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          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.
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<date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

First Folio

London, England

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1)

[πB³], ²A-2B⁶

2C² a-g⁶ χgg⁸ h-v⁶ x⁴ χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁶

gg² Gg⁶

hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-

'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶

2k-2v⁶

x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.</p>

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg₁ mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2

mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>

"The life and death of King John" begins new pagination on leaf a1
Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.


Head- and tail- pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit. London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generally; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap
was seen".


</additions>

</bindingDesc>


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</history>

<origin>
<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p>

</origin>

<acquisition>
<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the
newer <bibl>
  <title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.
<p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)
<p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.
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  <persName type="form">Ach.</persName>
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Agamemnon, the Greek general

Ajax, a Greek prince

Andromache, wife to Hector

Margarelon, a bastard son of Priam

Cassandra, daughter to Priam, a prophetess

Cressida, daughter to Calchas

Calchas, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks
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<persName type="form">Ne.</persName>
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<persName xml:id="F-tro-pan">
Pandarus, uncle to Cressida
Pa.
Pan.
Pand.

Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy
Par.
Paris.

Patroclus, a Greek prince
Pat.
Patr.
Patro.

Priam, king of Troy
Pri.
Priam.

Prologue (Chorus)
Prologue

Servant, servant to Diomedes
Ser.

Soldier
Sold.

Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Greek
Ter.
Ther.

Troilus, son of Priam, king of Troy
Tro.
Troy.
Troyus.

Ulysses, a Greek prince
The Prologue.

I N Troy there lyes the Scene; From Iles of Greece

The Princes Origillous, their high blood chaf'd Haue to the port of Athens sent their shippes Fraught with the ministers and instruments Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian bay Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene, With wanton Paris Sleepes, and that's the Quarrrell. To Tenedos they come, And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City, Dardan and Timbria,
Helias,

Chetas, Troien,

And Antenonidus with massie Staples

And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts

Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.

Now Expectaton tickling skittish spirits.

On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,

Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,

A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence

Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited

In like conditions, as our Argument;

To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play

Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,

Beginning in the middle. Starting thence away,

To What may be digested in a Play:

Like or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,

Now goo good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

C All here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.

Why should I warre without the wals of Troy?

That finde such cruell battell here within?

Each Troian that is matter of his heart,

Let him to field, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus. 

Troylus.

Will this geere nere be mended?

Troylus alas hath none.

Pan.

Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy.
The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness Vaunting:
But I am weaker than a woman's tear;
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilless as vnpractis'd Infancia.

Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, I will not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheate, must needs tarry the grinding.

I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.
I the boulting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.
I, to the leauening: but here is yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the cake, the heat of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Patience her selfe, what Goddess she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, then I doe:
At Priam's Royall table do I sit;
And when faire Cressid comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.
Pan. Well: She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke, Or any woman else.

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

And her haire were not somewhat darker then Helens, Well go too, there were no more comparison be-tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but

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

who = "#F-tro-pan"

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

who = "#F-tro-tro"

Thou do'st not speake so much.

who = "#F-tro-pan"

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

who = "#F-tro-tro"

Troy. Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus? What art thou angry? what with me?

who = "#F-tro-pan"

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

who = "#F-tro-tro"

Troy. Say I she is not faire?
Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to stay behind her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

Pandarus? Not I.

Sweete Pandarus.

Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end.

Exit Pand.

Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds, Fools on both sides, Helen must needs be faire.

When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

It

The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida.

It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword.

But Pandarus: O Gods! How do you plague me?

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandarus: O Gods! How do you plague me?

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe, As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite.

Tell me Appollo: Appollo for thy Daphnes Loue.

What Cressid is, what
Pandar, and what we:

Her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearle.

Between our Ilium, and where shee recides

Let it be cold the wild and wandering flood,

Our selfe the Merchant, and this saying

Pandar,

Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas.

How now Prince Troylus?

Wherefore not a field?

Because not there; this womens answer sorts.

For womanish it is to from thence:

What newes Æneas from the field to day?

That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

By whom Æneas?

Let Paris bleed 'tis but a scar to scorne,

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus.

Menelaus horne.

Parish by Menelaus.
Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

Better at home, if would I might were may:

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

In all swift hast.

In the Eastern Tower, the height commands as subject all the vaile,

To see the battell: Andromache's Armorer, whose pacience,

Is as a Vertue fixt to day was moud:

He chides Andromache and stroke his Armorer, and like as there were husbandry in Warre,

Before the Sunne rose, he was harnest lyte, and to the field goe's he; where every flower

Did as a Prophet weep what it foresaw,

In Hector's wrath.

Come goe wee then together.

Exeunt.
What was his cause of anger?

They call him Aiax. They say he is a very man per se and stands alone.

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

But how should this man that makes me smile, make Hector angry?
They say he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle and stroke him downe, the disdain'd shame of, hath euer since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Who comes here?

Madam your Vncle Pandarus.

Good morrow Vncle Pandarus.

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

This morning Vncle.

What were you talking of when I came? Was Hellen was not vp? was she?
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>
  <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> was gone but <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> was not vp?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>E'ene so; <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> was stirring early.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>That were we talking of and of his anger.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Was he angry?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>So he faies here.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> will not come farre behind him, let them take heed of <lb/>Troylus</hi>; I can sell them that too.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>What is he angry too?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
</sp>
<l>Who <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> is the better man of the two.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Oh <hi rend="italic">Jupiter</hi>; there's no comparison.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>What not betweene <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>? do you <lb/>know a man if you see him?</p>
I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.

Well I say <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> is <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.

Then you say as I say, For I am sure he is not <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.

No not <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is not <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> in some degrees.

'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

Himselfe? alas poore <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> I would he were.

So he is.

Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

He is not <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>. well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or <lb/>end: well <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> well, I would my heart were in her
bo-<lb/>dy; no, <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is not abetter man then <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.
Excuse me.

He is elder.

Pardon me, pardon me.

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

He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Nor his qualities.

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

You haue no iudgement Neece; Troylus for a browne fauour (for so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

'lb; swore th'other day, that Troylus for a browne fauour (for so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.
Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

To say the truth, true and not true.

She prais'd his complexion aboue Paris.

Why Paris hath colour inough.

So, he has.

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

I sweare to you, I sweare to you,

I thinke Hellen loues him better then she's a merry Greeke indeed.

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

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

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

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

But to prove to you that Hellen loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Iuno haue mercy, how came it clouen?

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

Oh he smiles valiantly.

Dooes hee not?
<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
<p>Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in <hi rend="italic">Autumne</hi>.,</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>Why go to then, but to proue to you that <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>.
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
<p>Troylus</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>Troylus? why he esteemes her no more e-<lb/>steeme an addle egge.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
<p>If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an <lb/>idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>I can not chuse but laugh to thinke how she tick-<lb/>led his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must <lb/>needs confess.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
<p>Without the racke.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on <lb/>his chinne.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
<p>Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
<p></p>
</sp>
But there was such laughing, Queene Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran ore.

With Milstones.

And Cassandra laughed, but there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

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

And Hector laughed.

At what was all this laughing?

Marry at the white hair that Hellen spied on Troylus chin.

And there's but two and fifty hairs on your chinne; and
one of them is white.</p>

<p>This is her question.</p>

<p>That's true, make no question os that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. <i>Jupiter</i> quoth hee, which of these haires is <i>Paris</i> my husband? The for-<i>Pand.</i> quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and <i>Hellen</i> so blusht, and <i>Paris</i> so chast, aod all the rest so laught, that it past.</p>

<p>So let it now, For is has beene a great while going by.</p>

<p>Well Cozen, I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.</p>

<p>So I does.</p>

<p>Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill.</p>

<p>Sound a retreate.</p>

<p>And Ile spring vp in his teares, an 'twere a nettle against May.</p>

<p>Harke they are coming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece <i>Cressida</i>.</p>
At your pleasure.

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

That's Æneas, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but m<e rend="inverted">a</e>rke Troylus; you shall see anon.

Who's th<lb/>at's?

Enter Antenor.

tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th sound judgement in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person: when comes Troylus?Ile shew you Troylus anon, if hee see me, you shall see him him nod at me.

Will he give you the nod?

You shall see.
If he do, the rich shall have, more,

Enter Hector.

Enter He-ctor.

Pan.

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

O braue man!

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

Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris;

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

Whose that?

Enter Hellenus.
That's Hellenus, I maruell where Troylus is, that's Hel-<lb/>lenus, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's Hel-

Harke, do you not haere the people crie Troylus? Hellenus is a Priest.

Can Hellenus fight Vncle?


Peace, for shame peace.

Marke him, not him: O braue Troylus: looke, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troylus, go thy way, had I a sister were a Grace, or a
daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice, O'admirable man!

Paris? Paris

Paris is durt to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Heere come more.

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

Well, well.

Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, arid so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?
I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

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

Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vpon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

Say one of your watches.

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

Enter Boy.

You are such another.

Si_r, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Where?

At your owne house.
Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.
Fare ye well good Neece.

Ile be with you Neece by and by.
To bring Vnkle.
I, a token from <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.

Then in the glasse of <hi rend="italic">Pandar</hi>'s praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing:
That she belou'd, knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach.
That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare.

Exit.
Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlysses, Diome, Menelaus, with others.

Sen. What greefe hath set the laundies on your cheekes?

Agam. The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designes, begun on earth below

Fayles in the promist largeness: checkes and disasters

Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.

As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infet the found Pine, and diuerts his Graine

Tortiue and erant from his course of growth.

Not Princes, is it matter new to vs,

That we come short of our suppose so farre,

That after seuen yeares liege, yet Troy walles stand,

Sith euery action that hath gone before,

Where of we haue Record, Triall did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:

And that vnbodied figure of the thought

That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)

Do you with cheekes abash'd, behol

d our workes,

And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else

But the protractiue trials of great loue,

To finde persistiue constancie in men?

The finenesse of which Mettall is not found

In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,

The Wise and Foole, the Artist and vn-read,

But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,

Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,

Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;

And what hath made the light away;

Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

With due Obseruance of thy godly seat,

Great With due Obserruance of thy godly seat,
Thy latest words.

In the reproofe of Chance,

Lies the true profe of men: The Sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile

Vpon her patient brest, making their way

With those of Nobler bulke?

But let the Ruffian Boreas once

enrage

The gentle Thetis, and anon behold

The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,

Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements

Like Perseus Horse. Where's then the

sawcy

Boate,

Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now?

Co-rial'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,

Or made a Toste for Neptune, Euen so,

Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide

In stormes of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightnesse,

The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze

Then by the Tyger: But, when, the splitting winde

Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,

And Flies fled vnder shade, why then

The thing of Courage, As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tun'd in selfe's same key,

Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vlys.

Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,

Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,

Should be shut vp: Heare what Vlysses speaks,

Besides the applause and approbation

The which most mighty for thy place and sway,

Thou most reuerend for thy stretcht-out life,

I giue to both your speeches: w

And thou most reuereed for thy stretcht-out life,

I giue to both your speeches: which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe
As venerable Nestor (hatch'd in Siluer)

Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experience'ed tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare Vlysses speake.

Who = "#F-tro-aga"

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

Who = "#F-tro-uly"

Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
And the great Hectors sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.
The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairly in the Maske.
The Heauens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,
Obserue degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order,
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill
And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of th'e Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designes)
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,
And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes
In mere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
Would make a soppe of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betwenee whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)
Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.
Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
And last, eate vp himselfe.

Great Agamemnon: This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so euery step
Exampled by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.

Most wisely hath Vlysses here discouer'd
The Feauer, where of all our power is sicke.

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The Feauer, where of all our power is sicke.

And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
What is the remedie?

The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,

The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,

Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,

growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent,

Lyes mocking our designes. With him,

Vlys.

The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,

The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,

Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent,

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The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,

The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,

Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent,

Lyes mocking our designes. With him,

Vlys.
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough. Patroclus,

Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all

In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Seuerals and generals of grace exact,

Atchieuements, plots, orders, preuentions,

Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,

Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues

As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest.

And in the imitation of these twaine,

Who (as Vlysses sayes) Opinion crownes

With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:

Aiax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head

In such a reyne, in full as proud a place

As broad Achilles, and keepes his Tent like him;

Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre

Bold

Troylus and Cressida.

Bold as an Oracle, and sets Thersites

A slaue, whose Gall coines standers like a Mint,

To match vs in comparisons with durt,

To weaken and discredit our exposure,

How ranke soeuer rounde in with danger.

They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,

Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,

Fore-stall prescience, and esteeme no acte

But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,

That do contriue how many hands shall strike

When fitnesse call them on, and know by measure

Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,

Why this hath not a fingers dignity:

They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closet-Warre:

So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,

For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,

They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finenesse of their soules, By Reason guide his execution.

Let this be granted, and Achilles makes many Thetis' sonnes.


From Troy. Enter Æneas.

Is this great Agamemnons Tent, I pray you?

Euen this. Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince, do a faire message to his Kingly cares?

With surety stronger then Achilles arme, Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce Call Agamemnon Head and Generall.

Faire leaue, and large security. How may a stranger to those most Imperial lookes,

Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga.

How?

Æne.

I: I aske. that I might waken reverence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning. when she coldly eyes,
The youthfull Phebus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

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

Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would see me Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & Ioues accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends.
That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure

Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe
Æneas

I Greeke that is my name.

What's your affayre I pray you?
Æne.

Sir pardon, 'tis for Agamemnon's eares.

Aga.

He heares nought priuatly that comes from Troy.

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

Aga.

Speake frankely as the winde, It is not Agamemnon sleeping houre;

That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake, He tels thee so himself.

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

The Trumpets sound.

We haue great Agamemnon heere in Troy,

A Prince calld Hector, is his Father:

Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'st the fayr'st of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,
That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Mistris more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge,
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greeses,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.

He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,

And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,

Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,

To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.

If any come, Hector shall honour him:

If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres,

The Grecian Dames are sun‑burnt, and not worth

The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.

Aga.

This shall be told our Louers Lord Æneas

If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,

We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,

And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,

That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:

If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,

That one meets Hector if none else, Ile be he.

Aga.

Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hectors Grandsire suckt: he is old now.

But if there be not in our Grecian mould,

One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire

To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,

Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,

And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,

And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady

Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste

As may be in the world: his youth in flood,

Ile pawn e this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne.

Now heauens forbid such scarsitie of youth.

Vlys.

Amen.
Aga.

Faire Lord Eneas,

Let me touch your hand:

To our Pauillion shal I leade you first:

Achilles shall haue word of this intent,

So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:

Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,

And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt.

Manet Vlysses, and, Nestor.

Vlys.

Nestor.

What sayes Vlysses?

I haue a young conception in my braine,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

What is't?

This 'tis:

Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the seeded Pride

That hath to this maturity blowne vp

¶ 2

In

Troylus and Cressida.

In ranke Achilles, must or now be
cropt,

Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil

To ouer-bulke vs all.
Wel, and how?

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

How euer it is spread in general name,

Relates in purpose onely to Achilles, were his braine as barren

As bankes of Lybia, though Apollo knowes)

'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,

I, with celerity, finde Hectors purpose

Printing on him.

And wake him to the answer, thinke you?

Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose

That can from Hector bring his Honor off,

Achilles; though't be a sportfull Combate,

Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.

For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute

Our imputation shall be oddly poiz'd

In this wilde action. For the successse

(Although particular) shall giue a scantling

Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:

To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene

The baby figure of the Gyant-masse

Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,

He that meets Hector, issues from our choyse;
And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,
Make Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence recuyeues the conqu'ring part
to steele a strong opinion to themselues,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments.
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.

Andpardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet,
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
And thinke perchance they'1 fell: If not,
The luster of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
That euer Hector and Achilles shal meet:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

I see them not with my old eies: what are they?

(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes
Should he scape Hector faire. If he were soyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blockish Aiax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among our selues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.

If the dull brainlesse Aiax come safe
off,

Weel dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,

Yet go we vnder our opinion still,

That we haue better men. But hit or misse,

Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,

Aiax<hi rend="italic"> implo'y'd, pluckes downe <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> Plumes.</l>

Yet go we vnder our opinion still,

That we haue better men. But hit or misse,

Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,

Aiax imploy'd, pluckes downe <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> Plumes.

Now <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>, I begin to rellish thy aduice,

And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith</l>

To <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>, go we to him straight:

Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone

Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone.

Exeunt</stage>

Enter Aiax, and Thersites.

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the <lb>General run,

not that a botchy core?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>

Aia.<speaker rend="italic">Thersites?</p>
Dogge.

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

Thou Bitch-Wolves-Sonne, canst not heare? Feele then.

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

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

Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Doest thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st me thus?

me thus?
<speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
<p>The Proclamation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aiə">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-som'st scab in Greece.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aiə">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>I say the Proclamation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>Thou grumblest & railest euery houre on A-chilles and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as Cer-berus is at Proserpina's beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aiə">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>Mistresse Thersites.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>Thou should'st strike him</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aiə">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>Coblofe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as A Sailor breaks a bisket.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aiə">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>You horson Curre.</p>
</sp>
Ther. Do, do.

Aia. Thou stoole for a Witch.

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

You dogge.

You scurry Lord.

You Curre.

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

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

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

Aiax? what's the matter man?

You see him there, do you?
Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke vpon him.

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

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who you take him to be, he is Aiax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicumes of wit he vters: his euasions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine: I will buy nine
Sparrowes for a penny, and his Piamater is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Aiax who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I say of him.

Achilles. What?

Thersites. Has not so much wit.

Achilles. Nay, I must hold you.

Thersites. As will stop the eye of Helens Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achilles. Peace fool. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the fool will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Aiax. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall O thou damn'd Curre, I shall

Achilles. Will you set your wit to a Fools.
Ther. No I warrant you, for a fool shall shame it.

Pat. Good words Therites. Achil. What's the quarrel?

Aiax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learn me the tenure Of the Proclamation, and he sayes upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Aiax. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: Aiax was here voluntary, and you as under an Impresse.

Ther. E'neso, a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinewes, or else there be Liars, Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernel.
Nestor, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth, to Achilles, to Aiax. I shall cut out your tongue.

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

Achilles bids me, shall I? I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles.

Exit. A good riddance.

Achil.
Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,
That Hector by the fift houre of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet,'twixt our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,
That hath a stomache, and such a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Farewell? who shall answer him?
O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it.
Exit.

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

Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread Priam,
There is no Lady of more softer bowels.
More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then Hector: the wound of peace is
Surety, but modest Doubt is cal'd. The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches To'th'bottome of the worst. Let Helen: I meane of ours.

Since the first sword was drawne about this question, Euery thythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes, Hath bin as deere as Helen: I meane of ours: If we haue lost so man y tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs (Had it our name) the valew of one ten;

The yeelding of her vp.

Fie, fie, my Brother; Weigh you the worth and h

Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters Summe The past proportion of his infinite, And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse, With spannes and inches so diminutiue, As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

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

You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest You furre your gloues with reason:here are your reasons You know an enemy intends you harme, You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous, And reason flyes the obiect of all harme.

Who maruels then when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heeles:

Or like a starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason. And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,
Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor

Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts

With this cram'd reason: reason and respect.

Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood deiect.

Brother, she is not worth

What she doth cost the holding.

I take to day a Wife, and my election

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,

Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of Will, and judgement. How may I auoyde

(Although, my will distaste, what it elected)

The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion

To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.

We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant

When we haue spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands

We do not throw in vnrespectue same,

Because we now are full. It was thought meeete

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;

Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,

The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) toke a Truce,

And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd.
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought, a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse
Wrinkles Apollos, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keeps our Aunt?
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants,
If you'l auouch,'twas wisedome Paris
Why keep we her? the Grecians keeps our Aunt?
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants,
If you'l auouch,'twas wisedome Paris
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?,
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.

Enter Cassandra with her haire
about her eares.

Cry Troyans,
'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.

It is Cassandra.
Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.

Hect. Peace sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old, Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry, A moity of that masse of moane to come, Cry Troyans cry, practice your eyes with teares, Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand, Our fire-brand Brother Paris burnes vs all, Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe; Cry cry, Troy burnes, or else let Helen goe.

Exit. Why Brother Hector, We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte Such, and no other then euent doth forme it, Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes; Because Cassandra's mad, her brainsicke raptures Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Troy. Why Brother Hector, We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte Such, and no other then euent doth forme it, Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes; Because Cassandra's mad, her brainsicke raptures Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Par. Else might the world convince of leuitie, as well my under-taking as your counsels; but I attest the gods, your full consent. Gaue wings to my propension, and cut off all feares attending on so dire a project. For what (alas) can these my single armes? What propugnation is in one mans valour to stand the push and enmity of those? This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest, were I alone to passe the difficulties, and had as ample power, as I haue will.

Paris should ne're retract what he hath done, nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speake like one be-sotted on your sweet delights; you haue the Hony still, but these the Gall, so to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerily to my selfe, the pleasures such a beauty brings with it; but I would haue the soyle of her faire Rape wip'd off in honourable keeping her. What Treafon were it to the ransack'd Queene, disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me, now to deliuer her possession vp on termes of base compulsion? Can it be, that so degenerate a straine as this, should once set footing in your generous bosomes? There's not the meanest spirit on our partie, without a heart to dare, or sword to draw, when Helen is defended: nor none so noble, whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd, where Helen is the subject. Then (I say) well may we fight for her, whom we know well, the worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

Hect. Helen is defended: nor none so noble, whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd, where Helen is the subject. Then (I say) well may we fight for her, whom we know well, the worlds large spaces cannot paralell.
Paris and Troylus, you haue both said well:

And on the cause and question now in hand,

Haue gloz'd, but superficially; not much

Vnlike young men, whom Aristotle thought

Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.

The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce

To the hot passion of distemp'red blood.

Then to make vp a free determination

'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,

Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce

Of any true decision. Nature craues

All dues be rendred to their Owners: now

What neerer debt in all humanity,

Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law

Of Nature be corrupted through affection,

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,

To their benummed wills resist the same,

There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,

To curbe those raging appetites that are

Most disobedient and refracturie.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King

(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes

Of Nature, and of Nation, speake alowd

To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist

In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,

But makes it much more heauie. Hectors opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,

My spritely brethren, I propend to you

For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,

Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:

Were it not glory that we more affected,

Then the performance of our heaung spleenes,

I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood,

Spent more in her defence. But worthy Hector.
She is a theme of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us.

For I presume braue Hector would not
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide worlds reuuenew.

I am yours,

You valiant offspring of great Priamus,
I haue a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factous nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter Thersites solus.

How now Thersites? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant Aiax carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd me: Sfoote, Ile learn to conjure and raise Diuels, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's Achilles, a rare Enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them—selues. O thou great thunder—darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Ioue! Ioue take not that little little lesse then little wit from them that they haue, which short—arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a Flye from a
Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and cutting the web:
after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinks is the curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho? my Lord Achilles?

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

What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?
I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.
Who's there?
Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, Why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's Agamemnon? Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Patroclus, what's Achilles? Thy Lord Thersites: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe? Thy knower Patroclus: then tell me Patroclus, what art thou? Thou maist tell that know'st. O tell, tell. Ile declin the whole question: Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus know, and Patroclus is a foole.
He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede

Thersites is a foole, and as aforesaid, Patroclus is a foole.

And why am I a foole? thou art.

Looke you, who comes here?

Ile speake with no body: come in with me.

Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such knauerie: all
argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulation factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
  <l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
  <l>Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
  <l>Let it be knowne to him that we are here:</l>
  <l>He sent our Messengers, and we lay by Our appertainments visiting of him:</l>
  <l>Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke We dare not moue the question of our place,</l>
  <l>Or know not what we are.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
  <p>I shall so say to him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
  <l>We saw him at the opening of his Tent,</l>
  <l>He is not sicke.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause? A word my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
  <p>What moues thus to bay at him?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
  <l>Achillis hath inueigled his Foole from him.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-nes"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Who, Thersites?</hi>
</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
<speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
<p>He.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
<speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
<p>Then will <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> lacke matter, if he haue lost his <lb/>Argument.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
<speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
<p>No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-<lb/>ment <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
<speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
<p>All the better, their fraction is more our wish <lb/>then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a <lb/>Foole could disunite.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
<speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
<p>The amitie that wisedome knits, not folly may <lb/>easily vntie.</p></sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Patroclus.</stage>
<p>Here comes Patroclus.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
<speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
<p>No <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> with him?</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
<speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
<p>The Elephant hath joynts, but none for curtesie:
His legge are legs for necessitie, not for flight.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
<speaker rend="italic">Patro.</speaker>
</sp>
Achilles bids me say he is much sorry:

If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,

Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State;

To call vpon him; he hopes is no other,

But for your health, and your digestion sake;

An after Dinners breath.

Heare you Patroclus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his euasion winged thus twist with scorne,

Cannot outflye our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,

Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,

Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glosse;

Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,

Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,

If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,

And vnder honest; in selfe-assumption greater

Then in the note of judgement: 

Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command:

And vnder write in an obseruing kinde

His humorous predominance, yea watch

His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,

That if he ouerhold his price so much,

Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin

Not portable, lye vnder this report.

Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:

A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,

Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

I shall, and bring his answere presently.

I n second voyce weele not be satisfied,

We come to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,

If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud.

And vnder honest; in selfe-assumption greater

Then in the note of judgement: 

Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command:

And vnder write in an obseruing kinde

His humorous predominance, yea watch

His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if

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Not portable, lye vnder this report.

Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:

A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,

Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

I shall, and bring his answere presently.

In second voyce weele not be satisfied,

We come to speake with him, Vlisses enter you.
Exit Vlisses.  

Aiax.  

What is he more then another?  

Aga.  

No more then what he thinkes he is.  

Aiax.  

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

Aga.  

No question.  

Aiax.  

Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?  

Aga.  

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

Aga.  

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

Enter Vlysses.  

Aiax.  

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

Yet he loues himself: is't not strange?

Vlis.

Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Vlis.

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

Vlis.

Things small as nothing, fore requests sake onely He makes important; possest he is with greatnesse, And speaks not to himselfe, but with a pride That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth

Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse, That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts, Kingdome'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recouery.

Let Aiax goe to him, Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent; Tis said he holds you well, and will be led At your request a little from himselfe.
O <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>, let it not be so.</l>

Weele consecrate the steps that <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> makes.</l>

When they goe from <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>; shall the proud Lord.</l>

That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,</l>

And neuer suffers matter of the world,</l>

Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue</l>

And ruminate himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,</l>

Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?</l>

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,</l>

Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,</l>

Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,</l>

As amply titled as <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> is: by going to

That were to enlard his fat already, pride,</l>

And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes</l>

With entertaining great <hi rend="italic">Hiperion</hi>.</l>

This <choice>

<abbr>L.</abbr><expan>Lord</expan>

</choice> goto him? <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi> forbid,</l>

And say in thunder, <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> goe to him.</l>

O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.</l>

And how his silence drinkes vp this applause.</l>

If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him</l>

And a be proud with me, Ile phese his pride: let me goe to him.
Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

A paultry insolent fellow.

How he describes himselfe.

Can he not be sociable?

The Rauen chides blacknesse.

Ile let his humours bloud.

He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.

And all men were a my minde,

Wit would be out of fashion.

A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords first: shall pride carry it?
A would have ten shares.

I will knead him, he makes him supple, he's not yet warm.

Force him with praises, pour in, pour in: his ambition is dry.

You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
A horson dog, that dial palter thus with vs, would he were a Trojan

Nest. What a vice were it in Aiax now

Ulis. If he were proud.

Dio. Or couetous of praise.

Vl. I, or surley borne.

Dio. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heauens thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy part of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let Mars deuide Eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe. and for thy vigour,
To sinnowie Aiax: I will not praise thy wisdome,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's Nestor

Instructed by the Antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
But pardon Father Nestor, were your days

As greene as Aiax, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not haue the eminence of him,
But be as <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>. </l>

<sp who="#F-tro-iaa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>Shall I call you Father?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ulis.</speaker>
  <p>I my good Sonne.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
  <p>Be rul'd by him Lord <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
  <l>There is no tarrying here, the Hart <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ag.</speaker>
  <l>Goe we to Counsaile, let <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> sleepe;</l>
</sp>

<l>We must with all our maine of power stand fast:</l>

<l>To call together all his state of warre,</l>

<l>Fresh Kings are come to <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi>; to morrow</l>

<l>We must with all our maine of power stand fast:</l>

<l>And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,</l>

<l>And cull their flowre, <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> shall cope the best.</l>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-</p>
</sp>

</div>

<act n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <scene n="1" rend="notPresent">
    [Act 3, Scene 1]
    <stage type="entrance">Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
      <p>Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-</p>
    </sp>
  </scene>
</act>
I sir, when he goes before me.

You depend upon him I mean?

Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

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

The Lord be praised.

Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.

I hope I shall know your honour better.

I do desire it.

You are in the state of Grace?

Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title:
Musique is this?  

Ser.<p>I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.</p>

Pa.<p>Know you the Musitians.</p>

Ser.<p>Wholly sir,</p>

Pa.<p>Who play they to?</p>

Ser.<p>To the hearers sir.</p>

Pa.<p>At whose pleasur friend?</p>

Ser.<p>At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.</p>

Pa.<p>Command, I meane friend.</p>

Ser.<p>Who shall I command sir?</p>

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

Ser.<p>That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of Paris my</p>
who's there in person; with him the more tall Venus, the heart's blood of beauty, loves invisible.

Who? my Cosin Cressida.

No Sir, Helen, could you not find out that by her attributes?

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

Sodden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helena.

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

You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: is good broken Musick.
You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony.

Truely Lady no.

O sir.

Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

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

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

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

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

My Lord Pandarus hony sweete Lord.

Go too sweete Queene, goe to Commends himself most affectionately to you.
You shall not bob vs out of our melody: if you doe, out melancholly vpon your head.

Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene I faith

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

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

My Lord Pandarus?

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

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

Nay but my Lord?

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

You must not know where he sups.

What saies my sweet Queene, my cozen will fall out with you.
With my disposer <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi>.<p></p>

No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your <lb/>disposer is sicke.<p></p>

Well, Ile make excuse.<p></p>

I good my Lord: why should you say <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi>? <lb/>no your poore disposer's sicke.<p></p>

I spie.<p></p>

You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an <lb/>instrument now sweete Queene.<p></p>

Why this is kindely done?<p></p>

My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you <lb/>haue sweete Queene.<p></p>

She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>.<p></p>

Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are <lb/>twaine.
Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

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

I you may, you may.

Let thy song be loue: this loue will undoe vs all.

In good troth it begins so.

O loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:
For O loues Bow, Shootes Bucke and Doe: The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore:
These Louers cry, oh ho they dye; Yet that which seems the wound to kill.
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying loue liues still,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha hey ho.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:
For O loues Bow,
In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

and

hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

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

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

How chance my brother Troylus went not?

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

Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

To a hayre.

Farewell sweete Queene.
<p>Commend me to your Neece.</p>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>I will sweete Queene.</p>
<br/>
<sp rend="italic" type="business">
  <stage rend="italic inline">Sound a retreat.</stage>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>They're come from fielde: let vs to <hi rend="italic">Priams</hi>
Hall
To greete the Warriers. Sweet <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>, I
must
woe you,<p></p>
To helpe vnar me our <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>: his
stubborne
Buckles,<p></p>
With these your white enchanting fingers tought,<p></p>
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,<p></p>
Or force of Greekkish sinewes: you shall doe more<p></p>
Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</p>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-tro-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>: his</p>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-tro-man">
  <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen <hi rend="italic">Cressidas</hi>?</p>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>No sir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.</p>
Enter Troylus.

Pan.

O here he comes: How now, how now?

Sirra walke off.

Pan.

Haue you seene my Cousin?

Pandarus: I stalke about her doore

Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes

Staying for waftage. O be thou my

Charon

And giue me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds

Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle

Pandarus

From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,

And flye with me to Cressid.

Walke here ith'Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,

Th'imaginary relish is so sweete.

That it enchant my sence: what will it be

When that the watry pallats taste indeede

Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me

Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fine,

Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,

For the capacitie of my ruder powers;

I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,

As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying.

Exit Pandarus.

Enter Pandarus.
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>She's making her ready sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush, &amp; fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Pand.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
  <l>Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:</l>
  <l>My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulse,</l>
  <l>And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,</l>
  <l>Like vass</l>
  <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="uninkedType" resp="#LMC">lage at vnaaeres encountering</gap>
  <l>The eye of Maiestie.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus and Cressida.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Come, come, what neede you blush? Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone a-gaine, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th fils: why doe you not speak to her? Come draw this curtaine &amp; let's see your picture. </p>
  <l>Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
  <p>You haue bereft me of all words Lady.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
Words pay no debts; give her deeds: but she shall bereave you 'oth' deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what billing againe? here's in witnesse where of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

Will you walke in my Lord?

What should they grant? what makes this pret-y abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truely.

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

Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,

In all Pageant there is presented
no monster.</p>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">

<speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>

<l>Not nothing monstrous neither?\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-tro">

<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>

<p>Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to wepe
in seas, liue
in loue Lady, that the will is infnite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to limit.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">

<speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>

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

<sp who="#F-tro-tro">

<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>

<p>Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. Troylus shall be such to Cressid, as what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truest, not truer then Troy-\</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">

<speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>

<l>Will you walke in my Lord?</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center">Enter Pandarus.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tro-pan">

<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>

</sp>
What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Well, Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

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

You know now your hostages: your Uncle's word and my firm faith.

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

Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord with the first glance; that euer pardon me, if I confess much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not till now so much, but I might maister it; infaith I lie: my thoughts were like unbridled children grow too headstrong for their mother: see we fools, why have I blab'd: who shall be true to us when we are so unsecret to our selves?
But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes
My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

Your leaue sweete Cressid?
Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow mor-ning.
Pray you content you.
What offends you Lady?
Sir, mine owne company.
You cannot shun your selfe.
Cres.

Let me goe and try:

I, haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:

But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,

To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?

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

Well know they what they speake, that speakes so wisely.

Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To Angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,

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

Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

O that I thought it could be in a woman:

As if it can, I will presume in you,

To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.

To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,

That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:

That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of such a winnowed

How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler then the infancie of truth.

In that lle warre with you.
O vertuous fight, when right with right wars who shall be most right:
True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come approue their truths by Troylus,
when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare;
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as steele, as plantation to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Ear, as true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Verse,
And sanctifie the numbers.
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Verse,
And sanctifie the numbers.

Prophet may you be:
If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:
When water drops haue worne the stones of Troy;
And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States characterlesse are grated to dustie nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false Maids in loue,
Vpbraied my falsehood, when they 'aue said as false,
As Aire, as Water. as Winde, as sandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

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

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

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

And Cupid grant all: tong-tide Maidens here, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere.

Exeunt.


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

I doe beseech you, as in way of taste,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say, line to come in my behalfe.

Who = tro-aga

Agam.

What would'st thou of vs Troian? make demand?

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

Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore)
Desiri'd my Cressid in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this Anthenor,
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And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence,
Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done.
In most accepted paine.

Let Diomedes beare him,
And bring vs Cressid hither: Calcas shall haue
What he requests of vs: good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if Hector will tomorrow
Be answer'd in his challenge Aiax is ready.

This shall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare.

Exit.
Enter Dio.
Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vlis. Achill stands i'th entrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him; I will come last, 'tis like heele question me, Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I haue derision medicinable, To use betweene your strangenesse and his pride, Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke; It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees, Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpose, and put on A forme of strangenesse as we passe along, So doe each Lord, and either greete him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more, Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to speake with me? You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Nes. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Nes. Nothing my Lord.
The better.

Good day, good day.

How doe you? how doe you?

What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?

How now Patroclus?

Good morrow.

I, and good next day too.

What meane these fellowes? know they not Achilles?

To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.
Achil.

What am I poore of late?

'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,

He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,

As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,

Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:

And not a man for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours,

That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,

Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:\

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;\

The loue that leand on them as slippery too,\n
Doth one plucke downe another, and together

Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;

Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy

At ample point, all that I did possesse,

Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding,

As they haue often giuen. Here is

Vlisses\:

Now great Thetis Sonne.

A strange fellow here\:

Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,

How much in hauing, or without, or in,

Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;\n
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:\

As when his vertues shining ypon others,\n
Heare them, and they retort that heate againe\:

To the first giuer.\:

Vlis.\:

Now great Thetis Sonne.\:

What are you reading?\:

Vlis.\:

What are you reading?\:

Vlis.\:

A strange fellow here\:

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

To the first giuer.\:
This is not strange. 

The beautie that is borne here in the face,

The bearer knowes not but commends it selfe,

Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes each other with each others forme.

For speculation turnes not to it selfe,

Till it hath traual'd, and is married there,

Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

I doe not straine it at the position,

It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,

Who in his circumstance, expressly proves

That no may is the Lord of any thing,

(Though in and of him there is much consisting,) Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,

Till he behold them formed in th'applause,

Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate

The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,

Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe

His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,

And apprehended here immediately:

The vnknowne Aiax; Heauens what a man is there? a very Horse,

That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there

Most abiect in regard, and deare in use.

What things againe most deere in the esteeme,

And poore in worth: now shall we see tomorrow,

An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?

Aiax renown'd? O heauens, what some men
doe,

While some men leaue to doe!

How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,

Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:

How one man eates into anothers pride,

While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse

To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,

They clap the lubber Aiax on the shoulder,

As if his foote were on braue Hectors
brest,

And great Troy shrinking.

Achil.

I doe beleue it:

For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars,

Neither gauue to me good word, nor looke:

What are my deedes forgot?

Vlis.

Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,

Wherein he puts almes for oblision:

Those scraps are good deeds past,

Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,

Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance. deere my Lord,

Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,

In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,

For honour trouels in a straight so narrow,

Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path:

For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,

That one by one pursue; if you giue way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;

Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,

Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke,

Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere

Ore−run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,

Though lesse then yours in past, must ore−top yours:

For time is like a fashionable Hoste,

That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;

And with his armes out−stretcht as he would flye,

Graspe in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,

And farewels goes out fighting: O let not vertue seeke

Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,

High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seervice,

Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all

To enuious and calumniating time:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:

That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,

Though they are made and moulded of things past,

And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,

More laud then guilt ouerusted.

The present eye praises the pres
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,

Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,

And still it might, and yet it may againe,

If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe aliue,

And case thy reputation in thy Tent;

Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselues,

And draue great Mars to faction.

Of this my priuacie,

I haue strong reasons.

But'gainst your priuacie The reasons are more potent and heroycall:

'Tis knowne Achilles, that you are in loue

With one of Priams daughters.

Is that a wonder?

The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,

Knowes almost euery graine of Plutos gold;

Findes bottome in th'vncomprehensiue deepes;

Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,

Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:

There is a mysterie (with whom relation)

Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State;

Which hath an operation more diuine,

All the commerse that you haue had with Troy,

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.

And better would it fit Achilles

To throw downe Hector then Polixena.

But it must grieue yong Pirhus now at
home,

When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;

And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,

Great sister did Achill\textit{es} winne;

But our great \textit{Aiax} brauely beate downe
him.

Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake;
The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

\textit{Patr.}

To this effect \textit{Achill}es haue I mou'd you;

A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, restraines you thus:
Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton
Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

\textit{Achill.}

Shall \textit{Aiax} fight with \textit{Hector}?

I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrowdly gored.

O then beware:
Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselues:
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Euen then when we sit idely in the sunne.
<speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>

Goe; call <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi> hither sweet <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>,

¶

Ile send the foole to <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, and desire him

T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat

To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,

An appetite that I am sicke withall,

To see great <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> in his weedes of peace;

Enter Thersi.

To talke with him, and to behold his visage,

Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Ther.

A wonder.

Ther.

Achil.

How so?

Ther.

Hee must fight singly to morrow with <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,

that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil.

How can that be?

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

Thou must be my Ambassador to him Thersites. Who, I: why, heele answer nobody: he pro-fesses not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-ant of Aiax. To him Patroclus; tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Aiax, to inuite the most valorous Hector, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie, &c. doe this.
Ther. who is Achilles. Patr. I come from the worthy Hector. Thence to his Tent.

Ha?

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his Tent. Ha?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. What say you too't.
Ther.<p>God buy you with all my heart.</p>

Patr.<p>Your answer sir.</p>

Ther.<p>If tomorrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.</p>

Patr.<p>Your answer sir.</p>

Ther.<p>Fare you well withall my heart.</p>

Achil.<p>Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?</p>

Ther.<p>No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will be in him when Hector has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler Apollo get his sinewes to make catlings on.</p>

Achil.<p>Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him straight.</p>

Ther.<p>Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable creature.</p>
My minde is troubled like a Fountains stir'd,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

that I

might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a
Sheepe,

then such a valiant ignorance.

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

See hoa, who is that there?

It is the Lord Æneas.

Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long

Heauenly

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

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

A valiant Greeke Æneas take his hand.

Witnesse the processe of your speech within:

You told how Diomed in a whole weeke

by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne.

Health to you valiant sir.

During all question of the gentle truce:

But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,

As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Æne.

The one and other Diomed embraces,

But when contention, and occasion meetes,

By Ioue, Ile play the hunter for thy life,

With all my force, pursuit and pollicy.

Æne.

The one and other Diomed embraces,

Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:

Bu
t when contention, and occasion meetes,

By Ioue, Ile play the hunter for thy life,

Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises

Welcome indeede; by Venus hand I sweare,

No man aliue can loue in such a sort,

The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

We simpathize.

(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)

A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,

But in mine emulous honor let him dye:

With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æneas

We know each other well.

We doe, and long to know each other worse.

This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting;

The noblest hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What businesse Lord so early?

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

Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek house; and there to render him,

For the enfreed Anthenor, the faire Cressid: Let's have your company; or if you please, haste there before us. I constantly dothink, (Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge) My brother Troylus lodges there to night.

Rouse him, and give him note of our approach.

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

There is no helpe: The bitter disposition of the time will have it so. On Lord, weele follow you.

There. There. Par. There. Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece. Then Cressid borne from Troy.

There is no helpe: The bitter disposition of the time will have it so. On Lord, weele follow you.


Par. Good morrow all.

Exit Æneas.
Even in the soul of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire Helen most?
My selfe, or Menelaus?

Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soylure,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends.
He like a puling Cuckold, would drink vp the lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece:
You like a lecher, out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poiz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

You are too bitter to your country-woman.

For euery false drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
She hath not giuen so many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.

Faire Diomed, you doe as chapmen doe,
Dis praise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way.

Discontinue.
Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Uncle down; He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Trouble him not: To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes, And giue as soft attachment to thy sences, As Infants empty of all thought.

Good morrow then.

I prithee now to bed.

Are you a weary of me?

O Cressida! but that the busie day! Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes, And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:

Night hath beene too briefe.

Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she stays, As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of loue, With wings more momentary, swift then thought: You will catch cold, and curse me.
Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry; O foolish Cressid, I might have still held off. And then you would have tarried. Harke, there's one up?

What's all the doors open here?

It is your Uncle. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking: I shall have such a life.

How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads? Hears you Maide: wher's my cousin Cressid?

Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Uncle: You bring me to do and then you floute me too.

To do what? to do what? let her say what: What have I brought you to doe?

Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be good, nor suffer others.

Ha, ha: alas poor wretch: a poor
Chipochia, hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleepe: a bug-beare take him.

One knocks.

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber: You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing. How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in.

I would not for halfe Troy haue you seene here.

Exeunt

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore?

Who's there my Lord, by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you so early?

Is not Prince Troylus here?

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

Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be sworn:
For my owne part I came in late: what should he doe here?

Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and Deiphbus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Anthenor
Deliever'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre.
We must giue vp to Diomeds hand
The Lady hand
is it concluded so?

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

How my achievements mock me;
I will go meet them: and my Lord

Æneas

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æn.

Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature

Haue not more gift in taciturnitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell
Anthenor; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
Anthenor; I would they had

brok's necke.

Ah, ha!

Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord? gone? tell
me sweet

Vnckle, what's the matter?

Would I were as deepe under the earth as I am above.

O the gods! what's the matter?

Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been borne; I
knew thou would'st be his death. O poore? Gen-<lb/>tleman: a plague vpon Anthenor.</p><sp>who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres. </speaker>
    <p>Good Vnckle beseech you, on my knees, I be-<lb/>seech you what's the matter?</p>
</sp><sp>who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan. </speaker>
    <p>Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; <lb/>thou art chang'd for Anthenor: thou must to thy Father, <lb/>and be gone from Troylus: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it.</p>
</sp><sp>who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres. </speaker>
    <l>I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:</l>
    <l>I know no touch of consanguinitie:</l>
    <l>No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me.</l>
    <l>As the sweet Troylus: O you gods diuine!</l>
    <l>Make Cressids name the very crowne of falsehood!</l>
    <l>If euer she leaue Troylus: time, orce and death,</l>
    <l>Do to this body what extremitie you can;</l>
    <l>But the strong base and building of my loue,</l>
    <l>Is as the very Center of the earth,</l>
    <l>Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.</l>
</sp><sp>who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan. </speaker>
</sp>
Doe, doe.

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

Exeunt.

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

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke Comes fast vpon: good my brother Troy,

Tell you the Lady what she is to doe, And hast her to the purpose.

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

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Exeunt.
Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no lesse in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake arid colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying crosse;

Enter Troylus.

No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

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

What a paire of spectacles is here? let me em-brace too:
ob hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, hea-ue heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of such a Verse: We see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

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

Haue the gods enuie?

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

Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?

Cres. What, and from Troylus too?

Cres. Ist possible?

Æneas. Within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Æneas. Enter Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?
Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so
Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.
Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

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

I must then to the Grecians?
No remedy.

A wofull Cressid mong'st the merry Greekes.

Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.
I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?
Nay, we must vse expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs:
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, say I, to fashion in:
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.
I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Nay, we must vse expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs:
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
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Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.
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For it is parting from vs:
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, say I, to fashion in:
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.
O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Weare this Sleeue.

And you this Gloue.

I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Heare why I speake it; Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guist of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:
How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.
Alas, a kinde of godly iealousie;
Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:
Makes me affraid.

Dye I a villaine then:
In this I doe not call your faith in question
So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor sweeten talke;
Nor play at subtil games; faire vertues all;
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these, There lurkes a still and dumb-discoursiue diuell, That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Doe you thinke I will:

No, but something may be done that we wil not:

And sometimes we are diuels to our selues, When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers, Presuming on their changefull potencie.

Nay, good my Lord?

Brother Troylus?

Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault: Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion, I, with great truth, catch mere simplicitie; Whilst some with cunning guild their copper crownes, With truth and plainnesse I doe; weare mine bare: Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.

Welcome sir Diomed, here is the Lady

Which for Antenor, we deliuer you.

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

And by the way possesse thee what she is.

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

If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword.

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Illion?

Faire Lady Cressid,

So please you saue the thankes this Prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,

Pleades your faire visage, and to Diomed

You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.

Oh be not mou'd Prince Troylus;

Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and message,

To be a speaker free? when I am hence,

Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;

Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth

She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;

Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Come to the Port. Ile tell thee
This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:

Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,

To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Harke, <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> Trumpet.

'Hector' fault: come, come, to field with him.

'Tis <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> fault: come, come, to field

Yea, with a Bridegrooms fresh alacritie

Let vs address to tend on <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi>

The glory of our <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi> doth this day lyè:

On his faire worth, and single Chiualrie.

Enter Aiax armed, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, Nestor, Calcas, Achilles,
aire</l>
</l>May pierce the head of the great Combatant,</l>
</l>And hale him hither.</l>
</sp>
</sp who="#F-tro-aiia" >
</sp who="#F-tro-uly" >
</sp who="#F-tro-ach" >
</sp who="#F-tro-aga" >
</sp who="#F-tro-dio" >
</sp who="#F-tro-aga" >
</sp who="#F-tro-nes" >
Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere bet<lb/>ter she were kist in generall./p>

And very courtly counsel: Ile begin. So much for Nestor</hi>/p>

Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady</i>

I had good argument for kissing once.</p>

But that's no argument for kissing now;<i>

For thus pop't Paris in his hardiment.</i>

Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,<i>

For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.</i>

The first was Patroclus</hi>/kisses you.</i>

Oh this is trim.</i>

Paris</hi> and I kisse euermore for him.</i>

Ile haue my kisse sir: Lady by your leave.</i>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>In kissing doe you render, or receiue.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
  <l>Both take and giue.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>Ile make my match to liue;</l>
  <l>The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no</l>
  <lb>kisse.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>No, <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> is not; for you know 'tis</l>
  <l>That you are odde, and he is euen with you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
  <l>You fillip me a'th'head.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>No, Ile be sworne.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
  <l>It were no match, your naile against his horne;</l>
  <l>May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>You may.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly"/>
Ulis.

I doe desire it.

Cres.

Why begge then?

Vlis.

Why then for Venus sake, giue me a kisse:

When Hellen is a maide againe, and his

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

¶

Vlis. Neuer's

Troylus and Cressida.

Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.

Diom.

Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.

Nest.

A woman of quicke sence.

Vlis.

Fie, fie, vpon her:

Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip:

Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out:

At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:

Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,

That giue a coasting welcome

That giue a coasting welcome

And wide vnclaspe the tables of their thoughts,

To euery tickling reader: set them downe,

For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game.

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

The Troians Trumpet.

Aga.

A little proudly, and great deal disprising. The Knight oppos'd.

If not Achilles sir, what is your name?
<speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
<p>If not <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, nothing.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
  <p>Therefore <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>: but what ere, know this.</p>
  <p>In the extremity of great and little:</p>
  <p>Valour and pride excell themselves in <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.
  </p>
  <p>Therefore <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>:</p>
  <p>The one almost as infinite as all;</p>
  <p>The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well;</p>
  <p>This <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> is halfe made of <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.
  </p>
  <p>In loue whereof, halfe <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> staies at home;</p>
  <p>Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>,
  </p>
  <p>comes</p>
  <p>This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
  <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
  <p>A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
  <p>Here is sir, <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>: goe gentle Knight,</p>
  <p>Stand by our <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>: as you and Lord <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi>.
  </p>
  <p>Consent vpon the order of their fight.</p>
  <p>So be it: either to the vttermost.</p>
  <p>Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,</p>
  <p>Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
  <p>They are oppos’d already.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
  <p>What Troian is that same that lookes so heavy?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
  <p>The yongest Sonne of <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>;</p>
  <p>A true Knight; they call him <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>;</p>
</sp>
Not yet mature, yet m<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#LMC"/>tchlesse, firme of word,

Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;

Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;

His heart and hand both open, and both free:

For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes;

Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:

Manly as <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, but more dangerous;

For <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> in his blaze of wrath subscribes

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

Is more vindecatiue then iealous loue.

They call him <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>; and on him erect,

A second hope, as fairely built as <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.

Thus saies <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> one that knowes the youth,

Euen to his inches: and with priuate soule,

Did in great Iliion thus translate him to me.

Alarum.

They are in action.

Now <hi rend="italic">Ajax</hi> hold thine owne.

His blowes are wel dispos'd there <hi rend="italic">Ajax</hi>.

Hector<hi rend="italic">, thou sleep'st, awake thee.</hi>

Aga.<hi rend="italic">Ajax</hi>.

Tr̆pets
trumpets

cease.

You must no more.

Princes enough, so please you.

I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

As Hector pleases.

Why then will I no more: Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne; A cousen german to great Priams seed:

The obligation of our bloud forbids

A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:

That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all:

And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge:

Bounds in my fathers: by Ioue multipotent,

Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impresure made

That any drop thou

from thy mother,

My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword

Be drained. Let me embrace thee

By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;

Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.

Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee Hector: Thou art too gentle, and too free a man: I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence A great addition, earned in thy death.

Not Neoptolymus so mirable, On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes) Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe, A thought of added honor, torne from Hector.

There is expectance here from both the sides, What further you will doe? Weele answere it: The issue is embracement: Aiax, farewell.

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

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

Doth see vnarm'd the valiant Hector.

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

Aia.

Great Agamemnon comes to meete vs here;

Hect.

The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:

But for Achilles, mine owne serching eyes

Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

I thanke thee most imperious Agamemnon.

My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.

Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,

You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Who must we answer?
Æne.

The Noble Menelaus.

Hect.

O you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlet thanks.

Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,

Your quondam wife sweares still by Venus Gloue

Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

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

O pardon, I offend.

I haue (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft

Labouring for destiny, make cruell way

Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee

As hot as Perseus, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,

And seene thee scoring forfeits and subduments,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th'ayre,

Not letting it decline, on the declined:

That I haue said vnto my standers by,

Loe Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.

And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I seene,

But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)

I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,

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

But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,

Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,

And (worthy Warrion) welcome to our Tents.

'Tis the old Nestor.

Your quondam wife sweares still by Venus Gloue

Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time;
Most reuerend Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee.
I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.
I would they could.
Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow.

Well, welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.
I know your fauour Lord Vlysses well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead.
Since first I saw your selfe, and Diomed
In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.
Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet:
For yonder wals that pertly front your
Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feet.
I must not beleeue you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke.
The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Vlys.

So to him we leaue it.

Most gentle, and most valiant welcome;
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

I shall forestall thee Lord, thou:
Now I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd, thee,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.

Is this Achilles?
Behold thy fill.
Nay, I haue done already.
Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st.
Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?

Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out

It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand againe;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'ld not beleeue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer

Do no chassee thee Cosi;
And you, let these threats alone

Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of Hector
If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,
Can scarse intreat you to be odde with him.

I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd
The Grecians cause.

Dost thou intreat me
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.

Thy hand vpon that match.

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

In what place of the field doth Calchas keepe?
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire Cressid.

Who neither looke on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire Cressid.

Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's Tent, to bring me thither? Who is this Cressida in Troy, had she no lover there? That wailes her absence? O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres, a mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord? She was belou'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth; but still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth.

Exeunt.
Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll of Idol-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

From whence, Fragment?

Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Who keepes the Tent now?

The Surgeon's box, or the Patients wound.

Well said adversity, and what need these tricks?

Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.

Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and the like, take and take againe, such preposterous discoue-ries.

Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?
Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable

Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immaterial

skiene of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou
tassell of a Prodigals purse thou; Ah how the poore world is
pestred with such water−flies, diminuities of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come Thersites, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away Patroclus.

Heere is a Letter from Queene Hecuba:
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come Thersites, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away Patroclus.

Exit.

Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these two may
mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen, Heere's
Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough,

that loues Quailes, but he has net so much Braine as
eare−wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there
his Brother, the Bull, the primative Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse and Oxe: to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon,

Vlysses Ne stor, Diomed, with Lights.</stage>

We go wrong, we go wrong.

No yonder'tis, there where we see the light,

I trouble you.

No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Heere comes himselfe to guide you? Welcome braue Hector, welcome Princes all.
Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Goodnight my Lord.

Goodnight sweet lord Menelaus.

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

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

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

I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse, The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Hector.

Give me your hand.

Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalcas Tent, lie keepe you company.
Who = "#F-tro-tro"

Troy. <p>Sweet sir, you honour me.</p>

Who = "#F-tro-hec"

Hect. <p>And so good night.</p>

Who = "#F-tro-ach"

Achil. <p>Come, come, enter my Tent.</p>

Stage

Exeunt.<p></p>

Who = "#F-tro-the"

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

Stage

Exeunt.<p></p>

<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">

[Act 5, Scene 2]<

Enter Diomed.<p></p>

Dio. <p>What are you vp here ho? speake?</p>

Chal. <p>Who cals?</p>

Dio. <p>Diomed, Chalcas (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?</p>

</sp>
She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vlisses.

Stand where the Torch may not discover vs.

Enter Cressid.

Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Yea, so familiar?

She will sing any man at first sight.

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

Will you remember?

Remember? yes.

Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.
Troy.

What should she remember?

Vlis.

List?

Cres.

Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther.

Roguery.

Dio.

Fo, fo, come tell a pin. You are a forsworne.

Cres.

In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

Ther.

A iugling tricke, to be secretly open.

Dio.

What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cres.

I prethee do not hold me to mine oath, but that sweete Greeke.
Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Ulis. How now Trojan?

Cres. Diomed.

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troy. Thy better must.

Cres. Harke one word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madness!

Vlis. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you, lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe; to wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous; the time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Vlis. Nay, good my Lord goe off: you flow to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy.

I pray thee stay?

You haue not patience, come.

You shake my Lord at something; will you goe? I will not speake a word.

And so good night.

Nay, but you part in anger.

By \textit{Ioue} I will be patient.

Gardian? why Greeke ?

Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

You shake my Lord at something; will you goe? you will breake out.
She stroakes his cheeke.

Vlis. Come, come,

Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word.

There is betweene my will, and all offences, A guard of patience; stay a little while.

How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles these together; frye lechery, frye.

But will you then?

In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.

Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Ile fetch you one.

Ie fetch you one.

Exit.

You haue sworne patience.

Feare me not sweete Lord.

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

Enter
Cressid.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>Now the pledge, now, now, now.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <p>Here <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>, keepe this Sleeue.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
  <p>O beautie! where is thy Faith?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
  <l>I will be patient, outwardly I will.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:</l>
  <l>He lou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe,</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
  <p>Whose was't?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>It is no matter now I haue't againe.</l>
  <l>I will not meete with you to morrow night:</l>
  <l>I prythee <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi> visite me no more.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>Now, she sharpens: well said Whetstone.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
  <p>I shall haue it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <p>What, this?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
</sp>
I that.

O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,
And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;
As I kisse thee.

Nay, doe not snatch it from me.
He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.
I had your heart before, this followes it.
I did sweare patience.
You shall not haue it; faith you shall not:
Ile giue you something else.
I will haue this: whose was it?
You shall not haue it; faith you shall not:
Ile giue you something else.

Ile giue you something else.

I will have this: whose was it?
Come tell me whose it was?
It is no matter.
Come tell me whose it was?
But now you haue it, take it.
Whose was it?

By all Dianas waiting women yond: And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

To morrow will I weare it on my Helme, and grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne, it should be challeng'd.

Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not: I will not keepe my word.

Why then farewell, Thou neuer shalt mocke Diomed againe.

You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word, But it strait starts you.

I doe not like this fooling.

Nor I by Pluto; but that that likes not me, pleases me best.

What shall I come? the houre.
<speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker><p>I, come: O <hi rend="italic">Ioue!</hi> doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.</p></sp><sp who="#F-tro-dio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker><p>Farewell till then.</p></sp><stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker><l>Good night: I prythee come;</l>
  <l>But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.</l>
  <l>Ah poore our sexe this fault in vs I finde;</l>
  <l>The error of our eye, directs our minde.</l>
  <l>What error leads, must erre: O then conclude,</l>
  <l>Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.</l></sp><stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker><l>A proofe of strength she could not publish more;</l>
  <l>Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.</l></sp><sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker><p>Al's done my Lord.</p></sp><sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker><p>It is.</p></sp><sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker><p>Why stay we then?</p></sp><sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker><l>To make a recordation to my soule</l>
  <l>Of euery syllable that here was spoke:</l>
  <l>But if I tell how these two did coact</l>
  <l>Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?</l>
  <l>Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:</l>
  <l>An esperance so obstinately strong,</l>
  <l>That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;</l>
  <l>As if those organs had deceptive functions,</l>
  <l>Created onely to calumniate.</l>
Was <hi rend="italic">Cressi</hi> here?

Vlis.</sp>
<p>I cannot conjure Troian.</p>
</sp>
<Troy.</sp>
<p>She was not sure.</p>
</sp>
<Troy.</sp>
<p>Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?</p>
</sp>
<Troy.</sp>
<p>Nor mine my Lord: <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> was here but now.</p>
</sp>
<Troy.</sp>
<p>Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.</p>
</sp>
<Ther.</sp>
<p>Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?</p>
</sp>
<Troy.</sp>
<p>This she? no, this is <hi rend="italic">Diomids</hi> Cressida</sp>:<sp>
<p>If beautie haue a soule, this is not she:</p>
</sp>
If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;
If sanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,
This is not she: O madness of discourse!
Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
Without revolt. This is, and is not <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>:
Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the spacious breth of this diuision,
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,
As <hi rend="italic">Ariachnes</hi> broken woofe to enter:
Instance, O instance! strong as <hi rend="italic">Plutoes</hi> gates:

<hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:
The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot fiue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, ort s of her loue:
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound <hi rend="italic">to Diomed</hi>

With that which here his passion doth expresse?
May worthy <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> be halfe attached

<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
<speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
<hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> be halfe heart

Inflam'd with <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi>: neuer did yong man fancy
With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.
Harke Greek: as much I doe <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi> louse;

So much by weight, hate I her <hi rend="italic">
That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by Vulcans skill,
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadful spout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Shall dizzie by with more clamour Neptunes eare,
In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.

O Cressid! O false Cressid!
Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.

O containe your selfe:
Your passion drawes eares hither.

I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.

Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and Diomed
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

Ile bring you to the Gates.
Accept distracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Ulisses.

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

Enter Hecter and Andromache.

You traine me to offend you: get you gone.  
By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.

You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.

My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.

No more I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Where is my brother Hector?

And.

And.

And.
Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and deere petition:
pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt
of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.

Cass. O,'tis true.

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

Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the be halfe of charitie.

It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;
But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:

Vnatme

Vnarme

sweete Hector

Hector. Hold you still I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.<n>
Enter Troylus.<n>
How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?<n>
Cassandra, call my father to perswade.<n>
Exit Cassandra.<n>
No faith yong Troylus;< doffe thy harness
youth:
I am to day ith'vaine of Chialrie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong:
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre:
Vnamre thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

What vice is that? good Troylus chide me for it.

O 'tis faire play.

Fooles play, by heauen Troylus chide Hector.

O 'tis faire play.
<p>How now? how now?</p>

<TSP>

<speak rend="italic">
Troy.</speak>
</TSP>

<l>For th' loue of all the gods</l>

<l>Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;</l>

<l>And when we haue our Armors buckled on,</l>

<l>The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords.</l>

<l>Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.</l>

</sp>

<TSP who="#F-tro-hec">

<speak rend="italic">Hect.</speak>
</TSP>

<p>Fie sauage, fie.</p>

<TSP who="#F-tro-tro">

<speak rend="italic">Troy.</speak>
</TSP>

<p>Hector, then 'tis warres.</p>

<TSP who="#F-tro-hec">

<speak rend="italic">Hect.</speak>
</TSP>

<p>Troylus, I would not haue you fight to day.</p>

<TSP who="#F-tro-tro">

<speak rend="italic">Troy.</speak>
</TSP>

<l>Who should with-hold me?</l>

<l>Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi> on knees;</l>

<l>Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;</l>

<l>Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne</l>

<l>Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way;</l>

<l>But by my ruine.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Priam and Cassandra.</stage>

<TSP who="#F-tro-cas">

<speak rend="italic">Cass.</speak>
</TSP>

<l>Lay hold vpon him <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>, hold him fast:</l>

<l>He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,</l>

<l>Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Fall</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axe0615-0.jpg" /></p>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
Fall all together.

Come Hector, come, goe backe: Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had visions; Cassandra doth foresee; and 1 my selfe.

Æneas is a field, And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes, Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare This morning to them.

I, but thou shalt not goe,

I must not breake my faith: You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,

Which you doe here forbid me, Royall Priam.

O Priam, yeeld not to him.

Doe not deere father.

I am offended with you: Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

I am offended with you: Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache
This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle, makes all these bodements.

O farewell, deere Hector: looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale; looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents; harke how Troy roares; how Hecuba cries out; how poore Andromache shrils her dolour forth; behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement, like witlesse Antickes one another meete, and all cry Hector, Hectors dead: O Hector!

You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime: goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight: doe deeds of praise, and tell you them at night.

Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about thee.

They are at it, harke: proud Diomed, beleuue,

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

Enter Pandar.
A Larum
Alarum.
Enter Thersites in excursion.

Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet. Dio-mede, has got that same scuruie, doting, foolish yong Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine see them meet; that, that same yong Troian asse, that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-mai sterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the dissembling luxurious drabbe, of a sleeuelesse errant. O'th'tother side, the policie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole old Mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor: and that same dog-foxe Vlisses is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They set me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre Aiax against that dogge of as bad a kinde, Achilles. And now is the curre Aiax prouder then the curre Achilles, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme; and policie growes into an ill opinion. 

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.
<l>Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hector.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
  <p>What art thou Greek? art thou for <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> match? </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>No, no: I am a rascall: a scuruie railing knaue: a very filthy roague. </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
  <p>I doe beleue thee, liue. </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a <lb/>plague breake thy necke———for frighting me: what's be:<lb/>come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue <lb/>swallowed one anoth<rend="inverted">e</rend></p>

laugh at that mira:<lb/>cle———yet in a fort, lecherie eates it selfe; Ile seeke them.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
  <p>Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> Horse; </p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty; Tell her, I haue chastis'd the amorous Troyan. And am her Knight by proofe.</p>
</sp>
I goe my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga.

Renew, renew, the fierce Polidamus

Hath beate downe Menon: bastard Margareton

Hath Doreus prisoner.

And stands Calossus—wife waiving his beam,

Vpon the pashed courses of the Kings:

Epistropus and Cedus, Polixines is slaine;

Amphimacus and Thous deadly hurt;

Patroclus tane or slaine, and Palamedes

Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary Appauleth us numbers, haste we Diomed To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Coe beare Patroclus body to Achilles, And bid the saile—pac'd Aiax arme for shame:

There is a thousand Hectors in the field:

Now here he fights on Galathe his Horse,

And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,

And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculls,

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

Enter Vlisses.
Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing. vowing vengeance;
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noselesse, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on Hector. Aiax hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aiax.
Troylus, thou coward Troylus, thou coward
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for Troylus; who bath done to day,
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Exit.
I, there, there.
So, so, we draw together.
Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil.

Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face: Know what it is to meete Achilles angry.

Hector, wher's Hector? I will none but Hector.


Enter Troylus.

Oh traitour Diomed! Turne thy false face thou traytor, And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Diomed,

Ha, art thou there?

Aia.

Ile fight with him alone, stand Diomed.

He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you both.

Yea Troylus? O well fought my yongest Brother.

Now doe I see thee; haue at thee Hector.

I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of vse:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

Exit.

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

Troy.

Aiax; shall it be?

No, by the flamè of yonder glorious heav'en,

He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

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

Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect.

Stand, stand, thou Greeke,

Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

Ile flush it, and vnlocke the riuets all,

But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beast abide?

Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil.

Come here about me you my Myrmidons:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selues in breath;

And when I haue the bloudy Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In fellest manner execute your arme.

Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, Hector the great must dye.

Exit.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.
Ther.
The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lo we; Paris, lowe; now my dou-ble hen'd sparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.
Enter Bastard.

Turne slaue and fight.

What are thou?

A Bastard Sonne of Priams.

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

The diuell take thee coward.

Exeunt.

[Act 5, Scene 8]
Enter Hector.

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

Enter Achilles and his
Myrmidons.<div type="scene" n="9" rend="notPresent">

[Act 5, Scene 9]</div>

Myrmidons.

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Myrmidons.
<speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
<p>Harke, harke. what shout is that?</p>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
<speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
<p>Peace Drums.</p>
</sp>

Achill</div>
<p><pb facs="FFimg:axc0617-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Sol.</fw>
</p>

<sp who="#F-tro-troes">
<p>What shout is that? <br/>
<sp who="#F-tro-sol">
<speaker rend="italic">Sold.</speaker>
</p></sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
<speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
<p>The bruite is, <hi rend="italic">Hector's</hi> slaine, and by <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
<speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
<l>Great <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> was a man as good as he.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
<speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
<l>March patiently along; let one be sent</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
</sp>

<div type="scene" n="10" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 10]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphæbus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aen">
<speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
<l>Stand hoe, yet are we masters of the field.</l>
<l>Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.</l></sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus.</stage>
</div>
<p><hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is slaine.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tro-all">All.</sp></p>

<p><hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>? the gods forbid.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tro-tro">Troy.</sp></p>

<p>Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile</p>

<p>In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.</p>

<p>Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.</p>

<p>I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy;</p>

<p>And linger not our sure destructions on.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tro-aen">Æne.</sp></p>

<p>My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tro-tro">Troy</sp></p>

<p>You vnderstand me not, that tell me so;</p>

<p>But dare all imminence that gods and men,</p>

<p>Addresse their dangers in. <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is gone;</p>

<p>Who shall tell <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi> so? or <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>?</p>

<p>Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,</p>

<p>Goe in to Troy, and say there, <hi rend="italic">Hector's</hi> dead;</p>

<p>There is a word will <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi> turne to stone;</p>

<p>Make wels, and <hi rend="italic">Niobes</hi> of the maides and</p>

<p>Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,</p>

<p>Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,</p>

<p><hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is d</p>

<p>No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,</p>
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand.

But heare you? heare you?

Troy.

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

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

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

Exeunt.