. The noise goe'se this; 
There is among the Greekes, 
A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to Helen, 
They call him Aias.
Cre. Good; and what of him?
Mau. They say he is a very man per se and stands alone. 
So do all men, unless they are drunk, dicky, or have no legs.

Mau. This is in Lady, habrob'd many beards of their particular addition, he is as valiant as the Lyon, sublins in the Beaste, flow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded honors, that his value is crook'd into folly, his folly laced with discretion: there is no man hath a venture, that he hath not a glimpse of, not a man an attempt, but he carries some flain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair, he hath the loyness of every thing, but every thing to other people, that he is a grower Briareus, many hands and no voice; or purblind Vases, all eyes and no fight.
Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile, make Helen angry?

Mau. They say he yeesterday cop'd Hecilus in the battle 
And stroke him downe, the disdain & shame where-
of, haue euer since kept Helen sitting and wark.

Cre. Who comes here?
Mau. Madam your Uncle Pandarum.
Cre. Hecilus a gallant man.
Mau. As may be in the world Lady.
Pan. What's that which's that?
Cre. Good morrow Uncle Pandarum.
Pan. Good morrow Cozen Crefilid: what do you take 
of good morrow Alexander: how do you Cozen when were you at Illium?
Cre. This morning Vincile.
Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Helen slain'd and gone ere ye came to Illium? Helen was not vp was the she?
Cre. Helen was gone but Helen was not vp?
Pan. Eene for Helen is flying early.
Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cre. So he faile here?
Pan. True he was: for I know the cause too, herehe lay 
about him to day I can tell it to what, and there's Troylus will not come fare behind him, let them take heed of Troylus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?
Pan. Who Troylus?

Troylus is the better man of the two,
Oh Jupiter there's no comparison.

What not between Troylus and Helen do you 
know a man if you see him?
Cre. If I ever 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 Helen;
Pan. No not Helen is not Troylus in some degrees.
Cre. The soul to each of them he is himselfe,
Pan. Himselfe I say poor Troylus I would be were.
Cre. So he is.
Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.
Cre. He is not Helen.
Pan. Himselfe I say he's not himselfe, were a were 
himselfe well, the Gods are aboe, time mutt friend or 
endwell Troylus well, I would my heart were in her 
body no, Helen is not a better man then Troylus.

Cre. Excuse me.
Pan. He is elder.
Cre. Pardoon me, pardon me.
Pan. Th'others not come too's, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too's: Helen still not 
hate his will this year.
Cre. He shall not need it if he hate his owne.
Pan. Nor his qualities.
Cre. No matter.
Pan. Nor his beautie.
Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.
Pan. You have no judgement Neese, Helen hearse 
soever th'other day, that Troylus for a browne favour 
(for to't I must confesse) I dont browne neither.
Cre. No, but browne.
Pan. Faith to day trust, browne and not browne.
Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.
Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.
Cre. Why Paris hath colour enough.
Pan. So he has.
Cre. Then Troylus should have too much, if the pres't 
him above, his complexion is higher then his, he having
The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida.

I told you a thing yesterdav, think on't:
Cres. So I do.
Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true, he will weep you an' were a man borne in April, Sound a retreat.
Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares, an' were a nettle against May.
Pan. Harke they are coming from the field, that we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do sweet Neece Cressida.
Cres. At your pleasure.
Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most brauely, let re you them all by their names, as they passe by, but mark Troilus about the reft.
Enter Anteous.
Cres. Speakes not so low'd.
Pan. That's Anteous, is not that a brave man, he's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but make Troilus, you shall see anon.
Cres. Who's that?
Enter Anteous.
Pan. That's Anteous, he has a throw'd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o' th' soundest judgement in Troy whofesoever, and a proper man of perfon; when comes Troilus? He flew you Troilus anon, if hee see you, I shall fee him nod at me.
Cres. Will he give you the nod?
Pan. You shall see.
Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.
Enter Helier.
Pan. That's Helier, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Go in th' way Helier, there's a brave man Nece, Obrue Helier! looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance in't not a brave man?
Cres. Obrue man!
Pan. Is not? It dooes a man heart good, looke you what backs are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? looke you there? There's no letting, laying on, tak's off, who ill as they say, these be backs.
Cres. Be thole with Swords?
Enter Parus.
Pan. Swords, say thing he cares not, and the diuel come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it doos ones heart good. Yonder comes Parus, yonder comes Parus; looke yee yonder Neece, if it was a galiant man to, ill not? Why this is brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? He's not hurt, why this will do Helius heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now, you stand Troilus anon.
Cres. Whole that?
Enter Helius
Pan. That's Helius, I maruell where Troilus is, that's Helius, I think he went not forth to day:that's Helius.
Cres. Can Helius fight Yole?
Pan. Helius no eyes hee fight indifferent, well, I maruell where Troilus is: harke, do you not heare the people cry Troilus? Helius a Prieff
Cres. What instaking fellow comes yonder?
Enter Troylus.
Pan. Where's Yonder? That's Daphobus. 'Tis Troylus! There's a man Neece, hem; Brave Troylus, the Prince of Chiusii.
Cres. Peace for thame peace.
Pan. Mark he, not him: Obrue Troylus: looke well upon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloody, and his Helmet more hack then Helier, and how he looks,
Troylus and Cressida.

.." Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, and others.

Act V. Scene 1.

Whatgreefe hath set the Jundes on your checkes?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs, begun on earth at last,

Gayles in the promit largeness: checkes and disarrays

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd.

As knots by the confus of meeting lap,

Insect the sound Pine, and disires his Granie

Torse and eran from his course of growth.

Nor Princes, it is matter new to vs,

That we come short of our suppos for faire,

That after seven yeares fierce, yet Troy wallies stand,

Such every action that hath gone before.

Whereof we have Record, Triall did draw

Bias and thwart, nor answering the syme:

And that embodied figure of the thought

That gauze's turfn'd shape, why then (thou Prince)'

Do you with checkes abash'd, behold your works,

And thynke them shame, which are (indeed)noought elfe

But the prostratit trials of great lone,

To finde perfidieu contiance in men?

The finnesse of which Metrall is not found

In Fortunat's ounce: for then, the Bold and Coward,

The Wise and Fool, the Artift and vn-rend,

The hard and soft, seeing all affend, and bin.

But in the Winde and Tempest of her owne

Difcination with a lowd and powrfull fan,

Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;

And what hath miste, or matter by it selfe,

Lies rich in Vertue, and vunsign'd.

Nestor. With due Obediance of thy godly feast,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall applie;

They lately words.

In the reproofs of Chance,

Lies the true proofs of men: The Sea being smooch,

How many solution buable Boastes date faile

Upon her patients breff, making their way

With thode of Nobler bulkes.

But let the Baffian Bree euence enrage

The gentle Tergen, and anon behold

The Strong ribb'd Brikke through liquid Mountains cut,

Bounding betweene the two morn'd Elements

Like Perseus Hostie. Where's then the sawly Boaste,

Whose webbe wat'rin'der's fides but even now

Co-rival'd Greatness? Either to harbours red,

Or made a Torte for Neptune. Even to,

Both valuands these, and valours worth divide

In fortunes of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightnesse,

The Heerd hath more annoyance by the Brieze

Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde

Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,

And Flies fled under fledge, why then

The thing of Courage,

As rau'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent round in selfe-same key,

Retries to chiding Fortune.

Vist. Agamemnon.

Thou great Commander, Merue, and Bone of Greece,

Heart of our Numbers, foule, and only spirit,

In whom the temper, and the minde of all

Should be thus upe: Hear what Visther speaks;

Besides the applause and approbation

The which most mighty for thy place and sway.
Troylus and Cressida.

And thou most reuerend for thy streight-oue life, I giue to both your speeches : which were fuch, As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold vp high in Bratle: and fuch againe As venerable Nefer (hatch'd in Silver) Should wish with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletreke In which the Heavenes ride, kinne all Greeks esesse To his experience tongue : yet let it please both (Thou Great, and Wife) to heare Vlffes speake. 

Ag. Speak Prince of Ithack, and be of fuche espee : That matter needlesse of impordable burthen 
Duide thy lipps ; then we are confident When rynke Therese opes his Mufike lawes, We shal heare Mufike, Wit, and Oracle. 

Uff. Troy yet vpone his bath was bene downe, And the great Hollar sword had lack'd a Mafter But for these inances, The specifue of Rule hath beene neglected ; And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand Hollow vpone this Plaine, so many hollow Factions. When that the Generall is not like the Flue, To whom the Pongerares shall all repair, What Hony is expected? Degree being vizard, Thynworthie fluees as fairely in the Maske, The Heavenes themselves, the Planets, and this Center, Obtaine degree, prority, and place, Inuile, courie, proportion, feacon, formee, Office, and cufbon, in all line of Order ; And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol In noble eminence, ethnotrd and fides'ard Amidst the other, whose mod'dinable eye Corrects the ill Apects of Planets euil, And poftes like the Command'ment of a King, Sans checkes, so good and bad. But when the Planets In euill mixture to disorder wander, What Plagues, and what porsents. what murying ? What ragging of the Sea? Shaking of Earth? Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrors, Duernt, and cracke. rend and draftructure The unity. and marrie calmne of States 

Quite from their fixture ? O, when Degree is flak'd, (Which is the Ladder to all high desigines) The enterprize is fieke. How could Communities. Degrees in Schoolees. and Brother-hoods in Cities, Peacefull Commerce from dividable shores, The prouerbie, and the bee of Bryche, Prerogatute of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Laurels, (Burby Degree) hand in Authenticque place, Take but Degree away. vnu-tune that finging, And heare what Difcord follows : each thing mettes In meer oppugnancie. The bounded Waters, Should lift their bofomes higher then the Shores, And make a toppe of all this folid Globe : Strength should be Lord of infubility, And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead : Force should be right. or rather, right and wrong, (Betwenee whoffe endleffe iarre, justifice reciides) Should loose her names, and fo should justifice too. Then every thing includes it selfe in Power, Power into Will. Will into Appetite, And Appetite (an endleffe Wolfe, 

So doubtly (condiscend with Will, and Power) Must make perfecion an endleffe prey, And laft, este vp himehifelfe. 

Great Agamemnon: 

This Chaos. when Degree is subocate, 

Followes the chosking : 
And this neglection of Degree. is it 
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose 
It hath to clime. The Generall's didn't 
By him one step below ; he, by the next, 
That next, by him beneath : to every step 
Exampl'd by the swift pace that is ficke 
Of_supper, growes to an enuious Feater 
Opale, and bloodfeffe Emulation. 
And 'tis this Feater that keeps Troy on foote, 
Not her owne fineues. To end a tale of length, 
Troy in our weakneffe flies, not in her strongte. 

Neff. Moft wisely hath Vlffes here discouer'd 
The Feauer, wherefore all our power is ficke. 

Ag. The Nature of this ficknefe sound (Vlffes) 
What is the remedie? 

Vlff. The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes, 
The fineew, and the fore-hand of our Heife, 
Hauing his care full of his aery Fame, 
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent 
Vpon a laxy Bed, the lue-long day 
Breakes fourrill lefts, 
And with ridicule, and awkward action, 
(Which Slanderer, he imitation calls) He Pageants vs. Sometime great Agamemnon, Thy topleffe deputation he puts ou; 
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit 
Lies in his Ham-fringe, and doth think it rich 
To hear the wooden Dialogue and sound 
Twiss his streight footong, and the Seaffolate, 
Such to be pittied, and ore-reitted leeming 
He acts thy Greatneffe in, and when he speaks, 
'Tis like a Chimne a bending. With tearmes vnsuard, 
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon topps, 
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fully flute, 
The large Achilless (on his pretz-bed lolling) 
From his deep Cheefh, laughes out a lowd applaufe, 
Cries excellent, 'tis Agamemnon iuft. 
Now play me Nefer; hum, and iroke thy Beare 
As he, being dreft to some Ocasion: 
That's done, as meer as the extreme ends 
Of parrellas: as like, as Vulcan and his wife, 
Yet god Achilless still cries excellent, 
'Tis Nefer right. Now play him (me) Patroclus, 
Arming to anwer in a might-Alarme, 
And then (forbough the) the faint defects of Age 
Must be the Scene of myth, to cough, and spise, 
And with a pale, finishing on his Gorgor, 
Shake in and out the Riues: and at this sport 
Sir Valour dies; cries. O enough Patroclus, 
Or, give me ribs of Steele. I shall split all 
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion, 
All our abilities, gits, natures, shapes, 
Seuerals and generals of grace exacts, 
Accomplishments. plots, orders, preventions, 
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, 
Successe or loffe, what is it or is not, 
As stiffe for these two, to make paradoxes. 

Neff. And in the imitation of these twaine, 
Who (as Vlffes says) Opinion crownes 
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect : 
Axe is grownse self-will'd, and bears his head 
In such a regyne, in full as proud a place 
As broad, Achilles, and keeps his Tent like him ; 
Makes fathions Preuss, railes on our state of Ware
Troylus and Cressida.

Bold as an Oracle, and fets Thebais. A blane, whose Gall comes flooders like a Mint, To match in vs in comparisions with durt. To weken and discredit out exposure, How rank a foe round in with danger. V give. They take our policy, and call it Cowardice, Count Wifeleome as no member of the Warre, Fore-fall prejudice, and eftesence no sela. But that of hand: The fill and mentall parts, That do contrive how many hands shall strike When firetelle call them on, and know by measure Of their obdurate toyle, the Enemies weight, Why this hath not a fingers dignity. They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'y, Closete-Warre: So that the Ramme that batteries downe the wall, For the great swinge and rudeoffce of his poize, They place before his hand that made the Engine, Or those that with the firetelle of their foules, By Reston guide his execution. 

V give. Let this be granted, and Achilles horse
Makes many Theia fones. Tiresof


Men. From Troy. Enter Host and Heil. 

Aga. What would you Tore our Tent? 

Ent. Is this the great Agamemnon? pray you? 

Aga. Even this. 

Ent. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince, Do a faire message to his Kings ear? 

Aga. With purey stronger then Achilles arm. 

Ent. Gore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice. 

Call Agamemnon Head and General. 

Ent. Fear faire issue, and large security. How may A stranger to Tho smal Imperial Lakes, Know their from eyes of other Mortals? 

Aga. How? 

Ent. I. I ask, that I might waken eversion, And on the cheeke be ready with a blish. Modest as morning, when the coldly eyes The youngfull Pheebus; 

Which is that God in office guiding men, 

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon? 

Aga. Thus Troyan fornices vs, or the men of Troy 

Are ceremonious Courtiers. 

Ent. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; ymnard, 

As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace: 

But when they would seeme Soulers, they have galleys, 

Good armes, strong joyants, true Councils, 

Nothing so full of heart. But peace. 

Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips, 

The worthinesse of praife distaineth his worth; 

If that he praide himselfe, bring the praife forth. 

But the repining enemy commends,

That breath Fame blowers, that praisefole pure transeeds. 

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you my fete Enee? 

Ent. I Grecian, that is my name. 

Aga. What's your affayre I pray you? 

Ent. Sir pardon, I'm for Agamemnon cares, 

Aga. He hears not said priuely 

That comes from Troy. 

Ent. Not 1from Troy come not to whisper him, 

I bring a Trumpet to awake his ears, 

To set his fence on the attention bent, 

And then to speake. 

Aga. Speake frankly as the wind, 

It is not Agamemnon sleeping hours: 

That thou that know Troyan he is awake,
Troylus and Creusa.

Yet go we under our opinion all,
That we have better men. But hit or miss,
Our projects life this shape of fence attune,
A great impold, pluckes downe Achilles Plumes.

Nef. Now Pyffes, I begin to relish thy advice,
And will give a taste of it forthwith.
To Agamemnon, go we to him straight:
Two Curses shall came each other, Pride alone
Muft tare the Maffials on, as twere their bone. Exeunt
Enter Aias, and Thersites.

Aias. Thersites?

Thers. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (full) all over
generally.

Aias. Thersites?

Thers. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the
General rune, were not that a bochty core?

Aias. Dogge.

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

Aias. Thou Bitch-Wolfe-Sonne, canst not heare?

Thers. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Munge,
beefe-witted Lord.

Aias. Speake then you whinid' letus speake, I will
beaste thee into handommeffe.

Thers. I shall feoner raylethe into wit and holonedice:
but I take thy Horfe will stifor con an Oration, then
learn a prayer with booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou?
A red Murrefon'ch thy lades trickes.

Aias. Toads froode, learne me the Proclamation.

Thers. Doest thou thinke I haue no fece thou drif't
Aias. The Proclamation.

Thers. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I thinke,
Doest not Petruinne, do nor; my fingers itch.

Aias. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and
I had the cratching of thee, I would make thee the lout-
son't scab in Greece.

Aias. I lay the Proclamation.

Thers. Thou grumblest & callst every house on A-
chilles, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatness, as
Cerberus is at Proserpine's beauty. 1, that thou barkst at him.

Aias. Mithethe Thersites.

Thers. Thou shouldst drif't him.

Aias. Colbelfe.

Thers. He would pun thee into shueters with his fist, as
a Sailer breaks a basket.

Aias. You horfon Curre.

Thers. Do, do.

Aias. Thou froole for a Witch.

Thers. 1, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou haft
no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Africno
may tutor thee. Thou fcurfy valiant Affe, thou art heere
but to threth Troyans, and thou art bought and folde
among thoe of any wit, like a Barbarian blute, if thou vife
to beat me, I will begin at thy heele, and telwhat thou art
by inches thou thing of no bawdes thou.

Aias. You dogge.

Thers. Thou fcurfy Lord,

Aias. You Creure.

Thers. Marys this I deede: do rudeenes, do Camell, do, do,
Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now Aias? wherefore do you this?

How now Thersites? what's the matter man?

Thers. You see him there, do you?

Achil. 1, what's the matter.

Thers. Nay looke upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?
Troilus and Cressida.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Ach. Well, why do I so?

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for who come ever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Ach. I know not this fool.

Ther. I, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I am child.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what madman of wit he vexts his eunions hace cares thus long. I have bobb'd Braine more then he's baste my bones: I will buy nine Sparrows for a peny, and his Proctor is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Ajax who vrests his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, I tell you what I say of him.

Ach. What?

Ther. I say this: Ajax.

Ach. Nay good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Ach. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will hop the eye of Helen Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Ach. Peace fools.

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not be there: that he, looke you there.

Ajax. O thou damnd Curse, I shall.

Ach. Will you set your wit to a Foolies.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a foolies will blame it.

Pat. Good words! Ther.

Ach. What's the quarrell?

Ajax. I had three vile Owle, got leare me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he says upon me.

Ther. I ferce thee not.

Ajax. Well go too, go too.

Ther. I ferce there voluntaire.

Ach. Your last ferce was suffenter, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impellier.

Ther. Even, a great desye of your wit too lies in your finnesse, or else there be Liers. Heifer shall have a great catch, if he knockes out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fishesse with no kennel.

Ach. What with me to 2 ferces?

Ther. Ther. Thys Peffer, and old Neffe, whose Wit was-moldly ere their Granditres had nails on their toes: you like a duckt-Coxen, and make you plough vp the waire.

Ach. What's what?

Ther. Yes good footer, to Acherus, to.

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words Ther.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilis Brooch bids me, shall I?

Ach. Ther. There's for you Patroclus.

Ther. I will like you hang'd like Cloplotes ere I come any more to yow Tents; I will keepe where ther is wit fluring, and leave the faction of fools.

Exit.

Pat. A good ridance.

Ach. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through all our hoft, That Heifer by the fift houre of the Sum'mer, Will with a Trumpet, twixt our Tents and Troy To morrow moving call fone Knight to Armes, That hath a flambeau, and such a one that dare Maintaine I know not what: 'tis traffic. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell: who shall anwser him?

Ach. I know not, 'tis put to Lottevy; otherwife Heketow his man.

Ajax. O meaning you, I will go learn some more of it. Exit. Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Priam. After so many hours these speeches if ent, This once again faves Nestor from the Grecians, Deliuer Helen, and all damage eft.

(As bonour, loffe of time, traumatic, expense, Woundes, friends, and what els deere that is conclud'd In hot digision of this conomart Waste) Shall be broke of. Hector, what say you too?

Hec. Though no man letter feares the Greeks then I, As farre as touches my particular: yet dread Priam, There is no Lady of more foment bowels, More fpunge, to tucke in the tene of fearc, More ready to cry out, who knows what followes Then Hector is: the wound of peace is surely, Sirety secure: but modest Doubt is cail'd

The Beacon of the wife: the tent that flanches Toth bonomte of the world. Let Hector go,

Since the firft sword was drawne about this quetion, Every trooper foune through many thousand and distance, Hath bin at deare as Helen: I mean of ours

if we haue left to many tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us

(Herein our name) the valew of one ten; What merits in that reafton which dencs The yeeling of her vp.

Troy. Fare, Sir, my Brother: Weigh you the worth and hie nam of a King

(As great as our dread Father) in a Scale

Of common Qunces? Will you with Counters sunne

The part proportion of his infinite, And buckle in a waife most fatumelle,

With spannes and inches to diminutive,

As feares and reaftons? Pie for godly shame?

Hec. No manse though you bide to sharp at reasons, You are to empty of them. Should not our Patrons Beare the great weight of his affyries with reasons,

Becouse your speech hath none that tels him so.

Troy. You are for dreames & slumber brother Priem. You turne your glows with reasons, there are your reasons

You know an enemy intende you harme,

You know, a sword employ'd is perillous,

And reason flyes the objecte of all armes.

Who mansest then when Helenus beholds A Grecian and his sword, if he do se

The very wings of reason to his heades: Or like a Starre disrob'd, Nay, if we tale of Reason,

And flye like chidden Mercury from Ione,

Let's that our gates and fleece; Menshood and Honor Should have hard hearets, wold they but for themSwords

With this crumst reason: reason and respect,

Makes Litters pale and luftyness derech.

Hec. Brother, she is not worth

What the gods soth the holding.

Troy. What taught, but as 'tis valwed?

Hec. But value dwells not in particular will,

It holds his efficace and dignitie

As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,

As in the priser: 'tis in the starre,

To make the feruce greater then the God,

And the will deters that is inclinable To what infidiously it selfe affetics,

Without some usage of them 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 ears,
Two traged\'s\' voices twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement, How may I suoyde
(Although my will will d\'fatle while I elect)
The Wise\'s choice, there can be no confusion
To blench from this, and so stand firmly by honour;
We turne not back the Silkes upon the Merchant,
When we have spoyled them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vairuefull saine,
Because we now are full. It was thought meece
Parris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your brother\'s full consent bellied his Sallies,
The seas and Windses (old Wranglers) tooke a Trace,
And did him seruice; he touch\'d the Ports devi\'d,
And for an old Aun\'t whom the Greeks held Captaine,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & frescheesse
Wrinkles Apollas, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we here the Grecians keepes our Aun\'t?
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Peariselle,
Whose price hath lenth\'d above a thousand Ships,
And turn\'d Crowns\' Kings to Merchants. If you autouch, twas wildesome Penance,
(As you must needs, for you all disre, Go, go.)
If you confesse, he brought home Noble prizes,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And Crie inoffensive: why do you now
The title of your propitie Wivesomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did?
Degg the extimation which you printed,
Richeer then Sea and Land? O Thrift most baleful!
That we have folme what we do feare to keep.
But Thineares unworthy: of things to folme,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Naturall place.

Enter Caffandra with her baire about her ears.

Caf. Cry Troyans, cry.

Prians. What noise? What threc\'e this is?

Tros. Tis our midst sister, I do know her voyce.

Caf. Cry Troyans.

Hel. It is Caffandra.

Caf. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And all will fill them with Prophecies teares.

Hel. Peace, sifter peace.

Caf. Virgins, and Boyses; mid-age & wrinkl\'d old,
Soft infantrie, that nothing can but cry,
Addeo my clamoure is let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maffe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practive your eyes with teares,
Troy muck nor be, nor goodly liyon stand,
Our fire-bredt Broth\'r Paris burns vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe;
Cry cry, Troy burns, or effect Helen goe.

Exit.

Hel. Now youthful Troyans, do not these bre stains
Of dissimulation in our Sister, worke
Some couche to esmore Of our your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad faceffe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same.

Tros. Why Brother HECTOR,
We may not chinke the inoffes of each ale
Such, and no other then event doth forme it,
Nor once den\'d the course of our minde,
Because Caffandra\'s mad, her brainlike captures
Cannot d\'fatle the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our sueurall Honours all engag\'d
To make it gracious. For my private parts,
I am no more touch\'d, then all Prians furres,
And loue forbid there should be done among\'r vs
Such things as might offend the weake spleene,
To for syr, and maintaine.

Par. Elfe might the world comme of late
As well my tender takings as your counsels;
But I attest the gods, your full content
Gaue wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can thefe my sngle arms
What propagation is in none maie to valoe
To stand the pulh and enmy of thofe
This quarrell excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to paste the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris shoule ne retreack what be both done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speake
Like one be-forret on your sweete delights;
You haue the Heny still, but thefe gall,
So to be valiant, is no presse at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the foyl of her faire Rape
Wip\'d off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the raniack\'d Queene,
Dissgrace to your great wors, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her pofters vp
On terms of base compeling? Can it be,
That to degenerate a flaine at this,
Should once set footing in your generous bowmes?
There\'s not the meanest spire on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defend\'d: nor none to Noble,
Whose life were ill bellowd or, death vnafm\'d,
Where Helen is the subject. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot parcell,
Should once set footing in your generous bowmes?

Hell. Paris and Troyans, you haue both said well
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Hauw glos\'d, but superfluous; not much,
Unlike young men, whom Artisall thought
Vast to heare Mardell Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge, do more conducce
To the hatred of unhappy blood,
Then to make vp a faire determination
Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and revenge,
Hauw easer more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature causes
All diues be rendre\'d to their Owners now
What weeter debs in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minde of partiall insincence
To their benumbed wills will fall the fame
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and reiterurie.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta\'s King
(As it is knowne the is) ther Mardell Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation. Shee alowd
To haue her harder return\'d. This to perfitt
In doing wrong, ratified as not wrong,
But makes it much more bezeule. Helius opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet were the leafe, 
My frictely brethern, I propend to you 
In resolution to keepes Heles still; 
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance, 
Upon our joyous and felicall dignities. 
Ther. Why then you touch the life of our designe: 
Were it not glory that we more affecte, 
Then the performance of our baying spillemes, 
I would not with a drop of Troye blood, 
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Heles, 
She is a theme of honour and renowne, 
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 
Whoe praiseful courage may brate downe our foes, 
And time in time to come causenge us. 
For I presume brave Heles would not loose 
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory, 
As smiles upon the fore-head of this action, 
For the wide worlds reneuue. 

Hell. I am yours, 
You valiant off-spring of great Priamus, 
I have a raifling challenge sent amongst 
The dull and factious nobles of the Grecians, 
Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits, 
I was advertis'd, their great generall slept, 
Whil'st emulation in the amne creps: 
This I presume will wake him. 

Enter Achill. 

Achill. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe, 
My digestion, why hast thou not send thy selfe into my 
Table, so many meale? Come, what's Agammenon? 

Ther. Thy Commander Achill, then tell me Patroclus, 
what's Achillis? 

Patr. Thy Lord Theristes: then tell me I pray thee, 
what's thy leefe? 

Ther. Thy knowes Patroclus; then tell me Patroclus, 
what art thou? 

Patr. Thou must tell that knowle. 

Achill. O tell, tell. 
Ther. He declineth the whole question: Agammenon com- 
mands Achillis, Achillis is my Lord, I am Patroclus know- 
er, and Patroclus is a foole. 

Patr. You raffeal. 

Ter. Peace foolie, I have not done. 

Achill. He is a priueded man, proceede Theristes. 

Ther. Agammenon is a foole, Achillis is a foole, Ther- 
istes is a foole, and as aforesaid, Patroclus is a foole. 

Achill. Denye this come? 

Ther. Patroclus is a foole to offer to command A- 
chillis, Achillis is a foole to be commanded of Agammenon, 
Theristes is a foole to scour such a foole: and Patroclus is a 
foole postrate. 

Patr. Why am I afoole? 

Enter Agammenon, Vlifes, Nestor, Diomed, 
Achill, and Chryses. 

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator: it suffices me 
that soule: Look ye, who comes here? 

Achill. Patroclus, he speake with no body: come in 
with me Theristes. 

Ther. Here is such patience, such ingine, and such 
knowserie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, 
a good quarrell to draw emulationes factions, and to breed 
unto death upon: Now the dry Suppers go on the Subject, 
and Warre and Lecherie confound all. 

Agamen. Where are Achillis? 

Patr. Within his Tent, but all dispo'd of my Lord. 

Agamen. Let it be knowne to him that we are here: 
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by 
Our appartements, visting of him: 
Let him be telled of, so perchance he thinke 
We dare not move the question of our place, 
Or know not what we are. 
Patr. I shall so say to him. 

Vlifes. We saw him at the opening of his Tent, 
He is not fickle. 

Ach. Yes, Lyon fickle, fickle of proud heart: you may 
call it Melancholy if it will honour the man, but by 
our heads, it's pride; but why, why, let him know the cause. 
A word my Lord. 

Nest. What moves Achill thus to say at him? 

Vlifes. Achill hath inuigled his Foorie from him, 

Nest. Who, Theristes? 

Vlifes. He. 

Nest. Then will Axios lacke matter, if he haue lost his 
Argument. 

Vlifes. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu- 
ment Achillis. 

Nest. All the better, their faction is more our with 
then their faction: but it was a strong counsell that a 
Foole could dissuase. 

Vlifes. The amiss that widesome knits, not folly may 
easily vanie. 

Enter Patroclus. 

Here
Here comes Parholus.

Nef. No Achilles with him?

Vif. The Elephant hath no name, but none for curte: he's a leggare for legs for necessitie, not for flight.

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

Agra. Hear you Parholus?

We are to well acquainted with these answers:
But his statum winged thus swiftly with teorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehension.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we afraid it is, yet to all his virtues,
Not voryoning of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to lose their gloffe;
Yes, and like faire Fruit in an unvalde dome dulcif,
Are like to rot vnvalde: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not finde,
If you do say, we think him our proud,
And vnder honesty in felice,admiration greater
Then in the more of incens'd worthe him then himselfe.
Here tend the sauege straungelee he put on,
Dignifrye the holy strength of their command:
And vnder write in an abiering kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His petis' hose, his clo's, his flowres, as if
The paperie and whole carriage of this action
Rede on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and add,
That if he overhoul his price to much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lyce under this report.
Bring action hiser, this cannot goe to ware:
A flinting Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,
Before all singer Gaunt, tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Agra. In second voyage weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, Olliff enter you, etc.

Exit Vifetis.

Agra. What is he more then another?

Agra. No more then what he thinks he is.

Agra. Is he the most, doe you not think, he thinks himselfe a better man then I am?

Agra. No question.

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

Agra. No, Noble Agra, you are as strong, as valiant, as wife, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

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

Agra. Your minde is the clearer. Agra, and your vertues the tamer; he that is proud, cares vp himselfe; Pride is his owne Charlie, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicke, and what euer praises it felte but in the eede, destroys the deede in the praise.

Exit Vifetis.

Agra. I do hate a proud man; as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Nef. Yet he loves himselfe is it not strange?

Vif. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Agra. What's his excuse?

Vif. He doth reyne on none,
But carres on the fireside of his dispose,
Without obstenience or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in selle admission.

Agra. Why, will he not upon our faire request,
Vintent his perdon, and share the eye with us?
Vif. Things small as nothing, for requests take care.
He makes important; possest he is with greatnesse,
And speaks not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selves bereath. imagin'd wroth
Holds in his blood fuch fwoone and hot discoure,
That twice his mensall and his achue parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages.
And batters gainst it selves; what should I say?
He is so pluyough, proud that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.

Agra. Let Agra goe to him.

Desire Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
As your request a little from himselfe.

Vif. O Agamenion, let it not be so.

Weele confectorate the streys that Agra makes,
When they goe from Achilles, shall the proud Lord,
That bafes his arrogence with his owne levee,
And neuer suffera master of the world,
Enter his thoughts; faste such as doe resolute
And ruminate himselfe, Shall he be worship'd,
Of that we hold an end, more then here.

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
May not in flaue his Palmes, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will affluiguate his meric,
As amply tyled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burns
With entertainment great Hesperion.
This L. goe to him, tempter for his,
And say in chunder, Achilles goe to him.

Nef. This is well, he shall the visone of him.

Dia. And how his silence drinks vp this applause.

Agra. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile paus his ore the face.

Agra. O no, you shall not goe.

Agra. And I doe proud with me, ille plesse his pride ille me goe to him.

Vif. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Agra. A poultry insolent fellow.

Nef. How he describes himselfe.

Agra. Can he be fouleable?

Vif. The Rauen chides blackness.

Agra. Ile let his humoures bloud.

Agra. He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.

Agra. And all men were a my minde,

Vif. Wit would be out of fashion.

Agra. A should not bear it so, a should cause Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nef. And twound, you'll carry halfe.

Vif. A should have euer thares.

Agra. I will kneade him, Ile make him supple, he's not yet through warme.

Nef. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in his ambition is dry.

Vif. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nef. Our noble Generall, doe doe not so.

Dion. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Vif. Why, this naming of him doth him harme.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face.
I will be silnet.

Nef. Wherefore should you so?
Troylus and Cressida.

He is not cumulous, as Achillies is.

Vif. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ach. A horizon dog, that fialtalker thus with us, would he were a Troian.

Nef. What a wise were it in Aias now.—

Uff. If he were proud.

Dor. Or courteous of praise.

Vif. I, or furly borne.

Dor. Or strange, or sely affected.

Pl. Thank the heavens, I am as sweet as a comenade; I praise him that got thee; the that gat thee shucked: Fame be thy Tutor, thy parts of nature.

Thrice fain'd I beyond, beyond all exultation; But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight, Let Mars deside Eternity in twaine, And give him halfe, and for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Mido his addition yeeld.

To finnovie Aias, I will not praise thy wildome, Which like a bourn, a pale, a thorne confines Thy spious and dilated parts; here's Nefor

Infructified by the Antiquity times: He mail, he is, he cannot but be wise. But pardon Father Nefor, were thy days

As green as Aias, and thy braine too tempest'd, You should not have the eminence of him, But be as Aias.

Ais. Shall I call you Father?

Uff. I thy good Sonne.

Dor. Be full of him Lord Aias.

Vif. There is not marrying here; the Harle Achiltes

Keeps thicker: pleases it your Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Freh Kings are come to Troy to morrow

We wit with all our maine of power stand fast: And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West, And call their flower, Aias shall come the belt.

Ag. Goe west to Courtaile, let Achiltes stope;

Light Botes may faile (wip, though great brokeres draw deep, Exeunt. Muficke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Do not you folow the young Lord Paris? Ser. I fir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith fir, superificially.

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 face of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not to friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir, it is Muficke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musick?

Ser. Wholly fir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the heares fir.

Pa. At whose pleasure fir?

Ser. At mine fir, and theirs that love Muficke.


Ser. Who shall I command fir?

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

Ser. That's too indeed fir: marry fir, at the request of Paris my Lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart bloud of beauty, foure insubil soule.


Ser. No fir, 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 speke with Paris from the Prince Troyes: I will make a compliment affuse upon him, for my busynesse seethes.

Ser. Soorden busynesse, there's a fewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helenus.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire disire in all faire measure gently 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 Muficke.

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

Pan. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O fir.

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

Par. Well paid my Lord; well, you say so in fact.

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

Hel. Nay, this shall not hudge vs out, wee heare you singing serenly.

Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most affectioned you, and your brother Troyes.

Hel. My Lord Pandarum, honest sweete Lord.

Pan. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Pan. If you doe, our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene I staith

Hel. And to make a sweete Lady sad, is a lower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve you, and that shall it not in truth ha. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he dedires you, that is the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord Pandarum?

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

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Pan. With my dispofers Cressida.

Pan. No, not such matter, you are wide, come your dispofers is fickle.

Par. Well, Ie make excute.

Par. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida? no, your poore dispofers fickle.

Pan. You
Troylus and Cresida.

Pan. You speak, what do you speak: come, give me an instrument now sweet Queene.
Hel. Why this is kindely done?
Pan. My Niece is horrible in love with a thing you have sweet Queen.
Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord.
Pan. How? no, sheeke none of him, they two are tweyne.
Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.
Pan. Come, come, I beleue no more of this, I sing you a song now.
Hel. 1, I prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou haft a fine fore-head.
Pan. I you may, you may.
Hel. Let thy song be love: this love will vancke vs all.
Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.
Pan. Love? I that is all yea.
Pan. I good now love, love, nothing but love.
Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love love, nothing but love, still more:
For O loves Town,
Shower Drumce and Doe:
The Shear] condemns not that it wound;
But stich as still the fore:
Those Lovers cry, oh ho they die;
Yet that where sheem the wound to left,
Dost turne oh ho, to ho ho ho;
So dying love lines still,
O lo a while bist ho ho ho;
O begomes out for sa sa sa———–hy ho.

Hel. In love yea with the very tip of the nose.
Pan. Hee eates nothing but dores love, and that breed hot blood, and hot blood beges hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds be is love.
Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, why they are Vipers, it is Love a generation of Vipers?
Cres. Love Lord those be a field to day?
Pan. Helio, Debathia, Helenia, Anthena, and all the gallery of Troy. I would haue this arm'd to day, but my Neil would not have it to.
How chance my brother Troylus went not?
Hel. He hung the lippe as sometihing, you know all Lord Pandarus.
Pan. Next I hope sweet Queene: I long to hear how they sped to day.
Yours remember your brothers excepte.
Pan. To a hayre.
Pan. Farewell sweet Queene.
Hel. Command me to your Niece,
Pan. I will sweare Queene.
Pan. They are come from field: let vs to Private Hall.
To greate the Warriors, Sweet Helen, I must you weare,
To help in your our Helio: his stuborne Buckles,
With chese your white enchanting fingers touch
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greeks fireyes: you shall doe more
Then all the land Kings, disforme great Helio.
Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be his friends: Paris:
Yes what he shal receive or in due
Guys vs more palage in beautie then we haue:
Yes our finnes out selfe,
Sweet: above thought I loue thee.

Enter Pandaruss and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Cousen Cresida?
Man. No sir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.
Enter Troylus.
Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?
Troy. Sirra walk off.
Pan. Haue you scene my Cousin?
Troy. No Pandarus: I talkke about her doore.
Like a strange foule upon the Stitian banks:
Staying for wafage, O be thou my Cherub,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds:
Propag'd for the defurer. O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And fly with you to Cresida.
Pan. Walke here 10th Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Enter Pandarus.
Troy. I am giddy: expedestation whistles me round,
Thimaginary refil: is soo sweete,
That it inchant my fence: what will it be
When that the warry pallias saffte indeede
Loves thrite reputed Necta? Death I fear me
Sounding diuision, or some toy too fine,
Too fulsome, poten, and too fragrant in sweetnesse
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and i do fear besides,
That I shall looke diuision in my ioys,
As doth a bataille, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.
Enter Pandarus.
Pan. Shee's making her ready sleeke come straitly: you must be worthy now, she does it blufe: Sheaschets her winde to shote, as if shee were froug with a Spirit: He fetch her: it is the prettiest villainse, shee fetches her breath to shote as a new tane Sparrow.
Ext. Pand.
Troy. Fuen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:
My heart beaures thister: then a frenourage puse,
And all my noowers doe their belowing looke,
Like vs: lage at vs: vears enchanting
The eye of vs all.

Enter Pandarus and Cresida.
Pan. Come, come, what neede you blufe?
Shames a babie: here shee is now, suetre the costhes now to her, that you haue swn on to me. What are you gone a-gaine, you must be watche ere you be made tame, muffle you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weke put you ith his why do you not speake to her? Come draw this curtain, & let's see your picture.
Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day light and tvere darke you elose sooner: Soo, rub on, and kiffe the mireesse: how now, a kiffe in fee-fame? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweeckt, Nay, you shall fight your hearts out before I part you, the Paulcoun, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks tht Riner: go too, go too.
Troy. You have benr me of all words Lady.
Pan. Words have no deabt: gues her deade: but sfeale because you 'oth deets too, if shee call your shairiny in question: what billing againes? here's in witsure where of the Parties interchanges: Come in come in, Ie go get a fire?
Cres. Will you walke in my Lor.
Troy. O Cresida, how often have I wisfit me thus?
Cres. Withit my Lor? the gods grant? O my Lor. Troy. What should they grant: what makes this pretty abruptition:what too curious: they efipts my sweete Lad in the fountain of our loue.
Cres. More.
Troilus and Cressida.

Cref. More dreas thes waters, if my tears haue eyes.
Troy. Hears make diues of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.
Cref. Blinde feare, that feeing reason finds, finde safe footing, then blinde feare, trembling without feare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worke.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, In all Copidas passion there is prentend no monlifter.
Cref. Nor nothing monstres neither?
Troy. Nothing but our vnder takings, when we vowe to weeppe seas, liue in fire, ease rockes, cause Tygers, thinking it harder for our Midstrese to densse impostion insuff, then vs to vndergoe any difficutie impiose.
This is the monstresetting in Louse Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confineth that the desire is boundless, and the act a time to limited.
Cref. They say all Lovers swears more performance then they are able, and yet refers an ability that they neuer performes; vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging selfe then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monstres?
Troy. Are there such? Such are not we; Praiue vs as we are tailed, allow vs as we poure: our head shall goe bare till merit crownet it: no perfection in reuerence shall have a praie in present: wee will not name defet before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire fayth. 
Troy, shall be such to Crefidis, as what enuie can say worfe, shall be a mocke for his truth: and what truth can speake truth, not truer then Troyes.
Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?
Troy. Enter Pandaros.
Pan. What blushing selfe hast thou not done talking yet?
Cref. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a Bay of you, youge gue him me: be true to my Lord, if he fhitch, chide me for it.
Troy. You know now your hoffages your Vnckles word and my firme faith.
Pan. Nay, he gue my word for her too; our kinndred though they be long er they are woode, they are confant being woone; they are Burres I can tell you, theye flcke where they are throwne.
Cref. Boldneffe comes to mee now, and bringes mee heart: Prince Troyes, I haue lost you night and day, for many weary moneths.
Troy. Why was my Crefidis then so hard to win?
Cref. Hard to terme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glances that ever pardon me, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant I love you now, but not till now so much But I mightuffer it, in faith I ly: My thoughts were like unwribled children grow Too head-strong for their mother: see we foole, Why haue I challd that shall be true to you When we are so violeat to our louses? But though I lost you, I wold you not, And yet good faith I with my selfe a man; Or that we women had mans priviledge Of speaking fayth. Sween, but me hold my tonge, For in this rapture I shall espy speake The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence Comming in dolefully, my weaknesse draws me My soule of counfell from me. Stop my mouth, Troy. And shall, albert sweete Musickes fitnes thence. Pan. Pretty yfaith.
Cref. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me, Twaes not my purpose: thus to beg a kisse: I am afraide; O Hesuens, what haue I done! For this time will I take my leave my Lord. Troy. Your leave Crefidis?
Pan. Leave: and you take leave till to morrow morning.
Cref. Pray you content you, Troy. What offends you Lady?
Cref. Sir, mine owne company.
Troy. You cannot thin your selfe.
Cref. Let me goe and try: I haue a kinde of fellee recedes with you: But an vaine idee, that is fellee will leue; To be anothers foole: Where is my wif? I would be gone: I speake I know not what.
Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speaks to wisely.
Cref. Per chance my Lord, I new more craft then love, And fell to roundly to a large contention, To Angle for your thoughtes but you are witt: Or else you love not: for to be wife and love Exceedes mans might, that dwells with gods about.
Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman: As ifc can, I will preude in you, To fee for eye her lampes and flames of love, To keepe her conffianc in plight and youth, Out-living beauties outward, with a minde That doth renew wither then blood decayes: Or that perisuation could but thus consuence me, That my integritie and truth to you, Might be afronted with the match and weight Of such a wimnowed purriue in love: How were I then vp-lifted! but alas, I am true as, as truth simplicitie, And simplicier then the infancy of truth.
Cref. In that Hee worte with you.
Troy. O v underground fight, When right with right wars shall be most right: True favirites in love, shall in the world to come Approve their truths by Troyes, when their times, Full of proest, of oast and big compare; Wants familes, truth tis without iteration, As true as fleeces, as plante to the Moone: As Sunne to day, as Turtle to her mate: As Iron to Adamaste as Earth to th'Center: Yet after all comparisons of truth, (As truths authentecke author to be cated) As true as Troyes, shall crowne vp the Verfe, And fansticke the numbers.
Cref. Prophet may you be Ife be faire, or variance a hair from truth, When time is old and hath forgot it faire: When water drops have wore the Stones of Troy; And blinde obliuion (swallow'd Cities vp; And mightie States characterelle are grated To daffue nothing: yet let memory, From falle to falle, among falle Mads in loue, Vpbratd my faithlesse, when they seid as falle, As Aire, as Water, as Winter, for the cold earth; As Fowse to Lambre, as Wolfes to Heifers Cellc; Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne; Yea, let them say, to flcke the heart of falschood,
Troylus and Cressida.

As fate as Cressida.

Pand. Go too, a baraigne made: seal thee, seal thee, Ile be the witness here I hold your hand; here my Cousin, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goes between be well do to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troylius, all false: women Cressidas, and all brokers between Panders: say Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

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

And Cressid grant all to tide Maidens heere, brook Chamber, and Panders, to provide this geere. Exeunt.

Enter: Pyliss, Diomede, Nestor, Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chaeles. Florijth.

Col. Now Princes for the seruice I have done you, To advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for an eceomence: apprize it to your minde, That through the light I bear, in thinges to love, I have abandon'd Troy, left my poftion,

Incur'd a Traitors name, expell'd my selfe, From certaine and poftiff commincences, To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all That time, sequentia, outcome and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature; And here to doe your fruicue am become, As new into the world, strange, unaccompaint, I doe beholde you, as in way of tale, To give me now a little benefite; Out of those many registred in promisse, Which you lay, to come in my behalfe.

Ajax. What wouldst thou of vs Troy? make demand?

Col. You have a Troian prisoner, esd'ed Antoniow, Yesterday Cooke: Troy holds him very deare.

Olt have you (often issue you, thankes therefore) Dei'd of my Cressida in right great exchage, Whom Troy hath skill'd deare: but this Antoniow, I know is such a weef in their affaires; That their negociations all must flacke, Wanting this managge: and they will almoft,

Give vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Princes, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughters: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all servitue I have done, In mol acceptance paine.

Ajax. Let Diomede bear him,

And bring vs Cressid hiss: Calcas shall hause What he repsects of vs good Diomed

Pyliss you timely for this encires change;

Vnshall bring word, if Helen will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dis. This shall I vndertake, and his herathen

Which I am proud to beare. Exit.

Enter shilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Pyliss. Diomede shal's admission of his Tent; Pyliss please it to General too page strangely by him, As if he were longers and Princes all.

Lay negligence and loose regard upon him;

I will come last, its like heele queation me,
Troilus and Cressida.

Sainses each other with each others forme.
For speculation turns not to it selfe,
Till it hath travailed, and is married there
Where it may se it selfe; this is not strange at all.

Diff. I do not frame it in the position,
It is familiar; but at the Ante in my life,
Who to his circumstance, expressly proves
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much confounding.)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them form'd in that apparence,
Where they are extended: who like an archer releas'd
The voyce against; or like a gate of steale,
Bringing the Sorne, reverence and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The viknotowe Aias;
Heuens what a man is there a very Horse, (are-
That has he knowes not what. Nature what things there
Moff abedit in regard, and desse an vfe.
What things against moff deepe in the overse,
And more in worth: now shall we fee to morrow,
An what very chance doth throw upon him?
Aias renown'd? Heuens, what some men doe,
While some men leave to doe!
How some men creepe in skittish fortune hall,
Whiles others play the Idoles in their eyes:
How one man casts into anothers pride,
While prides is casting in his warrantee;
To see thofe Grecian Lords; why, quen already,
They clap the lubber Aias on the shoulers,
As if his foote were on braue Heltors brest;
And great Troy shinkling.

Achil. I doe belive it.
For they palt by me, as mylers doe by beggars,
Neither gane to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deeds forgott?

Udf. Tyme hath (my Lord) a wallete at his backe,
Wherein he put almes for obliution;
A great fis'd monter of ingratitudes:
Thofe scaps are good decees palt,
Which are decou'd as fast as they are made,
Forgotten as done: perforeauce, deserve my Lord,
Keeps honor bright, to the done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a suffeall.
In monumentall mockrie: take the inflant way,
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes a breath,keeps then the path.
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hegele aside from the direc't forth right;
Like to an entred Tyle, they all run by,
And leave you bindmoff;
Or like a gallant Horse falle in first ranke,
Lyre there for paucement to the abedt, neere
One run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,
Though lefte then yours in palt,mult one-trop-yours:
For sint is like a fashionnable Hoft,
That flightly flakes his parting Glore by th'hand,
And with his armes out-strecth: as he would flye,
Grappes in the commer: the welcome ever flues,
And farewels goes our fighting: O let not vertue feake
Remmeneration for the thing it was: for beautey, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in terence,
Louve,friendshipp, charite, are subiects all
To eniumous and calulamating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one content praiseth new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paff,
And goe to dooth, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oastrodul.
The present eye praiseth the pref ent obiect:
Then martells not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greeces begin to worship Aias;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not this: the cry went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
I thou would not entombbe thy selfe alioe,
And ease thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoel glorious decrees, but in thefe fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongt the gods themselves,
And draue great Mars to factions.

Achil. Of this my principis,
I have strong reasons.
Fisf. But gaist thy principis
The reasons are more potent and metrocall
To knowe Achilis, that you are in loue
With one of Praisid daughters.

Achil. Ha! knowne?

Udf. Is that a wonder?
The pronouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost every grainie of Plutus gold;
Findes bottome in vs comprenzional deepes;
Keeps place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnsaile in thoir dumbe erables;
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durf not meddle) in the soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath or pen can guie expreffe to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it be Achilis much
To throw downe Heltor then Teleusa.
But it must grace you, young Turbon now at home,
When fame shall in her hand found her trimme;
And all the Greckish Girls shall tripping fleg,
Great Heltor litter did Achilis winne;
But our great Aias brauely beare downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your louter speake
The fouls flodes ore the ice that you should breake.

Parr. To this effect Achilis have I mou'd you;
A woman impudent and mannish grown;
Is not more loath,then an effimmate man,
In time of action: I stand commend for this;
They think my little flambocke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, restraine you thus:
Swear, ooke your selfe, and the weak wantson Cupid
Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be hookie to a syrie ayre.

Achil. Shall Aias fight with Heltor?

Parr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him,
Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is throwed iowards;

Parr. O then beware:
Thofe wounds beale ill,that men doe guie themselves:
Ommission to doe what is necessarie,
Seales a commision to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an auge subtly taints
Even then when we fixtlyy in the funne.
Troylus and Cressida.

He send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To unite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see as here vnoarm'd: I have a woman longing,
An appetite that I am fickle withall,
I see great Hector in his weeded of peace: Enter Troilus.
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view: A labour fau'd.
Ther. A wonder.
Abib. What?
Ther. Ajax goes vp and doun the field, asking for himselfe.
Abib. How to?
Ther. Hee must fightingly to morrow with Hector,
And is fo prophetically proud of an herculean cudgelling,
That he raises in saying nothing.
Abib. How can that be?
Ther. Why hee talkes vp and dounse like a Peacock, a
Astride and a stand; ruminares like an hoiffe, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine to set dounse her reckoning;
Bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should say,
There were with in his head and two'd out; and so
Thee is: but it lies as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
Which will not thaw without knocking;
The mans undone for ever; for if Hector break not his necke i'th combat,
Hecate break himselfe in vain-glory; He knows not
too: I said, good morrow Ajax; And he replies,
thanks Agamemmon. What thinke you of this man,
That takes me for the General? Hee's grown a very
Land-fits, language, a monster: a plague of opinion,
A man may weare it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.

Abib. Thou must be my ambassador to him Troilus.
Ther. Who. Why, hee, answery no body? he pro-
Sesse not answering: speaking is for beggers: he weares
His tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let Pa-
troclus make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-
ant of Ajax.
Abib. To him Patroclus tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to unite the most valourous Hector to come vnoarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most Illustrious, five or
Teas time honour'd Captain, General of the Grecian
Armie Agamemnon, &c. doe this.

Par. Ione bleffe great Ajax.
Ther. Hum.
Par. I come from the worthy Achilles.
Ther. Ha.
Par. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector
to his Tent.
Ther. Hum.
Par. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.
Ther. Agamemnon?
Par. Tiny Lord.
Ther. Hi.
Par. What say you too't.
Ther. God buy you with all my heart.
Par. Your answer sir.
Ther. Ito morrow be a faire day, by ease a clocke
It will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for me eee he has not.
Par. Your answer sir.
Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.
Abib. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther. No, but he is out a rage thus: what musicke will
be in him when Hector has knockt out his brains, I know not: but I am sure none, vnleefe the Fiddler Apollo get his
sieves to make callings on.

Abib. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him
straight.
Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the
more capable creature.

Abib. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine flux'd,
And I my selfe fee not the bottome of it.
Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were clere
againe, that I might water an Ass at it: I had rather be
A Ticker in a Sheepe, then such a vuliant ignorance.

Enter at one house Aeneas with a Torch, at another
Paris, Diomede, Aenr, Diomed the
Grecian with torches.

Par. See loo, who is that there?
Diom. It is the Lord Aeneas.
Aen. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to be long
As you Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly businesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company,

Dion. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord.

Aen. A valiant Greece Aeneas, take his hand,
Wineeff the proccess of your speech within;
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by daces,
Died haunt you in the Field.

Aen. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heat can thinke, or courage execute.

Dion. The one and other Diomed embrace,
Our blouds are now in caline, and to long health:
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By lone, hel play the hunter for thy life,
With all your force, pursuage and policy.

Aen. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises life,
Welcome indeede: by Paris hand I swear,
No man alone can loose in such a fort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise, lone let Aeneas live
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Aen. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most, deightful but gentle greeting;
The noblest hateful lone, that e'er I heard of.
What businesse Lord so early?

Aen. I was sent for to the King's why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meeets you: it was to bring this Greek
To Calchas's house; and there to render him,
For the enmity Anchises, the faire Credif.
Let have your company; or if you please,
Haste there before vs. I cannot but think
(Or rather call my thoughts a certaine knowledge)
My brother Trojus lodges there to night,
Route him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aen. That I allure you;
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then Credifborne from Troy.

Par. There
Troylus and Cressida.

Par. There is no helpe; The bitter disposicion of the time will have it so.
On weede, weele follow you.

Exit. Good morrow all.

Exit. And tell me noble Diomed; faith tell me true,
Even in the foule of sound good fellow ship,
Who in your thoughts meritst faire Helen well?
My selfe, or Methinks?

Dodd. Both alike.
He meriteth well to have her, that dares seke her,
Not making any temple of her fouleare,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge,
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not paltizing the taff of her dissouloion,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He like a pulling Cuckold, would drink vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed puce:
You like a leacher, out of whores infant tongues,
Are pleased to bleed out your inheritors:
Both meritest pay'd, each weight no less nor more,
But he that, which heauier for a while.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dre. She's bitter to her county: hear me Paris,
For every false drop in her bawdy veins,
A Grecian life hath tunke: for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath beene insane: for she could speake,
She hath not grace to much good words breath,
As for her, Greeks and Troians suffered death:

Par. Faire Diomed, you doe as chapmen doe,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in forcede hold this verue well
Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere troble not your felse: the morn is cold,
Cres. Then sweete my Lord, Ile call mine Vackie down,
He shall yse both the Gates.

Troy. Trouble him not: To bed, to bed; sleepe, kill those pritty eyes,
And give as faste attachment to thy fenes,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troy. I priesthe now to bed.
Cres. Are you a weary one?

Troy. O Cressida! but that the busie day
Walk't by the Lurke, hath round the ribauld Crowes,
And dreeminge night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too brieffe. (flayes, Troy. Besieue the witch! with venemous weighthe the
As hiddiously as hell) but flies the grapes of love,
With wings more momentarie, swift then thought;
You will each cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithiee tarry, you men will never tarry O foolish Cresida! I oughte have fells held off,
And then you would have tarryd. Harke,theres one vp?

Troy. What is all the doores open here?

Troy. It is your Vackie. Cressida.
Cres. A pleasure on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall haue such a site.

Par. How now, how now? how goe maids-heads?
Here ye you Maude: where's my coat Cresida?
Cres. Go hang you selfe, you naughty mocking Vackie:

You bring mee to dace—and then you flauere mee coo.

What haue I brought you to doe?

Cres. Come, come, bestride your heart: you aren't to be
Good, nor suffer others.

Par. Hah, alas poor wretch: a poor poor Chypache, haft
not Kepler to night? would he not (a naughty man) let is
sleepa her, bear take him.

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt in
head, Whos this at doore? good Vackie goe and see.
My Lord, come you aImage into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.
Cres. Come you are deceit'd, I thinke of no such thing.
How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. Knocks.
I would not for halfe Troye have thee here. Exeunt

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

Cres. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Par. Who's there? my Lord, is Eneas? by your oath I
knew you not: what news with you so early?

Cres. Is not Prince Troye here?

Par. Here? what should he doe here?

Cres. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to speake with me.

Par. Is he here say you? it's more then I know, Ile be
warnede: For my owne part I came in late: what should he
do here?

Cres. Who, say then: Come, come, youde doe him
wrong, ere you were: youde be so true to him, to be
fale to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Cres. My Lord, I force have leasure to salute you,
My matter is so raifl there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and Dephobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Ancestor
Delivered to vs, and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give vp to Diomed hand
The Lady Cressida.

Troy. Is it concluded so?

Cres. By Fruose, and the general rate of Troy,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my arriuements mocke me;
I will goe bee with them: and my Lord Ancestor,
We mete by chance; you did not finde me here.

Cres. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnite.

Exit. (S.)

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Par. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell
take Ancestor, the young Prince will goe mad: a plague
upon Ancestor: I would they had brooke's necke.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Par. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why figh you so profoundly, who's my Lord?
gone? tell me: Vackie, what's the matter?

Par. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am
above.

Cres. Of the gods what's the matter?

Par. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst never beene
borne; I knew thow wouldst be his death. O poor Gentleman: a plague upon Ancestor.
Troylus and Crësida.

Cres. Good Vnckle I bezech thee, on my knees, I bezech thee what's her matter? 
Pan. Thou must be done wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Anticler: thou must kiss thy Father, and be gone from Troylus. I will be his death. I will be his bane, he cannot beare thee. 
Cres. O you immortall gods! I will not goe. 
Pan. Thou must. 
Cres. I will not Vnckle. I have forgot my Father: I know no touch of concassulation. 
No kin, no love, no blood, no sonne, to necess me. 
As the sweet Troylus O you gods dume! 
Make Cresild annie the crosse crowne of salifsond? 
If ever the leave Troylus; time, once and death; 
Do you to this body what extremite you can; 
But the strong safe and building of my leue, 
Is as the very Center of the earth, 
Drawing all thinges to it. I will goe in and wepe. 
Pan. Doe doe. 
Cres. Trayce my bright here, and scratch my praised cheeks. 
Cracke my clere voyce with bofs, and breake my heart 
With founding Troylus.I will not goe from Troy.Exeunt. 

Enter Pareis,Troylus,Anthemis,Deiphobus,An. 
cherous and Dissiades. 

Par. It is great morning, and the house prefix 
Of her delustrie to this valiant Grecke 
Comes fall upon: good my brother Troylus, 
Tell you the Lady what she is to doo, 
And haft her to the purpose. 
Troy. Walks into her house: 
He brings her to the Griecian pretiely; 
And to his hand, when I delust her, 
Thinks it an Alfa, and thy brother Troylus 
A Priest, there offering to his heart, 
Par. I know what is to love, 
And would as I shall plight, I could help. 
Please you walk in, my Lords. Exeunt. 

Enter Pandarus and Cresild. 
Pan. Be moderate, be moderate. 
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? 
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste, 
And no lefie in a feinte as is short. 
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? 
If I could tempesifie with my affeilion, 
Or brew it to a weak and colder palliar, 
The like clamour could I give my griefe: 
My love admits no qualifying credle; 
No more my griefe, in such a precious loffe, 
Pan. Here, here, here, here, he comes a sweet duck. 
Cres. O Troylus, Troylus! 
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here? let me embrase tooe: otherwise, as the goddely saying is; O heart, beaute heart, why lightest thou without breaking? where he answers againe: because thou canst not safely shoule befriendship, nor by speaking; there was never a truer time; let vs call away nothing, the we must now to issue needes; 
of such a Verle sowe see it, we seiea: now how Lambs? 
Troy. Cresild, I love thee in so strange a puritie; 
That the blest gods, as angry with my fanie, 
More bright in a zeale, then the devotion which 
Gold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me. 
Cres. I have the gods curse.
Troylus and Cressida.

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of thee,
There lurks a still and dumb-difficulte diuell,
That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cres. Does thou think I will?

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are diletz to our flues,
When we will tempt the fractious of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potencie.

Enter within. Nay, good my Lord?

Tro. Come kiff, and let vs part.

Par. within. Brother Troylus?

Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring to enter and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch mere simplicitie:
Whilft some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainnesse I doe were mine bare:

Enter the Greeks.

Fear not my truth; the mortall of my wit
Is plain and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome into Diomed, here is the Lady
Which for Ambros, we deliver you.
At the port (lord) Ie give her to thy hand,
And by the way poissest thee what she is.
Entreate her faire; and by my forse, the Greekes,
If thou stand at mercy of my Sword,
Name Cressida, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Illion?

Diom. Faire Lady Cressida,
So please you faustes the thanks this Prince expects:
The lushire in you eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire visage, and to Diomed.
You shall be mistreffen, and command him wholly.

Troy. Greekan, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shaine the feale of my petition towards,
I praiesing, I tell thee Lord of Greece:
She is as farre high hoare of ye thraulphyes,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her servante:
I charge thee if she well, even for my charge:
For by the deadfull Pius, if thou do not,
(Though the great bulks & Achilles be thy guard)
He cut thy throat.

Diom. Oh be not moudr Prince Troylus;
Let me be priviledged by my pace and meffage,
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
He answer to my luft, 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;
Helfpeake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port, Ie tell thee Diomed,
This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady, give me your hand and we wilke,
To our owne leues bend we our needfule talk.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, Hellors Trumpet.

Acte. How bave we spent this morning,
The Prince must thinke easie, and remiffe,
That flore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troylus faulte: come, come, with field with him,

Exit. Let vs make ready straight.

Enter Aias armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Pylus, Nestor, Calchas, &c.

Acte. Here art thou in appointment freh and faire,
Anticipating time. With startting courage,
Gue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou deadfull Aias, that the appalled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Aias. Thou, Trumpet, there's my purfe:
Now cracke thy langus, and spirit thy brauen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy spreded Biss cheeke
Our-fell the collic of put Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chieft, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou bloweft for Helle.

Pylus. No Trumpet answeres.

Achil. Tis but early dayes.

Acte. Is not young Diomed with Calchas daughter?

Pylus. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He relieves on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Acte. Is this the Lady Cressida?

Par. Even the.

Acte. Most dearely welcome to the Greekes, sweete
Lady.

Nestor. Our Generall doth salute you with a kiff.

Pylus. Yet is it the kindenesse but particular; were bettter
the were kiff in general.

Nestor. And very courteously: Ie begin. So much
for Nestor.

Achil. Ie take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.

Menelaus. I had good argument for kifing once.

Par. But that's no argument for kifing now:
For thus pop'st Par in his hardiment.

Pylus. On deadly gall, and theme of all our scorres,
For which we loose our heads, to gild his homes.

Par. The first was Menelaus kiff; this mine:
Patroclus kiffes you.

Menelaus. Othis is trim.

Par.Pat and I kiffe evermore for him.

Menelaus. He have my kiff sir; Lady by your league.

Cres. In kifing doe you render, or receive.

Par. Both take and give,

Cres. Ie make my match to liue.

The kiffe you take is better then you glues: therefore no kiffe.

Menelaus. Ie give you boosete, Ie give you three for one.

Cres. You see an odd man, glue even, or glue none.

Menelaus. An odd man Lady, every man is odd.

Cres. No, Par is not; for you know tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Menelaus. You fillip me a shi'head.

Cres. No, Ie be liwone.

Pylus. It were no match, your naile against his home:
May I sweatere Lady beg a kiff of you?

Cres. You may.

Pylus. I doe define it.

Cres. Why begge then?

Pylus. Why then for Venu's sake, give me a kiffe:
When Hellen is a side in againe, and his:

Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.
Troylus and Cressida.

VII. Neuer my day, and then a kisse of you.

Dian. Lady a word, I'll bring you to your Father.

Nef. A woman of quicke face.

Pluf. Fie, fie, upon her:

That she's a language in her head, her cheek, her lip;

Nay, her bosom speaks; her eyes wantit spirits look out.

At every tongue, and grace of every body:

Oh, she's a fool; she speaks too much of her tongue;

That gives a caulsing welcome e't comes it;

And wide enlaces the tables of their thoughts;

To every steeple reader let them downe;

For flatlifis spoyle of opportunity;

And daughters of the game.

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus and Attendants. Floris.

All. The Troians Trumpet.

Ang. Yonder comes the troope.

Hec. Hails all ye states of Greece: what shall be done?

To him that victory commands? or do you purpose,

A victor shall be knowne; will you the Knights

Shall to the edge of all extreme

Purse each other or shall be divided

By some voyce or order of the field: Hecate bad ask?

Ang. Which way would Hecate have it?

Hec. He cares not, heele obey conditions.

Ang. 'Tis done like Hector; but feuerly done,

A little proudly, and great deals disprizing

The Knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not Achilles fit, what is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles nothing.

Aene. Therefore Achilles, but what are, know this,

In the extrementy of great and fistle:

Valour and pride excell themselves in Hector;

The one a most as infinite as all;

The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well;

And that which lookes, like pride, is curstite:

This Aeneas is halfe made of Hector's blood;

In love wereof, halfe Hector sties at home;

Hector heart, halfe hand, halfe Hector, comes to seeke

This blendeck Knight, yialfe Trojan and halfe Greek.

Aene. A maiden battle then? I perceive you.

Ang. Here is fir, Dismes: goke gentle Knight,

Stand by our Aeneas: as you and Lord Aneas

Content upon the order of their fight,

So be it: either to the uttermost,

Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,

Hafte Flints their Brist, before their Brokes begin,

Vfis. They are oppos'd already.

Ang. What Trojan is that fame that lookes so heay?

Vfis. The youngest Sonne of Priam;

A true Knight: they call him Troylus;

Not yet mixture, yet m. rebelliffe frame of word,

Speaking in deeds, and deeddelesse in his tongue;

Not too proud, nor being proud, toooule calmd';

His heart and hand both ope, and both free;

For what he has, he gieus; what thinks, he flowes;

Yet gues he not till indulgence guide his bouny,

Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subcribes

To tender obiects; but he, in heats of action,

Is more vindictive then realious love,

They call him Troylus, and on him eed.

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus same Aneas, one that knows the youth,

Even to his inches: and with private oute,

Did in great illion thus translate him to me. 

Ang. They are in action.

Nef. Now Aeneas hold thinke owne.

Troy. Hector, thou sleepest awake thee.

Ang. His bowes are well disposed there Aeneas, triuget.

Dis. You must no more.

Aene. Princes enough, to pleease you.

Ang. I am not warme yet, let us fight again.

Hec. As Hector pleasures.

Hec. Why then will I no more.

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sitters Sonne;

A coven german to great Priamus feele;

The obligation of our blood foibdes;

A gorie emulsion twixt vs twaine:

Were they commixion, Grecce and Troian feo;

That thou coul'd say, this hand is Grecian all,

And this is Troian: the twoe of this Liege,

All Grecce, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood

Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this on the other:

In my fathers: by June multipotent,

Thou should not beare from me a Grecifh member

Wherein my sword had not imprefive made

Of our ranke fund: but the left gods surprise,

That any should thou border'd it from mother,

My faceh Aunt, should by my mortall Sward

Be disected. Let me embrace thee Aeneas:

By him that thunders, thou hast lutfie Armes;

Hector would have them fall vpon him thus;

Cozen, all honor to thee.

Aene. I thanke thee Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too feere a man;

I came to kill thee Cozen, and bear hence

A great addition, carred in thy death.

Hec. Not Neptunus to crible,

On whose bright creffe, fame with her low'd it (O yes)

Cries, This is he; could it promisse to himselfe,

A thought of adde honor, torne from Hecate.

Aene. There is expence here from both the sides,

What further you will doe?

Hec. Well, I knew not where:

The issue is embracement: Aeneas, farewell.

Aene. If I might in enteracies finde a creffe,

As feld I chance the I; I would informe

My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

Dion. This Agamemnon with, and great Achilles

Doth long to see your selfe the valiant Hecate.

Hec. Aeneas, call my brother Troylus to me:

And firge this loose interview

To the expences of our Troian part;

Defire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:

I will goe cate with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

Aene. Great Agamemnon comes to meete vs here.

Hec. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:

But for Achilles, mine owne searcing eyes

Shall finde him by his large and porquil eye.

Aene. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one:

That would be rid of such an enemy.

But that's no welcome: vnderfare more cleere

What s a part, and what's to come, is shrew'd with huskes;

A formeless ruine of obliuion:

But in this extant moment, faith and truth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing;

Bids thee with most divine integritie

From the meanest of very heart, great Hector welcome.

Hec. I thanke thee most impierious Agamemmon.
Troylus and Cressida.

Act I. My well-fam’d Lord of Troy, no leise ro you.

Men. Let me confirm my Princely brothers greeting,

You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome therewith.

Hel. Who must we answer?

Nep. The Noble Meneuian.

Hel. O, you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlets thanks,

Mock my son, that I affect th’undeaded Oath.

Your prudent wife wears hill by Venus Gloe.

She’s well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir, she’s a deadly Theame.

Hel. O, pardon, I offend.

Nep. I have that gallant Troyan I see thee off.

Labouring for de prey, make cruel our way.

Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee

As hot as Perseus, purple thy Phrygian Steel.

And seen thee scorning foresight and subduements.

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i’th’eye,

Not letting it decline, on the declining:

That I have said unto my standers by,

Loe Jupiter is yonder, dealing life;

And I have seen thee paste, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks had beat thee in,

Like Olympian wrestling. This haue thee seen,

But this thy countenance (full lockt in sclee)

I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandire,

And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,

But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,

Nearer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,

And (wrothy Warrions) welcome to our Tents.

Men. Tis the old Nep.

Hel. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle.

That haue lock long, walk’d hand in hand with time.

Most reuerend Nep, I am glad to espie thee.

Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention

As they contend with thee in courteisie.

Hel. I would they could.

Nep. Ha! by this white beard I’ld fight with thee to

morrow. Well, welcome, welcome, I have seen the time.

Phly. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,

When we have beate her Safe and pillar by vs.

Hel. I know your favour Lord Phlyfes well.

Ah sir, there’s many a Greekke and Troyan dead,

Since first I saw your elle, and Dimmed

In Illion, on your Greekish Embaifie.

Phly. Sir, I foretold you then what would enuise,

My prophecy is but halfe his journey yet;

For yonder walls that parlerly front you Towne,

Yond Towers, whose wonton tops do bussle the clouds,

Mast kife their own eyes.

Hel. I must not beleue you:

There they stand yet; and moddily I think,

The fall of every Phrygian flame will coft

A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,

And that old common Arbitrator, Time,

Will one day end it.

Phly. So to him we levee Jr.

Most gentle, and most valiant Helcer, welcome;

After the Generall, I beleeech you next

To feast with me, and see me at my Tents.

Act II. I shall foretell thee Lord Phlyfes, thou

Now Helcer I have foredine eyes on thee.

I have with exact view perswad thee Helcer,

And quoted ioynt by ioynt.

Hel. Is this Achillius?

Achill. I am Achillius.

Hel. Stand faire I praythee, let me looke on thee.

Achill. Behold thy fill.

Hel. Nay, I have done already.

Achill. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe,

Hel. O like a booke of spoet thou’l leade me ore:

But there’s more in me than thou understandt it.

Why dost thou oppresse me with thine eye?

Achill. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,

That I may glue the local wound a name,

And make distinct the very breech, where-out

Helcer great spirit flie wy. Answer me heauens,

Hel. It would differet the blst Gods, proud man,

To answer such a question? Stand again,

Think’st thou to catch my life so pleasanly,

As to prenominate in nice coniecture

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achill. I tell thee yes.

Hel. Wrt thou the Oracle to tell me so,

I’d not beleue thee henceforth guard thee well,

For let me kill thee there, nor thee, nor there,

But by the large that flyshed Mars his home,

It kill thee euer where, ye, ore and ore.

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,

His infflence draws folly from my lips,

But He nedeede deedes to match these words,

Or may I neuer——

Aux. Do not chaue thee Coen:

And you Achillius, let these threats alone

Tell accident, or purpose bring you not,

You may every day enough of Helcer

If you haveromske. The general hater I face,

Can scarce intrest you to be odde with him.

Hel. I pray you let vs see you in the field,

We haue had peling Worres since you refus’d

The Grecians enuf.

Achill. Do you thinke me Helcer?

To morrow do I meete the fell as death,

To night, all Friends,

Hel. Thy hand upon that march.

Act. First all you Peers of Greece go to my Tents,

There in the full conuine you: Afterwards,

As Helcer leyure, and your bounties shall

Concouer together, generally intrest him,

Haste Leward the Tabors, let the Trumpets blow,

That this great Souldier may his welcome know. Exeunt

Troy. My Lord Ufficer, tell me I beleeech thee,

In what place of the Field doth Calchew kerpe?

Uff. At Meneussan Tents, most Princely Troylus,

There Dimmed doth feast with him to night,

Who neither looks on heauen, nor on eath,

But gives 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 Agamenmon Tent,

To bring me thither?

Uff. You shall command me sir:

As gentle tell me, of what Honour was

This Cressid in Troy, how had no Louter there

That wailest her absence?

Troy. O sir, such as bosteing shew these cares,

A meoke is due: will you waile on my Lord?

She was belou’d, the lou’d; the is, and dooth,

But still sweat Louse is food for Fortunes tooth. Exeunt,

Enter Achillius and Patroclus.

Achill. He heat his blood with Grecish wine to night,

Which
Troilus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemisar ile coole to morrow:


| Troyt. | No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immaterial skene of Sylde flise; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigals purle thou; Ah how the poor world is perfied with such water-fles, diminctues of Nature.

| Pat. | Our gall.

| Troyt. | Finch-Egge. Aech! My sweet Patroclus, I am swarthed quite From my great purpose in to morrowes bastell.

| Heere is a Letter from Queen Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my faire Lonne, Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep.

| An Oath that I have sworn. I will not break it, Full Grecelkes, faiie Fame, Honor or go, or fly, My major row yses here, this ile obays:

| Come, come Troytis, helps to trim my Tent, This night in banquetting must all bespent.

| Aeth! Patroclus. Exit. Troyt. With too much bloud, and too little Braine, thes two may run mad; but if both so much braine, and soo little bloud, they do. Ie be a curer of madmen. Heere is Agamemnon, an honset fellow enough, and one that loves Quiakes, but he has no so much Blaine as care-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatie Statue, and oblique memorall of Cuckolds, a strikly flowing-home in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, fole wit laden with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: an Ache were nothing, he is both Ache and Guz, to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Ache; to be a Dogge, a Male, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Fosse, a Lizzard, an Owle, a Pumocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be Authenlan, I would conspire against Definity. Ask me not what I would be; if I were not Troytis: for I care not to bee the lowle of a Lazar, so I were not Mercurian. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

| Enter Hellet, Aegamemnon, Pyfer, Ne- fam, Diamed, with Lights. Aeg. We go wrong, we go wrong. Aech! No yonder tis, there where we see the light. Hell. I trouble you.

| Aech! Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those that go, or tarry, e-ache. Goodnight. Aech! Old Nefar carries, and you too Diamed, Keep Hellef company an hour, or two, Din. I cannot Lord, I have important butinne, The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Hellef. Hell. Give me your hand.

| Uffy. Follow his Torch, he goes to Claudia's Tent. Ile keepes you company. Troy. Sweet fit, you honour me. Hell. And go good night.

| Aech! Come come, enter my Tent. Exeunt. Troyt. That fame Diamed is a false-hearted Rogue, a most vnuitl Knave. I will no more truim heer when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth & prounce, like Bratter the Hund; but when he performs, Astronomers forsettell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change; the Sunne borrowes of the Moon when Diamed keeps his word. I will rather leaus to see Hellef, then not to dogge him they say, he keeps a Troyan Drab, and vies the Traiour Claudia his Tent. Ile after.—Nothing but Letherie? All incontinent Valettes.

| Exeunt. Enter Diamed.


| Dio. Fo, fo, some tell a pin,you are a forsworne. Cref. In faith I cannot: what would you have me do? Troy. A hugging tricke, to be feerely open. Dio. What did you swear you would befove on me? Cref. I prechee do not hold me to mine oath, Bid me do not any thing but that sweete Grecete.
Troylus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Cry. I hear now Trojan?
Crest. Dismay'd.
Dio. No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.
Troy. Thy better must.
Crest. Harke one word in your ear.
Troy. O plague and madamkisse!
Viuf. You are too much, Prince; let us depart; I pray you,
Leave your displeasure should enlarge it isle.
To wrest all reason: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly is; believe you go.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Viuf. Nay, good my Lord, God goe off:
You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee stay.
Viuf. You have not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you stay; by hell and hell tormentors,
I will not spake a word.
Dio. And to good night.
Crest. Nay, but you pass in anger.
Troy. Doth that griev e thee? O wicked truth!
Viuf. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By love I will be patient.
Crest. Gardian! why Creake?
Dio. So, so, adieu, you sufferer.
Crest. But I do not stand a hicer once again.
Viuf. You shake my Lord as something; will you goe?
you will break out.
Troy. She strokes his checke.
Viuf. Come, come.
Troy. Nay stay, by love I will not spake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A god of patience; flay a little while.
Troy. How the dulce Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato tinger, tickles thefe together; styke lechery, styke.
Dio. But will you then?
Crest. In faith I will do; never trull me else.
Viuf. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Crest. He fetch you one.
Viuf. You have Iworne patience.
Troy. Peace me not Iwove Lord.
Crest. I will not be my felo, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.
Troy. Enter Cressid.
Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Crest. Here Dismay, keep this Sleue.
Troy. O beaty, where is thy Faith?
Crest. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwaryd I will.
Crest. You look as though Sleue be holdeth it well;
He's a sickle, or false wench; giveth me again.
Dio. Whose was?
Crest. It is no matter now I have it again.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee Dismay vissite me no more.
Troy. Now, the sharpest, well said Wheateone.
Dio. I shall hate it.
Crest. What, this?
Dio. What.
Crest. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maifer now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and fights, and takes my Glove,
And giveth memorall dainty kisse to it;
As I kisse thee.
Dio. Nay, be not snatch it from me.
Crest. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troy. I dideware patience.
Crest. You shall not have it. Dismay'd, faith you shall not:
I shall give you something else.
Dio. I will have this; whose was it?
Crest. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whose it was?
Crest. I was one that didn't me better then you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Crest. By all Dismay waiting women yond:
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To morrow will I swear it on my Helme,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wert thou the duell, and won't it on thy horse,
It should be challeng'd.
Crest. Well, well, 'tis done; 'tis past, and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell
Thou never that this mock: Dismay'gainse.
Crest. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,
But it strives startes you,
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Troy. Nor I by Pris; but that that likes not me, please me th.
Crest. What shall I come to the house?
Troy. I come: O love do, come, I shall be plaguid.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Crest. Good night: I pray you come.
Crest. Trojus farewell: one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart, the other, doth see.
Ah poor we see; this fault in us I finde:
The error of our eye, directs our minde.
What error leads, must care; O then conclude,
Minde swaid by eyes, are full of surprome.
Troy. A proofe of strength she could not publish more.
Unleafe the fay, my minde is now turn'd where.
Crest. All is done my Lord.
Dio. It is.
Crest. Why stay we then?
Troy. To make a requistion to my soule:
Of every syllable that here was spake;
But if I tell how these two did coze;
Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That dost infect that teft of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had decepctus functions,
Created only to caluminate.
Crest. Was Cressid here?
Crest. I cannot conjure Trojan.
Troy. She was not fure.
Crest. Moit lure she was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnecse?
Crest. Not mine my Lord: Cressid was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleued for womanhood.
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To sthoubour Cheeks, apt without a theme
For deputation, to square the general sex
By Cressid rule. Rather think this not Cressid.
Crest. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our
mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, unleafe that this were she.
Crest. Will he twage get himselfe out on his owne eyes?
Troy. This she? no, this is Dismay Cressids.
If beastie have a soul, this is not she.
Troylus and Cressida.

If fowles guide worms, as worms are factiononic; If factiononic be the gods delight: If there be mle in woman's fete, This is not fete: O madonna of discourse! That cauletts ysp, with, and against thy fete By foule authoritie: where reason can resolute Without perdition, and loffe suffume all reason, Without resolute. This is, and is not Cressid: Within my foule, there deth conduceth a foute Of this strange nature, that a thing imperate, Dundes more wiser then the shee and earth: And yet the passionate breath of this dissipation, Admits no Orifice for a point as subtile, As Arranbore broken woofe to enter: Inuance, O inuance! strong as Pinoso gates: Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven; Inuance, O inuance, strong as heaven it felle: The bonds of heaven are flipp, dispul'd, and loosed, And with another knot flue finge tied, The frations of her faith, tears of heare love: The fragments, scrapes, the bits, and grossie reliques, Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to Diiomoid.

Vⅴ. May worthy Troylus be halfe attached
With which her heart his passion doth express: Troy. I hreukes: and that shall be divulged well In Characters, as red as Mer's heare.

Inuance d with Venus: never did young man fancy With fo eternall, and fo fast a foule.

Harkes Greek is much I doe Cressid loue; So much by weight, hate I her Diomoid, That Sleave is mine, that sheele beare in his Helme: Were it a Caske compos'd by Pulchritus skill, My Sword should bice it: Not the deadfull spout, Which Shpien doe the Hurricane call, Conflir'd in maide by the stillymg Fenne, Shall dizzze in more clamour Nepomus care In his defent; then shall my prompted sword, Falling on Diomoid.

Thyr. Hecle sticke it for his concepue. Troy. O Cressid! O faile Cressid, faille, faille; Let all varnish stand by thy shined name, And theye be neene glorious.

Vⅴ. O consume your felic; Your passion drawes easer hither.

Enter Antiochus.

Aet. I have beene seeking you this houre my Lord: Hector by this is arming him in Troy. Auct you Guard, faloes to conduceth you, Troy. Have with you Prince: my curous Lord ansew: Farewel resoluted faloes: and Diamond, Stand hiff and wear a Caffe on thy head.

Vⅴ. He bring you to the Gates. Troy. Accept distracted thankesse.

Exeunt Troylus, Aetio, and Ulisses.

Thyr. Would I could meeke that raise Diomoid, I would croke like a Rauen: I would bode; I would bode: Petrarchus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whom: the Parrot will doe more for an Almond, then hee for a communions drab. Lecchart, lechart, still wares and lechart, nothing else holds fashion, A burning dwell take them.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

Thyr. And when was my Lord to much vigent, To flop his cares against admonishment? Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

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

By the everlafling gods, ile goe,
And. My dreames will lute prone omittent to the day.

Hett. No more I say. Enter Cressida.

Cress. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Heere fittet, arm'd, and bloody in intent; Content with me in lound and deere petition: purse we him on knees: for I have dreamt Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night

Thyr. nothing becom but shapers, and forms of slaughter.

Cress. O, 'tis true.

Hett. Ho! bid my Trompe flound.

Cress. No notes of falle, for the hensells, sweet brother.

Hett. Begun I say: the gods haue heard me soere.

Cress. The gods are deale to hot and peecifel voues; They are polluted offings, more abhorre Then spotted Liners in the sacrice.

And. Obe perswaed, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iuf; it is as lawfull:
For we would count give much to as violent theses. And rob in the behalf of charite.

Cress. It is my purpose that makes strong the voues
But voues to cassyn purpose must not hold:
Vname sweete Hector,
Hett. Hold you still I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor faire more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now young man? meanit thou to fight to day?
And. Cressida, call my mother to perswaide.

Hett. No faith yong Troylus: deifie thy hardeft youth.
I am to day itham'se of Chiusariac.
Let grow thy Sinews till their knees be strong;
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy,
Ie hand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Hett. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon than a man.
Hett. What vice is that good Troylus chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the capteure Grecian fales,
Even in the famne and windle of your faire Sword; You did them rife, and lye.

Hett. O his faire play, Troy. Fools plays, by heauen Hector,
Hett. How now? how now?
Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's issue the Herram Pityt with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venoms vengeance rige vpon our swords,
Sper them to ruthfull worke, reins them from ruth.

Hett. Fie fudge, fie.

Troy. Hector, then his warres.

Hett. Troylus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troy. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Beckning with fierie trunction my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees;
Their eyes ore-gall'd with recource of sires;
Nor you my brother, with your true fword drawn;
Opposd to hinder me should flop my way;
But by my ense.

Enter Priamus and Cressida.

Cress. Lay hold upon him Priamus, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch: now if thou holpe thy flay,
Thou on him leaing, and all Troy on thee,
Troilus and Cressida.

Enter Thersites in excursus.

Thers., Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Hee goe looke on; that dissembling abominable varlet Diomed, has got that same scurrie, dotting, foolish young knaves Sceele of Troy there in his Helme; I would faine see them meet; for that same young I trow shall lower the whole where, might find that Greekish whose majesty villaine, with the Sceele, backe to the dissembling luxurious drabble, of a festeleef earant. O ther side, the pollicle of thoe craftie swearing; a dical; that flore old Monte-caten dry sheeche, Neffor; and that same dog-floxe Pisser is not proud of a Blackerry. They te me up in pollicly, that mungstil curse Aias against that dogge of as bad a kind, Achilles. And now is the curse Aias prouder then the curse Achilles, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to prouebar barbarises; and pollicle grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troilus.

Softly comes Sceele and thither.

Troy. Fyfe now; for should he trow to take the River Stix, I would stand after.

Diam. Thou doest misall retire: I do not fye, but advantageous care Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude: Have at thee?

Thers. Ho'd thy where Grecian: now for thy where Trojan: Now the Sceele, now the Sceele.

Enter Helter.

Helt. What art thou Grecian thou for Helters match! Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Thers. No, no: I am a rascall; a scurrie raking knaue: a very filthy rogue.

Helt. I doe belieue thee, liue.

Thers. God a mercy, that thou wilt belieue me; but a plague breaketh thy necke— for frightening me; what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle— yet in a sort, heccheere eats stelle; De belieue them.

Enter Diomed and Servants.

Dis. Goo, goo, my fernant, taketh Troilus Horfe

Present the faire Steede to my Lady Cresid:

Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty; Tell her, I have chafl'd the amorous Troyan.

And am her Knight by proffe.

Ser. I goe my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce Paliduator

Hath bente doween Meenow: ballard Margareton

Hath Deroe prisoner.

And bands Catillos-widow waung his beame,

Vpon the pashed courses of the Kings:

Aephiroop and Celaen, Polaxes is slaine;

Aphemmarus and Thos deadly hurt;

Patroclus tare or slaine, and Pandemos

Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Shigittary

Appuals our numbers, haste we Diomed

to re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Neffor.

Neff. Cee bease Patrocles body to Achilles,

And bid the fraile-pa'd Aias arme for thame;

There is a thought and Heeles in the field:

Now here he figures on Calathie his Horfe,

And there lacks wroghter; and hee's there a foote,

And there they fye or dye, like seaed souls,
Troylus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder, And there the straying Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mourners (swath) Here, there, and ever where, he leaves and takes Dexterity so obaying appetite, That what he will he does and does so much, That proofe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Vistle. Usp. Oh, courage, courage Princeys; great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, bewailing vengeance; Patroclus wounde rous'd his drozivie blood, Togethers with his mangled Myrmidons, That noffolle, handleffe, hackt and chip, come to him Crying on Hector. Achilles hath lost a friend, And looses at mouth, and he is amand, and at it Rearing for Troylus; who both done to day, Mad and fantaysie excursions; Engaging and redeeming of himselfe, With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care, As if that luck in very spight of cunning, had him win all.

Enter Ajax. Aua Troylus, toweard Troylus. Exit. Dio. 1, there, there.

Nea. So, so, we draw together. Enter Achilles. Achilles. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, fley thy face: Know what is to meete Achilles angry. Hector, where's Hector? I will none but Hector. Exit. Enter Ajax. Aua Troylus, thou coward Troylus, fley thy head. Enter Diomed.


Exit Troylus. Enter Hector. Hector, Yea Troylus? 0 well fought my yongest Brother. Enter Achilles. Achilles. Now doe I fee thee; haeve at the Hector. Hector. Pans if thou wilt. Achilles. I do discharge thy curtsey, proud Troy; Be happy that my armes are out of ye My rest and negligence befriends thee now, But thou shouldest have that of me againe; Till when goe seek thy fortune.

Hector. Fare thee well: I would have beene much more a frether man, Had I expected thee: how now my Brother? Enter Troylus.

Troy. Ajax hast came, Enamay, shall it be? No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen, He shall not carry him: I be tane too, Or bring him off: Fare beare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. Exit. Enter me in Armour. Hell, Stand, stand, thou Greek, Thou art a goodly makane: No wilt thou not? I like thy armoure well, Ie fruith it, and valoche the rinet all, But Ie be mistaker of it, wilt thou not beast abide? Why then fly on, Ie hate thee for thy hide. Exit. Enter Achilles with Myrmidons. Achilles. Come here about me you my Myrmidons: Marke what I say; attend me where I whelle, Strike not a stroake, but keepe your felves in breath; And when I have the blouds Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about: In felte manner execace your arme. Follow me first, and my proceedings eie; It is enact, Hector the great muf dye. Exit. Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris. Thor. The Cockold and the Cockold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe; now my doule hen's fparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the game: ware horses ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus. Enter Bafard.

Baf. Turne flame and fight. Thor. What art thou? Baf. A Bafard Sonne of Priamos. Thor. I am a Bafard too, I love Bafards, I am a Bafard begos, Bafard infructed, Bafard in minde, Bafard in valour, in every thing illegitimate; one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore shoul'd one Bafard take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to vs; if the Sonne of a where fight for a where, he tempeit judgement: firewell Bafard.

Baf. The dull swill take thee coward.

Exit. Enter Hector. Hell. Moft purtrified core to faire without: Thy goodly armoure thus hath couth thy life. Now is my daies worke done; He take good breath; Reft Sword, thou haft thy fell of blood and death, Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons. Achilles. Look Hector how the Sunne begins to set; How vely night comes breathing at his heeres, Even with the vaile and darknes of the Sunne. To clofe the day vp, Hecters life is done. Hell. I am vairned, for goe this vantage Grecce, Achilles. Strike fellow, strike, this is the man I fecke. So Iion fall thou; now Troy finke downe; Here lyest thy heart, thy bones, and thy bone. On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine. Achilles hath the mighty Hecate take. Retreat. Harke, a retreat upon our Grecian part. Oree. The Trojan Trumpets founds the like my Lord. Achilles. The dragon wing of night one-speeds the earth And flitcher-like the Armies separates My halfe supre Sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleas'd with this danny bed, thus goes to bed. Come, tye his body to my horses tyle; Along the field, I will the Trojan traile. Exit. Sound Retreat. Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nector, Diomed, and the reft marching. Aga. Harke, harke, what thou is that? Neaf. Peace Drum. Sel. Achilles.
Troylus and Cressida.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles; Hector’s slaine, Achilles.
Dis. The bruitest, Hector’s slaine, and by Achilles.
Asst. If he be so, yet bragglest let it be.

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent
To play Achilles’ part at our Tent,
If in his death the gods have beenfriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our harpe wars are ended.

Enter Akers, Paris, Ambrosio, and Diphphus.

Asst. Stand here, yet are we masters of the field,
Never goe home; here flame we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Hector’s slaine.
All. Hector? the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee’s dead; and at the murtherers Horse’s tail,
In beasty for, drag’d through the flamefull Field;
Frome on you heauans, effic your rage with fierce;
Six gods upon your thrones, and smite at Troy.
I say at once, let your brieue plaques be mercifull,
And linger not our faire destructions on.

Asst. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Horse.
Troy. You understand me not, then tell me so:
I do not speake of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all immincence that gods and men,
Addresse there dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priamus 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 Priamus turne to flone;
Make well, and Noobs of the maides and wives;
Coole flames of the youth; and in a word,
Scarce Troy out of it felte. But march away,
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abominable Tents,
Thus prouudely pight upon our Pliny gian plaine:
Let Tisius rise as early as be dare,
Il through, and through you, & thou great iss’d coward;
No space of Earth shal founder our two hates,
Il hunt thee, like a wicked conscience full,
That moulde thé goblins wisit as frenetis thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfit glee.
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandaruns.

Hence broker, jackie, agenomy, and shame
Purifie thy life, and line aye with thy name.

Pand. A goodly medicines for mine akingbones; oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent disspide: Oh traitors and bawdes; how earnefully are you set aworke, and how ill required? why should our indevour be so defir’d, and the performance so lost? What Verfe for it? what infance for it? let me fee.

Full marry the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his fling.
And being once subdued in armed tale,
Sweete honey, and sweete notes together faile.
Good trader in the Hith, let this in your painted clothes;
As many as be here of Pandars hall,
Your eyes halle out, wepe out at Pandar’s fall:
Or if you cannot wepe, yet give some groanes;
Though not for me yet for your skingbones.
Brethren and fieters 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 hifie:
Till then, lie sweate, and seek about for cafes;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

FINIS.