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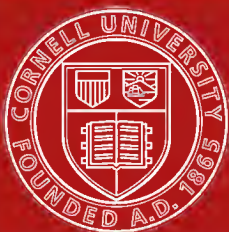
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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, *circa* 1591–1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
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PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO
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The Bankside Shakespeare

IV.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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*(The Players' Text of 1609, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the Question as
to whether the Play held Shakespeare's
stage or was printed with
his concurrence

BY

APPLETON MORGAN, A. M., LL. B. (COLUMBIA)

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author of "Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism," "Venus and Adonis, a Study
in Warwickshire Dialect," "The
Shakespearean Myth," "Di-
gesta Shakespeareana,"
etc.*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1889

A. 109399



To
Augustin Daly, Esq.
WHOSE ART HAS GIVEN SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDY
ITS MOST OPULENT MOUNTING,
WHILE
HIS SCHOLARSHIP HAS ENABLED HIM TO ADEQUATELY PRESERVE
THE PERSPECTIVE OF ITS DATE,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,
BY HIS PERMISSION.

A. M.



INTRODUCTION

WHEREVER else in the Shakespeare plays John Milton may have been able to find "native wood notes wild," he certainly would have been puzzled to discover them in *Troilus and Cressida*. Here, indeed, Shakespeare stalks in buskin only, portraying mighty men, peers, leaders, counsellors, and princes: scarcely consenting, in Pandarus and Ther-sites, to utilize the low comedians of his company, even with an eye to the groundlings or the testerns at the door.

In the Introduction to *THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*,¹ I ventured to remark that I found some difficulty in believing that Shakespeare allowed himself, for eleven years or more, to be punctually, regularly, and systematically robbed by piratical printers; and that the explanation might possibly be that he himself winked, for a consideration, at the "theft." To carry the surmise a little further, it seems to me that a theory might be framed which would help us out of the difficulty, and at the same time throw not a little light upon the otherwise mysterious Quartos. For example, let us assume that, finding it impossible to prevent the stealing of his plays by stenography or memorization in one or two instances — the laws of the date making anything once in print the property of the printer (if a member of the Stationers' Company, as all printers were), entirely irrespective of how he came by it — Shakespeare, perceiving that he could not prevent, made a profit (if not a

¹ *The Bankside Shakespeare*, volume i.

virtue) out of necessity, by himself furnishing the stationers with his actors' lines. Shakespeare knew his audiences by heart; none knew them better. He is constantly gibing at them, revealing how well he understood that, however he might courtesy to the throne and the court, the patrician and the peer, it was from the stinkard and the groundling that his income came; that these must fill his pit, or profits would not accrue; and he certainly must have seen that in *Troilus and Cressida*, for example, there was nothing for these. (Of course we must not be betrayed by such writers as Gosson, or Northbrook, or Stubbes, into believing that the Shakespeare theatres were such terrible places. The audiences were no more brutal than the times (which, as Taine says, "were not far removed from the Middle Ages, and the mediæval man lived on a dunghill"), and no worse as audiences than the theatres were as theatres or the actors as actors. But we are under the peremptory necessity always, in dealing with Shakespeare, to worship him from a nineteenth-century standpoint, and so, as between him and his audiences, must not overlook the fact that the perspective, to bring him in at all, must be always immensely distorted.) If he, therefore, concluded to send the play to the printers, it was only another example of the Shakespearean plan of getting money, viz., earning it by the use of his brains. There is a class of commentators which resents any surmise that Shakespeare earned money, and preferred wealth and coats-of-arms to poverty and obscurity; and which would infinitely prefer to conceive him as a Lear or a Timon, who threw away his own, trusting to the beneficiaries of his folly to return in kind when demanded. (The records appear to read quite the other way; but then gentlemen with theories are not often impeded by such things as records.)

The above supposition as to the printers much better accounts, to my mind, for almost all the Shakespearean phenomena than the bold one that as fast as William Shakespeare produced a play some printer purloined and printed it. Witness, too, the further fact that whereas, when the printers stole the plays by stenography or from the actors' mouths by memorization, they got the text in very bad shape; while, when Shakespeare began to wink at or facilitate the "surreptitious" proceeding, the Quartos vastly improved, and very soon became — as in the case of the later ones, with very rare and minute exceptions — quite as good as, and sometimes even better than, the texts finally perpetuated for us in the First Folio. In the *Troilus and Cressida*, however, I think there is a feature unrepeated in any other, and upon it there is a theory I would like to offer as to the first quarto edition in 1609.

The *Troilus and Cressida* is certainly, from a literary and philosophical standpoint, one of the most magnificent compositions, not only in English literature, but in the glorious Shakespearean gallery itself. But, granting, as not improbable, that the Shakespeare audiences were pretty much the same as our own, — wanted to be amused, grew weary of mere declamation and posing without action and incident, — does not the question still confront us, Was this *Troilus and Cressida* a stage success? — was it a good acting play? I think the play was mounted and tried with all the pageantry of which the Shakespearean stage admitted. Upon its completion, the three or four men who did duty for the Trojan or Grecian army, as required, probably passed across the stage in their every-day dresses: only the masques acted at court were supposed to require the costumer's art. A noise of drums or of gunpowder outside gave the idea of a battle in progress:

Ajax pommelled away at Thersites when the text called for it. But I think that the play was not successful, and was soon withdrawn. It certainly is not calculated to interest an audience. It has no plot. The tremendously long monologues of Ulysses and of Nestor could hardly have enchained the spectators, and certainly call for no dramatic action. To the reader they, especially the speeches of Ulysses, are crowning efforts of eloquent and philosophic insight; and indeed the whole play — from a reader's standpoint — is so magnificent as to lead us to exclaim, Did Shakespeare ever do anything loftier than this? The speech of Ulysses beginning, "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back," is, after all, only Amien's song —

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude —

or the 25th Sonnet —

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled —

(the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, alas! is not remembrance, but forgetfulness, of favors past in present sunshine), — put into the calmest of statement, which must have been small comfort to the smarting Achilles. But, touch us as it can to-day in our libraries, however massive and masterly, all this pessimistic philosophizing could hardly have enchained an audience who had come to be entertained, not with dissertations upon human nature, but with stage effects. Cressida was a young lady of no looser views than the ordinary run of Shakespeare's time, subjected to what we must admit to be a rather severe temptation. To be torn from her lover after the first taste of the sweets of

a honeymoon had become familiar, and put under escort of a dashing young soldier of the opposite camp in glittering uniform and flushed with applause and victory, was an ordeal to which even an Othello dared not subject even a Desdemona, let alone this Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, who "loves the military." But Cressida's two love affairs could hardly have run smoother than they did, and there was no bloodshed to enliven either in its course, especially for an audience which had gloated over the gore and carnage of *Titus Andronicus*. Shakespeare seems at least to have assumed that Cressida did what was expected of her, and forbore — as Dryden complains — to punish her for yielding to the predilection of her sex. How could he do otherwise? Everything in the play is foregone, and the dialogue rarely goes out of its way to even express it. Who ever heard of such a speech as Cressida's "Uncle, what follies I commit, I dedicate to you," under the like prescribed conditions; Troilus trembling with passionate anticipation, Cressida cool and calculating as a shopkeeper? And yet this same Cressida can coquette with Ulysses himself for a kiss; although, so far as Shakespeare knew, a kiss was the recognized salutation when a nobleman and a noble lady met, in the days in which he lived, as well as in those of which he was supposed to write. But then, who has guessed, or who ever can guess, whence Shakespeare drew his women? We all of us know such women now; but, if history has been correctly written, there were none such in his day and date. Were they new stars that swam into the ken of his forecasting dreams? Around him he could have seen in women nothing but servitors and playthings.

Here was neither comedy nor tragedy, nothing but dialogue. No wonder the First Folio printers hesitated where to put the play in their books, and

finally tucked it in between the comedies and tragedies, without committing themselves to an opinion on the matter. Here was no poetic justice, no catastrophe, no *dénouement*; nobody the worse or the better for the events and situations. Cressida goes off billing and cooing with lover number two; and lover number one, though he declaims somewhat, practically acquiesces; at least he slaughters neither his rival nor himself. For appeals to the patriotic pride of Englishmen there was no room in the camp scenes of Trojan and Grecian armies; likewise, there was a startling absence of anything like the low comic of Falstaff, or Dogberry, or Malvolio, or of the merry cross-purposes of the *Comedy of Errors*. The occasional pommelling of Thersites — popular as such “business” was and is and always has been upon an English stage, from the days when the Vice pounded the Devil of the Miracle Play even unto our own — could hardly have made much weight against a couple of hours of what, to an Elizabethan audience, could only have been mere elocution. The flirtations of Cressida (the only presented character with whom a miscellaneous audience of Queen Elizabeth’s day could probably sympathize) were mostly related in words, and called for very inconsiderable action indeed. And nobody kicks Pandarus into the wings, at the end of the play; which was, from a playwright’s standpoint, clearly the only decent thing to do with him. I imagine, then, an empty house or two, and Mr. Shakespeare, instead of persisting in an attempt to run his own work against the stomach of his patronage, very speedily settling the question in favor of packed houses as against empty ones. “Put me on something else,” he thundered (but in Elizabethan idiom of command). “This play is of no use. My audiences won’t have it, won’t listen to it. My other plays have sold outside the theatre,

however ; perhaps this one will, if I wait for somebody to steal it, as the others have been stolen. Take it, write up a preface that will puff it, and send it to its fate in print. It's a loss, anyhow, as it is. You can't make it worse." No sooner said than done : a quarto version appears, prefaced (as no quarto was ever prefaced before or since) with an address, "A Never Writer to an Ever Reader," in which it was stated that "You have here a new play never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comicall : for it is a birth of your braine that never undertook anything comicall vainly : and were but the vaine names of commodities changde for the titles of commodities or of playes for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities." (The "grand censors" being the Puritans, who were beginning to elongate their visages at the sports of the people, and to give the play-houses considerable concern, no doubt, at about that time.)

Thus, since William Shakespeare was not "a writer," in the sense here given to the term, but a playwright, this address "From a Never Writer to an Ever Reader," which was prefixed to the Quarto, and which asserted that the play was a new one which had never been "stal'd with the stage," is at once accounted for. The stage had certainly refused the play. But it was not necessary to so specify. It was enough to state the fact (as indeed it surely was the fact) that *Troilus and Cressida* had "never been clapper-clawed with the palmes of the vulgar." Whether the play was as successful on the bookseller's columns as it has been a failure on the theatre boards, we may never know. But there seems to have been an attempt to increase its acting properties made by somebody between the

date of its publication in 1609 and its use in the First Folio in 1623. Not a very extensive one, however; merely exhausting itself by breaking the tremendous length of Ulysses's eighty-line quarto speech, beginning "Agamemnon, thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece," in two by the insertion of five commonplace lines put into the mouth of Ajax, "Speak, Prince of Ithaca," etc.; which break, however, could not have very largely supplied the dramatic shortcomings which relegated this final Shakespearean *Troilus and Cressida* (assuming the stage fiasco, and the unstolen and unsurreptitious printing we have conjectured) to the reader rather than to the spectator.

I think, however, that Shakespeare must have always ruminated tenderly on this noble drama which his audiences had rejected. To the loves of Troilus and of Cressida he is constantly putting allusion in the mouths of his lovers. "Troilus is one of the patterns of love," says Rosalind. "In such a night as this, Troilus sighed his soul out towards the Grecian tents," says Lorenzo. "Troilus first employed Panders," says Benedick. "I am Cressida's uncle," says Lafeu. Only once does Shakespeare speak disparagingly of the Trojan girl (whom Dryden thought he ought to have terribly punished), and that is in Pistol's allusion to one "of Cressid's kind" (*Henry V.*, ii. 1), this same Pistol who rants in another place that he will not "Sir Pandarus of Troy become, and at his side wear steel:" Petruccio has a spaniel named Troilus, and Troilus is in the painted picture on the wall which diverts the weeping Lucrece from her woes. Altogether he would not have been apt to forget this still-born attempt to dramatize the Trojan story to which he had so often turned for episode or moral.

But the circumstantial and internal evidence which

this play has furnished to Shakespearean study is not exhausted by any such theory as the above. This play, more than any other, has been used by the believers in a Baconian or anti-Shakespearean authorship of the plays, (and — barring such extravagances as the more exotic and heroic of the Baconians, CIPHERISTS, etc. — there is a large historical palliation in the Baconian theory, which, when calmly stated, has always been conceded.)

How came Shakespeare to put into the mouth of Cressida such a speech as

But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.

— Troilus having earlier in the play spoken of being

As true as steel . . .
. . . as earth to the centre :

thus here twice declaring the law of gravitation, which Newton was only to discover and announce in 1685. Or why did he make Hector say :

Not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

— when Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, had made the same error? Aristotle had said that young men were unfit to *study political* philosophy, and Bacon's passage, like Shakespeare's, runs: "Is not the opinion of Aristotle worthy to be regarded wherein he saith that young men are no fit *auditors* of *moral* philosophy, because they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections nor attempered with time and experience?" (*De Augmentis*, lib. vii.)

These questions (although they do not claim that Bacon discovered gravitation before Newton announced it) the Baconians have been asking for the

last thirty years, without, so far as I know, rejoinder. The only answer I can make to them is as follows :

In a late volume,¹ a prominent Baconian authority declares that he believes that Francis Bacon wrote not only Shakespeare's works, but Marlowe's, the Essays of Montaigne, and the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (heretofore generally credited to Robert Burton); and he adds: "Bacon also in the writings of Marston, Massinger, Middleton, Greene, Shirley, and Webster" — a statement at first sight rather startling, but really one perfectly consistent with the situation which this same authority creates. Here is answer, out of the very Baconian mouth itself, to the Baconian theory. What the Baconians are pleased to call "Bacon" is simply the classical English prose of Bacon's date. When they find this prose in Marlowe, Shakespeare, Burton, Massinger, Webster, etc., they cry, "Behold Bacon!" But they might equally cry, "Behold classical English!" — the only English that has survived from those sporadic days. Ben Jonson did not write it—he was too full of Latin and Greek; and he and all the others who could not handle it are buried upon our library shelves. What makes Shakespeare's plays so immensely valuable to scholars of our day, not only, but so permanently vital — whereas his contemporaries are tedious reading, and only open their sense to us with glossary and comment — is that Shakespeare wrote in the root English, pure and simple as he found it, whereas his contemporaries competed with each other which could most largely deal in the fashions — that is to say, in the acquired and contemporary meanings — of the particular time. There were fashions and tricks of time then as now, and Jonson, Greene, and the rest caught them and used

¹ Ignatius Donnelly, *The Great Cryptogram*, Chicago, 1888, p. 939.

them always. Mere literature is, after all, what Hamlet called Osric's flourishes and twitter—"a tune of the time." We have had a dozen different tunes since Shakespeare. They have all passed away, but we read Shakespeare still. We cannot express the reason of Shakespeare's immortality better, after all, than by quoting the first piece of Shakespearean inductive criticism extant. That criticism is Aubrey's, and was written two hundred and sixty years ago: "His comedies will remain witt as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*. Now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombities that, twenty years hence, they will not be understood." After all, what has the criticism of two centuries added to this?

The great argument of the pure Baconian is from the *Parallelisms*. He finds expressions, turns of speech, allusions, figures, analogies, in Bacon, which he parallels, often most amazingly, in Shakespeare. But let any one try to reverse the process. Let him try to find expressions, turns of speech, etc., in *Shakespeare* which he can parallel in *Bacon*, and he will discover that it cannot be done (except inversely, by taking the first-mentioned clauses in reverse order). Therefore, and until the process can be reversed, he will say to himself, "Why, this is only proving — what is the conceded miracle anyhow — the universality of Shakespeare!" Can you parallel in Bacon such a passage as —

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,

or any one of ten thousand other passages of like fire? Admitting that Bacon wrote the curious relicta signed "Ignoto," the fine verses entitled *The Retired Courtier*, or those beginning

The earth's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span,

what is there in these that remind of the Shakespearean plays or poems? And the *Apothegms*, wherein Bacon chronicled such elephantine jokes and *jeux d'esprit* as came to his ear, certainly recall neither the bubbling and resistless humor or the sparkling wit of Shakespearean comedy. I do not range with those who cite Bacon's *Paraphrases of the Psalms* as specimen of his poetical prowess. I have no doubt that he wrote these, just as John Milton wrote his own — in doggerel, purposely, in order that the meanest intellects might use them, commit them to memory, and sing them. If there is any degree in doggerel, Milton's versions are the more ridiculous, and Sternhold and Hopkins no better, and certainly no worse. The reason always given for the low order of work on rhymed versions of Holy Writ was: that, the words being inspired of Heaven, it was better to force them into their places in the lines by neck and crop, than to add or take away a single word. And perhaps Bacon and Milton may have had similar ideas of propriety. I simply cannot find anything in Bacon which rises and falls in cadence to my ear like the cadences of Shakespeare, though I cheerfully admit to finding hundreds of words, expressions, and "turns of speech" which remind me of Bacon.

Once having perceived, then, that Shakespeare and Bacon parallel because they both use the same stately Elizabethan speech, but that the dramatic, the passionate, the tremendous, the sublime, of Shakespeare is in the method in which he uses, and not in the mere fact of employment of, that speech — once let one fully perceive this, and the mere colorless assertion that Bacon, for example, used the expressions "dogs of war," or "confines," or "ranging," or men-

tioned "Ate," will utterly fail of making the slightest impression on his mind. As, little by little, the utter antipodes of the Shakespeare and Bacon styles opposes itself like a barrier of adamant to every attempt one makes to dispose of it by means of the circumstantial evidence (one of the peculiarities of circumstantial evidence, be it remembered, is that it may be explained away), he will, I think, gradually weaken as to the anti-Shakespearean case ; and while he may believe that there is a most opaque mystery somewhere, will find himself, on the whole, most orthodox as to "Shakespeare" and all that that name implies. In the same cycles the same methods of speech prevail, the same tendencies, theories, beliefs, methods of reasoning, are in the air ; and traces of the same range and periodicity of opinion will always be found in the literature of the same cycles ; the same doubts sway men's minds, the same hopes prevail and fears confront. And we may reckon that certainly, in the expression of a given date, none of the genera of that date and cycle will be omitted. So, two centuries hence, the student of English literature of the nineteenth century will find, in every specimen he opens, allusion to the great interrogatories which have confronted this generation : momentous questions of evolution and of personal creation ; of electricity as a life-giving agent and as a motor transcending the ultimate destiny of steam ; and of the hundred other vital questions which we of the nineteenth century pause over and discuss. And so with the law of gravitation. It was in the air around and about the days of Henry VIII., and Mary, and Elizabeth, and James. Perhaps some gentle monk in cell or cloister — before Queen Elizabeth's father had torn down the religious houses, and turned the orders which had carried letters and art and science from antique times through the

barbaric years to revive again in just such souls as Shakespeare — perhaps this monk had once let his breviary fall, and in his quiet contemplations had wondered, as Newton was to wonder, why it tended downward instead of upward ; or he may have found it — as we know it is — asserted in Aristotle, in Eratosthenes, in Cicero, Pliny, and Seneca. Great truths may be announced by one favored man ; but it is seldom that even this one man — could the inventory of all humanity be taken — may freely claim to have been the only one upon its track. In the very first quarto of the *Romeo and Juliet*, printed in 1597 (twelve years before this allusion to the law of gravitation in the present play), Romeo says : “ Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out ” (palpably, since he is thinking of his attraction towards Juliet, an allusion to that law). Would Bacon, speaking thus as a philosopher, at the same time have packed his plays with such anachronisms as a clock in Brutus’s tent, a monastery in Ephesus, sixpences in Athens, a Frenchman in Mitylene ? How his exact and ponderous soul would rather have crazed at such inaccuracy ?

The fact is that, however one may be inclined to wander at times from a belief in the Shakespeare, there are two considerations which always must seize him like the hand of a giant, and thrust him back against his will into the abject orthodoxy. One of these is the fact of the two lists of plays, the Lifetime List and the First Folio List of “ Shakespeare Plays.” (To cite this Lifetime List is simple enough ; to frame it exactly is another matter, being a question not so much of familiarity with the records, copyright entries, allusions in contemporary literature, and memoranda in private diaries of the period, as an assessment of all these according to their merits. So far as I am able to decide, after much wa-

vering, I incline to think that this Lifetime List, like the First Folio List, contained about thirty-six plays.)¹ But, whatever these two lists, and what-

¹ Supposing, for example, the following to be the Lifetime List (the asterisk showing those perpetuated in the First Folio): —

- *Love's Labour's Lost Mentioned by Meres, 1598.
 *Antony and Cleopatra Entered in Stationers' Register, 1608.
 *Macbeth Mentioned by Forman, 1610.
 *Henry V. Quarto, 1600.
 *Twelfth Night Mentioned by Manningham, 1601-2.
 *As You Like It Entered in Stationers' Register, 1603.
 Troublesome Raine of King John Quarto, 1591. "W. Sh" on title-page of 2d Q. (1611).
 *Cymbeline Mentioned by Forman, whose diary dates 1610-1611.
 *The Winter's Tale Mentioned by Forman, who saw it performed in 1610-11, May 15.
 The Contention of York and Lancaster Quarto (now the Henry VI., Part II.), 1594.
 The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York Quarto (now the Henry VI., Part III.), 1595.
 *The Merry Wives of Windsor Quarto, 1602
 *The Taming of a Shrew Quarto, 1594.
 *Romeo and Juliet Quarto, 1597.
 *Titus Andronicus Quarto, 1600.
 *Richard II. Quarto, 1597.
 *Richard III. Quarto, 1597.
 *A Midsummer Night's Dream Quarto, 1600.
 *The Merchant of Venice Quarto, 1600.
 * I. Henry the Fourth Quarto, 1598.
 *II. Henry the Fourth Quarto, 1600.
 *Othello Mentioned in diary of Von Venderhagan, attaché of Duke of Wurtemberg, etc., as played at the Globe Theatre, April 30, 1610.
 Loocrine Quarto, "W. S." on title-page, 1595.
 Pericles Quarto "William Shakespeare" on title-page, 1609.
 *Much Ado about Nothing Quarto, 1600.

ever they included it evidently follows, from their separate existence, that, had there been no such

- *Troilus and Cressida Quarto, 1609.
- *Hamlet Quarto, 1603.
- *Lear Quarto, 1608.
- *A Comedy of Errors Mentioned by Meres in 1598.
- Love's Labour's Won Mentioned by Meres in 1598.
- *The Two Gentlemen of Verona Mentioned by Meres in 1598.
- Sir John Oldcastle Quarto, "William Shakespeare"
on title-page, 1600.
- Thomas, Lord Cromwell Quarto, "W. S." on title-page,
1613, 1st ed., 1602.
- The Puritan Widow Quarto, "W. S." on title-page,
1601.
- The London Prodigal Quarto, "William Shakespeare"
on title-page, 1605.
- The Yorkshire Tragedy Quarto, "William Shakespeare"
on title-page, 1608.

we have thirty-six plays known as Shakespeare's during his lifetime. But if the play that Meres mentions as *Errors*, that was played in December, 1594, at Gray's Inn, entitled the *Comedy of Errors*, and that Manningham saw, February 2, 1601, and calls *Twelve Night*, are one and the same — and Manningham's description of the play he saw certainly makes either way — then there are but thirty-five plays in our List. But if the allusions in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* to a play of "Julius Cæsar," and in *Bartholomew Fair* to "Tempests and such like Drolleries," are to be admitted as designating Shakespeare's plays, then we must admit the *Tempest* and *Julius Cæsar* to our List, and bring it up to thirty-eight. Then, if we took out *The Troublesome Raine*, we would have still another count; and if we put the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy* among our Apocrypha, still another. I have not put an asterisk to the *Love's Labour's Won*, because unable to find warrant for conjecturing this to have been originally either the title or sub-title of *All's Well that Ends Well* (the repetition of the proverb several times in the body of that play seems to make it as the original title). *Edward III.* does not seem to have ever borne Shakespeare's name during his lifetime, or *The Two Noble Kinsmen* to have been assigned to him in collaboration with Fletcher until 1634. Whatever table I adopted would challenge criticism from abler students than myself, so I have concluded to say, as above, that the Lifetime List includes about thirty-six plays. As to whether *Pericles* was left out of the First Folio by oversight or design we can never be certain, but from our knowledge of Heminges and Condell, it would, perhaps, be safer to predicate carelessness than criticism of their labors, and *Pericles* certainly went through more quartos, and was better known and oftener reprinted even after their day, than the majority of plays they did include.

playwright as William Shakespeare, one or the other list would have been allowed to drop out of history, and not a selection of the two perpetuated. And the second consideration which, I think, must forever disprove the Baconian theory is, that this Heminges and Condell, or revised First Folio list, although printed while Bacon was still alive, was an acting revision of such plays as it selected from the above "Lifetime List."

I believe it to be a fact that this Baconian Theory has never listed among its adherents a single actor or practical playwright. The Shakespeare plays are too evidently, as they reach us, the work of a practical inventor of plays. Every playwright (and especially every actor) knows that one cannot make a play out of a story, however dramatic, by simply cutting it up into speeches; and the dialogue of the Shakespeare plays fits itself to action too readily and too perfectly to have been so manufactured. Some of the long speeches or soliloquies, such as those of Ulysses, Hamlet, or Cardinal Wolsey, may have been borrowed to put into the mouths of a character, as many have believed; but, since those speeches do not affect the action of the piece in the least, the fact would not, therefore, affect this question in the least.

The first sentence spoken as the curtain rises on *Cymbeline*, "You do not meet a man but frowns," is a key-speech, purely histrionic, intended to let the audience know that they are to expect embarrassment, trouble, disaster. It is a "front speech," and at once disposes in eight words of the necessity for a considerable amount of dialogue, action, and explanation. Again, the three or four opening speeches in the first scene of *Timon of Athens* put the spectator *en rapport* with the entire plot — a rich man eaten up by tradesmen, sycophants, and para-

sites. The expert playwright's knowledge, too, is apparent everywhere ; for example, where the action of the *Merchant of Venice* is shown, not in the arraignment and trial of Shylock (which would be tedious), but in the two single scenes in which he acquires the claim upon Antonio ; and in the last event of the trial, when Portia arrives and pronounces the highly dramatic but most illegal and unrighteous judgment. Again, the playwright's rule to crystallize and condense every series of actions into one sample (to inexpertly express it) is everywhere noticed. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Bottom is introduced to five or six fairies by name, instead of saying something to each one (as probably a story-writer would have made him), which would have approached monotony, he merely speaks to the first two, and dismisses the rest with a nod. Another example of this is Hamlet's meeting with the three friends who come to advise him of the Ghost's appearance : he gives a hand and a speech to the first two and a bow to the third.

And we find, again, places where the actor (as well as the playwright) puts in a fine touch. A notable instance of these is in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff in Windsor Forest is personating Herne the Hunter, and the other characters of the piece are dancing around him disguised as fairies, and Falstaff recognizes the voice of Parson Evans and exclaims, "God bless me from that Welsh fairy !" Now, the pure comedy of the situation is that Falstaff has been told that the forest is haunted with fairies, and believes himself surrounded with them ; but the actor could not resist making a point at the expense of the Welshman, even though it was not comedy, but pure opera bouffe. For that Falstaff was *deceived* was comedy, but that he knows himself to be deceived, while still keeping up appear-

ances of belief for the sake of letting the sport go on, is burlesque. As a rule, these accretions, cuttings, and interpolations are improvements; occasionally, however, they make nonsense. I may give one, perhaps, by way of example. In the quarto editions of *Lear* we have the lines:—

Pray, doe not mocke,
I am a very foolifh fond old man;
Fourscore and vpward, and, to deale plainly
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.

But in the First Folio the lines read:—

Pray, do not mocke me;
I am a very foolifh fond old man;
Fourcore and vpward,
Not an hour more, nor lesse:
Ande to deal plainly,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind,

Now, whoever wrote *Lear*, neither Shakespeare nor Bacon put such a line as “Not an hour more nor less” into that passage. Shakespeare certainly would not have put it there, for it utterly destroys the pathos of the lines; and Bacon certainly would not, for it makes them ridiculous, and thus they would have been repugnant to his exact mind. For how old is a person who is “not an hour more or less than upward of fourscore years”? That would leave Lear’s age in the same state of doubt as Falstaff’s, when the fat knight told the Chief Justice that he was born at four o’clock in the morning, but failed to mention the day, month, or year! Surely it does not need a scholar who has given his lifetime to the study of Shakespeare, to discover, by simply comparing the First Folio with the Quartos, that the former was printed, not under the supervision of so exact a man as Francis Bacon, but very carelessly from actors’ lines or minutes.

Take *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, for exam-

ple, and note where the actors were never letter-perfect: where in one version they speak of Falstaff's appointment with the Merry Wives as between ten and eleven, in another as between eight and nine, etc.; where Slender asks Shallow, in one version, to tell Anne Page about his father stealing "a goose out of a hen-loft," and in another about stealing "two geese out of a pen;" Bardolph being in one place thrown into the mud "beyond Reading," in another "beyond Maidenhead," etc., — and see how conclusively and overwhelmingly all this goes to show that these Shakespeare plays came from and lived in the theatre; that they were sources of employment and revenue to playwrights and to actors before they became literature.

The fact, therefore, that I can find no traces (except the single cutting of one of Ulysses' speeches in two) therein of any stage career forces me to believe that the *Troilus and Cressida* was a stage failure, and that William Shakespeare printed it himself to get as much salvage as he could out of a bad wreck on his boards, rather than let that salvage accrue to the first comer who felt like helping himself to the "find." Many other quartos were reprinted servilely in the Folio as far as their text was concerned; yet always with an improvement in the stage directions, evidently pointing to their use as acting copies. But this sort of evidence is, in the present play, conspicuous only by its absence. Somebody wrote "*Actus Primus, Scœna Prima*" at the head of the play before it went into the First Folio; but no further attempt at stage business or division into acts and scenes was ever made until Rowe's edition undertook the service.

Nobody, I think, can look at the first Quartos of (most notably) the 1602 *Henry the Fifth*, or of *The Merry Wives* (1602) and the *Romeo and Juliet*

(1597) (in the first ten lines of which latter the minor characters explicitly tell the situation in familiar low-comedy dialogue), without recognizing the hand of a practical playwright ; and if the reader will then take the trouble to compare these first Quartos with the First Folio versions, it is impossible but that he will see at once how the literary growth of the text (almost doubling the number of lines in the two latter) is constantly subordinated to this same stage adaptability. And when, in the *Troilus and Cressida*, he finds for the first time a perfect, or almost perfect, transfer of the Quarto text to the Folio (for, on careful examination of the variants, I am unable to find any not reasonably regardable as typographical errors), I am inclined to believe that he will not at least rule out the above theory, as to the withdrawal of *Troilus and Cressida* from the stage manager, as quite too bizarre for entertainment. However, let us see how the circumstantial career of the play itself admits or discredits it.

The first entry of *Troilus and Cressida* in the Stationers' Books was by James Roberts, "Feb. 7th 1602 — The Booke of Troilus and Cressida. as y^e is acted by M^r Lo. Chamberlen's men. When he hath gotten sufficient aucthority for y^e." This entry may have been made on hearing that the Lord Chamberlain's Company had underlined it for presentation. But either the authority was not forthcoming, or the failure of the play induced Roberts to let it alone. Nothing further appears to have been done until Henry Walley and Richard Bonian — two young printers — entered it again, seven years later, January 28, 1609. "They boldly printed," says Mr. Henry Paine Stokes, "a title-page announcing 'The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida, as it was acted by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe,' with Shakespeare's name as the author and their own

names as the publishers, yet they were at once compelled to cancel this authoritative title-page. Nothing daunted, however, Messrs. Bonian and Walley tore out the first leaf of their Quarto, and inserted a fresh half-sheet with a new title." They put in the preface, reprinted in the present edition (which, like that in the one prefixed to the 1622 *Othello* and the "T. T." dedication to the *Sonnets*, speaks of "our ever-living poet ;" and it is worth noting that Bonian and Walley issued through George Eld, who also issued the Quarto *Sonnets*), and sold the whole for a "testern" or sixpence. Mr. Stokes, with the minute care for which his Shakespearean researches are eminent, adds : "In proof that the 'Famous' 'Preface' edition was the *second*, and not the *first*, issue of the 1609 Quarto, it may be pointed out that the signature at the bottom of the first page of the text of the play is marked A2 ; hence in the original issue there was only one leaf before this, viz., the title-page, which omits the word 'Famous' and which mentions 'the Globe ;' when, however, this was torn out and the new half-sheet was introduced, there was need for a new signature, which we find, viz., [¶1,] ¶2. Again, the running title, 'The History of Troylus and Cresseida,' corresponds with the title-page which is here alleged to have been the first issued. Further, it may be added that a similar title (omitting the word 'Famous') is given in the entry on the Stationers' Register ; which, of course, is likely to correspond with the title first intended." ¹

I attach no importance to the change in the title-page from "Historie" to "Famous Historie." But assuming, for argument's sake, that my theory of the

¹ Introduction to the Griggs Quarto fac-simile. I cannot speak too highly of this essay of the Rev. Henry Paine Stokes, a most esteemed Honorary member of the Shakespeare Society of New York.

failure of the play on the boards of the Globe is worth considering, it does not seem to me unnatural that the older and more experienced publisher, Eld, should have advised that no reference be made to the play's having been acted at the Globe, and, to emphasize the new title-page (the one now reprinted), should have been very glad to insert the (for us) remarkable Preface. The first title-page which Bonian and Walley, perhaps by Eld's advice, rejected was as follows : —

*The / Historie of Troylus / and Cresseida / As it was acted
by the King's Maiesties / seruants at the Globe / Written by
William Shakespeare / LONDON / Imprinted by G. Eld for
R Bonian and H. Walley and / are to be sold at the spred
Eagle in Paules / Church-yard, ouer against the / great North
doore / 1609.*

The variants (so carefully listed by Mr. Stokes) seem to me all chargeable to typographical sources, and that (with the single exception of the break in Ulysses' long speech) there is certainly no attempt at stage editing. Mr. Stokes states that there are 4,000 changes in spelling and punctuation, but agrees, I think, that the later printers might easily have been responsible for them all. Indeed, it will be seen by examination of the parallel texts that, where one text contains a passage the other omits, it is usually the Folio which omits (instead of the reverse and usual rule). And since Shakespeare did not read proof for the First Folio, it is probable that these, like the variants, are the product of mere carelessness on the printer's part, which sometimes even went so far as to give speeches to the wrong personages. It follows, therefore, that, for once, the Quarto text is the best, and editors have usually followed it in preference to that of the Folio. Still, one can be certain of nothing; and there are several places where the Folio adds speeches and makes genuine improve-

ments, to account for which Mr. Stokes surmises that somebody connected with the printing may have tried to better a confusion in the Quarto text, saying, "In most of these instances there is manifestly some confusion in the Quarto."

When Heminges and Condell (or whoever projected the First Folio) put the plays in hand for printing, they were perplexed, it seems, as to whether this particular play should be classified as a History or a Tragedy. Why, it is hard to conjecture, since it has none of the elements of a tragedy, and the title-pages of the Quartos expressly call it a History. (It was reserved for Dryden, as we shall see presently, to make a tragedy out of it.) But, at any rate, the First Folio printers had inserted it immediately after the *Romeo and Juliet*, and began paging it as required by that arrangement, when, for some reason, it was ordered out, finally going into the Folio unpagged (except as to the first four pages, which follow on from the *Romeo and Juliet*), — between the Histories and the Tragedies. If the four well-known printers, Ed. Blount, W. Jaggard, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley (whose names appear in the Colophon), each devoted the resources of his respective establishment to setting up an allotment of the pages of this great Folio, possibly the four ornamental head-pieces employed therein, and which have been re-cut for this edition, mark the parts set up in each of these establishments: when all the forms were brought together in one office for the "make-up," the single tail-piece being employed wherever the end of a play ran far enough above the bottom of a page for its insertion, while brand-new head-pieces were used for the beginning of the book, prolegomena, introduction, etc.

When Dryden, in 1679, was induced to try and "make a play" out of *Troilus and Cressida*, he, too,

wrote a Preface, in the course of which he said: "I found the style of Shakespeare so pestered with figurative expressions that it is as affected as it is obscure; the author seems to have begun it with some fire; the characters of Pandarus and Troilus are promising enough, but, as if he grew weary of his task, after an entrance or two he lets 'em fall, and the latter part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive. Cressida is left alive and is not punished." "I have undertaken to remove that heap of rubbish. . . . I new modeled those characters which were begun and left unfinished, . . . made, with no small trouble, an order and connection of the scenes, and . . . so ordered them that there is a coherence of 'em with one another, . . . a due proportion of time allowed for every motion, . . . have refined the language," etc. Mr. Dryden's process of "refining the language" was to make this *Troilus and Cressida*, or *Truth Found Too Late*, one of the smuttiest plays of the day. Every suggestive situation in the original he enlarged upon and elaborated. He made the action of the play to consist, not of the pathetic story of a brave warrior palsied in the midst of crashing arms by the falseness of a heartless harlot, but of the actual commerce of the two, as watched through a keyhole by Pandarus, and described by him, as Chorus to the audience. But although every word of this Preface (and there is a great deal more of it) is to be indignantly rejected as literary criticism, it must be admitted that, from a practical playing standpoint, it is true enough to-day, and must have been true in 1602-1609. The 1609 Preface is certainly prophetic when it says, "And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of date, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inqui-

sition." Had Dryden, instead of the anonymous hack writer of 1609, written those words, they would possibly have perpetuated him into this century as the critic he was supposed to have been in his own. But he did not. Whether after the Dryden revision the play was a stage success or again a failure there are, unhappily, no records to advise us. As to the 1623 Prologue, very likely it is not Shakespeare's. But then, again, it is not impossible that it is. Even Shakespeare could nod like Homer on occasion. Nor is it such a bad Prologue; reminding not a little of the capital Choruses in *Henry V*. A fair reason for supposing it Shakespeare's, perhaps, is that the slipshod and prattling old Warburton thought it written by Chapman.

Commentators who speculate as to the sources from which Shakespeare drew his plots are nonplussed as to this one. Of course the story is not in the Classical Dictionaries. Priam had a son named Troilus, and Thersites was a Greek at the siege of Troy; and Cressida possibly can be identified with the Chryseis who figures in the first book of the *Iliad*. Chaucer may have furnished the love story, and the rest of the incident or situation could have been found in a book "Recuyell of the historyes of Troye, translated and drawn out of frenche into englishe by W. Caxton, 1471," or in Lydgate's "Hystorye, Sege and dystruccyon of Troye, 1513, 1555." The former of these translations was from a French author, Raoul le Febvre, chaplain of the Duke of Burgundy (1430), of whom M. Paul Stapfer has given an extended sketch in his *Shakespeare et l'Antiquité*; while the latter was from the work of Guido di Colonna. Thirty years ago one was always able, on finding in the Plays traces of such remote and unusual reading, to cry "Bacon." But that relief has been withdrawn. For certainly if we can only prove

Bacon to have been Shakespeare by the same processes by which we are to prove him to have been Marlowe, Montaigne, or Burton, we cannot prove him to have been Shakespeare at all!

The introduction of Helenus, as well as Helen, as characters, recalls Shakespeare's seeming fondness for grouping characters with similar names — a fondness, or if accidental an accident, which is certainly conspicuous throughout the plays. We have Cinna, the conspirator, and Cinna, the poet, in *Julius Cæsar*; Lord Bardolph, a nobleman, and Bardolph, a cut-purse, in *2 Henry IV.*; Jaques, a young gallant, and Jaques, the melancholy philosopher, in *As You Like It*; not to mention the scarcely distinguishable Salarino and Salanio, gentlemen; and Salerio, a messenger (enough for another Comedy of Errors), in *The Merchant of Venice*; Lucius and Lucullus, lords, and Lucius and Lucilius, servants, and Flavius and Flaminius, Timon's servants, in the *Timon of Athens*. Out of less prominent details than this the largest theories have been born. But it is certain that the aggregation of individuals in large cities and camps does constantly bring together these coincidences; and that here, as always, Shakespeare travels strictly within the lines of human experience.

Line 2061, "The fool slides o'er the ice that you would break," carries a curious piece of suggestion with it. The line means, I take it, that, with the proverbial "fools' luck," Chance aids the man who takes chances that wise men would not think of tempting. Standing by itself, it is Shakespearean in compacted and farfetched wisdom. But Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps¹ has lighted upon a local reminiscence to the actual effect that "a fool" did run across a piece of ice too thin to bear the weight of a rabbit, and got safely to

¹ *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 6th edition, vol. i. pp. 295-297.

the other side, once, in a neighborhood where Shakespeare himself was not unknown, and on an occasion when he very naturally might have been present. "It happened one winter," says the story, "that the players of Lord Chandos of Sudeley had been acting at Evesham, a town distant, by the then only main road, about fifteen miles from Stratford-upon-Avon. Their performances had been especially relished by Jack Miller, a native of the former place, and one of the natural imbeciles, in whose eccentricities our ancestors so much delighted. He was, in fact, the popular fool of the town, so that when he announced his intention of decamping with his favorite performer, the clown, there was an anxiety on the part of the inhabitants to frustrate the design. . . . He was taken to the Hart Inn, and there was locked in a room whence he could see the actors when they were on the road to their next quarters at Pershore, the Avon flowing between that route and the Inn. No one dreamt that further precautions were necessary, for although the water bore a coating of ice, it was too thin to be considered passable. But no sooner did Jack get a sight of his pet buffoon than, managing to alight on the ground from the window, he scudded over the ice to the company . . . in perfect safety." This story is found by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in a tract, *Foole upon Foole, or Six Sortes of Sottes*, printed in 1600, 1605, and finally edited by Robert Armin, a member of Lord Chandos's company, in 1608.

When one looks somewhat into Shakespearean matters, he must expect surprises!

APPLETON MORGAN.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 87: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE { ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.
THOMAS R. PRICE.
WILLIAM H. FLEMING.
ALBERT R. FREY.
APPLETON MORGAN.



THE
Famous Historie of
Troylus *and* Creffeid.

Excellently expressing the beginning
of their loues, with the conceited wooing
of Pandarus Prince of *Licia*.

Written by William Shakespeare.



LONDON

Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and
are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules
Church-yard, ouer against the
great North doore.

1609.



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.





1 A neuer writer, to an euer
2 reader. Newes.

3 **H** Ternall reader, you haue heere a new
4 play, neuer stal'd with the Stage,
5 neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes
6 of the vulger, and yet passing full of
7 the palme comicall; for it is a birth of
8 your braine, that neuer vnder-tooke
9 any thing commicall, vainely: And
10 were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the
11 titles of Commodities, or of Playes for Pleas; you should
12 see all those grand censors, that now stile them such
13 vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their
14 grauities: especially this authors Commedies, that are
15 so fram'd to the life, that they serue for the most com-
16 mon Commentaries, of all the actions of our liues shew-
17 ing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most
18 displeas'd with Playes, are pleas'd with his Commedies.
19 And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were
20 neuer capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by
21 report of them to his representations, haue found that
22 witte there, that they neuer found in them selues, and
23 haue parted better wittied then they came: feeling an
24 edge of witte set vpon them, more then euer they
25 dreamd they had braine to grinde it on, So much and
26 such sauored salt of witte is in his Commedies, that they
27 seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that
28 sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is
29 none more witty then this: And had I time I would
30 comment vpon it, though I know it needs not, (for so



The Prologue.

1

IN Troy there lyes the Scene : From Iles of Greece 2
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd 3
Hauē to the Port of Athens sent their shippes 4
Fraught with the ministers and instruments 5
Of cruell Warre : Sixty and nine that wore 6
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay 7
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made 8
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong cmures 9
The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene, 10
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell. 11
To Tenedos they come, 12
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge 13
Their warlike frautage : now on Dar dan Plaines 14
The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch 15
Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City, 16
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien, 17
And Antenonidus with mafsie Staples 18
And corresponfiue and fulfilling Bolts 19
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy. 20
Now Expeclation tickling skittish spirits, 21
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke, 22
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come, 23
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence 24
Of Authors pen, or Aclors voyce ; but suited 25
Fn like conditions, as our Argument ; 26
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play 27
Leapes ore the vaunt and firflings of those broyles, 28

31 *much as will make you thinke your testerne well be-*
32 *stowd) but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be*
33 *stuft in it. It deserues such a labour, as well as the best*
34 *Commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeeue this,*
35 *that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale,*
36 *you will scramble for them, and set vp a new English*
37 *Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrill*
38 *of your pleasures losse, and Iudgements, refuse not, nor*
39 *like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky*
40 *breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the*
41 *scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand*
42 *possessors wills I beleeeue you should haue prayd for them*
43 *rather then beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to bee*
44 *prayd for (for the states of their wits healths)*
45 *that will not praise it*
46 *Vale.*



<i>Beginning in the middle : starting thence away,</i>	29
<i>To what may be digested in a Play :</i>	30
<i>Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,</i>	31
<i>Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.</i>	32





47 *The history of Troylus*
 48 *and Cresseida.*

33 49 *Enter Pandarus and Troylus.*

- 35 50 *Troy.* **C**All heere my varlet, Ile vnarme againe,
 51 Why should I warre without the walls of Troy :
 52 That finde such cruell battell here within,
 53 Each Troyan that is master of his heart,
 54 Let him to field *Troylus* alas hath none.
- 40 55 *Pan.* Will this geere nere be mended ?
- 56 *Troy.* The Greeks are strong and skilfull to their strength
 57 Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse valiant,
 58 But I am weaker then a womans teare ;
 59 Tamer then sleepe ; fonder then ignorance,
- 45 60 Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night.
 61 And skilleffe as vnpractiz'd infancy :
- 62 *Pan.* Well, I haue told you enough of this ; for my part ile
 63 not meddle nor make no farther ; hee that will haue a cake
 64 out of the wheate must tarry the grynding.
- 65 *Tro.* Haue I not tarried ?
- 66 *Pan.* I the grinding ; but you must tarry the boulting.
- 67 *Troy.* Haue I not tarried ?
- 68 *Paude.* I the boulting ; but you must tarry the leauening.
- 69 *Troy.* Still haue I tarried.




THE TRAGEDIE OF Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus. 33

Troylus. 34

 All here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe. 35
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy 36
That finde such cruell battell here within ? 37

Each Troian that is master of his heart, 38
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none. 39

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended ? 40

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength, 41
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant : 42
But I am weaker then a womans teare ; 43
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance ; 44
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night, 45
And skilleffe as vnpractis'd Infancie. 46

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this : For my 47
part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will 48
haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the 49
grinding. 50

Troy. Haue I not tarried ? 51

Pan. I the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting. 52

Troy. Haue I not tarried ? 53

Pan. I the boulting ; but you must tarry the leau'ing. 54

Troy. Still haue I tarried. 55

56 70 *Pan.* I, to the leauening, but heares yet in the word here-
 71 after, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the
 72 ouen, and the baking, nay you must stay the cooling too, or
 73 yea may chance burne your lippes.

74 *Troy.* Pacience her selfe, what Godeffe ere she be,

75 Doth leffer blench at fuffrance then I do :

76 At *Priams* royall table do I fit

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

78 So traitor then she comes when she is thence.

79 *Pand.* Well thee lookt yesternight fairer then euer I saw her

67 80 looke, or any woman els.

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

82 As wedged with a sigh would riue in twaine,

83 Least *Hector* or my father should perceiue mee :

84 I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a sorne)

85 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smyle,

86 But sorrow that is coucht in seeming gladnesse,

87 Is like that mirth fate turnes to suddaine sadnesse.

88 *Pan.* And her haire were not some-what darker then *Hel-*

89 *lens*, well go to, there were no more comparifon betweene

77 90 the women ! but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would

91 not as they tearme it praise her, but I would som-body had

92 heard her talke yester-day as I did, I will not dispraise your

93 sifter *Cassandras* wit, but——

94 *Troy.* Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,

95 When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd

96 Reply not in how many fadomes deepe,

97 They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madde :

98 In *Cressids* loue ? thou answerst she is faire,

99 Powrest in the open vlcer of my heart :

87 100 Her eyes, her haire her cheeke, her gate, her voice,

101 Handlest in thy discourfe : O that her hand

102 In whose comparifon all whites are ynke

103 Writing their owne reproch ; to whose soft seifure,

104 The cignets downe is harsh, and spirit of fence :

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

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

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

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

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then
Helens, well go too, there were no more comparifon be-
 tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinfwoman,
 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 sifter *Cassandra's* wit, but ———

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* ! I tell thee *Pandarus* ;
 When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd :
 Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
 They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In *Cressids* loue. Thou answer'ft she is Faire,
 Powr'ft in the open Vlcer of my heart,
 Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
 Handleft in thy discourse. O that her Hand
 (In whose comparifon, all whites are Inke)
 Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure,
 The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense

- 105 Hard as the palme of plow-man ; this thou telst me,
 106 As true thou telst me, when I fay I loue her,
 107 But faying thus in fteed of oyle and balme,
 108 Thou layst in euery gash that loue hath giuen mee
 109 The knife that made it.
- 97 110 *Pan.* I speake no more then truth.
 111 *Troy.* Thou dost not speake so much.
- 112 *Pan.* Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as shee is, if she
 113 bee faire tis the better for her, and shee bee not, she has the
 114 mends in her owne hands.
- 115 *Troy.* Good *Pandarus* how now *Pandarus* ?
- 116 *Pan.* I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on
 117 of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene,
 118 but small thanks for my labour.
- 119 *Troy.* What art thou angry *Pandarus* ? what with me ?
- 107 120 *Pan.* Because shee's kin to me therefore shee's not so faire
 121 as *Hellen*, and she were kin to me, she would be as faire a Fri-
 122 day as *Hellen*, is on Sunday, but what I ? I care not and shee
 123 were a blackeamore, tis all one to mee.
- 124 *Troy.* Say I she is not faire ?
- 125 *Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no, she's a foole to
 126 stay behinde her father let her to the Greekes, and so Ile tell
 127 her the next time I see her for my part Ile meddle nor make
 128 no more ith' matter.
- 129 *Troy.* *Pandarus.* *Pan.* Not I.
- 118 130 *Troy.* Sweete *Pandarus.*
- 131 *Pan.* Pray you speake no more to mee I will leaue all as I
 132 found it and there an end. *Exit.*
- 133 *Sound alarum.*
- 134 *Troy.* Peace you vngracious clamors, peace rude founds,
 135 Fooles on both sides, *Hellen* must needes be faire,
 136 When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus,
 137 I cannot fight vpon this argument :
 138 It is too staru'd a subiect for my sword,
 139 But *Pandarus* : O gods ! how do you plague me

Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'ft me ; 92
 As true thou tel'ft me, when I fay I loue her : 93
 But faying thus, inftead of Oyle and Balme, 94
 Thou lai'ft in euery gafh that loue hath giuen me, 95
 The Knife that made it. 96

Pan. I fpeake no more then truth. 97

Troy. Thou do'ft not fpeake fo much. 98

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't : Let her be as fhee is, 99
 if fhe be faire, 'tis the better for her : and fhe be not, fhe 100
 ha's the mends in her owne hands. 101

Troy. Good *Pandarus* : How now *Pandarus* ? 102

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought 103
 on of her, and ill thought on of you : Gone betweene and 104
 betweene, but fmall thanks for my labour. 105

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus* ? what with me ? 106

Pan. Befcaufe fhe's Kinne to me, therefore fhee's not 107
 fo faire as *Helen*, and fhe were not kin to me, fhe would 108
 be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what 109
 care I ? I care not and fhe were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all 110
 one to me. 111

Troy. Say I fhe is not faire ? 112

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a 113
 Foole to ftay behinde her Father : Let her to the Greeks, 114
 and fo Ile tell her the next time I fee her : for my part, Ile 115
 meddle nor make no more i'th'matter. 116

Troy. *Pandarus* ? *Pan.* Not I. 117

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*. 118

Pan. Pray you fpeake no more to me, I will leaue all 119
 as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.* 120

Sound Alarum. 121

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude founds, 122
 Fooles on both fides, *Helen* muft needs be faire, 123
 When with your bloud you daily paint her thus. 124
 I cannot fight vpon this Argument : 125
 It is too ftaru'd a fubicct for my Sword, 126
 But *Pandarus* : O Gods ! How do you plague me ? 127

- 128 140 I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
 141 And he's as teachy to be wood to woe,
 142 As she is stubborne, chafte, against all suite.
 143 Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* loue
 144 What *Cressid*'s, what *Pandar*, and what we :
 145 Her bed is *India* there she lies, a pearle,
 146 Betweene our *Ilium*, and where shee reides
 147 Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood :
 148 Our selfe the Marchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
 149 Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our barke.
 138 150 *Alarum Enter Æneas.*
 151 *Æne.* How now prince *Troylus*, wherefore not a field.

 152 *Troy.* Because not there ; this womans answer forts,
 153 For womanish it is to be from thence.
 154 What newes *Æneas* from the field to day ?
 155 *Æne.* That *Paris* is returned home and hurt.
 156 *Troy.* By whom *Æneas* ?
 157 *Æne.* *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.
 158 *Troy.* Let *Paris* bleed tis but a scar to scorne,
 159 *Paris* is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*
 149 160 *Æne.* Harke what good sport is out of towne to day.
 161 *Troy.* Better at home, if would I might were may :
 162 But to the sport abroad are you bound thither ?
 163 *Æne.* In all swift haft.
 164 *Troy.* Come goe wee then together. *Exeunt.*
 165 *Enter Cressid and her man.*
 166 *Cresf.* Who were those went by ?
 167 *Man.* Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.
 168 *Cresf.* And whether goe they ?
 169 *Man.* Vp to the Easterne tower,
 159 170 Whose hight commands as subiect all the vaile,
 171 To see the battell : *Heſtor* whose patience,
 172 Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd :
 173 Hee chid *Andromache* and strooke his armorer,
 174 And like as there were husbandry in warre

I cannot come to <i>Cressid</i> but by <i>Pandar</i> ,	128
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,	129
As she is stubborne, chafte, against all fuite.	130
Tell me <i>Apollo</i> for thy <i>Daphnes</i> Loue	131
What <i>Cressid</i> is, what <i>Pandar</i> , and what we :	132
Her bed is <i>India</i> , there she lies, a Pearle,	133
Between our <i>Ilium</i> , and where shee recfdes	134
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,	135
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling <i>Pandar</i> ,	136
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.	137
<i>Alarum.</i> <i>Enter Æneas.</i>	138
<i>Æne.</i> How now Prince <i>Troylus</i> ?	139
Wherefore not a field ?	140
<i>Troy.</i> Because not there ; this womans answere forts.	141
For womanish it is to be from thence :	142
What newes <i>Æneas</i> from the field to day ?	143
<i>Æne.</i> That <i>Paris</i> is returned home, and hurt.	144
<i>Troy.</i> By whom <i>Æneas</i> ?	145
<i>Æne.</i> <i>Troylus</i> by <i>Menelaus</i> .	146
<i>Troy.</i> Let <i>Paris</i> bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne,	147
<i>Paris</i> is gor'd with <i>Menelaus</i> horne. <i>Alarum.</i>	148
<i>Æne.</i> Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.	149
<i>Troy.</i> Better at home, if would I might were may :	150
But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither ?	151
<i>Æne.</i> In all swift haft.	152
<i>Troy.</i> Come goe wee then together. <i>Exeunt.</i>	153
<i>Enter Cressid and her man.</i>	154
<i>Cre.</i> Who were those went by ?	155
<i>Man.</i> Queene <i>Hecuba</i> , and <i>Hellen</i> .	156
<i>Cre.</i> And whether go they ?	157
<i>Man.</i> Vp to the Easterne Tower,	158
Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,	159
To see the battell : <i>Hector</i> whose pacience,	160
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd :	161
He chides <i>Andromache</i> and strooke his Armorer,	162
And like as there were husbandry in Warre	163

175 Before the Sunne rofe, hee was harnest lyte,
 176 And to the field goes hee ; where euey flower
 177 Did as a Prophet weepe what it foresawe,
 178 In *Hectors* wrath. *Cref.* What was his caufe of anger.

179 *Man.* The noife goes this, there is amonge the Greekes,

171 180 A Lord of Troian bloud, Nephew to *Hector*,
 181 They call him *Aiax*. *Cref.* Good ; and what of him.

182 *Man.* They fay hee is a very man *per se* and ftands alone.
 183 *Cref.* Sodo all men vnleffe the are rondke, ficke, or haue no
 184 legges.

185 *Man.* This man Lady, hath rob'd many beafts of their par-
 186 ticular additions, hee is as valiant as the Lyon, churlifh as
 187 the Beare, flowe as the Elephant : a man into whome nature
 188 hath fo crowded humors, that his valour is cruft into folly,
 189 his folly fauced with difcretion : there is no man hath a ver-
 182 190 tue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any mā an attaint, but
 191 he carries fome ftaine of it. Hee is melancholy without caufe
 192 and merry againft the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euey
 193 thing, but euey thing fo out of ioynt that hee is a gowtie
 194 *Briareus*, many hands, & no vfe ; or purblinde *Argus*, al eyes,
 195 and no fight.

196 *Cref.* But how fhould this man that makes me fmile, make
 197 *Hector* angry.

198 *Man* They fay hee yesterday cop't *Hector* in the battell
 199 and froke him downe, the difdaine and fhame whereof
 192 200 hath euer fince kept *Hector* fafting and waking.

201 *Cref.* Who comes here.

202 *Man* Maddam your vnclē *Pandarus*.

203 *Cref.* *Hectors* a gallant man.

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

205 *Pand* Whats that? whats that?

206 *Cref.* Good morrow vnclē *Pandarus*.

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	45
	Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,	164
	And to the field goe's he; where euery flower	165
	Did as a Prophet weepe what it forfaw,	166
	In <i>Hectors</i> wrath.	167
	<i>Cre.</i> What was his cause of anger ?	168
	<i>Man.</i> The noise goe's this ;	169
	There is among the Greekes,	170
	A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to <i>Hector</i> ,	171
	They call him <i>Ajax</i> .	172
	<i>Cre.</i> Good ; and what of him ?	173
	<i>Man.</i> They say he is a very man <i>per se</i> and stands alone.	174
	<i>Cre.</i> So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, ficke, or	175
	haue no legges.	176
	<i>Man.</i> This man Lady, hath rob'd many beafts of their	177
	particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish	178
	as the Beare, slow as the Elephant : a man into whom	179
	nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht	180
	into folly, his folly fauced with discretion : there is no	181
	man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a	182
	ny man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. He is	183
	melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,	184
	hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so	185
	out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie <i>Briareus</i> , many hands	186
	and no vse ; or purblinded <i>Argus</i> , all eyes and no fight.	187
	<i>Cre.</i> But how should this man that makes me smile,	188
	make <i>Hector</i> angry ?	189
	<i>Man.</i> They say he yesterday cop'd <i>Hector</i> in the bat-	190
	tell and stroke him downe, the disdained & shame where-	191
	of, hath euer since kept <i>Hector</i> fasting and waking.	192
	<i>Enter Pandarus.</i>	193
	<i>Cre.</i> Who comes here ?	194
	<i>Man.</i> Madam your Vncle <i>Pandarus</i> .	195
	<i>Cre.</i> <i>Hectors</i> a gallant man.	196
	<i>Man.</i> As may be in the world Lady.	197
	<i>Pan.</i> What's that ? what's that ?	198
	<i>Cre.</i> Good morrow Vncle <i>Pandarus</i> .	199

207 *Pan.* Good morrow cozen *Cressid*: what doe you talke of?
 208 good morrow *Alexander*: how doe you cozen? when were
 209 you at Illum? *Cref.* This morning vnclē.

210 *Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? was *Hector*
 211 arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium, *Hellen* was not vp
 212 was she? *Cref.* *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

213 *Pan.* E'ene so, *Hector* was stirring early.

214 *Cref.* That were wee talking of, and of his anger.

215 *Pan.* Was he angry? *Cref.* So he faies here.

216 *Pan.* True hee was so; I know the cause to, heele lay about
 217 him to day I can tel them that, & ther's *Troylus* wil not come
 218 farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell
 219 them that too. *Cref.* What is he angry too?

220 *Pan.* Who *Troylus*? *Troylus* is the better man of the two:

221 *Cref.* Oh *Iupiter* ther's no comparifon.

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

224 *Cref.* I, if I euer saw him before and knew him:

225 *Pan.* Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*:

226 *Cref.* Then you say as I say, for I am sure hee is not *Hector*.

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

228 *Cref.* Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

229 *Pan.* Himselfe, alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

230 *Cref.* So he is.

231 *Pan.* Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.

232 *Cref.* He is not *Hector*.

233 *Pan.* Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were him-
 234 selfe, well the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end well
 235 *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector*
 236 is not a better man then *Troylus*.

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

Cre. This morning Vncle.

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

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

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

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

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he saies here.

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

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troylus*?

Troylus is the better man of the two.

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

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

Cre. I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.

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

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

Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iust, to each of them he is himfelfe.

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

Cre. So he is.

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

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himfelfe? no? hee's not himfelfe, would a were
himfelfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time muft friend or
end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her bo-
dy; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

- 237 *Cref.* Excuse me. *Pand.* He is elder.
- 238 *Cref.* Pardon me, pardon me.
- 239 *Pand.* Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another
240 tale when th'others come too't, *Heclor* shall not haue his
241 will this yeare.
- 242 *Cref.* He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.
- 243 *Pand.* Nor his qualities.
- 244 *Cref.* No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.
- 245 *Pref.* Twould not become him, his own's better.
- 246 *Pan:* You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her selfe
247 swore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (*for so*
248 *tis I must confesse*) not browne neither.
- 249 *Cref.* No, but browne.
- 251 *Pand.* Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.
- 251 *Cref.* To say the truth, true and not true.
- 252 *Pand.* She praids his complexion about *Paris*.
- 253 *Cref.* Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.
- 254 *Cref.* Then *Troylus* should haue too much, if shee praizd
255 him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, hee
256 hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming
257 a praise for a good complexion, I had a lieue *Helens* golden
258 tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper nose.
- 259 *Pand.* I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then
- 263 *Cref.* Then shees a merry greeke indeed. (*Paris.*
261 *Pand.* Nay I am fure she dooes, she came to him th'other
262 day into the compast window, and you know hee has not
263 past three or foure haire on his chinne.
- 264 *Cref.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring
265 his particulars therein to a totall.
- 266 *Pand.* Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three
267 pound life as much as his brother *Heclor*.
- 268 *Cref.* Is he so yong a man, and so old a lifter.

<i>Cre.</i> Excuse me.	236
<i>Pan.</i> He is elder.	237
<i>Cre.</i> Pardon me, pardon me.	238
<i>Pan.</i> Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: <i>Hector</i> shall not haue his will this yeare.	239 240 241
<i>Cre.</i> He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.	242
<i>Pan.</i> Nor his qualities.	243
<i>Cre.</i> No matter.	244
<i>Pan.</i> Nor his beautie.	245
<i>Cre.</i> 'Twould not become him, his own's better.	246
<i>Pan.</i> You haue no iudgement Neece; <i>Hellen</i> her selfe swore th'other day that <i>Troylus</i> for a browne fauour (for so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.	247 248 249
<i>Cre.</i> No, but browne.	250
<i>Pan.</i> Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.	251
<i>Cre.</i> To say the truth, true and not true.	252
<i>Pan.</i> She prais'd his complexion about <i>Paris</i> .	253
<i>Cre.</i> Why <i>Paris</i> hath colour inough.	254
<i>Pan.</i> So, he has.	255
<i>Cre.</i> Then <i>Troylus</i> should haue too much, if she prasi'd him about, 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 <i>Hellens</i> golden tongue had commended <i>Troylus</i> for a copper nose.	256 257 258 259 260
<i>Pan.</i> I sweare to you,	261
I thinke <i>Hellen</i> loues him better then <i>Paris</i> .	262
<i>Cre.</i> Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.	263
<i>Jan.</i> Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.	264 265 266
<i>Cre.</i> Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.	267 268
<i>Pand.</i> Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother <i>Hector</i> .	269 270
<i>Cre.</i> Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter ?	271

- 269 *Pand.* But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him ,shee
 273 270 came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.
 271 *Cref.* *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?
 272 *Pan.* Why, you know tis dimpled,
 273 I thinke his fmyling becomes him better then any man in
 274 all Phrighia. *Cref.* Oh he fmiles valiantly.
- 275 *Pan.* Dooes hee not?
 276 *Cref.* Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.
 277 *Pan.* Why go to then, but to prooue to you that *Hellen*
 278 loues *Troylus*.
 279 *Cref.* *Troylus* wil stand to thee prooffe if youle prooue it so.
- 285 280 *Pan.* *Troylus*, why hee esteemes her no more then I e-
 281 steeme an addle egge:
 282 *Cref.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle
 283 head you would eate chickens ith shell.
 284 *Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how shee ticed
 285 his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs
 286 confesse.
 287 *Cref.* Without the rack.
 288 *Pan.* And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on
 289 his chinne.
- 295 290 *Cref.* Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.
 291 *Pan.* But there was such laughing, *Queene Hecuba* laught
 292 that her eyes ran ore.
 293 *Cref.* With milftones.
 294 *Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.
 295 *Cref.* But there was a more temperate fire vnder the pot
 296 of her her eyes: did her eyes run ore to?
 297 *Pan.* And *Heſtor* laught.
 298 *Cref.* At what was all this laughing.
 299 *Pan.* Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* spied on *Troy-*
 305 300 *lus* chin.
 301 *Cref.* And t'had beene a greene heare I should haue
 302 laught too.

<i>Pan.</i> But to prooue to you that <i>Hellen</i> loues him, she	272
came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.	273
<i>Cref.</i> <i>Iuno</i> haue mercy, how came it clouen ?	274
<i>Pan.</i> Why, you know 'tis dimpled,	275
I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man	276
in all Phrigia.	277
<i>Cre.</i> Oh he smiles valiantly.	278
<i>Pan.</i> Dooes hee not ?	279
<i>Cre.</i> Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in <i>Autumne</i> .	280
<i>Pan.</i> Why go to then, but to prooue to you that <i>Hellen</i>	281
loues <i>Troylus</i> .	282
<i>Cre.</i> <i>Troylus</i> wil stand to thee	283
Proofe, if youle prooue it so.	284
<i>Pan.</i> <i>Troylus</i> ? why he esteemes her no more then I e-	285
steeme an addle egge.	286
<i>Cre.</i> If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an	287
idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.	288
<i>Pan.</i> I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tick-	289
led his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must	290
needs confesse.	291
<i>Cre.</i> Without the racke.	292
<i>Pan.</i> And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on	293
his chinne.	294
<i>Cre.</i> Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.	295
<i>Pand.</i> But there was such laughing, <i>Queene Hecuba</i>	296
laught that her eyes ran ore.	297
<i>Cre.</i> With Milftones.	298
<i>Pan.</i> And <i>Cassandra</i> laught.	299
<i>Cre.</i> But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot	300
of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?	301
<i>Pan.</i> And <i>Hector</i> laught.	302
<i>Cre.</i> At what was all this laughing?	303
<i>Pand.</i> Marry at the white haire that <i>Hellen</i> spied on	304
<i>Troylus</i> chin.	305
<i>Cref.</i> And t'had beene a greene haire, I should haue	306
laught too.	307

- 303 *Pan.* They laught not fo much at the heere as at his pret-
 304 ty anfwere.
- 305 *Cref.* What was his anfwere?
- 306 *Pan.* Quoth fhee heere's but two and fifty heires on your
 307 chinne ; and one of them is white.
- 308 *Cref.* This is her queftion.
- 309 *Pan.* Thats true, make no queftion of that, two and fiftie
 315 310 heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my fa-
 311 ther, and all the reft are his fonnes. *Jupiter* quoth fhee, which
 312 of thefe heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth
 313 he, pluckt out and giue it him : but there was fuch laughing,
 314 and *Hellen* fo blufht, and *Paris* fo chaf't, and all the reft fo
 315 laught that it pafst.
- 316 *Cref.* So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.
- 317 *Pan.* Wel cozen I tould you a thing yefterday, think on't.
- 318 *Cref.* So I doe.
- 319 *Pan.* Ile be fworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a
 327 320 man borne in Aprill *Sound a retreat.*
- 321 *Cref.* And Ile fpring vp in his teares an'twere a nettle a-
 322 gainft May.
- 323 *Pan.* Harke they are comming from the field, fhall we
 324 ftand vp here and fee them as they paffe toward Ilion, good
 325 Neece do, fweete Neece *Crefseida.*
- 326 *Cref.* At your pleafure.
- 327 *Pan.* Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may
 328 fee moft brauely, ile tell you them all by their names, as they
 329 paffe by, but marke *Troylus* aboute the reft. *Enter Æneas.*
- 338 330 *Cref.* Speake not fo lowde.
- 331 *Pan.* Thats *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hees one of
 332 the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troylus*, you fhall
 333 fee anon. *Cref.* Who's that ?

- Pand.* They laught not fo much at the haire, as at his
pretty anfwere. 308
- Cre.* What was his anfwere? 309
- Pan.* Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty hairees on
your chinne; and one of them is white. 311
- Cre.* This is her question. 312
- Pand.* That's true, make no question of that, two and
fiftie hairees quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is
my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth
she, which of these hairees is *Paris* my husband? The for-
ked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there
was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so
chafft, and all the rest so laught, that it pafte. 314
- Cre.* So let it now, 315
- For is has beene a grcat while going by. 316
- Pan.* Well Cozen, 317
- I told you a thing yesterday, think on't. 318
- Cre.* So I does. 319
- Pand.* Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you
an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreat.* 320
- Cre.* And Ile spring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle
against May. 321
- Pan.* Harke they are comming from the field, fhal we
ftand vp here and fee them, as they paffe toward Illium,
good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*. 322
- Cre.* At your pleasure. 323
- Pan.* Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we
may fee most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names,
as they paffe by, but marke *Troylus* about the rest. 324
- Enter Æneas.* 325
- Cre.* Speake not fo low'd. 326
- Pan.* That's *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one
of the flowers of Troy I can you, but merke *Troylus*, you
fhal fee anon. 327
- Cre.* Who's that? 328

334 *Enter Antenor.*

335 *Pan.* Thats *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you,
336 and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th foundest iudge-
337 ments in Troy whofoeuer, and a proper man of perfon, when
338 comes *Troylus*, ile shew you *Troylus* anon, if hee see me, you
339 fhall see him nod at mee.

340 *Cref.* Will he giue you the nod :

341 *Pan.* You fhall see.

342 *Cref.* If he do the ritche fhall haue more. *Enter Hector.*

343 *Pan.* Thats *Hector*, that, that, looke you that, thers a fel-

344 low goe thy way *Hector*, ther's a braue man Neece, O braue
345 *Hector*, looke how he lookes, thers a countenance ift not a
346 braue man ?

347 *Cref.* O a braue man.

348 *Pan:* Is a not? it dooes a man heart good, looke you what
349 hacks are on his helmet, looke you yonder, do you see, looke
350 you there, thers no iesting, thers laying on, takt off, who will
351 as they say, there be hacks.

352 *Cref.* Be thofe with fwords.

353 *Enter Paris.*

354 *Pan:* Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to
355 him, its all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yon-
356 der comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, looke yee yonder
357 Neece, ift not a gallant man to, ift not, why this is braue now,
358 who said he came hurt home to day. Hee's not hurt, why this
359 will do *Hellens* heart good now ha ? would I could see *Troy-*

370 *lus* now, you fhall see *Troylus* anon.

361 *Cref.* Whofe that ?

362 *Enter Helenus:*

363 *Pan.* Thats *Helenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, thats *He-*
364 *lenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day, thats *Helenus*.

365 *Cref:* Can *Helenus* fight vncler ?

366 *Pan:* *Helenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell

Enter Antenor. 343

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell 344
 you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th foun- 345
 deft iudgement in Troy whofoeuer, and a proper man of 346
 perfon: when comes *Troylus*? Ile shew you *Troylus* anon, 347
 if hee see me, you shall see him him nod at me. 348

Cre. Will he giue you the nod? *Pan.* You shall see. 349

Cre. If he do, the rich shall haue, more. 350

Enter Hector. 351

Pan. That's *Hector*, that. that, looke you, that there's a 352
 fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, 353
 O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a coun- 354
 tenance; ist not a braue man? 355

Cre. O braue man! 356

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you 357
 what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you 358
 see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, tak't 359
 off, who ill as they say, there be hacks. 360

Cre. Be thofe with Swords? 361

Enter Paris. 362

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell 363
 come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart 364
 good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke 365
 yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not? Why 366
 this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? 367
 Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good 368
 now, ha! Would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall *Troy-* 369
lus anon. *Cre.* Whofe that? 370

Enter Hellenus. 371

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, that's 372
Helenus, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hel-* 373
lenus. 374

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle? 375

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I 376

367 where *Troylus* is ; harke doe you not here the people crie
 368 *Troylus* ? *Helenus* is a priest ;

369 *Cref.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder ?

380 370

Enter Troylus.

371 *Panda* : Where? yonder? thats *Deiphobus*. Tis *Troylus* !
 372 theres a man Neece, hem? braue *Troylus* the Prince of
 373 chiualrie.

374 *Cref.* Peace for fhome peace.

375 *Pan.* Marke him, note him : O braue *Troylus*, looke well
 376 vpon him Neece, looke you how his fwo rd is bloudied, and
 377 his helme more hackt then *Heſtors*, and how hee lookes, and
 378 how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee neuer ſaw three and
 379 twenty, go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a fifter were a

391 380 grace, or a daughter a Goddeffe, hee ſhould take his choice,
 381 O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant
 382 *Hellen* to change would giue an eye to boote.

383 *Cref.* Here comes more.

384 *Pa.* Affes, fooles, doults, chaff & bran, chaff & bran, porredge
 385 after meate, I could liue and die in the eyes of *Troylus*, nere
 386 looke, nere looke, the Eagles are gonne, crowes and dawes,
 387 crowes and dawes, I had rather bee fuch a man as *Troylus*,
 388 then *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

389 *Cref.* There is amongſt the Greekes *Achilles* a better
 402 390 man then *Troylus*.

391 *Pan.* *Achilles*, a dray-man, a porter, a very Cammell.

392 *Cref.* Well well :

393 *Pan.* Well, well, why haue you any difcretion, haue you
 394 any eyes, doe you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty,
 395 good ſhape, difcourſe, man-hood, learning, gentleneffe, ver-
 396 tue youth, liberallity and ſuch like, the ſpice & ſalt that ſea-
 397 ſon a man.

398 *Cref.* I a minſt man, and then to bee bak't with no date in
 399 the pie, for then the mans date is out :

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	57
	maruell where <i>Troylus</i> is; harke, po you not haere the people crie <i>Troylus</i> ? <i>Hellenus</i> is a Priest.	377 378
	<i>Cre.</i> What sneaking fellow comes yonder?	379
	<i>Enter Trylus.</i>	380
	<i>Pan.</i> Where? Yonder? That's <i>Dæphobus</i> . 'Tis <i>Troy-</i> <i>lus</i> ! Ther's a man Neece, hem; Braue <i>Troylus</i> , the Prince of Chialrie.	381 382 383
	<i>Cre.</i> Peace, for flame peace.	384
	<i>Pand.</i> Marke him, not him: O braue <i>Troylus</i> : looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blou- died, and his Helme more hackt then <i>Hectors</i> , and bow he lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way <i>Troylus</i> , go thy way, had I a sifter were a <i>Grace</i> , or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! <i>Paris</i> ? <i>Paris</i> is durt to him, and I warrant, <i>Helen</i> to change, would giue money to boot.	385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393
	<i>Enter common Souldiers.</i>	394
	<i>Cref.</i> Heere come more.	395
	<i>Pan.</i> Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes of <i>Troylus</i> . Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as <i>Troylus</i> , then <i>Agamemnon</i> , and all Greece.	396 397 398 399 400
	<i>Cref.</i> There is among the Greekes <i>Achilles</i> , a better man then <i>Troylus</i> .	401 402
	<i>Pan.</i> <i>Achilles</i> ? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.	403
	<i>Cref.</i> Well, well.	404
	<i>Pan.</i> Well, well? Why haue you any discrecion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gen- tlenessse, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and falt that seafons a man?	405 406 407 408 409
	<i>Cref.</i> I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.	410 411

412 400 *Pan.* You are such a woman a man knowes not at what
401 ward you lie :

402 *Cref:* Vpon my backe to defend my bellie, vpon my wit
403 to defend my wiles, vpon my secrecy to defend my honef-
404 ty, my maske to defend my beauty, and you to defend all
405 these : and at al these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

406 *Pan.* Say one of your watches.

407 *Cref.* Nay Ile watch you for that ; and thats one of the
408 chiefeft of them two : If I cannot ward what I would not
409 haue hit : I can watch you for telling how I tooke the blowe
423 410 vnlesse it swell past hiding and then its past watching :

411 *Pan:* You are such another. *Enter Boy.*

412 *Boy:* Sir my Lord would instantlie speake with you.

413 *Pan:* Where ?

414 *Boy:* At your owne houle there he vnarmes him :

415 *Pan.* Good boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt, fare ye
416 well good Neice : *Cref:* Adiew vncl :

417 *Pan.* I wilbe with you Neice by and by :

411 *Cref:* To bring vncl : *Pan:* I a token from *Troylus.*

419 *Cref:* By the fame token you are a Bawde,
437 420 Words, vowes, guifts, teares and loues full facrifies
421 He offers in anothers enterprize,
422 But more in *Troylus* thousand fould I fee,
423 Then in the glaffe of *Pandars* praife may bee :
424 Yet hold I off : women are angels woing,
425 „Things woone are done, ioyes foule lies in the dooing.
426 That shee belou'd, knows naught that knows not this,
427 „Men price the thing vngaind more then it is,
428 That she was neuer yet that euer knew
429 Loue gat fo sweet, as when desire did fue,

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not
at what ward you lye. 412
413

Cref. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly ; vpon my
wit, to defend my wiles ; vpon my secrecy, to defend
mine honefty ; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you
to defend all these : and at all these wardes I lye at, at a
thousand watches. 414
415
416
417
418

Pan. Say one of your watches. 419

Cref. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of
the cheefeft of them too : If I cannot ward what I would
not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the
blow, vnlesse it fwell past hiding, and then it's past wat-
ching. 420
421
422
423
424

Enter Boy. 425

Pan. You are such another. 426

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you. 427

Pan. Where ? 428

Boy. At your owne house. 429

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.
Fare ye well good Neece. 430
431

Cref. Adieu Vnkle. 432

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by. 433

Cref. To bring Vnkle. 434

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*. 435

Cref. By the same token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*
Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice, 436
437

He offers in anothers enterprife : 438

But more in *Troylus* thousand fold I see, 439

Then in the glasse of *Pandar's* praise may be ; 440

Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing, 441

Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing : 442

That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this ; 443

Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is. 444

That she was neuer yet, that euer knew 445

Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue : 446

- 447 430 Therefore this *maxim* out of loue I teach,
 431 " *Atchiuement is command; vngaind beseech,*
 432 Then though my hearts content firme loue doth beare,
 433 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*
 434 *Enter* Agamemnon. Nestor, Vliffes, Diomedes,
 435 *Menelaus with others.*
 436 *Aga.* Princes: what grieffe hath fet these Iaundies ore your

 437 The ample proposition that hope makes, (cheekes?
 438 In all designs begun on earth below,
 439 Failes in the promise largeness, checks and disasters,
 458 440 Grow in the vaines of actions highest reard.
 441 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
 442 Infects the sound Pine, and diuerts his graine,
 443 Tortiue and errant from his course of growth.
 444 Nor Princes is it matter new to vs,
 445 That we come short of our suppose so farre,
 446 That after seauen yeares siege yet Troy walls stand,
 447 Sith euer action that hath gone before,
 448 Whereof we haue record, triall did draw,
 449 Bias and thwart: not answering the ayme,
 468 450 And that vn bodied figure of the thought,
 451 That gau't furnished shape: why then you Princes,
 452 Do you with cheekes abasht behold our workes,
 453 And call them shames which are indeed naught else,
 454 But the protractiue tryals of great *loue*,
 455 To finde persitiue constancie in men.
 456 The fineness of which mettall is not found,
 457 In fortunes loue: for then the bould and coward,
 458 The wise and foole, the Artift and vnread,
 459 The hard and soft seeme all affyn'd and kin,
 478 460 But in the winde and tempest of her frowne,
 461 Distinction with a broad and powerfull fan,
 462 Puffing at all, winnowss the light away,
 463 And what hath masse or matter by it selfe,
 464 Lyes rich in vertue and vnmixed.

Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach ;	447
“ <i>Atchieuement, is command; vngain'd, beseech.</i>	448
That though my hearts Contents firme loue both beare,	449
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. <i>Exit.</i>	450
<i>Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlyffes, Diome-</i>	451
<i>des, Menelaus, with others.</i>	452
<i>Agam.</i> Princes :	453
What greefe hath fet the Iaundies on your cheekes ?	454
The ample proposition that hope makes	455
In all designes, begun on earth below	456
Fayles in the promist largeness : checkes and difasters	457
Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.	458
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,	459
Infect the sound Pine, and diuerts his Graine	460
Tortiuē and erant from his course of growth.	461
Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,	462
That we come short of our supposē so farre,	463
That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand,	464
Sith euery action that hath gone before,	465
Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw	466
Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme :	467
And that vn bodied figure of the thought	468
That gaue't furnis'd shape. Why then (you Princes)	469
Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,	470
And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else	471
But the protractiue trials of great loue,	472
To finde persiftiue constancie in men ?	473
The fineness of which Mettall is not found	474
In Fortunes loue : for then, the Bold and Coward,	475
The Wife and Foole, the Artift and vn-read,	476
The hard and soft, seeme all affin'd, and kin.	477
But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,	478
Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,	479
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away ;	480
And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,	481
Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.	482

- 465 *Nestor*. With due obseruance of the godlike feate,
 466 Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
 467 Thy latest words. In the reproofe of chance,

 468 Lies the true proofe of men: the sea being smooth,
 469 How many shallow bauble boates dare faile,
 489 470 Vpon her ancient brest, making their way
 471 With those of nobler bulke?
 472 But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
 473 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold
 474 The strong ribbd barke through liquid mountaines cut,
 475 Bounding betweene the two moyst elements,
 476 Like *Perseus* horse. Where's then the fawcie boate,
 477 Whose weake vntymberd sides but euen now
 478 Corriuald greatnesse? either to harbor fled,
 479 Or made a toste for *Neptune*: euen so
 499 480 Doth valours shew, and valours worth deuide
 481 In stormes of fortune; for in her ray and brightnesse

 482 The heard hath more annoyance by the Bryze
 483 Then by the Tyger, but when the splitting winde,
 484 Makes flexible the knees of knotted Okes,
 485 And Flies fled vnder shade, why then the thing of courage,

 486 As rouzd with rage, with rage doth simpathize,
 487 And with an accent tun'd in selfe same key,
 488 Retires to chiding fortune.
 489 *Vliff. Agamemnon*,
 511 490 Thou great Commander, nerues and bone of Greece,
 491 Heart of our numbers, soule and onely spright,
 492 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 493 Should be shut vp: heere what *Uliesses* speakes,
 494 Besides th'applause and approbation,
 495 The which most mighty (for thy place and sway
 496 And thou most reuerend) for the stretcht out life,
 497 I giue to both your speeches; which were such

<i>Nestor.</i> With due Obferuance of thy godly feat,	483
Great <i>Agamemnon</i> , <i>Nestor</i> fhall apply	484
Thy lateft words.	485
In the reproofe of Chance,	486
Lies the true prooffe of men : The Sea being fsmooth,	487
How many fhallow bauble Boates dare faile	488
Vpon her patient breft, making their way	489
With thofe of Nobler bulke ?	490
But let the Ruffian <i>Boreas</i> once enrage	491
The gentle <i>Thetis</i> , and anon behold	492
The ftrong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,	493
Bounding betweene the two moyft Elements	494
Like <i>Perfeus</i> Horfe. Where's then the fawcy Boate,	495
Whofe weake vntimber'd fides but euen now	496
Co-riual'd Greatneffe ? Either to harbour fled,	497
Or made a Toft for Neptune. Euen fo,	498
Doth valours fhew, and valours worth diuide	499
In ftormes of Fortune.	500
For, in her ray and brightneffe,	501
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze	502
Then by the Tyger : But, when the fplitting winde	503
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,	504
And Flies fled vnder fhade, why then	505
The thing of Courage,	506
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth fymphathize,	507
And with an accent tun'd in felfe-fame key,	508
Retyres to chiding Fortune.	509
<i>Vlyf. Agamemnon :</i>	510
Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,	511
Heart of our Numbers, foule, and onely fpirit,	512
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all	513
Should be fhut vp : Heare whar <i>Vlyffes</i> fpeakes,	514
Befides the applaufe and approbation	515
The which moft mighty for thy place and fway,	516
And thou moft reuerend for thy stretcht-out life,	517
I giue to both your fpeeches : which were fuch,	518

498 As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece,
 499 Should hold vp high in braffe, and such againe
 521 500 As venerable *Nestor* (hatcht in filuer)
 501 Should with a bond of ayre strong as the Axel-tree,
 502 (On which heauen rides) knit all the Greekish eares
 503 To his experienc't tongue, yet let it please both
 504 Thou great and wife, to heare *Vliffes* speake.

505 Troy yet vpon his bafes had beene downe
 506 And the great *Heftors* fword had lackt a mafter
 507 But for thefe instances.
 508 The fpécialtie of rule hath beene neglected,
 509 And looke how many Grecian tents do ftand,
 536 510 Hollow vpon this plaine, fo many hollow factions,
 511 When that the generall is not like the hiue,
 512 To whom the forragers fhall all repaire,
 513 What honey is expected? Degree being vifarded
 514 Th'vnworthieft fhewes as fairly in the maske.
 515 The heauens them-felues, the plannets and this center
 516 Obferue degree, prioritie and place,
 517 In fifture, courfe, proportion, feafon, forme,
 518 Office and cuftome, in all line of order.
 519 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
 546 520 In noble eminence enthron'd and fpherd,
 521 Amidft the other ; whose medcinable eye,
 522 Corrects the influence of euill Planets,
 523 And pofts like the Commandment of a King,
 524 Sans check to good and bad, But when the Planets,
 525 In euill mixture to diforder wander,
 526 What plagues, and what portents, what mutinie ?
 527 What raging of the fea, fhaking of earth ?
 528 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	65
	As <i>Agamemnon</i> and the hand of Greece	519
	Should hold vp high in Braffe : and fuch againe	520
	As venerable <i>Nestor</i> (hatch'd in Siluer)	521
	Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree	522
	In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares	523
	To his experienc'd tongue : yet let it please both	524
	(Thou Great, and Wife) to heare <i>Vlyffes</i> speake.	525
	<i>Aga.</i> Speak Prince of <i>Ithaca</i> , and be't of lesse expect :	526
	That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen	527
	Diuide thy lips ; then we are confident	528
	When ranke <i>Therfites</i> opes his Mafticke iawes,	529
	We shall heare Muficke, Wit, and Oracle.	530
	<i>Vlyf.</i> Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,	531
	And the great <i>Heftors</i> fword had lack'd a Mafter	532
	But for these instances.	533
	The fpecialty of Rule hath bene neglected ;	534
	And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand	535
	Hollow vpon this Plaine, fo many hollow Faftions.	536
	When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,	537
	To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,	538
	What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,	539
	Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.	540
	The Heauens themfelues, the Planets, and this Center,	541
	Obferue degree, priority, and place,	542
	Infifture, courfe, proportion, feafon, forme,	543
	Office, and custome, in all line of Order :	544
	And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol	545
	In noble eminence, enthron'd and fpear'd	546
	Amid't the other, whose med'cinable eye	547
	Corrects the ill Affpects of Planets euill,	548
	And postes like the Command'ment of a King,	549
	Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets	550
	In euill mixture to diforder wander,	551
	What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?	552
	What raging of the Sea? fhaking of Earth?	553
	Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,	554

529 Diuert and crack, rend and deracinate,
 556 530 The vnitie and married calme of states
 531 Quite from their fixure : O when degree is fhakt,
 532 Which is the ladder of all high defignes,
 533 The enterprife is fick. How could communities,
 534 Degrees in fchooles, and brother-hoods in Citties,
 535 Peacefull commerce from deuidable fhores,
 536 The primogenitie and due of birth,
 537 Prerogatiue of age, crownes, fcepters, lawrels,
 538 But by degree stand in authentique place :
 539 Take but degree away, vntune that ftring,
 566 540 And harke what difcord followes, each thing melts
 541 In meere oppugnancie : the bounded waters
 542 Should lift their bofomes higher then the fhores,
 543 And make a fop of all this folid globe :
 544 Strength fhould be Lord of imbecilitie,
 545 And the rude fonne fhould frike his father dead.
 546 Force fhould be right or rather right and wrong,
 547 (*Betweene whose endleffe iarre Iuftice recides*)
 548 Should loofe their names, and fo fhould Iuftice to ?
 549 Then euery thing include it felfe in power,
 576 550 Power into will will into appetite,
 551 And appetite an vniuerfall Woolfe,
 552 (So doubly feconded with will and power)
 553 Muft make perforce an vniuerfall prey,
 554 And laft eate vp himfelfe.
 555 Great *Agamemnon*,
 556 This *chaos* when degree is fuffocate,
 557 Followes the choaking
 558 And this neglection of degree it is,
 559 That by a pace goes backward with a purpofe
 586 560 It hath to clime. The generalls difdaind,
 561 By him one ftep below, he by the next,
 562 That next by him beneath, fo euery ftep,
 563 Examl'd by the firft pace that is fick
 564 Of his fuperior, growes to an enuious feauer

Diuert, and cracke, rend and deiacinate	555
The vnity, and married calme of States	556
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd,	557
(Which is the Ladder to all high defignes)	558
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,	559
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,	560
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,	561
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,	562
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,	563
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?	564
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,	565
And harke what Discord followes: each thing meetes	566
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,	567
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,	568
And make a foppe of all this solid Globe:	569
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,	570
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:	571
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,	572
(Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)	573
Should loofe her names, and so should Iustice too.	574
Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,	575
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,	576
And Appetite (an vniuerfall Wolfe,	577
So doubly fecoded with Will, and Power)	578
Must make perforce an vniuerfall prey,	579
And last, eate vp himselfe.	580
Great <i>Agamemnon</i> :	581
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,	582
Followes the choaking:	583
And this neglectiō of Degree, is it	584
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose	585
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd	586
By him one step below; he, by the next,	587
That next, by him beneath: so euery step	588
Exampled by the first pace that is sicke	589
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer	590

- 565 Of pale and bloudeffe emulation,
 566 And 'tis this feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
 567 Not her owne finnews. To end a tale of length,
 568 Troy in our weakneffe stands not in her strength.
 569 *Nestor*. Most wisely hath *Vliffes* here discouerd,
 596 570 The feuer whereof all our power is sick.
 571 *Agamem*. The nature of the sicknesse found, *Vliffes*
 572 What is the remedie ?
 573 *Vliffes*. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,
 574 The finnow and the fore-hand of our hoſte,
 575 Hauing his eare full of his ayrie fame,
 576 Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
 577 Lies mocking our deſignes : with him *Patroclus*
 578 Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long day,
 579 Breakes fcurrell iefts,
 606 580 And with ridiculous and fillie action,
 581 Which (ſlanderer) he Imitation calls,
 582 He pageants vs. Some-time great *Agamemnon*,
 583 Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on,
 584 And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
 585 Lyes in his ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
 586 To heere the wooden dialogue and found,
 587 Twixt his ſtretcht footing and the ſcoaffollage,
 588 Such to be pitied and ore-reſted ſeeming,
 589 He acts thy greatneſſe in.'And when he ſpeakes,
 616 590 Tis like a chime a mending, with termes vnſquare,
 591 Which from the tongue of roaring *Tiphon* dropt,
 592 Would ſeeme hiperboles, at this fuſtie ſtuffe,
 593 The large *Achilles* on his preſt bed lolling,
 594 From his deepe cheſt laughs out alowd applauſe,
 595 Cries excellent ; 'tis *Agamemnon* right,
 596 Now play me *Nestor*, hem and ſtroake thy beard,
 597 As he being dreft to ſome Oration,
 598 That's done, as neere as the extremeſt ends
 599 Of paralells, as like as *Vulcan* and his wife :
 626 600 Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,

Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.	591
And 'tis this Feauer that keepest Troy on foote,	592
Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of length,	593
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.	594
<i>Nest.</i> Most wisely hath <i>Vlyffes</i> heere discouer'd	595
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.	596
<i>Aga.</i> The Nature of the sicknesse found (<i>Vlyffes</i>)	597
What is the remedie ?	598
<i>Vlyf.</i> The great <i>Achilles</i> , whom Opinion crownes,	599
The finew, and the fore-hand of our Hofte,	600
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,	601
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent	602
Lyes mocking our designs. With him, <i>Patroclus</i> ,	603
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day	604
Breakes scurrill Iests,	605
And with ridiculous and aukward action,	606
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)	607
He Pageants vs. Sometime great <i>Agamemnon</i> ,	608
Thy topleffe deputation he puts on ;	609
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit	610
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth think it rich	611
To heare the wooden Dialogue and found	612
'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,	613
Such to be pittied, and ore-refted seeming	614
He acts thy Greatnesse in : and when he speakes,	615
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnquar'd,	616
Which from the tongue of roaring <i>Typhon</i> dropt,	617
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stufte,	618
The large <i>Achilles</i> (on his prest-bed lolling)	619
From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,	620
Cries excellent, 'tis <i>Agamemnon</i> iust.	621
Now play me <i>Nestor</i> ; hum, and stroke thy Beard	622
As he, being drest to some Oration :	623
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends	624
Of paralels ; as like, as <i>Vulcan</i> and his wife,	625
Yet god <i>Achilles</i> still cries excellent,	626

601 Tis *Nestor* right : now play him me *Patroclus*,
 602 Arming to anfwer in a night alarme,
 603 And then forsooth the faint defect of age,
 604 Must be the scæne of myrth, to coffe and spit,
 605 And with a palfie fumbling on his gorget,
 606 Shake in and out the riuet, and at this sport
 607 Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough *Patroclus*,
 608 Or giue me ribbs of steele, I shall split all
 609 In pleasure of my spleene, and in this fashion,
 636 610 All our abilities, guifts, natures shapes,
 611 Seueralls and generalls of grace exact,
 612 Atchiuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
 613 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 614 Successe or losse, what is, or is not, ferues
 615 As stufte for these two to make paradoxes.
 616 *Nestor*. And in the imitation of these twaine,
 617 Who as *Vlisses* sayes opinion crownes,
 618 With an imperiall voyce : many are infect,
 619 *Aiax* is growne selfe-wild, and beares his head
 646 620 In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
 621 As broad *Achilles* : keepes his Tent like him,
 622 Makes factious feasts, railes on our state of warre,
 623 Bould as an Oracle, and sets *Therfites*
 624 A slaue, whose gall coyne flanders like a mint,
 625 To match vs in comparisons with durt,
 626 To weaken our discredit, our exposure
 627 How ranke so euer rounded in with danger.
 628 *Vlisses*. They taxe our pollicie, and call it cowardice,
 629 Count wisdom as no member of the warre,
 656 630 Forstall prefcience, and esteeme no act
 631 But that of hand, the still and ment all parts,
 632 That do contriue how many hands shall strike,
 633 When fitnesse calls them on, and know by measure
 634 Of their obseruant toyle the enemies waight,
 635 Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,
 636 They call this bed-worke, mappy, Clofet warre,

'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*, 627
 Arming to answer in a night-Alarme, 628
 And then (forfooth) the faint defects of Age 629
 Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit, 630
 And with a pallie fumbling on his Gorget, 631
 Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport 632
 Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*, 633
 Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all 634
 In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion, 635
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, 636
 Seuerals and generals of grace exact, 637
 Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions, 638
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, 639
 Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues 640
 As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes. 641

Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine, 642
 Who (as *Vlyffes* sayes) Opinion crownes 643
 With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect: 644
Ajax is growne felse-will'd, and beares his head 645
 In such a reyne, in full as proud a place 646
 As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him; 647
 Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre 648
 Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites* 649
 A flauie, whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint, 650
 To match vs in comparifons with durt, 651
 To weaken and discredit our exposure, 652
 How ranke foeuer rounded in with danger. 653

Vlyf. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice, 654
 Count Wifedome as no member of the Warre, 655
 Fore-stall prefcience, and esteeme no acte 656
 But that of hand: The still and mentall parts, 657
 That do contriue how many hands shall strike 658
 When fitnesse call them on, and know by measure 659
 Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight, 660
 Why this hath not a fingers dignity: 661
 They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Cloffet-Warre: 662

- 637 So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,
 638 For the great swinge and rudeneffe of his poife,
 639 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 666 640 Or those that with the finesse of their foules,
 641 By reason guide his execution.
 642 *Nest.* Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horfe
 643 Makes many *Thetis* fonnes,
 644 *Agam.* What trumpet? looke *Menelaus*.
 645 *Mene.* From Troy.
 646 *Agam.* What would you fore our tent.
 647 *Ane.* Is this great *Agamemnon*s tent I pray you?
 648 *Agam.* Euen this.
 649 *Ane.* May one that is a Herral and a Prince,
 676 650 Do a faire message to his Kingly eyes?
 651 *Agam.* With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,
 652 Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice,
 653 Call *Agamemnon* head and generall.
 654 *Ane.* Faire leaue and large security, how may
 655 A stranger to those most imperiall looks,
 656 Know them from eyes of other mortals?
 657 *Agam.* How?
 658 *Ane.* I, I aske that I might waken reuerence,
 659 And bid the eke be ready with a blush, (*Phæbus,*
 685 660 Modest as morning, when shee coldly eyes the youthfull

 661 Which is that god, in office guiding men,
 662 Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*.
 663 *Agam.* This Trojan scornes vs, or the men of Troy,
 664 Are ceremonious Courtiers.
 665 *Ane,* Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnarm'd
 666 As bending Angels, thats their fame in peace:
 667 But when they would seeme soldiers, they haue galls,
 668 Good armes, strong ioints, true sword, & great *Ioues* accord
 669 Nothing so full of heart: but peace *Aneas*,
 696 670 Peace Trojan lay thy finger on thy lips,
 671 The worthineffe of praise distaines his worth,

So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall, 663
 For the great fwing and rudeneffe of his poize, 664
 They place before his hand that made the Engine, 665
 Or thofe that with the fineneffe of their foules, 666
 By Reafon guide his execution. 667

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horfe 668
 Makes many *Thetis* fonnes. *Tucket* 669

Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus.* 670

Men. From Troy. *Enter Æneas* 671

Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent? 672

Æne. Is this great *Agamemmons* Tent, I pray you? 673

Aga. Euen this. 674

Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince, 675
 Do a faire meffage to his Kingly eares? 676

Aga. With furety ftronger then *Achilles* arme, 677
 'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voyce 678
 Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall. 679

Æne. Faire leaue, and large ſecurity. How may 680
 A ſtranger to thofe moſt Imperial lookes, 681
 Know them from eyes of other Mortals? *Aga.* How? 682

Æne. I: I aſke, that I might waken reuerence, 683
 And on the cheeke be ready with a bluſh 684
 Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes 685
 The youthfull *Phœbus*: 686

Which is that God in office guiding men? 687
 Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*? 688

Aga. This *Troyan* ſcornes vs, or the men of *Troy* 689
 Are ceremonious Courtiers. 690

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd, 691
 As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace: 692
 But when they would ſeeme Souldiers, they haue galles, 693
 Good armes, ſtrong ioynts, true fwords, & *Ioues* accord, 694
 Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace *Æneas*, 695
 Peace *Troyan*, lay thy finger on thy lips, 696
 The worthineffe of praife diſtaines his worth: 697

672 If that the praif'd him-felfe bring the praife forth.
 673 But what the repining enemy commends,
 674 That breath fame blowes, that praife sole pure tranfcends.
 675 *Agam.* Sir you of Troy, call you your felfe *Æneas* ?
 676 *Æne.* I Greeke, that is my name.
 677 *Agam.* Whats your affaires I pray you ?
 678 *Æne.* Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
 679 *Agam.* He heeres naught priuately that comes from Troy

707 680 *Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whifper with him,
 681 I bring a trumpet to awake his eare,
 682 To fet his feat on that attentiu bent,
 683 And then to fpeake.
 684 *Agam.* Speake frankly as the winde,
 685 It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre ;
 686 That thou fhalt know Troyan he is awake,
 687 Hee tels thee fo himfelfe.
 688 *Æne.* Trumpet blowe alowd,
 689 Send thy braffe voyce through all thefe lazie tents,
 717 690 And euery Greeke of mettell let him know,
 691 What Troy meanes fairely, fhall be fpoke alowd. *Sound*

692 We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy, *trumpet.*
 693 A Prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
 694 Who in his dull and long continued truce,
 695 Is reftie growne : He bad me take a Trumpet,
 696 And to this purpofe fpeake. Kings, Princes, Lords,
 697 If there be one among the fair'ft of Greece,
 698 That holds his honour higher then his eafe,
 699 And feeds his praife, more then he feares his perill,
 728 700 That knowes his valour, and knowes not his feare,
 701 That loues his Miftrefse more then in confeffion,
 702 (With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
 703 And dare avowe her beautie, and her worth,
 704 In other armes then hers : to him this challenge ;
 705 *Hector* in view of Troyans and of Greekes,

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	75
	If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.	698
	But what the repining enemy commends,	699
	That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcēds.	700
	<i>Aga.</i> Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe <i>Aeneas</i> ?	701
	<i>Aene.</i> I Greeke, that is my name.	702
	<i>Aga.</i> What's your affayre I pray you?	703
	<i>Aene.</i> Sir pardon, 'tis for <i>Agamemnon's</i> eares.	704
	<i>Aga.</i> He heares nought priuatly	705
	That comes from Troy.	706
	<i>Aene.</i> Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,	707
	I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,	708
	To fet his sence on the attentiu bent,	709
	And then to speake.	710
	<i>Aga.</i> Speake frankly as the winde,	711
	It is not <i>Agamemnon's</i> sleeping houre ;	712
	That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,	713
	He tels thee so himselfe.	714
	<i>Aene.</i> Trumpet blow loud,	715
	Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,	716
	And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,	717
	What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd.	718
	<i>The Trumpets sound.</i>	719
	We haue great <i>Agamemnon</i> heere in Troy,	720
	A Prince calld <i>Heclor</i> , <i>Priam</i> is his Father :	721
	Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce	722
	Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,	723
	And to this purpose speake : Kings, Princes, Lords,	724
	If there be one among't the fayr't of Greece,	725
	That holds his Honor higher then his ease,	726
	That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,	727
	That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,	728
	That loues his Miftris more then in confession,	729
	(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)	730
	And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,	731
	In other armes then hers : to him this Challenge.	732
	<i>Heclor</i> , in view of Troyan, and of Greekes,	733

- 706 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it :
 707 He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 708 Then euer Greeke did couple in his armes,
 709 And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
 738 710 Mid-way betweene your tents and walls of Troy,
 711 To rouze a Grecian that is true in loue :
 712 If any come, *Hector* shall honor him :
 713 If none, heele say in Troy when he retires,
 714 The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
 715 The splinter of a Launce. Euen so much.
 716 *Agam.* This shall be told our louers Lord *Aeneas*,
 717 If none of them haue foule in such a kinde,
 718 We left them all at home, but we are fouldiers,
 719 And may that fouldier a meere recreant prooue,
 748 720 That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue :
 721 If then one is, or hath a meanes to be,
 722 That one meetes *Hector* : if none else I am he.
 723 *Nest.* Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
 724 When *Hectors* grand-fire suckt. He is old now,
 725 But if there be not in our Grecian hoste,
 726 A noble man that hath no sparke of fire
 727 To answer for his loue, tell him from me.
 728 Ile hide my filuer beard in a gould beauer,
 729 And in my vambrace put my withered braunes
 758 730 And meeting him tell him that my Lady,
 731 Was fairer then his grandam, and as chaste,
 732 As may bee in the world, (his youth in flood)
 733 Ile proue this troth with my three drops of blood,
 734 *Aene.* Now heauens for-fend such scarcity of men.
 735 *Vlis.* Amen : faire Lord *Aeneas* let me touch your haud,

 736 To our pavilion shall I leade you fir ;
 737 *Achilles* shall haue word of this intent,
 738 So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent,
 739 Your selfe shall feast with vs before you goe,
 770 740 And finde the welcome of a noble foe.

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.	734
He hath a Lady, wifer, fairer, truer,	735
Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,	736
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,	737
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,	738
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.	739
If any come, <i>Hector</i> shal honour him :	740
If none, hee'l fay in Troy when he retyres,	741
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth	742
The splinter of a Lance : Euen so much.	743
<i>Aga.</i> This shall be told our Louers Lord <i>Aeneas</i> ,	744
If none of them haue foule in such a kinde,	745
We left them all at home : But we are Souldiers,	746
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,	747
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue :	748
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,	749
That one meets <i>Hector</i> ; if none else, Ile be he.	750
<i>Nest.</i> Tell him of <i>Nestor</i> , one that was a man	751
When <i>Hectors</i> Grandfire suckt : he is old now,	752
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,	753
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire	754
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,	755
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,	756
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,	757
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady	758
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste	759
As may be in the world : his youth in flood,	760
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.	761
<i>Aene.</i> Now heauens forbid such scarcitie of youth.	762
<i>Vlyf.</i> Amen.	763
<i>Aga.</i> Faire Lord <i>Aeneas</i> ,	764
Let me touch your hand :	765
To our Pauillion shal I leade you first :	766
<i>Achilles</i> shall haue word of this intent,	767
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent :	768
Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,	769
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 770

- 741 *Vlif.* *Nestor.* *Nest.* What faies *Vliffes* ?
 742 *Vlif.* I haue a yong conception in my braine,
 743 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
 744 *Nest.* What ift ?
- 745 *Vlif:* Blunt wedges riue hard knots, the feeded pride,
 746 That hath to this maturity blowne vp
 747 In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
 748 Or fhedding breede a nourfery of like euill,
 749 To ouer-bulk vs all. *Nest.* Well and how ?
- 783 750 *Vlif:* This challeng that the gallant *Hector* fends,
 751 How euer it is fpread in generall name
 752 Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.
 753 *Nest.* T rue the purpose is perfpicuous as fubftance,
 754 Whose grofeneffe little characters fum vp :
 755 And in the publication make no ftraine,
 756 But that *Achilles* weare his braine, as barren,
 757 As banks of libia (*though Apollo knowes*
 758 *Tis dry enough*) will with great fpeed of iudgement,
 759 I with celerity finde *Hectors* purpose, pointing on him.
- 794 760 *Vlif.* And wake him to the anfwere thinke you ?
 761 *Nest.* Why tis moft meete ; who may you elce oppofe,
 762 That can from *Hector* bring thofe honours off,
 763 If not *Achilles*: though't be a fportfull combat,
 764 Yet in the triall much opinion dwells :
 765 For here the Troyans taft our deerft repute,
 766 With their fin'ft pallat, and trust to me *Vliffes*
 767 Our imputation fhallbe odly poizde
 768 In this vilde action, for the fucceffe,
 769 Although perticuler fhall giue a fcantling
 804 770 Of good or bad vnto the generall,
 771 And in fuch *indexes* (although fmall pricks
 772 To their fubfequent volumes) there is feene,

Manet Vlyffes, and Nestor.

<i>Vlyf. Nestor.</i>	<i>Nest.</i> What fayer <i>Vlyffes</i> ?	772
<i>Vlyf.</i>	I haue a young conception in my braine,	773
	Be you my time to bring it to some shape.	774
<i>Nest.</i>	What is't ?	775
<i>Vlyffes.</i>	This 'tis :	776
	Blunt wedges riue hard knots : the seeded Pride	777
	That hath to this maturity blowne vp	778
	In ranke <i>Achilles</i> , must or now be cropt,	779
	Or shedding breed a Nurfery of like euil	780
	To ouer-bulke vs all.	781
<i>Nest.</i>	Wel, and how ?	782
<i>Vlyf.</i>	This challenge that the gallant <i>Hector</i> sends,	783
	How euer it is spred in general name,	784
	Relates in purpose onely to <i>Achilles</i> .	785
<i>Nest.</i>	The purpose is perfpicuous euen as substance,	786
	Whose grossenesse little charracters summe vp,	787
	And in the publication make no straine,	788
	But that <i>Achilles</i> , were his braine as barren	789
	As bankes of Lybia, though (<i>Apollo</i> knowes)	790
	'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement,	791
	I, with celerity, finde <i>Hectors</i> purpose	792
	Pointing on him.	793
<i>Vlyf.</i>	And wake him to the answer, thinke you ?	794
<i>Nest.</i>	Yes, 'tis most meet ; who may you else oppofe	795
	That can from <i>Hector</i> bring his Honor off,	796
	If not <i>Achilles</i> ; though't be a sportfull Combate,	797
	Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.	798
	For heere the Troyans taste our deer'ft repute	799
	With their fin'ft Pallate : and trust to me <i>Vlyffes</i> ,	800
	Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd	801
	In this wilde action. For the succeffe	802
	(Although particular) shall giue a scantling	803
	Of good or bad, vnto the Generall :	804
	And in such Indexes, although small prickes	805
	To their subsequnt Volumes, there is feene	806

773 The baby figure of the gyant maffe,
 774 Of things to come at large : It is suppos'd
 775 He that meetes *Hector*, yffues from our choice,
 776 And choice (being mutuall act of all our foules)
 777 Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,
 778 (As twere from forth vs all) a man distill'd
 779 Out of our vertues, who miscarrying,
 814 780 What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,
 781 To steele a strong opinion to them felues.

782 *Vliff*. Giue pardon to my speech ? therefore tis meete,
 783 *Achilles* meete not *Hector*. let vs like Marchants
 784 Firft shew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile fell ;

785 If not ;the luster of the better shall exceed,
 786 By shewing the worfe first :do not consent,
 787 That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,
 788 For both our honour and our shame in this, are dog'd with
 789 two frange followers.

828 790 *Nest*. I see them not with my old eyes what are they ?

791 *Vliff*. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*
 792 Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
 793 But he already is too insolent.

794 And it were better partch in Afrique Sunne,
 795 Then in the pride and fault (corne of his eyes
 796 Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,
 797 Why then we do our maine opinion crush
 798 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottry
 799 And by deuife let blockish *Ajax* draw

838 800 The fort to fight with *Hector*, among our felues,
 801 Giue him allowanee for the better man,
 802 For that will phisick the great Myrmidon,
 803 Who broyles in loud applause, and make him fall,
 804 His crest that prouder then blew Iris bends,

The baby figure of the Gyant-maffe	807
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,	808
He that meets <i>Hector</i> , iffues from our choysē ;	809
And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,	810
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle	811
As 'twere, from forth vs all : a man distill'd	812
Out of our Vertues ; who miscarrying	813
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part	814
To steele a strong opinion to themselues,	815
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,	816
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes	817
Directiue by the Limbes.	818
<i>Vlyf.</i> Giue pardon to my speech :	819
Therefore 'tis meet, <i>Achilles</i> meet not <i>Hector</i> :	820
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,	821
And thinke perchance they'l sell : If not,	822
The luster of the better yet to shew,	823
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,	824
That euer <i>Hector</i> and <i>Achilles</i> meete :	825
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,	826
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.	827
<i>Nest.</i> I see them not with my old eies : what are they ?	828
<i>Vlyf.</i> What glory our <i>Achilles</i> shares from <i>Hector</i> ,	829
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him :	830
But he already is too insolent,	831
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,	832
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes	833
Should he scape <i>Hector</i> faire. If he were foyld,	834
Why then we did our maine opinion cruſh	835
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,	836
And by deuce let blockish <i>Ajax</i> draw	837
The fort to fight with <i>Hector</i> : Among our selues,	838
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,	839
For that will phyicke the great Myrmidon	840
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall	841
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.	842

- 805 If the dull brainleffe *Ai*ax come fafe off
 806 Weele dresse him vp in voices. if he faile
 807 Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
 808 That we haue better men, but hit or misse,
 809 Our proiects life this shape of fence affumes
 848 810 *Ai*ax imploy'd plucks downe *Achilles* plumes.
 811 *Nest.* Now *Vlisses* I begin to relish thy aduise,
 812 And I will giue a taste thereof forthwith,
 813 To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight
 814 Two currees shall tame each other, pride alone
 815 Muft arre the mastiffs on, as twere a bone. *Exeunt.*
 816 *Enter Ai*ax and *Thersites*.
 817 *Ai*ax. *Thersites*.
 818 *Ther.* *Agamemnon*, how if he had biles, full, all ouer, gene-
 819 rally. *Ai*ax. *Thersites*.
 859 820 *Ther.* And those byles did run (say fo), did not the gene-
 821 rall run then, were not that a botchy core. *Ai*ax. Dogge.
 822 *Ther.* Then would come some matter from him, I see none
 823 now.
 824 *Ai*ax. Thou bitchwolfs son canst thou not heare, feele then.
 825 *Ther.* The plague of Greece vpon thee thou mongrell beefe
 826 witted Lord.
 827 *Ai*ax. Speake then thou vn salted leauen, speake, I will beate
 828 thee into hanfomnesse.
 829 *Ther.* I shall sooner raile thee into wit and holinesse, but I
 871 830 thinke thy horse will sooner cunne an oration without
 831 booke, then thou learne praier without booke, thou canst
 832 strike canst thou? a red murrion ath thy lades trickes.
 833 *Ai*ax. Tode-foole? learne me the proclamation.
 834 *Ther.* Dooft thou thinke I haue no fence thou strikeft mee
 835 thus? *Ai*ax. The proclamation.
 836 *Thea.* Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.
 837 *Ai*ax. Do not Porpentin, do not, my fingers itch :

- If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off, 843
 Wee'l dresse him vp in voyces : if he faile, 844
 Yet go we vnder our opinion still, 845
 That we haue better men. But hit or misse, 846
 Our proiects life this shape of fence assumes, 847
Ajax employ'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes. 848
Nest. Now *Vlyffes*, I begin to rellish thy aduice, 849
 And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith 850
 To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight : 851
 Two Curses shal tame each other, Pride alone 852
 Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt* 853
Enter Ajax, and Therfites. 854
Aia. *Therfites* ? 855
Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer 856
 generally. 857
Aia. *Therfites* ? 858
Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so ; did not the 859
 General run, were not that a botchy core ? 860
Aia. Dogge. 861
Ther. Then there would come some matter from him : 862
 I see none now. 863
Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst y^e not heare ? 864
 Feele then. *Strikes him.* 865
Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel 866
 beefe-witted Lord. 867
Aia. Speake then you whinid'ft leauen speake, I will 868
 beate thee into handfomnesse. 869
Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse : 870
 but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then y^e 871
 learn a prayer without booke : Thou canst strike, canst 872
 thou ? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes. 873
Aia. To ads stoole, learne me the Proclamation. 874
Ther. Doest thou thinke I haue no fence thou strik'ft 875
Aia. The Proclamation. (me thus ? 876
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke. 877
Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not ; my fingers itch. 878

838 *Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foote, and I had
 839 the scratching of the, I would make thee the lothsomest scab
 881 840 in Greece, when thou art forth in the incurfions thou strikest
 841 as slow as another.

842 *Aiæx.* I say the proclamation.

843 *Ther.* Thou gromblest and raylest euery houre on *Achil-*
 844 *les*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnesse, as *Cerberus*
 845 is at *Proserpinas* beauty, I that thou barkst at him.

846 *Aiæx.* Mistres *Therfites*.

847 *Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him. *Aiæx Coblofe*,

848 Hee would punne thee into shiuers with his fist, as a sayler
 849 breakes a bisket, you horfon curre. Do? do?

892 850 *Aiæx:* Thou stoole for a witch :

851 *Ther.* I, Do? do? thou foddenn witted Lord, thou hast
 852 no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Afinico*
 853 may tutor thee, you scuruy valiant affe, thou art heere but to
 854 thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and sould among those
 855 of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse to beate mee I
 856 will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches.
 857 thou thing of no bowells thou.

858 *Aiæx.* You dog: *Ther.* You scuruy Lord.

859 *Aiæx.* You curre.

903 860 *Ther.* *Mars* his Idiot, do rudenesse, do Camel, do, do.

861 *Achil.* Why how now *Aiæx* wherefore do yee thus,
 862 How now *Therfites* whats the matter man.

863 *Ther.* You see him there? do you?

864 *Achil.* I whats the matter. *Ther:* Nay looke vpon him.

865 *Achil:* So I do, whats the matter?

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and
I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-
som'st scab in Greece. 879
880
881

Aia. I say the Proclamation. 882

Ther. Thou grumblest & railest euery houre on *A-*
chilles, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cer-*
berus is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkst at him. 883
884
885

Aia. Mistresse *Thersites*. 886

Ther. Thou should'st strike him. 887

Aia. Coblofe. 888

Ther. He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as
a Sailor breakes a bisket. 889
890

Aia. You horson Curre. *Ther.* Do, do. 891

Aia. Thou stoole for a Witch. 892

Ther. I, do, do, thou foddren-witted Lord: thou hast
no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An *Afinico*
may tutor thee. Thou scuruy valiant *Affe*, thou art heere
but to threshe *Troyans*, and thou art bought and solde a-
mong those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slaue. If thou vse
to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou. 893
894
895
896
897
898
899

Aia. You dogge. 900

Ther. You scuruy Lord. 901

Aia. You Curre. 902

Theo. *Mars* his Ideot: do rudenes, do *Camell*, do, do. 903

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus. 904

Achil. Why how now *Aiax*? wherefore do you this?
How now *Thersites*? what's the matter man? 905
906

Ther. You see him there, do you? 907

Achil. I, what's the matter? 908

Ther. Nay looke vpon him. 909

Achil. So I do: what's the matter? 910

Ther. Nay but regard him well. 911

Achil. Well, why I do so. 912

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who
some euer you take him to be, he is *Aiax*. 913
914

- 866 *Achil.* Nay, good *Aiax.* *Ther.* Has not fo much wit
- 867 *Achil.* Nay I muft hold you.
- 868 *Ther.* As will ftop the eye of *Hellens* needle, for whom
869 he comes to fight. *Achil.* Peace foole?
- 938 870 *Ther.* I would haue peace and quietneffe, but the foole
871 will not, he there, that he: looke you there?
- 872 *Aiax.* Oh thou damned curre I fhall —————
- 873 *Achil.* Will you fet your wit to a fooles.
- 874 *Ther.* No I warrant you, the fooles will fhome it.
- 875 *Patro.* Good words *Thefitas.* *Achil.* Whats the quarrell.
- 876 *Aiax.* I bad the vile oule goe learne mee the tenor of the
877 proclamacon, and he railes vpon me.
- 878 *Ther.* I ferue thee not? *Aiax.* Well, go to, go to.
- 879 *Ther.* I ferue here voluntary.
- 945 880 *Achil.* Your laft feruice was fuffrance: twas not voluntary,
881 no man is beaten voluntary, *Aiax* was here the voluntary,
882 and you as vnder an Imprefse,
- 883 *Ther.* E'ene fo, a great deale of your witte to, lies in your
884 finnewes, or els there bee liars, *Heftor* fhall haue a great
885 catch and knocke at either of your beains, a were as good
886 crack a fuffy nut with no kernell.

<i>Achil.</i> I know that foole.	915
<i>Ther.</i> I, but that foole knowes not himfelfe.	916
<i>Aiax.</i> Therefore I beate thee.	917
<i>Ther.</i> Lo, lo, lo, lo, what <i>modicums</i> of wit he vtters: his euasions haue eares thus long. I haue bobbd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his <i>Piamater</i> is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (<i>Achilles</i>) <i>Aiax</i> who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I fay of him.	918 919 920 921 922 923 924
<i>Achil.</i> What ?	925
<i>Ther.</i> I fay this <i>Aiax</i> ——	926
<i>Achil.</i> Nay good <i>Aiax</i> .	927
<i>Ther.</i> Has not so much wit.	928
<i>Achil.</i> Nay, I muft hold you.	929
<i>Ther.</i> As will stop the eye of <i>Helens</i> Needle, for whom hecomes to fight.	930 931
<i>Achil.</i> Peace foole.	932
<i>Ther.</i> I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not : he there, that he, looke you there.	933 934
<i>Aiax.</i> O thou damn'd Curre, I fhall ——	935
<i>Achil.</i> Will you fet your wit to a Fooles.	936
<i>Ther.</i> No I warrant you, for a fooles will flame it.	937
<i>Pat.</i> Good words <i>Therfites</i> .	938
<i>Achil.</i> What's the quarrell ?	939
<i>Aiax.</i> I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.	940 941
<i>Ther.</i> I ferue thee not.	942
<i>Aiax.</i> Well, go too, go too.	943
<i>Ther.</i> I ferue heere voluntary.	944
<i>Achil.</i> Your laft feruice was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: <i>Aiax</i> was heere the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.	945 946 947
<i>Ther.</i> E'ne so, a great deale of your wit too lies in your finnewes, or else there be Liars. <i>Hector</i> fhall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.	948 949 950 951

- 887 *Achil.* What with me to *Thersites*.
 888 *Ther.* Thers *Vliffes* and old *Nestor*, whose wit was mouldy
 889 ere their grandfiers had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen,
 955 890 and make you plough vp the wars.
 891 *Achil.* What? what?
 892 *Ther.* Yes good footh, to *Achilles*, to *Ai*ax, to —————
 893 *Ai*ax. I shall cut out your tongue.
 894 *Ther.* Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou after-

 895 *Patro.* No more words *Thersites* peace. (wards.
 896 *Ther.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me,

 897 *Achil.* There's for you *Patroclus*. (shall I?
 898 *Ther.* I will see you hang'd like *Clatpoles*, ere I come any
 899 more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit furring,
 967 900 and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*
 901 *Patro.* A good riddance.
 902 *Achil.* Marry this fir is proclaim'd through all our hoste,
 903 That *Hector* by the first houre of the Sunne:
 904 Will with a trumpet twixt our Tents and Troy,
 905 To morrow morning call some Knight to armes,
 906 That hath a stomaek, and such a one that dare,
 907 Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell ———
 908 *Ai*ax. Farewell, who shall answer him.
 909 *Achil.* I know not, tis put to lottry, otherwise,
 977 910 He knew his man.
 911 *Ai*ax. O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.
 912 *Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.*
 913 *Priam.* After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
 914 Thus once againe saies *Nestor* from the Greekes:
 915 Deliuer *Hellen*, (and all damage els,
 916 As honour, losse of time, trauell, expence,
 917 Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd:
 918 In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)
 919 Shall be stroke off, *Hector* what say you to't?
 987 920 *Hect:* Though no man lesser scares the Greekes then I

- Achil.* What with me to *Thersites*? 952
- Ther.* There's *Vlyffes*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was 953
mouldy ere their Grandfires had nails on their toes, yoke 954
you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre. 955
- Achil.* What? what? 956
- Ther.* Yes good footh, to *Achilles*, to *Aiæx*, to —— 957
- Aiæx.* I shall cut out your tongue. 958
- Ther.* 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou 959
afterwards. 960
- Pat.* No more words *Thersites*. 961
- Ther.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids 962
me, shall I? 963
- Achil.* There's for you *Patroclus*. 964
- Ther.* I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come 965
any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit 966
stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.* 967
- Pat.* A good riddance. 968
- Achil.* Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host, 969
That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne, 970
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy 971
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes, 972
That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare 973
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell. 974
- Aiæx.* Farewell? who shall answer him? 975
- Achil.* I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise 976
He knew his man. 977
- Aiæx.* O meaning you, I will go learne more of it. *Exit.* 978
- Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.* 979
- Pri.* After so many houres, liues, speeches spent, 980
Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes, 981
Deliuier *Helen*, and all damage else 982
(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence, 983
Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd 984
In hot digestion of this comorant Warre) 985
Shall be stroke off. *Hector*, what say you too't. 986
- Hect.* Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I, 987

921 As farre as toucheth my particular: yet dread *Priam*
 922 There is no Lady of more softer bowells,
 923 More spungy to suck in the fence of feare:
 924 More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
 925 Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surely
 926 Surely secure, but modest doubt is calld
 927 The beacon of the wise, the tent that ferches,
 928 Too'th bottome of the worst let *Hellen* go,
 929 Since the first sword was drawne about this question
 997 930 Euery tith soule 'mongst many thousand difmes,
 931 Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours:
 932 If we haue losse so many tenthes of ours,
 933 To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs,
 934 (Had it our name) the valew of one ten,
 935 What merits in that reason which denies,
 936 The yeelding of her vp?
 937 *Troy*. Fie, fie, my brother;
 938 Way you the worth and honour of a King:
 939 So great as our dread fathers in a scale
 1007 940 Of common ounces? will you with *Compters* summe,
 941 The past proportion of his infinite
 942 And buckle in, a waste most fathomles,
 943 With spanes and inches so dyminutue:
 944 As feares and reasons: Fie for Godly shame?
 945 *Hele*: No maruell though you bite so sharpe of reasons,
 946 You are so empty of them should not our father;
 947 Beare the great sway of his affaires with reason,
 948 Because your speech hath none that tell him so?
 949 *Troy*. You are for dreames and slumbers brother Priest,
 1017 950 You furre your gloues with reason, here are your reasons
 951 You know an enemy intends you harme:
 952 You know a sword imployde is perilous
 953 And reason flies the obiect of all harme.
 954 Who maruells then when *Helenus* beholds,
 955 A Gretian and his sword, if he do fet
 956 The very wings of reason to his heeles,

As farre as touches my particular: yet dread <i>Priam</i> ,	988
There is no Lady of more softer bowels,	989
More spongie, to sucke in the fenfe of Feare,	990
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes	991
Then <i>Hector</i> is: the wound of peace is surety,	992
Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd	993
The Beacon of the wife: the tent that searches	994
To'th' bottome of the worst. Let <i>Helen</i> go,	995
Since the first sword was drawne about this question,	996
Euery tythe soule 'mongst many thousand difmes,	997
Hath bin as deere as <i>Helen</i> : I meane of ours:	998
If we haue lost so many tenths of ours	999
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs	1000
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;	1001
What merit's in that reason which denies	1002
The yeelding of her vp.	1003
<i>Troy.</i> Fie, fie, my Brother;	1004
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King	1005
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale	1006
Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe	1007
The past proportion of his infinite,	1008
And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,	1009
With spannes and inches so diminutiue,	1010
As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?	1011
<i>Hel.</i> No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,	1012
You are so empty of them, should not our Father	1013
Bear the great sway of his affayres with reasons,	1014
Because your speech hath none that tels him so.	1015
<i>Troy.</i> You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest	1016
You furre your gloues with reason: here are your reasons	1017
You know an enemy intends you harme,	1018
You know, a sword employ'd is perillous,	1019
And reason flies the obiect of all harme.	1020
Who marvels then when <i>Helenus</i> beholds	1021
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set	1022
The very wings of reason to his heeles:	1023

- 957 And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Ioue*
 958 Or like a starre disorderd? nay if we talke of reafon,
 959 Sets shut our gates and sleepe: man-hood and honour,
 1027 960 Should haue hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
 961 With this cram'd reafon, reafon and respect,
 962 Make lyuers pale, and lustihood deiect.
 963 *Hect.* Brother, shee is not worth, what shee doth cost the
 964 keeping.
 965 *Troy.* Whats aught but as tis valued.
 966 *Hect.* But vales dwells not in perticuler will,
 967 It holds his estimate and dignity,
 968 As well wherein tis precious of it selfe
 969 As in the prizer, tis madde Idolatry
 1037 970 To make the seruice greater then the God,
 971 And the will dotes that is attributiue ;
 972 To what infectiously it selfe affects,
 973 Without some image of th' affected merit,
 974 *Troy.* I take to day a wife, and my election :
 975 Is led on in the conduct of my will.
 976 My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
 977 Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shore,
 978 Of will and Iudgement: how may I auoyde ?
 979 (Although my will distast what it elected)
 1047 980 The wife I choose, there can be no euasion,
 981 To blench from this and to stand firme by honor,
 982 We turne not backe the filkes vpon the marchant
 983 When we haue foild them, nor the remainder viands,
 984 We do not throw in vnrespectue siue,
 985 Because we now are full, it was thought meete
 986 *Paris* should do some vengeance on the Greekes.
 987 Your breth with full consent bellied his failes,
 988 The seas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a truce :
 989 And did him seruice, hee toucht the ports desir'd
 1057 990 And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
 991 He brought a Grecian Queene, whose youth and freshnesse,
 992 Wrincles *Apolloes*, and makes pale the morning.

Or like a Starre diforb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reafon,	1024
And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,	1025
Let's shut our gates and fleepe : Manhood and Honor	1026
Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghts	1027
With this cramm'd reafon : reafon and refpect,	1028
Makes Liuers pale, and luftyhoo d deiect.	1029
<i>Hect.</i> Brother, fhe is not worth	1030
What fhe doth cof t the holding.	1031
<i>Troy.</i> What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd ?	1032
<i>Hect.</i> But value dwels not in particular will,	1033
It holds his eftimate and dignitie	1034
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it felfe,	1035
As in the prizer : 'Tis made Idolatrie,	1036
To make the feruice greater then the God,	1037
And the will dotes that is inclineable	1038
To what infectioufly it felfe affects,	1039
Without fome image of th'affected merit.	1040
<i>Troy.</i> I take to day a Wife, and my election	1041
Is led on in the conduct of my Will ;	1042
My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,	1043
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous fhores	1044
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde	1045
(Although my will diftafte what it elected)	1046
The Wife I chofe, there can be no euafion,	1047
To blench from this, and to ftand firme by honour.	1048
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant	1049
When we haue fpoyl'd them ; nor the remainder Viands	1050
We do not throw in vnrefpectiue fame,	1051
Beaufe we now are full. It was thought meete	1052
<i>Paris</i> fhould do fome vengeance on the Greekes ;	1053
Your breath of full confent bellied his Sailes,	1054
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,	1055
And did him feruice ; he touch'd the Ports defir'd,	1056
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,	1057
He brought a Grecian Queen, whofe youth & freshneffe	1058
Wrinkles <i>Apolloes</i> , and makes ftale the morning.	1059

993 Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
 994 Is she worth keeping? why shee is a pearle,
 995 Whose price hath lansh't aboue a thousand ships:
 996 And turn'd crown'd Kings to Marchants,
 997 If youle auouch twas wisdome *Paris* went,
 998 As you must needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
 999 If youle confesse he brought home worthy prize:
 1007 1000 As you must needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
 1001 And cry'd inestimable: why do you now
 1002 The yssue of your proper wisdomes rate,
 1003 And do a deed that neuer fortune did,
 1004 Begger the estimation which you priz'd
 1005 Richer then sea and land? O theft most base,
 1006 That wee haue stolne, what we do feare to keepe,
 1007 But theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne:
 1008 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 1009 We feare to warrant in our natiue place.

1077 1010 *Enter Cassandra rauing.*

1011 *Cass.* Cry Troyans cry:

1012 *Priam.* What noife? what shrike is this?

1013 *Troy.* Tis our madde sifter I do know her voice,

1014 *Cass.* Cry Troyans. *Heēt.* It is *Crssandra!*

1015 *Cass.* Cry Troyans cry, lend me ten thousand eyes,

1016 And I will fill them with prophetick teares.

1017 *Heēt.* Peace sifter peace.

1018 *Cass.* Virgins, and boyes, mid-age, and wrinckled elders,

1019 Soft infancie, that nothing canst but crie,

1088 1020 Adde to my clamours: let vs pay be-times

1021 A moytie of that maffe of mone to come:

1022 Crie *Troyans* crye, practife your eyes with teares,

1023 Troy must not bee, nor goodly Illion stand.

1024 Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burnes vs all,

1025 Crie Troyans crie, a *Helen* and a woe,

1026 Crie crie, Troy burnes, or else let *Hellen* goe. *Exit.*

Why keepe we her ? the Grecians keepe our Aunt : 1060
 Is she worth keeping ? Why she is a Pearle, 1061
 Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships, 1062
 And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants. 1063
 If you'l auouch, 'twas wifedome *Paris* went, 1064
 (As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go :) 1065
 If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize, 1066
 (As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands, 1067
 And cride inestimable ; why do you now 1068
 The issue of your proper Wifedomes rate, 1069
 And do a deed that Fortune neuer did ? 1070
 Begger the estimation which you priz'd, 1071
 Richer then Sea and Land ? O Theft most bafe ! 1072
 That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe. 1073
 But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne, 1074
 That in their Country did them that disgrace, 1075
 We feare to warrant in our Natiue place. 1076

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares. 1077

Caf. Cry *Troyans*, cry. 1078

Priam. What noyfe ? what shreeke is this ? 1079

Troy. 'Tis our mad sifter, I do know her voyce. 1080

Caf. Cry *Troyans*. 1081

Heſt. It is *Cassandra*. 1082

Caf. Cry *Troyans* cry ; lend me ten thousand eyes, 1083
 And I will fill them with Propheticke teares. 1084

Heſt. Peace sifter, peace. 1085

Caf. Virgins, and Boyes ; mid-age & wrinkled old, 1086
 Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry, 1087

Add to my clamour : let vs pay betimes 1088

A moiety of that masse of moane to come. 1089

Cry *Troyans* cry, practise your eyes with teares, 1090

Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand, 1091

Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all. 1092

Cry *Troyans* cry, a *Helen* and a woe ; 1093

Cry, cry, *Troy* burnes, or else let *Helen* goe. *Exit.* 1094

- 1027 *Hect.* Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not these high straines
 1028 Of diuination in our Sifter, worke
 1029 Some touches of remorfe? or is your bloud
 1098 1030 So madly hott, that no discourfe of reafon,
 1031 Nor feare of bad fucceffe in a bad caufe,
 1032 Can qualifie the fame?
 1033 *Troy.* Why brother *Hector*,
 1034 We may not thinke the iuftneffe of each act
 1035 Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
 1036 Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes,
 1037 Becaufe *Cassandra's* madde, her brain-fick raptures
 1038 Cannot diftaft the goodneffe of a quarrell,
 1039 Which hath our feuerall honors all engag'd,
 1108 1040 To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
 1041 I am no more toucht then all *Priams* fonnes:
 1042 And *Ioue* forbid there fhould be done amongft vs,
 1043 Such things as might offend the weakeft spleene,
 1044 To fight for and maintaine.
 1045 *Par.* Elfe might the world conuince of leuitie,
 1046 As well my vnder-takings as your counfells,
 1047 But I atteft the gods, your full confent,
 1048 Gaue wings to my propenfion, and cut off
 1049 All feares attending on fo dire a proiect,
 1118 1050 For what (alas) can thefe my fingle armes?
 1051 What propugnation is in one mans valour
 1052 To ftand the pufh and enmitie of thofe
 1053 This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteft
 1054 Were I alone to paffe the difficulties,
 1055 And had as ample power, as I haue will,
 1056 *Paris* fhould nere retract, what he hath done,
 1057 Nor faint in the purfuite,
 1058 *Pria.* *Paris* you fpeake
 1059 Like one be-fotted on your fweet delights,
 1128 1060 You haue the hony fill, but thefe the gall,
 1061 So to be valiant, is no praife at all.
 1062 *Par.* Sir, I propofe not meerly to my felfe,

Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe hie ſtrains
 Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
 Some touches of remorſe? Or is your bloud
 So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
 Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
 Can qualifie the fame?

Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
 We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each acte
 Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
 Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes ;
 Becauſe *Cassandra's* mad, her brainſicke raptures
 Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
 Which hath our ſeuerall Honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
 I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* ſonnes,
 And Ioue forbid there ſhould be done among't vs
 Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
 To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
 As well my vnder-takings as your counſels :
 But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
 Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
 All feares attending on ſo dire a proiect.
 For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes ?
 What propugnation is in one mans valour
 To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
 This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt,
 Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
 And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the purſuite.

Pri. *Paris*, you ſpeake
 Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights ;
 You haue the Hony ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
 So to be valiant. is no praife at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meereſly to my ſefe,

- 1063 The pleafures fuch a beautie brings with it,
 1064 But I would haue the foile of her faire rape,
 1065 Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
 1066 What treason were it to the ranfackt queene,
 1067 Difgrace to your great worths, and fhame to me,
 1068 Now to deliuer her poffeffion vp
 1069 On tearmes of bafe compulfion ? can it be,
 1138 1070 That fo degenerate a ftraine as this,
 1071 Should once fet footing in your generous bofomes ?
 1072 There's not the meaneft fpirit on our party,
 1073 Without a heart to dare, or fword to drawe,
 1074 When *Helen* is defended : nor none fo noble,
 1075 Whofe life were ill beftowd, or death vnfam'd,
 1076 Where *Helen* is the fubiect. Then I fay,
 1077 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
 1078 The worlds large fpaces cannot paralell.
 1079 *Heñ.* *Paris* and *Troylus*, you haue both faid well,
 1148 1080 And on the caufe and queftion now in hand,
 1081 Haue glozd, but fuperficially, not much
 1082 Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
 1083 Vnfit to heere *Morrall Philofophie* ;
 1084 The reafons you alleadge, do more conduce
 1085 To the hot paffion of diftemperd blood,
 1086 Then to make vp a free determination
 1087 Twixt right and wrong : for pleafure and reuenge,
 1088 Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce
 1089 Of any true decifion. Nature craues
 1158 1090 All dues be rendred to their owners. Now
 1091 What neerer debt in all humanitie,
 1092 Then wife is to the husband ? if this lawe
 1093 Of nature be corrupted through affection
 1094 And that great mindes of partial indulgence,
 1095 To their benumbed wills refift the fame,
 1096 There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,
 1097 To curbe thofe raging appetites that are
 1098 Moft difobedient and refractruie ;

The pleasures such a beauty brings with it :	1131
But I would haue the foyle of her faire Rape	1132
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.	1133
What Treason were it to the ranfack'd Queene,	1134
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,	1135
Now to deliuer her poffeffion vp	1136
On termes of bafe compulfion? Can it be,	1137
That fo degenerate a fraine as this,	1138
Should once fet footing in your generous bofomes ?	1139
There's not the meanest fpirit on our partie,	1140
Without a heart to dare, or fword to draw,	1141
When <i>Helen</i> is defended : nor none fo Noble,	1142
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd,	1143
Where <i>Helen</i> is the fubieft. Then (I say)	1144
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,	1145
The worlds large fpaces cannot paralell.	1146
<i>Heft.</i> <i>Paris</i> and <i>Troylus</i> , you haue both faid well :	1147
And on the caufe and question now in hand,	1148
Haue glouz'd, but fuperficially; not much	1149
Vnlike young men, whom <i>Aristotle</i> thought	1150
Vnfit to heare Morall Philofophie.	1151
The Reafons you alledge, do more conduce	1152
To the hot paffion of diftemp'red blood,	1153
Then to make vp a free determination	1154
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleafure, and reuenge,	1155
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce	1156
Of any true decifion. Nature craues	1157
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now	1158
What neerer debt in all humanity,	1159
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law	1160
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,	1161
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,	1162
To their benumbed wills refift the fame,	1163
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,	1164
To curbe thofe raging appetites that are	1165
Moft difobedient and refracturie.	1166

1099 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
 1168 1100 As it is knowne she is, these morrall lawes
 1101 Of nature and of nations, speake aloud
 1102 To haue her back returnd, thus to persift
 1103 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 1104 But makes it much more heauie. *Heclors* opinion
 1105 Is this in way of truth : yet nere the lesse,
 1106 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 1107 In resolution to keepe *Helen* still,
 1108 For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
 1109 Vpon our ioynt and feuerall dignities.
 1178 1110 *Tro.* Why there you toucht the life of our designe :
 1111 Were it not glory that we more affected,
 1112 Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
 1113 I would not with a drop of Troyan blood,
 1114 Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Heclor*,
 1115 She is a theame of honour and renowne,
 1116 A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 1117 Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
 1118 And fame in time to come canonize vs,
 1119 For I presume braue *Heclor* would not loose
 1188 1120 So rich aduantage of a promised glory,
 1121 As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
 1122 For the wide worlds reueneu.
 1123 *Hecl.* I am yours,
 1124 You valiant offspring of great *Priamus*,
 1125 I haue a roisting challenge sent amongst
 1126 The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
 1127 VVill shrike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
 1128 I was aduertizd, their great generall slept,
 1129 VVhilst emulation in the armie crept :
 1198 1130 This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

1131 *Enter Therfites solus.*

1132 How now *Therfites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
 1133 furie? shall the Elephant *Aiæx* carry it thus? he beates me,

If <i>Helen</i> then be wife to Sparta's King	1167
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes	1168
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud	1169
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perfit	1170
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,	1171
But makes it much more heauie. <i>Hectors</i> opinion	1172
Is this in way of truth : yet nere the lesse,	1173
My spritely brethren, I propend to you	1174
In resolution to keepe <i>Helen</i> still ;	1115
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,	1176
Vpon our ioynt and feuerall dignities.	1177
<i>Tro.</i> Why ? there you toucht the life of our designe :	1178
Were it not glory that we more affected,	1779
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,	1180
I would not wish a drop of <i>Troian</i> blood,	1181
Spent more in her defence. But worthy <i>Hector</i> ,	1182
She is a theame of honour and renowne,	1183
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,	1184
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,	1185
And fame in time to come canonize vs.	1186
For I presume braue <i>Hector</i> would not loofe	1187
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,	1188
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,	1189
For the wide worlds reuenew.	1190
<i>Hect.</i> I am yours,	1191
You valiant off-spring of great <i>Priamus</i> ,	1192
I haue a roisting challenge sent among't	1193
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,	1194
Will strike amazement to their drowfie spirits,	1195
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,	1196
Whil't emulation in the armie crept :	1197
This I presume will wake him.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1198

Enter Therfites solus. 1199

How now *Therfites* ? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
 furie ? shall the Elephant *Aiæx* carry it thus ? he beates 1201

1134 and I raile at him : O worthy satisfackion, would it were
 1135 otherwise : that I could beate him, whilst hee raild at mee :
 1136 Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels. but Ile see
 1137 some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a
 1138 rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till these two vnder-
 1139 mine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-selues.
 1208 1140 O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou
 1141 art *Ioue* the king of gods : and *Mercury*, loofe all the Ser-
 1142 pentine craft of thy Caduceus, if yee take not that little
 1143 little lesse then little witte from them that they haue :
 1144 which short-armd Ignorance it selfe knowes is so aboun-
 1145 dant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flie from
 1146 a spider, without drawing their massie Irons, and cutting
 1147 the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe,
 1148 or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache : for that me thinkes is
 1149 the curfe depending on those that warre for a placket. I
 1218 1150 haue said my prayers, and diuell Enuie say *Amen*. What ho
 1151 my Lord *Achilles* ?

1152 *Patrocl.* Whose there ? *Thersites* ? good *Thersites* come
 1153 in and raile.
 1154 *Thersf.* If I could a remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou
 1155 couldst not haue slipt out of my contemplation : but it is no
 1156 matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curfe of man-
 1157 kinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reueneue : Hea-
 1158 uen bleffe thee from a tutor, and discipline come not neere
 1159 thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death : then if
 1229 1160 she that layes thee out sayes thou art not a faire course, Ile
 1161 be sworne and sworne vpon't, shee neuer shrowded any but
 1162 lazars. *Amen*. Where's *Achilles* ?
 1163 *Patro.* What art thou deuout ? waft thou in prayer ?
 1164 *Thersf.* I the heauens heate me.
 1165 *Patro.* Amen. *Enter Achilles.*
 1166 *Achil.* Who's there ?
 1167 *Patro.* *Thersites* my Lord.

me, and I raile at him : O worthy satisfaction, would it 1202
 were otherwise : that I could beate him, whil't he rail'd 1203
 at me : Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raife Diuels, but 1204
 Ile see some iffue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's 1205
Achilles, arare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two 1206
 vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them- 1207
 felues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget 1208
 that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods : and *Mercury*, loose 1209
 all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not 1210
 that little little lesse then little wit from them that they 1211
 haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so 1212
 abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a 1213
 Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and 1214
 cutting the web : after this, the vengeance on the whole 1215
 Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the 1216
 curfe dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue 1217
 said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen. What ho? 1218
 my Lord *Achilles*? 1219

Enter Patroclus. 1220

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come 1221
 in and raile. 1222

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, 1223
 thou would'ft not haue slipt out of my contemplation, 1224
 but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common 1225
 curfe of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great 1226
 reuenew ; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline 1227
 come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till 1228
 thy death, then if she that laies thee out faves thou art a 1229
 faire coarfe, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer 1230
 shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*? 1231

Patr. What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer? 1232

Ther. I, the heauens heare me. 1233

Enter Achilles. 1234

Achil. Who's there? 1235

Patr. *Thersites*, my Lord. 1236

- 1168 *Achil.* Where? where? O where? art thou come why my
 1169 cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not ferued thy selfe into
 1239 1170 my table, fo many meales, come what's *Agamemnon*?
 1171 *Ther.* Thy commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*,
 1172 whats *Achilles*?
 1173 *Patro.* Thy Lord *Thersites*. Then tell mee I pray thee,
 1174 what's *Thersites*?
 1175 *Ther.* Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell mee *Patroclus*,
 1176 what art thou?
 1177 *Patro.* Thou must tell that knowest.
 1178 *Achil.* O tell, tell.
 1179 *Ther.* Ile decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* com-
 1249 1180 mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-
 1181 er, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

- 1182 *Achil.* Deriue this? come?
 1183 *Ther.* *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achil-*
 1184 *les*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded. *Thersites* is a foole
 1185 to ferue fuch a foole, and this *Patroclus* is a foole positie.

- 1186 *Patr.* Why am I a foole?

- 1187 *Ther.* Make that demand of the Prouer, it suffices mee
 1188 thou art: looke you, who comes heere?
 1262 1189 *Enter Agam: Vliſſ: Neſtor, Diomed, Ajax & Calcas.*
 1190 *Achil.* Come *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come
 1191 in with me *Iherſites*.
 1268 1192 *Ther.* Here is fuch patcherie, fuch iugling, and fuch kna-
 1193 uery: all the argument is a whore, and a Cuckold, a good

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe, 1237
my digeftion, why haft thou not feru'd thy felfe into my 1238
Table, fo many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*? 1239

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patro-* 1240
clus, what's *Achilles*? 1241

Patr. Thy Lord *Therfites*: then tell me I pray thee, 1242
what's thy felfe? 1243

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, 1244
what art thou? 1245

Patr. Thou maift tell that know'ft. 1246

Achil. O tell, tell. 1247

Ther. Ile declin the whole queftion: *Agamemnon* com- 1248
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know- 1249
er, and *Patroclus* is a foole. 1250

Patr. You rafcall. 1251

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done. 1252

Achil. He is a priuledg'd man, proceede *Therfites*. 1253

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-* 1254
fites is a foole, and as aforefaid, *Patroclus* is a foole. 1255

Achil. Deriue this? come? 1256

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *A-* 1257
chilles, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, 1258
Therfites is a foole to ferue fuch a foole: and *Patroclus* is a 1259
foole pofitiue. 1260

Patr. Why am I a foole? 1261

Enter Agamemnon, Vliffes, Nestor, Diomedes, 1262

Ajax, and Chalcas. 1263

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it fuffifes me 1264
thou art. Looke you, who comes here? 1265

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile fpeake with no body: come in 1266
with me *Therfites*. *Exit.* 1267

Ther. Here is fuch patcherie, fuch iugling, and fuch 1268
knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a 1269

- 1194 quarrell to draw emulous factiōns, & bleed to death vpon.
- 1195 *Agam.* Where is *Achilles*?
- 1196 *Patro.* Within his tent, but ill disposed my Lord.
- 1197 *Aga.* Let it be knowne to him, that we are heere,
- 1198 He fate our messengers and we lay by,
- 1199 Our appertainings, visiting of him
- 1278 1200 Let him be told so, least perchance he thinke,
- 1201 We dare not moue the question of our place,
- 1202 Or know not what we are.
- 1203 *Patro.* I shall say so to him.
- 1204 *Vliſſ.* We saw him at the opening of his tent,
- 1205 Hee is not sick.
- 1206 *Aiax.* Yes Lion sick, sick of proud heart, you may call it
- 1207 melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head tis
- 1208 pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?
- 1209 *Nest.* What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?
- 1289 1210 *Vliſſ.* *Achillis* hath inuegled his foole from him,
- 1211 *Nest.* Who *Therſites*? *Vliſſ.* He.
- 1212 *Nest.* Thē wil *Aiax* lack matter, if he haue lost his argumēt.
- 1213 *Vli.* No you see he is his argument, that has his argument
- 1214 *Achilles.*
- 1215 *Nest.* All the better, their fractiō is more our wish then their
- 1216 factiō, but it was a strōg compofure a foole could difunite.
- 1217 *Vli.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily vnty,
- 1218 Heere comes *Patroclus.* *Nest.* No *Achilles* with him.
- 1219 *Vliſſ.* The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courtesie,
- 1309 1220 His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.
- 1221 *Patro.* *Achilles* bids me say he is much forry,

good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to	1270
death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and	1271
Warre and Lecherie confound all.	1272
<i>Agam.</i> Where is <i>Achilles</i> ?	1273
<i>Patr.</i> Within his Tent, but ill difpos'd my Lord.	1274
<i>Agam.</i> Let it be knowne to him that we are here:	1275
He fent our Meffengers, and we lay by	1276
Our appertainments, vifiting of him:	1277
Let him be told of, fo perchance he thinke	1278
We dare not moue the queftion of our place,	1279
Or know not what we are.	1280
<i>Pat.</i> I fhall fo fay to him.	1281
<i>Vlij.</i> We faw him at the opening of his Tent,	1282
He is not ficke.	1283
<i>Aia.</i> Yes, Lyon ficke, ficke of proud heart; you may	1284
call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my	1285
head, it is pride; but why, why, let him fhew vs the caufe?	1286
A word my Lord.	1287
<i>Nef.</i> What moues <i>Ai</i> ax thus to bay at him?	1288
<i>Vlij.</i> <i>Achillis</i> hath inueigled his Foole from him.	1289
<i>Nef.</i> Who, <i>Therfites</i> ?	1290
<i>Vlij.</i> He.	1291
<i>Nef.</i> Then will <i>Ai</i> ax lacke matter, if he haue loft his	1292
Argument.	1293
<i>Vlij.</i> No, you fee he is his argument that has his argu-	1294
ment <i>Achilles</i> .	1295
<i>Nef.</i> All the better, their fraction is more our wifh	1296
then their faicton; but it was a ftrong counfell that a	1297
Foole could difunite.	1298
<i>Vlij.</i> The amitie that wifedome knits, not folly may	1299
eafily vntie.	1300
	<i>Enter Patroclus.</i>
Here comes <i>Patroclus</i> .	1301
<i>Nef.</i> No <i>Achilles</i> with him?	1302
<i>Vlij.</i> The Elephant hath ioyns, but none for curtefie:	1303
His legges are legs for neceffitie, not for flight.	1304
<i>Patro.</i> <i>Achilles</i> bids me fay he is much forry:	1305

- 1222 If any thing more then your sport and pleafure
 1223 Did mouue your greatnesse, and this noble state,
 1224 To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other
 1225 But for your health, and your difgestion fake ;
 1226 An after dinners breath.
 1227 *Agam.* Heere you *Patroclus* :
 1228 We are too well acquainted with these anfwers,
 1229 But his euafion winged thus fwift with fcorne,
 1314 1230 Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,
 1231 Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
 1232 Why we afcribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,
 1233 Not vertuoufly on his owne part beheld,
 1234 Doe in our eyes begin to lofe their gloffe,
 1235 Yea like faire fruite in an vnholosome difh,
 1236 Are like to rott vntafted. Go and tell him,
 1237 We come to fpeake with him, and you fhall not finne,
 1238 If you do fay, we thinke him ouer-proud
 1239 And vnder-honeft : in felfe affumption greater
 1324 1240 Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himfelfe
 1241 Heere tend the fauage strangenesse he puts on
 1242 Difguife, the holy ftrength of their commaund.
 1243 And vnder-write in an obferuing kinde,
 1244 His humorous predominance : yea watch
 1245 His courfe, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if
 1246 The paffage, and whole ftreame of his commencement,
 1247 Rode on his tide Goe tell him this, and adde,
 1248 That if he ouer-hold his price fo much,
 1249 Weele none of him. But let him like an engine,
 1334 1250 Not portable, lye vnder this report.
 1251 Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,
 1252 A furring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,
 1253 Before a fleeping gyant. Tell him fo.
 1254 *Patr.* I fhall, and bring his anfwer prefently.
 1255 *Agam.* In fecond voyce weele not be fatified,
 1256 We come to fpeake with him : *Vliffes* entertaine.

If any thing more then your sport and pleafure, 1306
 Did moue your greatneffe, and this noble State, 1307
 To call vpon him ; he hopes it is no other, 1308
 But for your health, and your digeftion fake ; 1309
 An after Dinners breath. 1310

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus* : 1311

We are too well acquainted with these anfwers : 1312
 But his euafion winged thus fwift with fcorne, 1313
 Cannot outflye our apprehenfions. 1314
 Much attribute he hath, and much the reafon, 1315
 Why we afcribe it to him, yet all his vertues, 1316
 Not vertuoufly of his owne part beheld, 1317
 Doe in our eyes, begin to loofe their glosfe ; 1318
 Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdfome difh, 1319
 Are like to rot vntafted : goe and tell him, 1320
 We came to fpeake with him ; and you fhall not finne, 1321
 If you doe fay, we thinke him ouer proud, 1322
 And vnder honeft ; in felfe-affumption greater 1323
 Then in the note of iudgement : & worthier then himfelfe 1324
 Here tends the fauage strangeneffe he put s on, 1325
 Difguife the holy ftrengh of their command : 1326
 And vnder write in an obseruing kinde 1327
 His humorous predominance, yea watch 1328
 His pettifh lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if 1329
 The paffage and whole carriage of this a^ction 1330
 Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde, 1331
 That if he ouerhold his price fo much, 1332
 Weele none of him ; but let him, like an Engin 1333
 Not portable, lye vnder this report. 1334
 Bring a^ction hither, this cannot goe to warre : 1335
 A ftirring Dwarf, we doe allowance giue, 1336
 Before a fleeping Gyant : tell him fo. 1337

Pat. I fhall, and bring his anfwere prefently. 1338

Aga. In fecond voyce weele not be fatisfied, 1339
 We come to fpeake with him, *Vliffes* enter you. 1340

Exit Vliffes. 1341

- 1257 *Aiax.* What is he more then another.
 1258 *Agam.* No more then what he thinkes he is.
 1259 *Aiax.* Is hefo much : doe you not thinke he thinkes him-
 1345 1260 selfe a better man then I am ?
 1261 *Agam.* No question.
 1262 *Aiax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and fay he is.
 1263 *Agam.* No noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
 1264 wife, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
 1265 more tractable.
 1266 *Aia.* Why should a man be proud ? how doth pride grow ?
 1267 I know not what pride is.
 1268 *Agam.* Your minde is the cleerer, and your vertues the
 1269 fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-felfe: Pride is his
 1355 1270 owne glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and
 1271 what euer praifes it selfe but in the deed, denounces the
 1272 deed in the praife.
 1273 *Enter Vliffes.*
 1274 *Aiax.* I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring
 1275 of Toades.
 1276 *Nest.* And yet he loues himfelfe, ist not strange ?
 1277 *Vlif.* *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.
 1278 *Agam.* Whats his excuse ?
 1279 *Vlif.* He doth relye on none.
 1365 1280 But carries on the streame of his difpose,
 1281 Without obseruance, or respect of any,
 1282 In will peculiar, and in selfe admissiion.
 1283 *Agam.* Why will he not vpon our faire request,
 1284 Vntent his person, and share th'ayre with vs.
 1285 *Vlif.* Things small as nothing, for requests fake onely,
 1286 He makes important posselt he is with greatueffe,
 1287 And speakes not to himfelfe but with a pride,
 1288 That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,
 1289 Holds in his bloud such swolne and hott discourse,
 1375 1290 That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
 1291 Kingdomd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
 1292 And batters downe himfelfe. What should I fay,

<i>Aiax.</i> What is he more then another ?	1342
<i>Aga.</i> No more then what he thinkes he is.	1343
<i>Aia.</i> Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himselfe a better man then I am ?	1344 1345
<i>Ag.</i> No question.	1346
<i>Aiax.</i> Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is ?	1347
<i>Ag.</i> No, Noble <i>Aiax</i> , you are as strong, as valiant, as wife, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.	1348 1349 1350
<i>Aiax.</i> Why should a man be proud ? How doth pride grow ? I know not what it is.	1351 1352
<i>Aga.</i> Your minde is the cleerer <i>Aiax</i> , and your vertues the fairer ; he that is proud, eates up himselfe ; Pride is his owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the deede in the praise.	1353 1354 1355 1356 1357
<i>Enter Vlyffes.</i>	1358
<i>Aiax.</i> I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.	1359 1360
<i>Nest.</i> Yet he loues himselfe : is't not strange ?	1361
<i>Vlij.</i> <i>Achilles</i> will not to the field to morrow.	1362
<i>Ag.</i> What's his excuse ?	1363
<i>Vlij.</i> 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 admision.	1364 1365 1366 1367
<i>Aga.</i> Why, will he not vpon our faire request, Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs ?	1368 1369
<i>Vlij.</i> Things small as nothing, for requests fake onely He makes important ; possesse he is with greatnesse, And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse, That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts, Kingdom'd <i>Achilles</i> in commotion rages, And batters gainst it selfe ; what should I say ?	1370 1371 1372 1373 1374 1375 1376 1377

- 1293 He is so plaguie proud, that the death tokens of it,
 1294 Crie no recouerie. *Agam.* Let *Ai*ax go to him,
- 1295 Deare Lord, go you, and greete him in his tent,
 1296 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be lead,
 1297 At your request a little from himselfe.
 1298 *Vli*s. O *Agamemnon* let it not be so,
 1299 Weele consecrate the steps that *Ai*ax makes,
 1385 1300 When they go from *Achilles*: shall the proud Lord
 1301 That bafts his arrogance with his owne seame,
 1302 And neuer suffers matter of the world
 1303 Enter his thoughts, faue such as doth reuolue,
 1304 And ruminare him-felfe: shall he be worshipt,
 1305 Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,
 1306 No: this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
 1307 Shall not so staule his palme nobly acquird;
 1308 Nor by my will aflubiugate his merit,
 1309 As amply liked as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
 1396 1310 That were to enlard his fat already pride,
 1311 And adde more coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,
 1312 With entertaining great *Hiperion*,
 1313 This Lord go to him. *Iupiter* forbid,
 1314 And fay in thunder *Achilles* go to him.
 1315 *Nest.* O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.
 1316 *Diom.* And how his silence drinkes vp his applaufe,
 1317 *Aia.* If I go to him: with my armed fist ile push him ore the
- 1318 *Agam.* O no, you shall not goe, (face.
 1319 *Aia.* And he be proud with me, ile pefe his pride,
 1407 1320 Let me goe to him.
 1321 *Vli*s. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrell,
 1322 *Ai*ax. A paltry infolent fellow.
 1323 *Nest.* How he describes him felfe.
 1324 *Ai*ax. Can he not be fociable.
 1325 *Vli*s. The Rauen chides blacknesse.
 1326 *Ai*ax. Ile tell his humorous bloud.

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	He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,	1378
	Cry no recovery.	1379
	<i>Ag.</i> Let <i>Ajax</i> goe to him.	1380
	Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent ;	1381
	'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led	1382
	At your request a little from himselfe.	1383
	<i>Vlij.</i> O <i>Agamemnon</i> , let it not be so.	1384
	Weele consecrate the steps that <i>Ajax</i> makes,	1385
	When they goe from <i>Achilles</i> ; shall the proud Lord,	1386
	That bastes his arrogance with his owne feame,	1387
	And neuer suffers matter of the world,	1388
	Enter his thoughts : saue such as doe reuolue	1389
	Aud ruminare himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,	1390
	Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee ?	1391
	No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,	1392
	Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,	1393
	Nor by my will asfubiugate his merit,	1394
	As amply titled as <i>Achilles</i> is : by going to <i>Achilles</i> ,	1395
	That were to enlard his fat already, pride,	1396
	And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes	1397
	With entertaining great <i>Hiperion</i> .	1398
	This L. goe to him ? <i>Iupiter</i> forbid,	1399
	And say in thunder, <i>Achilles</i> goe to him.	1400
	<i>Nest.</i> O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.	1401
	<i>Dio.</i> And how his silence drinkes vp this applause.	1402
	<i>Aia.</i> If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him	1403
	ore the face.	1404
	<i>Ag.</i> O no, you shall not goe.	1405
	<i>Aia.</i> And a be proud with me, ile pefe his pride : let	1406
	me goe to him.	1407
	<i>Vlij.</i> Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.	1408
	<i>Aia.</i> A paulty inolent fellow.	1409
	<i>Nest.</i> How he describes himselfe.	1410
	<i>Aia.</i> Can he not be sociable ?	1411
	<i>Vlij.</i> The Rauen chides blackneffe.	1412
	<i>Aia.</i> Ile let his humours bloud	1413

- 1327 *Agam.* Hee wil be the phifition, that shoud bee the paci-
 1328 ent. *Ajax.* And all men were of my minde.
- 1329 *Vliff.* Wit would bee out of fashion.
- 1418 1330 *Ajax:* A shoud not beare it fo, a shoud eate swords first ?
 1331 shal pride carry it ?
- 1332 *Nest.* And two'od yow'd carry halfe.
- 1333 *Ajax.* A would haue ten shares. I will kneade him, Ile
 1334 make him supple he's not yet through warme ?
- 1335 *Nest.* Force him with praiers poure in, poure, his ambition
 1336 is drie.
- 1337 *Vliff.* My Lord you feed to much on this dislike.
- 1338 *Nest.* Our noble generall do not do fo ?
- 1339 *Diom.* You must prepare to fight without *Achilles.*
- 1429 1340 *Vliff:* Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,
 1341 Here is a man but tis before his face, I wilbe silent.
- 1342 *Nest.* Wherefore should you fo ?
- 1343 He is not emulous as *Achilles* is.
- 1344 *Vliff.* Know the whole world hee is as valiant ———
- 1345 *Ajax.* A hoarson dog that shall palter with vs thus, would
 1346 he were a Trojan ?
- 1347 *Nest.* What a vice were it in *Ajax* now ?
- 1348 *Vliff:* If hee were proude.
- 1349 *Diom.* Or couetous of praise.
- 1440 1350 *Vliff.* I or furly borne.
- 1351 *Diom.* Or strange or selfe affected.
- 1352 *Vliff:* Thank the heauens Lord, thou art of sweet compofure
- 1353 Praise him that gat thee, shee that gaue thee suck :
- 1354 Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,
- 1355 Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition :
- 1356 But hee that difciplind thine armes to fight,
- 1357 Let *Mars* diuide eternity in twaine,
- 1358 And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour :
- 1359 Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,

<i>Ag.</i> He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.	1414 1415
<i>Aia.</i> And all men were a my minde.	1416
<i>Vlij.</i> Wit would be out of fashion.	1417
<i>Aia.</i> A should not beare it fo, a should eate Swords first : shall pride carry it ?	1418 1419
<i>Nest.</i> And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.	1420
<i>Vlij.</i> A would haue ten shares.	1421
<i>Aia.</i> I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.	1422 1423
<i>Nest.</i> Force him with praifes, poure in, poure in : his ambition is dry.	1424 1425
<i>Vlij.</i> My L. you feede too much on this dislike.	1426
<i>Nest.</i> Our noble Generall, doe not doe fo.	1427
<i>Diom.</i> You must prepare to fight without <i>Achilles</i> .	1428
<i>Vlij.</i> Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme. Here is a man, but 'tis before his face, I will be silent.	1429 1430 1431
<i>Nest.</i> Wherefore should you fo ?	1432
He is not emulous, as <i>Achilles</i> is.	1433
<i>Vlij.</i> 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.	1434
<i>Aia.</i> A horson dog, that shall palter thus with vs, would he were a <i>Troian</i> .	1435 1436
<i>Nest.</i> What a vice were it in <i>Aiex</i> now ———	1437
<i>Vlij.</i> If he were proud.	1438
<i>Dio.</i> Or couetous of praise.	1439
<i>Vlij.</i> I, or surly borne.	1440
<i>Dio.</i> Or strange, or selfe affected.	1441
<i>Vl.</i> Thank the heauens L. thou art of sweet composure ; Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke : Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition ; But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight, Let <i>Mars</i> deuide Eternity in twaine, And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour, Bull-bearing <i>Milo</i> : his addition yeelde	1442 1443 1444 1445 1446 1447 1448 1449

1450 1360 To finowy *Aiax*, I will not praife thy wifdome,
 1361 Which like a boord a pale, a shore confines
 1362 This fpacious and dilated parts, here's *Neflor*,
 1363 Inſtructed by the antiquary times :
 1364 He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wife,
 1365 But pardon father *Neflor* were your daies
 1366 As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine ſo temper'd,
 1367 You ſhould not haue the emynence of him,
 1368 But be as *Aiax*. *Aiax*. Shall I call you father ?

1369 *Nefl*. I my good Sonne.

1461 1370 *Di m*. Be ruld by him Lord *Aiax*.

1371 *Vliſſ*. There is no tarrying here the Hart *Achilles*,

1372 Keepes thicket, pleaſe it our great generall,

1373 To call together all his ſtate of warre,

1374 Freſh Kings are come to Troy. To morrow

1375 We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt,

1376 And here's a Lord come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt

1377 And call their flower, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.

1378 *Aga*. Go we to counſell, let *Achilles* ſleepe,

1379 Light bo ates faile ſwift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.

1472 1380

Enter Pandarus.

(Exeunt.

1381 *Pan*. Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the

1382 yong Lord *Paris*. *Man*. I fir when he goes before mee.

1383 *Pan*. You depend vpon him I meane.

1384 *Man*. Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.

1385 *Pan*. You depend vpon a notable gentleman I muſt needs

1386 praife him.

1387 *Man*. The Lord be praized ?

1388 *Pan*. You know me ? doe you not ?

1389 *Man*. Faith fir ſuperficially.

1483 1390 *Pan*. Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

1391 *Man*. I hope I ſhall know your honour better ?

To finnowie <i>Ajax</i> : I will not praife thy wifdome,	1450
Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines	1451
Thy fpacious and dilated parts ; here's <i>Nestor</i>	1452
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times :	1453
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wife.	1454
But pardon Father <i>Nestor</i> , were your dayes	1455
As greene as <i>Ajax</i> , and your braine ſo temper'd,	1456
You ſhould not haue the eminence of him,	1457
But be as <i>Ajax</i> .	1458
<i>Aia.</i> Shall I call you Father ?	1459
<i>Vlif.</i> I my good Sonne.	1460
<i>Dio.</i> Be rul'd by him Lord <i>Ajax</i> .	1461
<i>Vlif.</i> There is no tarrying here, the Hart <i>Achilles</i>	1462
Keepes thicket : pleaſe it our Generall,	1463
To call together all his ſtate of warre,	1464
Freſh Kings are come to <i>Troy</i> ; to morrow	1465
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt :	1466
And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,	1467
And cull their flowre, <i>Ajax</i> ſhall cope the beſt.	1468
<i>Ag.</i> Goe we to Counſaile, let <i>Achilles</i> ſleepe ;	1469
Light Botes may faile ſwift, though greater bulkes draw	1470
deepe. <i>Exeunt.</i> <i>Muficke ſounds within.</i>	1471
<i>Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.</i>	
<i>Pan.</i> Friend, you, pray you a word : Doe not you fol-	1472
low the yong Lord <i>Paris</i> ?	1473
<i>Ser.</i> I ſir, when he goes before me.	1475
<i>Pan.</i> You depend vpon him I meane ?	1476
<i>Ser.</i> Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.	1477
<i>Pan.</i> You depend vpon a noble Gentleman : I muſt	1478
needes praife him.	1479
<i>Ser.</i> The Lord be praied.	1480
<i>Pa.</i> You know me, doe you not ?	1481
<i>Ser.</i> Faith ſir, ſuperficially.	1482
<i>Pa.</i> Friend know me better, I am the Lord <i>Pandarus</i> .	1483
<i>Ser.</i> I hope I ſhall know your honour better.	1484

1392 *Pan.* I do desire it.

1393 *Man.* You are in the state of grace?

1394 *Pan.* Grace? not so friend, honour and Lordship are my titles, what musicke is this?

1396 *Man.* I do but partly know sir, it is musick in partes.

1397 *Pan.* Know you the musicians?

1398 *Man.* Wholy sir. *Pan.* Who play they to?

1399 *Man.* To the hearers sir.

1494 1400 *Pan.* At whose pleasure friend?

1401 *Man.* At mine sir, and theirs that loue musicke.

1402 *Pan.* Command I meane:

1403 *Man.* Who shall I command sir?

1404 *Pan.* Friend we vnderstand not one another, I am to courtly and thou to cunning, at whose request do these men play?

1406 *Man.* Thats to't indeed sir? marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who is there in person, with him the mortall
1407 *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible soule:

1409 *Pan.* Who my cozen *Cressida*.

1506 1410 *Man.* No sir, *Hellen*, could not you finde out that by her attributes.

1412 *Pan.* It should seeme fellow thou hast not seene the Lady

1413 *Cressid* I come to speake with *Paris*, from the Prince *Troylus*.

1414 *I* will make a complementall assault vpon him for my
1415 businesse teeth's.

1416 *Man.* Soddan businesse, theirs a stew'd phrase indeed.

1417 *Enter Paris and Hellen.*

1418 *Pan.* Faire be to you my Lord, and to al this faire company,

1419 faire desires in all faire measure fairlie guide them, especially

1516 1420 to you faire Queene faire thoughts be your faire pillow,

1421 *Hel* Dere Lord you are full of faire words:

- Pa.* I doe desire it. 1485
- Ser.* You are in the state of Grace? 1486
- Pa.* Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my
title : What Musique is this? 1487
1488
- Ser.* I doe but partly know fir : it is Musicke in parts. 1489
- Pa.* Know you the Musicians. 1490
- Ser.* Wholly fir. 1491
- Pa.* Who play they to? 1492
- Ser.* To the hearers fir. 1493
- Pa.* At whose pleasure friend? 1494
- Ser.* At mine fir, and theirs that loue Musicke. 1495
- Pa.* Command, I meane friend. 1496
- Ser.* Who shall I command fir? 1497
- Pa.* Friend, we vnderstand not one another : I am too
courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe
these men play? 1498
1499
1500
- Ser.* That's too't indeede fir : marry fir, at the request
of *Paris* my L. who's there in person ; with him the mor-
tall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuifible
foule. 1501
1502
1503
1504
- Pa.* Who? my Cofin *Cressida*. 1505
- Ser.* No fir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by
her attributes? 1506
1507
- Pa.* It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the
Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the
Prince *Troylus* : I will make a complementall assault vpon
him, for my businesse seethes. 1508
1509
1510
1511
- Ser.* Soddan businesse, there's a stewed phraife indeede. 1512
- Enter Paris and Helena.* 1513
- Pan.* Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire com-
pany : faire desires in all faire meafure fairely guide them,
especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your
faire pillow. 1514
1515
1516
1517
- Hel.* Deere L. you are full of faire words. 1518

- 1422 *Pan.* You speake your faire pleafure fweet Queene,
 1423 Faire Prince here is good broken muficke.
 1424 *Par.* You haue broke it cozen : and by my life you fhall
 1425 make it whole againe, you fhall peece it out with a peece of
 1426 your performance. *Nel.* he is full of harmony :
 1427 *Pan:* Truely Lady no : *Hel:* O fir :
 1428 *Pan:* Rude in footh, in good footh very rude.
 1429 *Paris:* Well faid my Lord, well, you fay fo in fits :
 1527 1430 *Pan.* I haue bufineffe to my Lord deere Queene ? my Lord
 1431 will you vouchsafe me a word.
 1432 *Hel.* Nay this fhall not hedge vs out, weele here you fing
 1433 certainly :
 1434 *Pan:* Well fweete Queene you are pleafant with mee, but,
 1435 marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and moft efteemed
 1436 friend your brother *Troylus.*
 1437 *Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus,* hony fweet Lord,
 1438 *Pan.* Go too fweet Queene, go to ?
 1439 Comends himfelfe moft affectionatly to you.
 1537 1440 *Hel.* You fhall not bob vs out of our melody,
 1441 If you do our melancholy vpon your head.
 1442 *Pan.* Sweet Queene, fweet Queene, thats a fweet Queene
 1443 I faith—————
 1444 *Hel.* And to make a fweet Lady fad is a fower offence.
 1445 *Pan:* Nay that fhall not ferue your turne, that fhall it not
 1446 in truth la ? Nay I care not for fuch words, no, no. And my
 1447 Lord hee defires you that if the King call for him at fuper.
 1488 You will make his excufe. *Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus.*
- 1547 1449 *Pan.* What faies my fweete Queenem,y very very fweet
 1450 Queene ?
 1451 *Par.* What exploit's in hand, where fuppes he to night ?
 1452 *Hel.* Nay but my Lord ?
 1453 *Pan* What faies my fweet Queene ? my cozen will fall out
 1454 with you.
 1455 *Hel.* You muft not know where he fups.
 1456 *Par.* Ile lay my life with my difpofer *Crefseida.*

- Pan.* You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene :
 faire Prince, here is good broken Muficke. 1519 1520
- Par.* You haue broke it cozen : and by my life you
 shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a
 peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony. 1522 1523
- Pan.* Truely Lady no. *Hel.* O fir. 1524 1524
- Pan.* Rude in footh, in good footh very rude. 1525 1525
- Paris.* Well said my Lord : well, you say so in fits. 1526 1526
- Pan.* I haue bufineffe to my Lord, deere Queene : my
 Lord will you vouchsafe me a word. 1527 1528
- Hel.* Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, weele heare you
 fing certainly. 1529 1530
- Pan.* Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me,
 but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteem-
 ed friend your brother *Troylus*. 1531 1532 1533
- Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweete Lord. 1534 1534
- Pan.* Go too sweete Queene, goe to.
 Commends himfelfe most affectionately to you. 1535 1536
- Hel.* You shall not bob vs out of our melody :
 If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head. 1537 1538
- Pan.* Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete
 Queene I faith ——— 1539 1540
- Hel.* And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence. 1541 1541
- Pan.* Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it
 not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.
 And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him
 at Supper, you will make his excuse. 1542 1543 1544 1545
- Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus* ? 1546 1546
- Pan.* What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very
 sweete Queene ? 1547 1548
- Par.* What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night ? 1549 1549
- Hel.* Nay but my Lord ? 1550 1550
- Pan.* What saies my sweere Queene ? my cozen will
 fall out with you. 1551 1552
- Hel.* You must not know where he sups. 1553 1553
- Par.* With my dispofer *Cressida*. 1554 1554

- 1457 *Pan.* No, no? no such matter you are wide, come your
 1458 disposer is sicke.
 1459 *Par.* Well ile makes excuse?
 1558 1460 *Pan.* I good my Lord, why should you say *Cresseida*, no,
 1461 your disposers sick. *Par.* I spie?
 1462 *Pan.* You spy? what doe you spie? come, giue mee an in-
 1463 strument, now sweete Queene:
 1464 *Hel.* Why this is kindly done?
 1465 *Pan.* My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue
 1466 sweete Queene.
 1467 *Hel.* Shee shall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord
 1468 *Paris.*
 1469 *Pand.* Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are
 1569 1470 tawine.
 1471 *Hel.* Falling in after falling out may make them three.
 1472 *Pand.* Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a
 1473 song now.
 1474 *Hell:* I, I, prethee, now by my troth sweet lad thou haste a
 1475 fine fore-head.
 1476 *Pand:* I you may, you may.
 1477 *Hell:* Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh
 1478 *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*
 1479 *Pand:* Loue? I that it shall yfaith.
 1579 1480 *Par:* I good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

1481 *Pand: Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still loue still more:*
 1482 *For o loues bow. Shoots Bucke and Doe.*

1483 *The shafts confound not that it wounds*
 1484 *But tickles still the sore:*
 1485 *These louers cry, oh ho they dye,*
 1486 *Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,*
 1487 *Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he,*
 1488 *So dying loue liues still,*

Pan. No, no; no fuch matter, you are wide, come your
difpofer is ficke. 1555

Par. Well, Ile make excufe. 1557

Pan. I good my Lord: why fhould you fay *Crefsida*?
no, your poore difpofer's ficke. 1558

Par. I fpie. 1560

Pan. You fpie, what doe you fpie: come, giue me an
Inſtrument now fweete Queene. 1561

Hel. Why this is kindly done? 1563

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you
haue fweete Queene. 1564

Hel. She fhall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord 1566

Paris. 1567

Pand. Hee? no, fheele none of him, they two are
twaine. 1569

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three. 1570

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile fing
you a fong now. 1571

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth fweet Lord thou
haft a fine fore-head. 1572

Pan. I you may, you may. 1575

Hel. Let thy fong be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al
Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.* 1576

Pan. Loue? I that it fhall yfaith. 1577

Par. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue. 1579

Pan. In good troth it begins fo. 1580

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, ſtill more: 1581

For O loues Bow, 1582

Shootes Bucke and Doe: 1583

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds, 1584

But tickles ſtill the fore: 1585

Theſe Louers cry, oh ho they dye; 1586

Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill, 1587

Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he: 1588

So dying loue liues ſtill, 1589

- 1489 *O ho a while, but ha ha ha,*
 1591 1490 *O ho grones out for ha ha ha — hey ho,*
- 1491 *Hell:* In loue I faith to the very tip of the nose.
 1492 *Par.* He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot
 1493 blood, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts
 1494 beget hot deedes, and hot deeds is loue.
 1495 *Pand.* Is this the generation of loue: hot bloud hot
 1496 thoughts and hot deedes, why they are vipers, is loue a ge-
 1497 neration of vipers:
 1498 Sweete Lord whofe a field to day?
 1499 *Par:* *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor,* and all the gal-
 1601 1500 lantry of *Troy.* I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell*
 1501 would not haue it fo.
 1502 How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?
 1503 *Hell:* He hangs the lippe at something, you know al Lord
 1504 *Pandarus.*
 1505 *Pand:* Not I hony sweete *Queene,* I long to heare how
 1506 they sped to day:
 1507 Youle remember your brothers excufe?
 1508 *Par:* To a hayre.
 1509 *Pand:* Farewell sweete *Queene.*
 1611 1510 *Hell.* Commend me to your neece.
 1511 *Pand.* I will sweet *Queene.* *Sound a retreat?*
 1512 *Par:* Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
 1513 To greete the warriars. Sweet *Hellen* I must woe you,
 1514 To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne bucles
 1515 With this your white enchaunting fingers toucht;
 1516 Shall more obey then to the edge of steele,
 1517 Or force of Greekish finewes: you shall do more
 1518 Then all the Iland Kinges, difarme great *Hector*
 1620 1519 *Hell:* Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris?*
 1520 Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,
 1521 Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
 1522 Yea ouershines our selfe.
 1523 *Par:* Sweet about thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	125
	<i>O ho a while, but ha ha ha,</i>	1590
	<i>O ho grones out for ha ha ha——hey ho.</i>	1591
	<i>Hel.</i> In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.	1592
	<i>Par.</i> He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.	1593 1594 1595
	<i>Pan.</i> 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?	1596 1597 1598 1599
	<i>Par.</i> <i>Hector, Deiphæbus, Helenus, Anthenor,</i> and all the gallantry of <i>Troy</i> . I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my <i>Nell</i> would not haue it so. How chance my brother <i>Troylus</i> went not?	1600 1601 1602 1603
	<i>Hel.</i> He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord <i>Pandarus</i> ?	1604 1605
	<i>Pan.</i> Not I hony fweete Queene: I long to heare how they fped to day: Youle remember your brothers excufe?	1606 1607 1608
	<i>Par.</i> To a hayre.	1609
	<i>Pan.</i> Farewell fweete Queene.	1610
	<i>Hel.</i> Commend me to your Neece.	1611
	<i>Pan.</i> I will fweete Queene. <i>Sound a retreat.</i>	1612
	<i>Par.</i> They're come from fielde: let vs to <i>Priams</i> Hall To greete the Warriars. Sweet <i>Hellen</i> , I muft woe you, To helpe vnarme our <i>Hector</i> : his stubborne Buckles, With thefe your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish finewes: you fhall doe more Then all the Iland Kings, difarme great <i>Hector</i> .	1613 1614 1615 1616 1617 1618 1619
	<i>Hel.</i> 'Twill make vs proud to be his feruant <i>Paris</i> : Yea what he fhall receiue of vs in duetie, Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue: Yea ouerfhines our felfe. Sweete about thought I loue thee.	1620 1621 1622 1623 1624
	<i>Exeunt.</i>	

1524 *Enter. Pandarus Troylus, man.*

1525 *Pand:* How now wher's thy maifter, at my Coufin *Creffidas?*

1526 *Man:* No fir ftayes for you to conduct him thether.

1527 *Pand:* O heere he comes : how now, how now ?

1528 *Troy?* Sirra walke off.

1529 *Pand.* Haue you feene my Coufine ?

1633 1530 *Troy.* No *Pandarus*, I ftalke about her dore

1531 Like to a ftange foule vpon the Stigian bankes

1532 Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon.

1533 And giue me fwift tranfportance to thefe fieldes,

1534 VVhere I may wallow in the lilly beds

1535 Propof'd for the deferuer. O gentle *Pandar*,

1536 From *Cupids* fhoulder plucke his painted wings,

1537 And flye with me to *Creffid*.

1538 *Pand:* VValke heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her fraight.

1539 *Troy:* I am giddy ; expectation whirles me round,

1644 1540 Th'yimaginary reliſh is fo fweete,

1541 That it inchaunts my fence : what will it be

1542 When that the watry pallats taſte indeed

1543 Loues thrice repured Nectar ? Death I feare me

1544 Sounding diſtruſtion, or ſome ioy to fyne,

1545 To ſubtill, potent, tun'd to ſharp in ſweetneſſe

1546 For the capacity of my ruder powers ;

1547 I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides

1548 That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my ioyes

1549 As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes

1654 1550 The enemy flying.

1551 *Pand.* Shees making her ready, ſhee come ſtraight, you

1552 muſt be witty now, ſhe does fo bluſh, and fetches her wind fo

1553 ſhort as if ſhee were fraid with a ſpирite : Ile fetch her ; it is the

1554 prettieſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new tane

1555 ſparrow.

1556 *Troy:* Euen ſuch a paſſion doth imbrace my boſome,

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man. 1625

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen
Cressidas ? 1627

Man. No fir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither. 1628

Enter Troylus. 1629

Pan. O here he comes : How now, how now ? 1630

Troy. Sirra walke off. 1631

Pan. Haue you seene my Cousin ? 1632

Troy. No *Pandarus* : I stalke about her doore 1633

Like a strange foule vpon the Stigian bankes 1634

Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*, 1635

And giue me swift transportance to those fields, 1636

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds 1637

Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandarus*, 1638

From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings, 1639

And flye with me to *Cressid*. 1640

Pan. Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight. 1641

Exit Pandarus. 1642

Troy. I am giddy ; expectation whirles me round, 1643

Th'imaginary relish is so sweete, 1644

That it enchants my sence : what will it be 1645

When that the watry pallats taste indeede 1646

Loues thrice reputed Nectar ? Death I feare me 1647

Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fine, 1648

Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse, 1649

For the capacite of my ruder powers ; 1650

I feare it much, and I doe feare besides, 1651

That I shall loofe distinction in my ioyes, 1652

As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes 1653

The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.* 1654

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight ; you 1655

must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde 1656

so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite : Ile fetch her ; it 1657

is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a 1658

new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.* 1659

Troy. Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome : 1660

- 1557 My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulfe,
 1558 And all my powers do their bestowing loofe
 1559 Like vassalage at vnwares encountering
 1664 1560 the eye of maiesty. *Enter pandar and Cressid.*
 1561 *Pand.* Come, come, what need you blush ?
 1562 Shames a babie ; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to
 1563 her that you haue sworne to me : what are you gone againe,
 1564 you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you ? come
 1565 your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele
 1566 put you ith filles : why doe you not speake to her. Come
 1567 draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture ; alasse the day ?
 1568 how loath you are to offend day light ; and twere darke youd
 1569 close sooner : so so, rub on and kisse the mistresse ; how now
 1674 1570 a kisse in fee-farme : build there Carpenter the ayre is sweet.
 1571 Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you The faul-
 1572 con, as the tercell : for all the ducks ith riuer : go too, go too.

 1573 *Troy.* You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.
 1574 *Pand.* Words pay no debts ; giue her deeds : but sheele be-
 1575 reauce you ath' deeds too if she call your actiuity in question :
 1576 what billing again : heeres in witnesse whereof the parties in-
 1577 terchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire ?

 1578 *Cresf.* Will you walke in my Lord ?
 1579 *Troy.* O *Cressed* how often haue I wisht me thus.
 1686 1580 *Cresf.* Wisht my Lord ? the gods graunt ? O my Lord ?
 1581 *Troy.* What should they graunt ? what makes this pretty ab-
 1582 ruption : what to curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the
 1583 fountaine of our loue ?
 1584 *Cresf.* More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.
 1585 *Troy.* Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

 1586 *Cresf.* Blind feare that seeing reason leads, finds safer foo-
 1587 ting, then blind reason, stumbling without feare : to feare
 1588 the worst oft cures the worfe.

My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulfe, 1661
 And all my powers doe their bestowing loofe, 1662
 Like vassalage at vnawares encounting 1663
 The eye of Maiestie. *Enter Pandarus and Cressida.* 1664
Pan. Come, come, what neede you blufh ? 1665
 Shames a babie ; here she is now, sweare the oathes now 1666
 to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone a- 1667
 gaine, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must 1668
 you ? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw 1669
 backward weele put you i'th fil : why doe you not speake 1670
 to her ? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture. 1671
 Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light ? and 1672
 'twere darke you'd close sooner : So, so, rub on, and kisse 1673
 the mistresse ; how now, a kisse in fee-farme ? build there 1674
 Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your 1675
 hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for 1676
 all the Ducks ith Riuer : go too, go too. 1677
Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady. 1678
Pan. Words pay no debts ; giue her deedes : but sheele 1679
 bereaue you 'oth' deeds too, if shee call your actiuity in 1680
 question : what billing againe ? here's in witnesse where- 1681
 of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go 1682
 get a fire ? 1683
Cref. Will you walke in my Lord ? 1684
Troy. O *Cressida*, how often haue I wisht me thus ? 1685
Cref. Wisht my Lord ? the gods grant ? O my Lord. 1686
Troy. What should they grant ? what makes this pret- 1687
 ty abruption : what too curious dreg espies my sweete La- 1688
 dy in the fountaine of our loue ? 1689
Cref. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes. 1690
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see 1691
 truely. 1692
Cref. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe 1693
 footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare : to 1694
 feare the worst, oft cures the worfe. 1695

- 1589 *Troy.* O let my Lady apprehend no feare,
 1697 1590 In all *Cupids* pageant there is presented no monfter.
 1591 *Cref.* Nor nothing monstrous neither.
 1592 *Troy.* Nothing but our vndertakings, when wee vow to
 1593 weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thin-
 1594 king it harder for our mistresse to deuise imposition ynough
 1595 then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed.—
 1596 This the monstruosity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite
 1597 and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and
 1598 the act a flauē to lymite.
 1599 *Cref.* They say all louers sweare more performance then
 1707 1600 they are able, and yet referue an ability that they neuer
 1601 performe : vowing more then the perfection of ten : and dis-
 1602 charging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue
 1603 the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not mon-
 1604 sters ?
 1605 *Troy.* Are there such : such are not we ; Praise vs as wee
 1606 are tasted, allow vs as we proue : our head shall goe bare till
 1607 merit louer part no affection in reuerfion shall haue a praise
 1608 in present : we will not name desert before his birth, and be-
 1609 ing borne, his addition shall bee humble : few wordes
 1717 1610 to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what en-
 1611 uy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truth, and what
 1612 truth can speake truest not truer then *Troylus*.
- 1613 *Cref.* Will you walke in my Lord ?
 1614 *Pand.* What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet ?
- 1615 *Cref.* VVell Vncle what folly I commit I dedicate to
 1616 you.
 1617 *Pand.* I thanke you for that, if my Lord gette a boy of you,
 1618 youle giue him me : be true to my Lord, if he flinch chide me
 1619 for it.
- 1729 1620 *Troy.* You know now your hostages, your Vncles word and
 1621 my firme faith.
 1622 *Pand.* Nay Ile giue my word for her too : our kindred

- Troy.* Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, 1696
 In all *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster. 1697
- Cref.* Not nothing monstons neither? 1698
- Troy.* Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe 1699
 to weepe feas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; think- 1700
 ing it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition 1701
 inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. 1702
 This is the monstrositie in loue Lady, that the will is in- 1703
 finite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is bound- 1704
 lesse, and the act a slaue to limit. 1705
- Cref.* They say all Louers sweare more performance 1706
 then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they 1707
 neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; 1708
 and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They 1709
 that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are 1710
 they not Monsters? 1711
- Troy.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we 1712
 are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare 1713
 till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerfion shall haue 1714
 a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his 1715
 birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few 1716
 words to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as 1717
 what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; 1718
 and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troy-* 1719
lus. 1720
- Cref.* Will you walke in my Lord? *Enter Pandarus.* 1721
- Pan.* What blushing still? haue you not done talking 1722
 yet? 1723
- Cref.* Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate 1724
 to you. 1725
- Pan.* I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of 1726
 you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, 1727
 chide me for it. 1728
- Tro.* You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word 1729
 and my firme faith. 1730
- Pan.* Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred 1731

- 1623 though they be long ere they bee woed, they are constant
 1624 being wonne, they are burres I can tell you, theyle sticke
 1625 where they are throwne.
 1626 *Cref.* Bouldneffe comes to me now and brings me heart :
 1627 Prince *Troylus* I haue loued you night and day, for many
 1628 weary moneths.
 1629 *Troy:* Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to wyn ?
 1739 1530 *Cref:* Hard to feeme wonne : but I was wonne my Lord
 1631 With the first glance ; that euer pardon me
 1632 If I confesse much you will play the tyrant,
 1633 I loue you now, but till now not so much
 1634 But I might maister it ; in faith I lye,
 1635 My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grone
 1636 Too headstrong for their mother : see wee fooles,
 1637 VVhy haue I blab'd : who shall be true to vs
 1638 VVhen we are so vnsecrēt to our selues.
 1639 But though I loue'd you well, I woed you not,
 1749 1640 And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man ;
 1641 Or that we women had mens priuiledge
 1642 Of speaking first. Sweete bid me hold my tongue,
 1643 For in this rapture I shall surely speake
 1644 The thing I shall repent : see see your fylence
 1645 Comming in dumbneffe, from my weakneffe drawes
 1646 My very soule of counsell. Stop my mouth.
 1647 *Troy:* And shall, albeit sweete musique issues thence.
 1648 *Pand.* Pretty yfaith.
 1649 *Cref.* My Lord I doe beseech you pardon me,
 1759 1650 Twas not my purpose thus to begge a kisse :
 1651 I am asham'd ; O Heauens what haue I done !
 1652 For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.
 1653 *Troy:* Your leaue sweete *Cressid* :
 1654 *Pan:* Leaue : and you take leaue till to morrow morning.
 1655 *Cref:* Pray you content you. *Troy:* What offends you Lady?
 1656 *Cref:* fir mine own company.

though they be long ere they are wooed, they are con- 1732
stant being wonne : they are Burres I can tell you, they'le 1733
fticke where they are throwne. 1734

Cref. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee 1735
heart : Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for 1736
many weary moneths. 1737

Troy. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win ? 1738

Cref. Hard to feeme won : but I was won my Lord 1739
With the first glance ; that euer pardon me, 1740
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant : 1741
I loue you now, but not till now so much 1742
But I might maister it ; infaith I lye : 1743
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow 1744
Too head-strong for their mother : see we fooles, 1745
Why haue I blab'd : who shall be true to vs 1746
When we are so vnsecret to our selues ? 1747
But though I lou'd you well, I wooed you not, 1748
And yet good faith I wist my selfe a man ; 1749
Or that we women had mens priuiledge 1750
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, 1751
For in this rapture I shall surely speake 1752
The thing I shall repent : see, see, your silence 1753
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes 1754
My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth. 1755

Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Muficke issues thence. 1756

Pan. Pretty yfaith. 1757

Cref. My Lord, I doe befeech you pardon me, 1758
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse : 1759
I am asham'd ; O Heauens, what haue I done ! 1760
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord. 1761

Troy. Your leaue sweete *Cressid* ? 1762

Pan. Leaue : and you take leaue till to morrow mor- 1763
ning. 1764

Cref. Pray you content you. 1765

Troy. What offends you Lady ? 1766

Cref. Sir, mine owne company. 1767

- 1657 *Troy:* You cannot fhun your felfe.
 1658 *Cref:* Let me goe and try :
 1659 I haue a kind of felfe recids with you :
 1771 1660 But an vnkinde felfe, that it felfe will leaue,
 1661 To be anothers foole. I would be gone :

 1662 Where is my wit ? I know not what I fpeake, (wifely,
 1663 *Tro.* Well know they what they fpeake, that fpeake fo
 1664 *Cref.* Perchance my Lord I fhew more craft then loue,
 1665 And fell fo roundly to a large confeffion.
 1666 To angle for your thoughts, but you are wife,
 1667 Or elfe you loue not : for to be wife and loue,
 1668 Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods aboue,
 1669 *Tro.* O that I thought it could be in a woman.
 1782 1670 As if it can I will prefume in you,
 1671 To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue.
 1672 To keepe her conftancy in plight and youth.
 1673 Out-liuing beauties outward, with a mind,
 1674 That doth renew fwifter then blood decays,
 1675 Or that perfuafion could but thus conuince me,
 1676 That my integrity and truth to you,
 1677 Might be affronted with the match and waight,
 1678 Of fuch a winnowed purity in loue,
 1679 How were I then vp-lifted ! but alaffe,
 1792 1680 I am as true as truths fimplicity,
 1681 And fimpler then the infancy of truth.
 1682 *Cref.* In that ile war with you, *Tro.* O vertuous fight,

 1683 When right with right warres who fhallbe moft right,
 1684 True fwains in loue fhall in the world to come
 1685 Approue their trueth by *Troylus* when their rimes,
 1686 Full of proteft, of oath and big compare,
 1687 Wants fimele's truth tyrd with iteration.
 1688 As true as fteele, as plantage to the moone.
 1689 As funne to day : as turtle to her mate,
 1803 1690 As Iron to Adamant : as Earth to th' Center,

<i>Troy.</i> You cannot shun your selfe.	1768
<i>Cref.</i> Let me goe and try :	1769
I haue a kinde of selfe recides with you :	1770
But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,	1771
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit ?	1772
I would be gone : I speake I know not what.	1773
<i>Troy.</i> Well know they what they speake, that speakes fo wifely.	1774 1775
<i>Cre.</i> 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 wife and loue, Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboute.	1776 1777 1778 1779 1780
<i>Troy.</i> O that I thought it could be in a woman : As if it can, I will presume in you, To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue. To keepe her constancie in plight and youth, Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde That doth renew swifter then blood decays : Or that perwasion could but thus conuince me, That my integritie and truth to you, Might be affronted with the match and waight Of such a winnowed puritie in loue : How were I then vp-lifted ! but alas, I am as true, as truths simplicitie, And simpler then the infancie of truth.	1781 1782 1783 1784 1785 1786 1787 1788 1789 1790 1791 1792 1793
<i>Cref.</i> In that Ile warre with you.	1794
<i>Troy.</i> O vertuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right : True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come Approoue their truths by <i>Troylus</i> , when their rimes, Full of protest, of oath and big compare ; Wants similies, truth tir'd with iteration, As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone : As Sunne to day : as Turtle to her mate : As Iron to Adamant : as Earth to th'Center :	1795 1796 1797 1798 1799 1800 1801 1802 1803

- 1691 After all comparifons of truth.
 1692 (As truths antheintique author to be cited)
 1693 As true as *Troylus*, fhall croune vp the verſe,
 1694 And ſanctifie the nombers,
 1695 *Cref.* Prophet may you bee,
 1696 If I bee falce or ſwarue a hayre from truth,
 1697 When time is ould or hath forgot it ſelfe,
 1698 When water drops haue worne the ſtones of *Troy*,
 1699 And blind obliuion ſwallowd Citties vp.
 1813 1700 And mighty ſtates character-les are grated,
 1701 To duſty nothing, yet let memory
 1702 From falce to falce among falce mayds in loue,
 1703 Vpbraid my falcehood, when th'haue ſaid as falce,
 1704 As ayre, as water, wind or ſandy earth,
 1705 As Fox to Lambe ; or Wolfe to Heifers Calfe,
 1706 Pard to the Hind, or ſtepdame to her Sonne,
 1707 Yea let them ſay to ſticke the heart of falſehood,
 1708 As falſe as *Creſſid*.
 1709 *Pand.* Go to a bargaine made, ſeale it, ſeale it ile bee the
 1823 1710 witnes here I hold your hand, here my Cozens, if euer you
 1711 proue falſe one, to another ſince I haue taken ſuch paine to
 1712 bring you together let all pittifull goers betweene be cald
 1713 to the worlds end after my name, call them all Panders, let
 1714 all conſtant men be Troyluffes all falſe women *Creſſids*, and
 1715 all brokers betweene panders : ſay Amen.

 1716 *Tro.* Amen. *Cre.* Amen.

 1717 *Pan.* Amen.
 1718 Wherevpon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed be-
 1719 cauſe it ſhall not ſpeake of your prety encounters preſſe it to
 1835 1720 death ; away. *Exeunt.*
 1721 And Cupid grant all tong-tide maydens here,
 1722 Bed, chamber, Pander to prouide this geere. *Exit.*

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	137
	Yet after all comparifons of truth,	1804
	(As truths authenticke author to be cited)	1805
	As true as <i>Troylus</i> , fhall crowne vp the Verfe,	1806
	And fanctifie the numbers.	1807
	<i>Cref.</i> Prophet may you be :	1808
	If I be falfe, or fwerue a haire from truth,	1809
	When time is old and hath forgot it felfe :	1810
	When water drops haue worne the Stones of <i>Troy</i> ;	1811
	And blinde obliuion fwallow'd Cities vp ;	1812
	And mightie States characterlefse are grated	1813
	To duftie nothing ; yet let memory,	1814
	From falfe to falfe, among falfe Maids in loue,	1815
	Vpbraid my falfehood, when they'auē faid as falfe,	1816
	As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as fandie earth ;	1817
	As Foxe to Lambe ; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe ;	1818
	Pard to the Hinde, or Step dame to her Sonne ;	1819
	Yea, let them fay, to flicke the heart of falfehood,	1820
	As falfe as <i>Creffid</i> .	1821
	<i>Pand.</i> Go too, a bargaine made : feale it, feale it, Ile	1822
	be the witneffe here I hold your hand : here my Coufins,	1823
	if euer you proue falfe one to another, fince I haue taken	1824
	fuch paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers	1825
	betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name : call	1826
	them all Panders ; let all conftant men be <i>Troyluffes</i> , all	1827
	falfe women <i>Creffids</i> , and all brokers betweene, Panders :	1828
	fay, Amen.	1829
	<i>Troy.</i> Amen.	1830
	<i>Cref.</i> Amen.	1831
	<i>Pan.</i> Amen.	1832
	Whereupon I will fhew you a Chamber, which bed, be-	1833
	caufe it fhall not fpeake of your prettie encounters, preffe	1834
	it to death : away.	1835
	And <i>Cupid</i> grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,	1836
	Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere, <i>Exeunt.</i>	1837

1723 *Enter Vliffes, Diomed, Nestor, Agamem, Calcas.*

1724 *Cal* Now Princes for the seruice I haue done,
 1725 Th'aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
 1726 To call for recompence : appere it to mind,
 1727 That through the fight I beare in things to loue,
 1728 I haue abandond Troy, left my poffeffion,
 1729 Incurd a traytors name, expofd my felfe,
 1846 1730 From certaine and poffeft conueniences,
 1731 To doubtfull fortunes, fequeftring from me all,
 1732 That time acquaintance, custome and condition,
 1733 Made tame, and most familiar to my nature :
 1734 And here to doe you seruice am become,
 1735 As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted,
 1736 I do befeech you as in way of taft,
 1737 To giue me now a little benefit.
 1738 Out of thofe many registred in promise,
 1739 Which you fay liue to come in my behalfe :
 1856 1740 *Aga.* What wouldst thou of vs Troian? make demand ?

1741 *Calc.* You haue a Troian prifoner cald *Antenor*,
 1742 Yesterday tooke, Troy holds him very deere.
 1743 Oft haue you (often haue you thanks therefore)
 1744 Desird my *Cressid* in right great exchange.
 1745 Whom Troy hath still deni'd, but this *Anthenor*,
 1746 I know is fuch a wrest in their affaires :
 1747 That their negotiations all must flacke,
 1748 Wanting his mannage and they will almost,
 1749 Giue vs a Prince of blood a Sonne of *Pryam*,
 1867 1750 In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,
 1751 And he shall buy my daughter : and her pference,
 1752 Shall quite strike of all seruice I haue done,
 1753 In most accepted paine.
 1754 *Aga.* Let *Diomedes* beare him,
 1755 And bring vs *Cressid* hither, *Calcas* shall haue

Enter Vlyffes, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, 1838
Menelaus and Calcas. Florish. 1839

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I haue done you, 1840
 Th'aduantage of the time prompts me aloud, 1841
 To call for recompence : appeare it to your minde, 1842
 That through the fight I beare in things to loue, 1843
 I haue abandon'd Troy, left my poffeffion, 1844
 Incur'd a Traitors name, expof'd my felfe, 1845
 From certaine and poffeft conueniences, 1846
 To doubtfull fortunes, fequeftring from me all 1847
 That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, 1848
 Made tame, and moft familiar to my nature : 1849
 And here to doe you seruice am become, 1850
 As new into the world, ftrange, vnacquainted. 1851
 I doe befeech you, as in way of tafte, 1852
 To giue me now a little benefit : 1853
 Out of thofe many regiftred in promife, 1854
 Which you fay, liue to come in my behalfe. 1855

Agam. What would'ft thou of vs Troian ? make 1856
 demand? 1857

Cal. You haue a Troian prifoner, cal'd *Anthenor*, 1858
 Yefterday tooke : Troy holds him very deere. 1859
 Oft haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore) 1860
 Defir'd my *Creffid* in right great exchange. 1861
 Whom Troy hath ftill deni'd : but this *Anthenor*, 1862
 I know is fuch a wreft in their affaires ; 1863
 That their negotiations all muft flacke, 1864
 Wanting his mannage : and they will almoft, 1865
 Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*, 1866
 In change of him. Let him be fent great Princes, 1867
 And he fhall buy my Daughter : and her prefence, 1868
 Shall quite ftrike off all seruice I haue done, 1869
 In moft accepted paine. 1870

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him, 1871
 And bring vs *Creffid* hither : *Calcas* fhall haue 1872

- 1756 What he requefts of vs : good *Diomed*
 1757 Furnish you fairely for this enterchange,
 1758 Withall bring word If *Hector* will to morrow,
 1759 Bee answered in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.
 1877 1760 *Dio.* This fhall I vndertake, and tis a burthen
 1761 Which I am proud to beare. *Exit,*
 1762 *Achilles and Patro stand in their tent.*
 1763 *Vli.* *Achilles* stands ith entrance of his tent,
 1764 Pleafe it our generall paffe strangely by him :
 1765 As if he were forgot, and princes all,
 1766 Lay negligent and loofe regard vpon him,
 1767 I will come laft, tis like heele queftion mee.
 1768 Why fuch vn-paulfue eyes are bent ? why turnd on him,
 1769 If fo I haue derifion medecinable,
 1887 1770 To vfe betweene your strangnes and his pride,
 1771 Which his owne will fhall haue defire to drinke,
 1772 It may doe good, pride hath no other glaffe,
 1773 To fhew it felfe but pride : for fupple knees,
 1774 Feed arrogance and are the proud mans fees.
 1775 *Aga.* Weele execute your purpofe and put on,
 1776 A forme of strangneffe as we pas along,
 1777 So do each Lord, and either greet him not
 1778 Or els difdaynfully, which fhall fhake him more :
 1779 Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.
 1897 1780 *Achil.* What comes the generall to fpeake with mee?
 1781 You know my minde Ile fight no more 'gainft Troy.
 1782 *Aga.* What faies *Achilles* would he ought with vs ?
 1783 *Nefl.* Would you my Lord ought with the generall.
 1784 *Achil.* No.
 1785 *Nefl.* Nothing my Lord :
 1786 *Aga.* The better.
 1787 *Achil.* Good day, good day :
 1788 *Men.* How do you ? how do you ?
 1789 *Achil.* What do's the Cnckould fcorne me ?
 1907 1790 *Ajax.* How now *Patroclus* ?
 1791 *Achil.* Good morrow *Ajax* ?

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	141
	What he requests of vs : good <i>Diomed</i>	1873
	Furnish you fairely for this enterchange ;	1874
	Withall bring word, if <i>Hector</i> will to morrow	1875
	Be answer'd in his challenge. <i>Ajax</i> is ready.	1876
	<i>Dio.</i> This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen	1877
	Which I am proud to beare. <i>Exit.</i>	1878
	<i>Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.</i>	1879
	<i>Vlif.</i> <i>Achilles</i> stands i'th entrance of his Tent ;	1880
	Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,	1881
	As if he were forgot : and Princes all,	1882
	Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him ;	1883
	I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,	1884
	Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent ? why turn'd on him ?	1885
	If so, I haue derision medicinable,	1886
	To vse betweene your strangeness and his pride,	1887
	Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke ;	1888
	It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse	1889
	To shew it selfe, but pride : for supple knees,	1890
	Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.	1891
	<i>Agam.</i> Weele execute your purpose, and put on	1892
	A forme of strangeness as we passe along,	1893
	So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,	1894
	Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,	1895
	Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.	1896
	<i>Achil.</i> What comes the Generall to speake with me ?	1897
	You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.	1898
	<i>Aga.</i> What saies <i>Achilles</i> , would he ought with vs ?	1899
	<i>Nes.</i> Would you my Lord ought with the Generall ?	1900
	<i>Achil.</i> No.	1901
	<i>Nes.</i> Nothing my Lord.	1902
	<i>Aga.</i> The better.	1903
	<i>Achil.</i> Good day, good day.	1904
	<i>Men.</i> How doe you ? how doe you ?	1905
	<i>Achi.</i> What, do's the Cuckold scorne me ?	1906
	<i>Ajax.</i> How now <i>Patroclus</i> ?	1907
	<i>Achil.</i> Good morrow <i>Ajax</i> ?	1908

1792 *Ai*ax. Ha :

1793 *Achil*. Good morrow.

1794 *Ai*ax. I and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

1795 *Ach*. What meane these fellows know they not *Achilles*?

1796 *Patro*. They passe by strangely: they were v^r'd to bend,

1797 To fend their smiles before them to *Achilles*:

1798 To come as humbly as they v^r'd to creep, to holy aultars:

1799 *Achil*. What am I poore of late?

1918 1800 Tis certaine, greatneffe once false out with fortune,

1801 Must fall out with men to, what the declin'd is,

1802 He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others

1803 As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,

1804 Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer,

1805 And not a man for being simply man,

1806 Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

1807 That are without him, as place, riches, and fauour,

1808 Prizes of accident as oft as merit

1809 Which when they fall as being slippery standers,

1928 1810 The loue that lean'd on them as slippery too,

1811 Doth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall,

1812 But tis not so with mee,

1813 Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy:

1814 At ample point all that I did possesse,

1815 Saue these mens lookes, who do me thinkes finde out:

1816 Some thing not worth in me such rich beholding,

1817 As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vlisses*

1818 Ile interrupt his reading, how now *Vlisses*?

1819 *Vliff*. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

1938 1820 *Achil*. What are you reading?

1821 *Vliff*. A strange fellow here,

1822 Writes me that man, how derely euer parted:

1823 How much in hauing or without or in

1824 Cannot, make soft to haue that which he hath,

1825 Nor feesles not what he owes but by reflection:

1826 As when his vertues ayming vpon others,

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	143
	<i>Aiax.</i> Ha.	1909
	<i>Achil.</i> Good morrow.	1910
	<i>Aiax.</i> I, and good next day too. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1911
	<i>Achil.</i> What meane these fellows? know they not	1912
	<i>Achilles?</i>	1913
	<i>Patr.</i> They passe by frangely: they were v ^r d to bend	1914
	To fend their smiles before them to <i>Achilles</i> :	1915
	To come as humbly as they v ^r d to creepe to holy Altars.	1916
	<i>Achil.</i> What am I poore of late?	1917
	'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,	1918
	Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,	1919
	He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,	1920
	As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,	1921
	Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:	1922
	And not a man for being simply man,	1923
	Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours	1924
	That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,	1925
	Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:	1926
	Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;	1927
	The loue that leand on them as slippery too,	1928
	Doth one plucke downe another, and together	1929
	Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;	1930
	Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy	1931
	At ample point, all that I did possesse,	1932
	Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out	1933
	Something not worth in me such rich beholding,	1934
	As they haue often giuen. Here is <i>Vlisses</i> ,	1935
	He interrupt his reading: how now <i>Vlisses</i> ?	1936
	<i>Vlif.</i> Now great <i>Thet is Sonne.</i>	1937
	<i>Achil.</i> What are you reading?	1938
	<i>Vlif.</i> A strange fellow here	1939
	Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,	1940
	How much in hauing, or without, or in,	1941
	Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;	1942
	Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:	1943
	As when his vertues shining vpon others,	1944

- 1827 Heate them and they retort that heate againe
 1828 To the first giuers.
 1829 *Achel.* This is not frange *Vliesses*,
 1948 1830 The beauty that is borne here in the face :
 1831 The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe.
 1832 To others eyes, nor doth the eye it selfe
 1833 That most pure spirit of fence, behold it selfe
 1834 Not going from it selfe : but eye to eye opposed,
 1835 Sallutes each other with each others forme.
 1836 For Ipeculation turnes not to it selfe,
 1837 Till it hath trauel'd and is married there ?
 1838 Where it may see it selfe : this is not frange at all.
 1839 *Vliess.* I do not fraine at the position,
 1956 1840 It is familiar, but at the authors drift,
 1841 Who in his circumstance expressly prooues,
 1842 That no man is the Lord of any thing :
 1843 Though in and of him there be much confisting,
 1844 Till he communicate his parts to others,
 1845 Nor doth hee of himselfe know them for aught :
 1846 Till he behold them formed in the applause.
 1847 Where th'are extended : who like an arch reuerb'rate
 1848 The voice againe or like a gate of Steele :
 1849 Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back
 1966 1850 His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,
 1851 And apprehended here immediately,
 1852 Th'vnknowne *Aiax*, heauens what a man is there ?
 1853 A very horse, that has he knowes not what
 1854 Nature what things there are.
 1855 Most obiect in regard, and deere in vse,
 1856 What things againe most deere in the esteeme :
 1857 And poore in worth, now shall we see to morrow,
 1858 An act that very chance doth throw vpon him
 1859 *Aiax* renown'd ? O heauens what some men doe,
 1976 1860 While some men leaue to doe.
 1861 How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
 1862 Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes,

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	145
	Heate them, and they retort that heate againe	1945
	To the first giuer.	1946
	<i>Achil.</i> This is not strange <i>Vliffes</i> :	1947
	The beautie that is borne here in the face,	1948
	The bearer knowes not, but commends it felfe,	1949
	Not going from it felfe : but eye to eye oppos'd,	1950
	Salutes each other with each others forme.	1951
	For speculation turnes not to it felfe,	1952
	Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there	1953
	Where it may see it felfe : this is not strange at all.	1954
	<i>Vlif.</i> I doe not straine it at the position,	1955
	It is familiar ; but at the Authors drift,	1956
	Who in his circumstance, exprefly proues	1957
	That no may is the Lord of any thing,	1958
	(Though in and of him there is much confifting,)	1959
	Till he communicate his parts to others :	1960
	Nor doth he of himfelfe know them for ought,	1961
	Till he behold them formed in th'applaufe,	1962
	Where they are extended : who like an arch reuerb'rate	1963
	The voyce againe ; or like a gate of fteele,	1964
	Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe	1965
	His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,	1966
	And apprehended here immediately :	1967
	The vnknowne <i>Aiæx</i> ;	1968
	Heauens what a man is there ? a very Horfe, (are	1969
	That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there	1970
	Moſt abiect in regard, and deare in vſe.	1971
	What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme,	1972
	And poore in worth : now ſhall we ſee to morrow,	1973
	An act that very chance doth throw vpon him ?	1974
	<i>Aiæx</i> renown'd ? O heauens, what ſome men doe,	1975
	While ſome men leaue to doe !	1976
	How ſome men creepe in ſkittifh fortunes hall,	1977
	Whiles others play the I deots in her eyes :	1978

- 1863 How one man eates into anothers pride,
 1864 While pride is fasting in his wantoneffe.
 1865 To see thefe Grecian Lords, why euen already :
 1866 They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder
 1867 As if his foote were one braue *Heftors* brest,
 1868 And great *Troy* fhriking.
 1869 *Achill.* I doe beleuee it,
 1986 1870 For they paff by me as mifers do by beggars,
 1871 Neither gaue to me good word nor looke :
 1872 What are my deeds forgot ?
 1873 *Vliff.* Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
 1874 Wherein he puts almes for obliuion :
 1875 A great fiz'd monfter of ingratitude,
 1876 Thofe fcrapes are good deeds paff,
 1877 Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,
 1878 Forgot as foone as done, perfeuerance deere my Lord :
 1879 Keeps honour bright, to haue done, is to hang,
 1996 1880 Quite out of fashion like a rusty male,
 1881 In monumentall mockry? take the infant way,
 1882 For honour traueles in a straight fo narrow :
 1883 Where on but goes a brest, keepe then the path
 1884 For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
 1885 That one by one purfue, if you giue way,
 1886 Or turne afide from the direct forth right :
 1887 Like to an entred tide they all rufh by,
 1888 And leaue you him, moft, then what they do in prefent :

 1889 Though leffe then yours in paffe, muft ore top yours.
 2009 1890 For time is like a fashionable hoaft,
 1891 That flightly fhakes his parting gueft by th'hand,
 1892 And with his armes out-ftretcht as he would flie,
 1893 Grafpes in the commer: the welcome euer fmiles,
 1894 And farewell goes out fighting. Let not vertue feeke,
 1895 Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,

How one man eates into anothers pride,	1979
While pride is feasting in his wantonneffe	1980
To see these Grecian Lords ; why, euen already,	1981
They clap the lubber <i>Ajax</i> on the shoulder,	1982
As if his foote were on braue <i>Hectors</i> brest,	1983
And great <i>Troy</i> shrinking.	1984
<i>Achil.</i> I doe beleuee it :	1985
For they past by me, as myfers doe by beggars,	1986
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke :	1987
What are my deedes forgot ?	1988
<i>Vlif.</i> Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,	1989
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion :	1990
A great fiz'd monster of ingratitude :	1991
Those scraps are good deedes past,	1992
Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,	1993
Forgot as soone as done : perfeuerance, deere my Lord,	1994
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang	1995
Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,	1996
In monumentall mockerie : take the instant way,	1997
For honour trauels in a straight so narrow,	1998
Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path :	1999
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,	2000
That one by one pursue ; if you giue way,	2001
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right ;	2002
Like to an entred Tyde they all rush by,	2003
And leaue you hindmost :	2004
Or like a gallant Horfe false in first ranke,	2005
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere	2006
Ore-run and trampled on : then what they doe in present,	2007
Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours :	2008
For time is like a fashionable Hofte,	2009
That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand ;	2010
And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flye,	2011
Grapes in the commer : the welcome euer smiles,	2012
And farewels goes out fighting : O let not vertue seeke	2013
Remuneration for the thing it was : for beautie, wit,	2014

- 1896 High birth, vigor of bone, defert in feruice,
 1897 Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all,
 1898 To enuious and calumniating time.
 1899 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
 2019 1900 That all with one consent praise new-borne gaudes,
 1901 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 1902 And goe to duft, that is a little guilt,
 1903 More laud then guilt ore-dufted,
 1904 The present eye praises the present obiect.
 1905 Then maruell not thou great and complet man,
 1906 That all the Greekes begin to worship *Aiæx* ;
 1907 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 1908 That what stirs not. The crie went once on thee,
 1909 And still it might, and yet it may againe,
 2029 1910 If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe aliue,
 1911 And case thy reputation in thy tent.
 1912 Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,
 1913 Made emulous missions mongst the gods them selues,
 1914 And draue great *Mars* to faction.
 1915 *Achil.* Of this my priuacie,
 1916 I haue strong reasons.
 1917 *Vlif.* But gainst your priuacie,
 1918 The reasons are more potent and heroycall :
 1919 Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue
 2037 1920 With one of *Priams* daughters.
 1921 *Achil.* Ha ? knowne.
 1922 *Vlif.* Is that a wonder :
 1923 The prouidence thats in a watchfull state,
 1924 Knowes almost euery thing.
 1925 Findes bottom in the vncomprehensiuè depth,
 1926 Keepest place with thought and almost like the gods,
 1927 Do thoughts vnuaike in their dumbe cradles.
 1928 There is a mysterie (with whom relation
 1929 Durst neuer meddle) in the foule of state,
 2049 1930 Which hath an operation more diuine,
 1931 Then breath or pen can giue expresseure to :

High birth, vigor of bone, defert in feruice,	2015
Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all	2016
To enuious and calumniating time :	2017
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin :	2018
That all with one consent praife new borne gaudes,	2019
Though they are made and moulded of things past,	2020
And goe to duft, that is a little guilt,	2021
More laud then guilt oredufted.	2022
The prefent eye praifes the pref nt obieft :	2023
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,	2024
That all the Greekes begin to worship <i>Ajax</i> ;	2025
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,	2026
Then what not ftirs : the cry went out on thee,	2027
And ftill it might, and yet it may againe,	2028
If thou would'ft not entombe thy felfe aliuie,	2029
And cafe thy reputation in thy Tent ;	2030
Whofe glorious deedes, but in thefe fields of late,	2031
Made emulous miffions 'mongft the gods themfelues,	2032
And draue great <i>Mars</i> to faction.	2033
<i>Achil.</i> Of this my priuacie,	2034
I haue ftrong reafons.	2035
<i>Vlif.</i> But 'gainft your priuacie	2036
The reafons are more potent and heroycall :	2037
'Tis knowne <i>Achilles</i> , that you are in loue	2038
With one of <i>Priams</i> daughters.	2039
<i>Achil.</i> Ha ? knowne ?	2040
<i>Vlif.</i> Is that a wonder ?	2041
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,	2042
Knowes almoft euery graine of Plutoes gold ;	2043
Findes bottome in th'vncomprehenfiue deepes ;	2044
Keepes place with thought ; and almoft like the gods,	2045
Doe thoughts vnaile in their dumbe cradles :	2046
There is a myfterie (with whom relation	2047
Durft neuer meddle) in the foule of State ;	2048
Which hath an operation more diuine,	2049
Then breath or pen can giue expreffure to :	2050

- 1932 All the commerfe that you haue had with Troy,
 1933 As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord,
 1934 And better would it fitt *Achilles* much,
 1935 To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
 1936 But it muſt grieue young *Pirhus* now at home,
 1937 When fame ſhall in our Ilands found her trumpe,
 1938 And all the Greekiſh girles ſhall tripping ſing,
 1939 Great *Hectors* fiſter did *Achilles* winne,
 2059 1940 But our great *Aiæx* brauely beate downe him :
 1941 Farewell my Lord : I as your louer ſpeake,
 1942 The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.
 1943 *Patr.* To this effect *Achilles* haue I moou'd you,
 1944 A woman impudent and manniſh growne,
 1945 Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man
 1946 In time of action : I ſtand condemnd for this
 1947 They thinke my little ſtomack to the warre,
 1948 And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus,
 1949 Sweete rouſe your ſelfe, and the weake wanton *Cupid*,
 2069 1950 Shall from your neck vnloofe his amorous fould,
 1951 And like dew drop from the Lions mane,
 1952 Be ſhooke to ayre.
 1953 *Ach.* Shall *Aiæx* fight with *Hector*.
 1954 *Patro.* I and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
 1955 *Achil.* I fee my reputation is at ſtake,
 1956 My fame is ſhrowdly gor'd.
 1957 *Patro.* O then beware.
 1958 Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men do giue themſelues,
 1959 Omiffion to doe what is neceſſary,
 2079 1960 Seales a commiffion to a blanke of danger,
 1961 And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
 1962 Euen then when they fit idely in the funne.
 1963 *Achil.* Go call *Therſites* hether ſweet *Patroclus*,
 1964 Ile ſend the foole to *Aiæx*, and deſire him
 1965 T'inuite the Troyan lords after the combate,
 1966 To ſee vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
 1967 An appetite that I am ſick with-all,

All the commerfe that you haue had with Troy, 2051
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord. 2052
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much, 2053
 To throw downe *Heſtor* then *Polixena*. 2054
 But it muſt grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home, 2055
 When fame ſhall in her Iland found her trumpe ; 2056
 And all the Greekiſh Girles ſhall tripping ſing, 2057
 Great *Heſtors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne ; 2058
 But our great *Aiæx* brauely beate downe him. 2059
 Farewell my Lord : I as your louer ſpeake ; 2060
 The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake. 2061
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you ; 2062
 A woman impudent and manniſh growne, 2063
 Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man, 2064
 In time of action : I ſtand condemn'd for this ; 2065
 They thinke my little ſtomacke to the warre, 2066
 And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus : 2067
 Sweete, roufe your ſelfe ; and the weake wanton *Cupid* 2068
 Shall from your necke vnloofe his amorous fould, 2069
 And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane, 2070
 Be ſhooke to ayrie ayre. 2071
Achil. Shall *Aiæx* fight with *Heſtor* ? 2072
Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him. 2073
Achil. I fee my reputation is at ſtake, 2074
 My fame is ſhrowdly gored. 2075
Patr. O then beware : 2076
 Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themſelues : 2077
 Omiffion to doe what is neceſſary, 2078
 Seales a commiffion to a blanke of danger, 2079
 And danger like an ague ſubtly taints 2080
 Euen then when we fit idely in the funne. 2081
Achil. Goe call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patroclus*, 2082
 Ile ſend the foole to *Aiæx*, and deſire him 2083
 T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat 2084
 To ſee vs here vnarm'd : I haue a womans longing, 2085
 An appetite that I am ficke withall, 2086

1968 To see great *Heclor* in his weeds of peace,

1969 To talke with him, and to behold his vifage,

2090 1970 Euen to my full of view. A labour fau'd.

1971 *Enter Therfites.*

1972 *Therfi.* A wonder. *Achil.* What?

1973 *Therfi.* *Aiæx* goes vp and downe the field asking for

1974 himfelfe. *Achil.* How fo?

1975 *Therfi.* He muft fight fingly to morrow with *Heclor*, and

1976 is fo prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that

1977 he raues in faying nothing.

1978 *Achil.* How can that be?

1979 *Therfi.* Why a ftalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a

2101 1980 ftride and a ftand: ruminates like an hoftiffe, that hath no

1981 Arithmatique but her braine to fet downe her reckoning:

1982 bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who fhould fay

1983 there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and fo there

1984 is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will

1985 not fhew without knocking, the mans vndone for euer; for

1986 if *Heclor* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breakt

1987 himfelfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I fayd

1988 good morrow *Aiæx*: And hee replies thankes *Agamem-*

1989 *non*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the

2111 1990 Generall? Hees growne a very land-fifh languageleffe, a

1991 monfter, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both

1992 fides like a lether Ierkin.

1993 *Achil.* Thou muft be my Ambaffador *Therfites*.

1994 *Therfi.* Who I: why heele anfwer no body: hee profes

1995 fes not anfwering, fpeaking is for beggers: he weares his

1996 tongue in's armes. I will put on his prefence, let *Patroclus*

1997 make demands to me. You fhall fee the pageant of *Aiæx*.

1998 *Achil.* To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly defire the va-

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	153
	To see great <i>Hector</i> in his weeds of peace ;	2087
	<i>Enter Therfi.</i>	2088
	To talke with him, and to behold his vifage,	2089
	Euen to my full of view. A labour fau'd.	2090
	<i>Ther.</i> A wonder.	2091
	<i>Achil.</i> What ?	2092
	<i>Ther.</i> <i>Ajax</i> goes vp and downe the field, asking for	2093
	himselfe.	2094
	<i>Achil.</i> How so ?	2095
	<i>Ther.</i> Hee must fight singly to morrow with <i>Hector</i> ,	2096
	and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,	2097
	that he raues in saying nothing.	2098
	<i>Achil.</i> How can that be ?	2099
	<i>Ther.</i> Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a	2100
	stride and a stand : ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no	2101
	Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her recko-	2102
	ning : bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should	2103
	say, there were wit in his head and two'd out ; and so	2104
	there is : but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,	2105
	which will not shew without knocking. The mans vn-	2106
	done for euer ; for if <i>Hector</i> breake not his necke i'th'com-	2107
	bat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes	2108
	not mee : I said, good morrow <i>Ajax</i> ; And he replies,	2109
	thankes <i>Agamemnon</i> . What thinke you of this man,	2110
	that takes me for the Generall ? Hee's growne a very	2111
	land-fish, languagelesse, a monster : a plague of o-	2112
	pinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather	2113
	Ierkin.	2114
	<i>Achil.</i> Thou must be my Ambassador to him <i>Therfites</i> .	2115
	<i>Ther.</i> Who, I : why, heele answer no body : he pro-	2116
	fesses notanfwering ; speaking is for beggers : he weares	2117
	his tongue in's armes : I will put on his pre fence ; let <i>Pa-</i>	2118
	<i>troclus</i> make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-	2119
	ant of <i>Ajax</i> .	2120
	<i>Achil.</i> To him <i>Patroclus</i> ; tell him, I humbly desire the	2121

1999 liant *Aiæx*, to inuite the valorous *Heëtor* to come vnarm'd
 2128 2000 to my tent, and to procure fafe-conduçt for his perfon, of
 2001 the magnanimous and moft illuftrious, fixe or feauen times
 2002 honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*,
 2003 do this.

2004 *Patr.* Ioue bleffe great *Aiæx*. *Therf.* Hum.

2005 *Patr.* I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

2006 *Therf.* Ha?

2007 *Patr.* Who moft humbly defires you to inuite *Heëtor* to

2008 *Therf.* Hum? (his tent.)

2009 *Patr.* And to procure fafe conduçt from *Agamemnon*.

2135 2010 *Therf.* *Agamemnon*?

2011 *Patr.* I my Lord. *Therf.* Ha?

2012 *Patr.* What fay you too't.

2013 *Therf.* God buy you with all my heart.

2014 *Patr.* Your anfwer fir.

2015 *Therf.* If to morrow be a faire day, by a leuen of the clock

2016 it will goe one way or other, howfoeuer he fhall pay for me

2017 ere hee ha's me. *Patr.* Your anfwer fir.

2018 *Therf.* Fare yee well with all my heart.

2019 *Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

2147 2020 *Therf.* No: but out of tune thus. What muſick will be in

2021 him, when *Heëtor* ha's knockt out his braines. I know not.

2022 But I am fure none, vnleſſe the fidler *Apollo* get his finnews

2023 to make Catlings on.

2024 *Achil.* Come, thou fhalt beare a letter to him ſtraight.

2025 *Therf.* Let mee beare another to his horſe, for thats the
 2026 more capable creature.

2027 *Achil.* My minde is troubled like a fountaine ſtird,

2028 And I my ſelfe ſee not the bottome of it.

2029 *Therf.* Would the fountaine of your minde were cleere

- valiant *Ajax*, to inuite the most valorous *Hector*, to come 2122
 vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his 2123
 person, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, fixe or 2124
 feauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian 2125
 Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this. 2126
- Patro.* Ioue bleffe great *Ajax*. 2127
- Ther.* Hum. 2128
- Patr.* I come from the worthy *Aehilles*. 2129
- Ther.* Ha? 2130
- Patr.* Who most humbly defires you to inuite *Hector* 2131
 to his Tent. 2132
- Ther.* Hum. 2133
- Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*. 2134
- Ther.* *Agamemnon*? 2135
- Patr.* I my Lord. 2136
- Ther.* Ha? 2137
- Patr.* What say you too't. 2138
- Ther.* God buy you with all my heart. 2139
- Patr.* Your answer fir. 2140
- Ther.* If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke 2141
 it will goe one way or other; howfoeuer, he shall pay for 2142
 me ere he has me. 2143
- Patr.* Your answer fir. 2144
- Ther.* Fare you well withall my heart. 2145
- Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he? 2146
- Ther.* No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will 2147
 be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know 2148
 not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his 2149
 finewes to make catlings on. 2150
- Achil.* Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him 2151
 fraight. 2152
- Ther.* Let me carry another to his Horfe; for that's the 2153
 more capable creature. 2154
- Achil.* My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd, 2155
 And I my selfe see not the bottome of it. 2156
- Ther.* Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere 2157

2158 2030 againe, that I might water an Affe at it, I had rather be a tick
2031 in a sheepe, then fuch a valiant ignorance.

2032 *Enter at one doore Æneas, at another Paris, Deiphobus,*
2033 *Autemor, Diomed the Grecian with torches.*

2034 *Paris.* See ho? who is that there?

2035 *Deiph.* It is the Lord *Æneas*.

2036 *Æne.* Is the Prince there in person?

2037 Had I fo good occaſion to lye long

2038 As your prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly bufineſſe,

2039 Should rob my bed mate of my company.

2169 2040 *Dio.* That's my minde too? good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

2041 *Paris.* A valiant Greeke *Æneas* take his hand.

2042 Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech: wherein

2043 You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,

2044 Did haunt you in the field.

2045 *Æne.* Health to you valiant fir,

2046 During all queſtion of the gentle truce:

2047 But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,

2048 As heart can thinke or courage execute.

2049 *Diom.* The one and other *Diomed* embraces,

2180 2050 Our blouds are now in calme, and fo long helth:

2051 Lul'd when contention, and occaſion meete,

2052 By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,

2053 With all my force, purſuite, and pollicy.

2054 *Æne.* And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,

2055 With his face back-ward, in humane gentleneſſe:

2056 Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchiſes* life,

2057 Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I fwere:

2058 No man aliuie can loue in fuch a fort,

2059 The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

2060 *Diom.* We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue

2061 (If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)

- 2062 A thousand compleate courfes of the Sunne,
 2193 2063 But in mine emulous honor let him die :
 2064 With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow——
 2065 *Aene.* We know each other well ?
 2066 *Diom.* We do and long to know each other worfe.
 2067 *Par.* This is the moft depightfull gentle greeting,
 2068 The nobleft hatefull loue.that ere I heard of, what bufineffe
 2069 Lord fo earely ?
 2200 2070 *Aene.* I was fent for to the King? but why I know not.
 2071 *Par.* His purpofe meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,
 2072 To *Calcho's* houfe, and there to render him :
 2073 For the enfreed *Anthenor* the faire *Creffid*,
 2074 Lets haue your company, or if you please,
 2075 Haft there before vs. I constantly beleeuē,
 2076 (Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
 2077 My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night,
 2078 Roufe him and giue him note of our approach,
 2079 With the whole quality wherefore :
 2210 2080 I feare we fhall be much vnwelcome.
 2081 *Aeneas.* That I affure you : *Troylus* had rather Troy were
 2082 borne to Greece, then *Creffid* borne from Troy.
 2083 *Paris.* There is no helpe.
 2084 The bitter difpofition of the time will haue it fo :
 2085 On Lord, weele follow you.
 2086 *Aeneas.* Good morrow all.
 2087 *Paris.* And tell me noble *Diomed*, faith tell me true,
 2088 Euen in foule of found good fellowship,
 2089 Who in your thoughts, deferues faire *Helen* beft,
 2222 2090 My felfe, or *Menelaus*.
 2091 *Diom.* Both alike.
 2092 Hee merits well to haue her that doth feeke her,
 2093 Not making any fcruple of her foyle,
 2094 With fuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
 2095 And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	159
	A thousand compleate courfes of the Sunne,	2192
	But in mine emulous honor let him dye :	2193
	With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.	2194
	<i>Æne.</i> We know each other well.	2195
	<i>Dio.</i> We doe, and long to know each other worfe.	2196
	<i>Par.</i> This is the moft, defpightful'ft gentle greeting ;	2197
	The nobleft hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.	2198
	What bufineffe Lord fo early ?	2199
	<i>Æne.</i> I was fent for to the King ; but why, I know not.	2200
	<i>Par.</i> His purpofe meets you; it was to bring this Greek	2201
	To <i>Calcha's</i> houfe ; and there to render him,	2202
	For the enfreed <i>Anthenor</i> , the faire <i>Creffid</i> :	2203
	Lers haue your company ; or if you pleafe,	2204
	Hafte there before vs. I constantly doe thinke	2205
	(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)	2206
	My brother <i>Troylus</i> lodges there to night.	2207
	Roufe him, and giue him note of our approach,	2208
	With the whole quality whereof, I feare	2209
	We fhall be much vnwelcome.	2210
	<i>Æne.</i> That I affure you :	2211
	<i>Troylus</i> had rather Troy were borne to Greece,	2212
	Then <i>Creffid</i> borne from Troy.	2213
	<i>Par.</i> There is no helpe :	2214
	The bitter difpofition of the time will haue it fo.	2215
	On Lord, weele follow you.	2216
	<i>Æne.</i> Good morrow all.	2217
	<i>Exit Æneas.</i>	2218
	<i>Par.</i> And tell me noble <i>Diomed</i> ; faith tell me true,	2219
	Euen in the foule of found good fellow fhip,	2220
	Who in your thoughts merits faire <i>Helen</i> moft ?	2221
	My felfe, or <i>Menelaus</i> ?	2222
	<i>Diom.</i> Both alike.	2223
	He merits well to haue her, that doth feeke her,	2224
	Not making any fcruple of her foylure,	2225
	With fuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.	2226
	And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,	2227

2096 Not pallating the taste of her dishonour
 2097 With such a costly losse of wealth and friends,
 2098 He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp,
 2099 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece :
 2232 2100 You like a letcher out of whorish loynes,
 2101 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors,
 2102 Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor lesse nor more,
 2103 But he as he, the heauier for a whore.
 2104 *Paris.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.
 2105 *Diom.* Shees bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,
 2106 For euery false drop in her bawdy veines,
 2107 A Grecians life hath funke : for euery scruple
 2108 Of her contaminated carrion waight,
 2109 A Troyan hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
 2242 2110 Shee hath not giuen so many good words breath,
 2111 As for her Greekes and Troyans suffred death.
 2112 *Paris.* Faire *Diomed* you do as chapmen do,
 2113 Dispraise the thing that they desire to buy,
 2114 But we in silence hold this vertue well,
 2115 Weele not commend, what wee intend to sell. Heere lyes
 2116 our way. *Exeunt.* *Enter Troylus and Cresseida.*

2117 *Troy.* Deere, trouble not your selfe, the mome is colde.
 2118 *Cref.* Then sweet my Lord ile call mine vnckle downe,
 2119 Hee shall vnbolt the gates.
 2253 2120 *Troyl.* Trouble him not.
 2121 To bed to bed : sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
 2122 And giue as soft attachment to thy fences,
 2123 As infants empty of all thought.
 2124 *Cref.* Good morrow then.
 2125 *Troyl.* I prithee now to bed.
 2126 *Cref.* Are you a weary of me ?
 2127 *Troyl.* O *Cresseida* ! but that the busie day,
 2128 Wak't by the Larke hath roud the ribald Crowes,

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	161
	Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,	2228
	With such a costly losse of wealth and friends :	2229
	He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp	2230
	The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece :	2231
	You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,	2232
	Are pleaf'd to breede out your inheritors :	2233
	Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,	2234
	But he as he, which heauier for a whore.	2235
	<i>Par.</i> You are too bitter to your country-woman.	2236
	<i>Dio.</i> Shee's bitter to her countrey : heare me <i>Paris</i> ,	2237
	For euery false drop in her baudy veines,	2238
	A Grecians life hath funke : for euery scruple	2239
	Of her contaminated carrion weight,	2240
	A Troian hath beene flaine. Since she could speake,	2241
	She hath not giuen so many good words breath,	2242
	As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.	2243
	<i>Par.</i> Faire <i>Diomed</i> , you doe as chapmen doe,	2244
	Dif praise the thing that you desire to buy :	2245
	But we in silence hold this vertue well ;	2246
	Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.	2247
	Here lyes our way. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2248
	 <i>Enter Troylus and Cressida.</i>	2249
	 <i>Troy.</i> Deere trouble not your selfe : the morne is cold.	2250
	<i>Cres.</i> Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down ;	2251
	He shall vnbolt the Gates.	2252
	<i>Troy.</i> Trouble him not :	2253
	To bed, to bed : sleepe kill those pritty eyes,	2254
	And giue as soft attachment to thy fences,	2255
	As Infants empty of all thought.	2256
	<i>Cres.</i> Good morrow then.	2257
	<i>Troy.</i> I prithee now to bed.	2258
	<i>Cres.</i> Are you a weary of me ?	2259
	<i>Troy.</i> O <i>Cressida</i> ! but that the busie day	2260
	Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,	2261

- 2129 And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
 2263 2130 I would not from thee.
 2131 *Cref.* Night hath beene too briefe.
 2132 *Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she staies
 2133 As tediously as hell, But flies the grafpes of loue,
 2134 With wings more momentary swift then thought,
 2135 You will catch colde and curfe me,
 2136 *Cref.* Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
 2137 O foolish *Cresseid* I might haue still held of,
 2138 And then you would haue tarried. Harke ther's one vp.
 2139 *Pand* Whats all the doores open heere?
 2273 2140 *Troyl.* It is your Vncle,
- 2141 *Cref.* A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
 2142 I shall haue such a life.
 2143 *Pand.* How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
 2144 Heere you maide, where's my cozin *Cresseid*?
 2145 *Cref.* Go hang your selfe, you naughty mocking vncke,
 2146 You bring me to doo—and then you floute me to.
 2147 *Pand.* To do what, to do what? let her say what,
 2148 What haue I brought you to doe?
 2149 *Cref.* Come, come, beshrew your heart, youle nere be good,
 2284 2150 nor suffer others.
 2151 *Pand.* Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *chipochia*, halt
 2152 not slept to night? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
 2153 sleepe, a bug-bear take him.
 2154 *Cref.* Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head,
 2155 Who's that at doore, good vnckle go and see. *One knocks.*
 2156 My Lord, come you againe into my chamber,
 2157 You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
 2158 *Troyl.* Ha, ha.
 2159 *Cref.* Come you are deceiued, I thinke of no such thing,
 2294 2160 How earnestly they knock, pray you come in. *Knock.*
 2161 I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you seene here, *Exeunt.*
 2162 *Pand.* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
 2163 downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

- And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer : 2262
 I would not from thee. 2263
Cref. Night hath beene too briefe. (flayes, 2264
Troy. Befhrew the witch ! with venemous wights she 2265
 As hidiously as hell ; but flies the grafpes of loue, 2266
 With wings more momentary, fwift then thought : 2267
 You will catch cold, and curfe me. 2268
Cref. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry ; 2269
 O foolish *Creffid*, I might haue ftill held off, 2270
 And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp ? 2271
Pand. within. What's all the doores open here ? 2272
Troy. It is your Vnckle. 2273
Enter Pandarus. 2274
Cref. A peftilence on him : now will he be mocking : 2275
 I fhall haue fuch a life. 2276
Pan. How now, how now ? how goe maiden-heads ? 2277
 Heare you Maide : wher's my cozin *Creffid* ? 2278
Cref. Go hang your felf, you naughty mocking Vnckle : 2279
 You bring me to doo——and then you floute me too. 2280
Pan. To do what ? to do what ? let her fay what : 2281
 What haue I brought you to doe ? 2282
Cref. Come, come, befhrew your heart : youle nere be 2283
 good, nor fuffer others. 2284
Pan. Ha, ha : alas poore wretch : a poore *Chipochia*, haft 2285
 not fleep't to night ? would he not (a naughty man) let it 2286
 fleepe : a bug-bear take him. *One knocks.* 2287
Cref. Did not I tell you ? would he were knockt ith' 2288
 head. Who's that at doore ? good Vnckle goe and fee. 2289
 My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber : 2290
 You fmile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily. 2291
Troy. Ha, ha. 2292
Cre. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no fuch thing. 2293
 How earnestly they knocke : pray you come in. *Knocke.* 2294
 I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you feene here. *Exeunt* 2295
Pan. Who's there ? what's the matter ? will you beate 2296
 downe the doore ? How now, what's the matter ? 2297

2164 *Ane.* Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

2165 *Pand.* Who's there my Lord *Aeneas*: by my troth I knew
2166 you not: what newes with you so early?

2167 *Ane.* Is not Prince *Troylus* heere?

2168 *Pand.* Here what should he do here?

2169 *Ane.* Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him,
2304 2170 It doth import him much to speake with me.

2171 *Pan.* Is he here say you? its more then I know Ile besworne
2172 For my owne part I came in late: what should hee doe
2173 here?

2174 *Ane.* Who, nay then! Come. come, youle do him wrong
2175 ere you are ware, youle be so true to him, to be false to him.
2176 Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

2177 *Troyl.* How now, whats the matter?

2178 *Ane.* My Lord, I scarce haue leifure to falute you,
2179 My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
2316 2180 *Paris* your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
2181 The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
2182 Deliuer'd to him, and forth-with,
2183 Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
2184 We must giue vp to *Diomedes* hand
2185 The Lady *Cresseida*.

2186 *Troyl.* Is it so concluded?

2187 *Ane.* By *Priam* and the generall state of *Troy*,
2188 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

2189 *Troyl.* How my atchiuements mock me,
2326 2190 I will go meete them: and my Lord *Aeneas*,
2191 We met by chance, you did not finde me here.
2192 *En* Good, good my lord, the secrets of neighbor *Pandar*
2193 Haue not more guift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

2194 *Pand.* Ift possible: no fooner got but lost, the diuell take

<i>Æne.</i> Good morrow Lord, good morrow.	2298
<i>Pan.</i> Who's there my Lord <i>Æneas</i> ? by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you so early?	2299 2300
<i>Æne.</i> Is not Prince <i>Troylus</i> here?	2301
<i>Pan.</i> Here? what should he doe here?	2302
<i>Æne.</i> Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him: It doth import him much to speake with me.	2303 2304
<i>Pan.</i> Is he here fay you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be fworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should he doe here?	2305 2306 2307
<i>Æne.</i> Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be falte to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.	2308 2309 2310 2311
<i>Enter Troylus.</i>	
<i>Troy.</i> How now, what's the matter?	2312 2313
<i>Æne.</i> My Lord, I scarce haue leifure to salute you, My matter is so rafh: there is at hand, <i>Paris</i> your brother, and <i>Deiphæbus</i> , The Grecian <i>Diomed</i> , and our <i>Anthenor</i> Deliu'er'd to vs, and for him forth-with, Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre, We must giue vp to <i>Diomed</i> s hand The Lady <i>Cressida</i> .	2314 2315 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321
<i>Troy.</i> Is it concluded so?	2322
<i>Æne.</i> By <i>Priam</i> , and the generall state of <i>Troy</i> , They are at hand, and ready to effect it.	2323 2324
<i>Troy.</i> How my atchieuements mocke me; I will goe meete them: and my Lord <i>Æneas</i> , We met by chance; you did not finde me here.	2325 2326 2327
<i>Æn.</i> Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature Haue not more gift in taciturnitie.	2328 2329
<i>Exennt.</i>	
<i>Enter Pandarus and Cressid.</i>	
<i>Pan.</i> Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell	2330 2331

- 2195 *Anthenor*, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon
 2196 *Anthenor*. I would they had brok's neck.
 2197 *Enter Cress.* How now? what's the matter? who was heere?
 2198 *Pand.* Ah, ah!
 2199 *Cres.* Why figh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone?
 2337 2200 tell me fweett Vncle, whats the matter.
 2201 *Pan.* Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.
- 2202 *Cres.* O the Gods, whats the matter?
 2203 *Pand.* Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst nere been
 2204 borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentle-
 2205 man, a plague vpon *Anthenor*.
 2206 *Cres.* Good vnckle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the
 2207 matter?
 2208 *Pand.* Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou
 2209 art chang'd for *Anthenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee
 2348 2210 gone from *Troylus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee
 2211 cannot beare it.
 2212 *Cres.* O you immortall Gods, I will not go.
 2213 *Pand.* Thou must.
 2214 *Cres.* I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
 2215 I know no touch of consanguinitie,
 2216 No kinne, no loue, no bloud, no foule so neere me
 2217 As the fweete *Troylus* O you gods diuine,
 2218 Make *Cresseids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
 2219 If euer she leaue *Troylus*. Time, force and death,
 2358 2220 Do to this body what extreames you can:
 2221 But the strong bafe, and building of my loue,
 2222 Is as the very center of the earth,
 2223 Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.
 2224 *Pand.* Do, do.
 2225 *Cres.* Teare my bright haire, & fcratch my praied cheekes,
- 2226 Crack my cleare voyce with fobs, and breake my heart,
 2227 With founding *Troylus*: I will not go from Troy.

- take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague 2332
 vpon *Anthenor*; I would they had brok's necke. 2333
Cref. How now? what's the matter? who was here? 2334
Pan. Ah, ha! 2335
Cref. Why figh you fo profoundly? wher's my Lord? 2336
 gone? tell me fweet Vnckle, what's the matter? 2337
Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am 2338
 aboue. 2339
Cref. O the gods! what's the matter? 2340
Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'ft nere been 2341
 borne; I knew thou would'ft be his death. O poore Gen- 2342
 tleman: a plague vpon *Anthenor*. 2343
Cref. Good Vnckle I befeech you, on my knees, I be- 2344
 feech you what's the matter? 2345
Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; 2346
 thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou must to thy Father, 2347
 and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be 2348
 his baine, he cannot beare it. 2349
Cref. O you immortall gods! I will not goe. 2350
Pan. Thou must. 2351
Cref. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father: 2352
 I know no touch of confanguinitie: 2353
 No kin, no loue, no bloud, no foule, fo neere me, 2354
 As the fweet *Troylus*: O you gods diuine! 2355
 Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falshood! 2356
 If euer she leaue *Troylus*: time, orce, and death, 2357
 Do to this body what extremitie you can; 2358
 But the strong bafe and building of my loue, 2359
 Is as the very Center of the earth, 2360
 Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe. 2361
Pan. Doe, doe. 2362
Cref. Teare my bright heire, and fcratch my praifed 2363
 cheekes, 2364
 Cracke my cleere voyce with fobs, and breake my heart 2365
 With founding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.* 2366

2228 *Enter Paris, Troyl. Æneas, Deiphob, Anth. Diomedes.*

2229 *Par.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,
 2370 2230 For her deliuey to this valiant Greeke,
 2231 Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*
 2232 Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
 2233 And haſt her to the purpoſe.
 2234 *Troy.* Walke into her houſe,
 2235 Ile bring her to the Grecian preſently:
 2236 And to his hand when I deliuer her,
 2237 Thinke it an altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
 2238 A prieſt there offering to it his owne heart.
 2239 *Paris.* I know what tis to loue,
 2380 2240 And would, as I ſhall pirty I could helpe:
 2241 Pleaſe you walke in my Lords? *Exeunt.*

2242 *Enter Pandarus and Crefſeida.*

2243 *Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.
 2244 *Crefſ.* Why tell you me of moderation?
 2245 The greife is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
 2246 And violenteth in a fence is ſtrong
 2247 As that which cauſeth it, how can I moderate it?
 2248 If I could temporize with my affections,
 2249 Or brew it to a weake and coulder pallat,
 2390 2250 The like alayment could I giue my grieſe:
 2251 My loue admittes no qualifying droſſe,
 2252 No more my grieſe in ſuch a precious loſſe.
 2253 *Enter Troylus.*
 2254 *Pan.* Here, here, here he comes, a ſweete ducks.
 2255 *Cref.* Oh *Troylus*, *Troylus*.
 2256 *Pan.* What a paire of ſpectacles is here, let me embrace too,
 2257 Oh heart, as the goodly ſaying is, Oh heart, heauy heart,
 2258 why fight thou without breaking: where hee anſwers a-
 2259 gaine, becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhippe
 2390 2260 nor by ſpeaking: there was neuer a truer rime. Let ys caſt a

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	169
	<i>Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Anthenor and Diomedes.</i>	2367 2368
	<i>Par.</i> It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke Comes fast vpon: good my brother <i>Troylus</i> , Tell you the Lady what she is to doe, And haft her to the purpose.	2369 2370 2371 2372 2373
	<i>Troy.</i> Walke into her houle: Ile bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand, when I deliuer her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother <i>Troylus</i> A Priest, there offring to it his heart.	2374 2375 2376 2377 2378
	<i>Par.</i> I know what 'tis to loue, And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe. Please you walke in, my Lords.	2379 2380 <i>Exeunt.</i> 2381
	<i>Enter Pandarus and Cressid.</i>	2382
	<i>Pan.</i> Be moderate, be moderate.	2383
	<i>Cres.</i> Why tell you me of moderation? The grieffe is fine, full perfect that I taste, And no lesse in a sence as strong As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporise with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat, The like alaiment could I giue my grieffe: My loue admits no qualifying crosse; <i>Enter Troylus.</i> No more my grieffe, in such a precious losse.	2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 2389 2390 2391 2392
	<i>Pan.</i> Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.	2393
	<i>Cres.</i> O <i>Troylus</i> , <i>Troylus</i> !	2394
	<i>Pan.</i> What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heauie heart, why fighest 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;	2395 2396 2397 2398 2399

- 2261 way nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of such a verfe,
 2262 We see it, we see it, how now lambs?
 2263 *Troy. Cressid* I loue the in so strain'd a purity,
 2264 That the blest Gods as angry with my fancy:
 2265 More bright in zeale then the deuotion, which
 2266 Cold lippes blow to their dieties, take thee from me.
 2267 *Cref.* Haue the Gods enuy?
 2268 *Pan.* I, I, I, I, tis to plaine a case.
 2269 *Cref.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?
 2409 2270 *Troy.* A hatefull truth.
 2271 *Cref.* What and from *Troylus* to?
 2272 *Troy.* From Troy, and *Troylus*.
 2273 *Cress.* Is't possible?
 2274 *Troy.* And suddenly, where iniury of chance
 2275 Puts back, leaue taking, iusles roughly by:
 2276 All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lippes
 2277 Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
 2278 Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dere vowes,
 2279 Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
 2419 2280 We two that with so many thousand sighes,
 2281 Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues:
 2282 With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,
 2283 Iniurious time now with a robbers haft,
 2284 Cram's his ritche theeu'ry vp hee knowes not how.
 2285 As many farewells as be starres in heauen.
 2286 With distinct breath, and confignde kiffes to them,
 2287 He fumbles vp into a loose adewe:
 2288 And skants vs with a single famisht kiffe,
 2289 Distasted with the salt of broken teares.
 2429 2290 *Aeneas within.* My Lord is the Lady ready?
 2291 *Troy.* Harke, you are call'd, some say the *Genius*
 2292 Cries so to him that instantly must die,
 2293 Bid them haue pacience she shall come anon.
 2294 *Pan.* Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
 2295 heart wilbe blowne vp by my throate.
 2296 *Cress.* I must then to the Grecians.

let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede	2400
of such a Verfe: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?	2401
<i>Troy. Cressid.</i> I loue thee in so strange a puritie;	2402
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,	2403
More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which	2404
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.	2405
<i>Cref.</i> Haue the gods enuie?	2406
<i>Pan.</i> I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a cafe.	2407
<i>Cref.</i> And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?	2408
<i>Troy.</i> A hatefull truth.	2409
<i>Cref.</i> What, and from <i>Troylus</i> too?	2410
<i>Troy.</i> From Troy, and <i>Troylus</i> .	2411
<i>Cref.</i> Ist possible?	2412
<i>Troy.</i> And fodainely, where iniurie of chance	2413
Puts backe leaue-taking, iustles roughly by	2414
All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips	2415
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents	2416
Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare voves,	2417
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.	2418
We two, that with so many thousand sighes	2419
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,	2420
With the rude breuitie and discharge of our	2421
Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste	2422
Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.	2423
As many farwels as be stars in heauen,	2424
With distinct breath, and conſign'd kiffes to them,	2425
He fumbles vp into a loose adiew;	2426
And scants vs with a single famisht kiffe,	2427
Distasting with the salt of broken teares. <i>Enter Æneus.</i>	2428
<i>Æneas within.</i> My Lord, is the Lady ready?	2429
<i>Troy.</i> Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius fo	2430
Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.	2431
Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.	2432
<i>Pan.</i> Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,	2433
or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.	2434
<i>Cref.</i> I must then to the Grecians?	2435

- 2297 *Troy.* No remedy ?
 2298 *Cress.* A wofull *Cressid* 'mongst the merry Greekes,
 2299 When shall we see againe.
 2439 2300 *Troy.* Here mee loue ? be thou but true of heart.
 2301 *Cres.* I true ? how now ? what wicked deme is this ?
 2302 *Troy.* Nay we must vse expostulation kindly,
 2303 For it is parting from vs.
 2304 I speake not be thou true as fearing thee.
 2305 For I will throw my gloue to death himselve,
 2306 That there is no maculation in thy heart :
 2307 But bee thou true say I to fashion in,
 2308 My sequent protestation, bee thou true, and I will see thee.
- 2309 *Cres.* Oh you shalbe expof d my Lord to dangers,
 2450 2310 As infinite as imminent : but ile be true.
 2311 *Troy.* And ile grow friend with danger, were this fleue.
- 2312 *Cres.* And you this gloue, when shall I see you ?
- 2313 *Troy.* I will corrupt the Grecian centinells,
 2314 To giue thee nightly visitation, but yet be true.
- 2315 *Cres.* Oh heauens be true againe ?
 2316 *Troy.* Here why I speake it loue,
 2317 The Grecian youths are full of quality,
- 2318 And swelling ore with arts and excercise :
 2319 How nouelty may moue, and parts with portion,
 2464 2320 Alas a kinde of Godly ieaousie,
 2321 (Which I beseech you cal a vertuous sinne,)
 2322 Makes me a feard.
 2323 *Cres.* Oh heauens you loue mee not !
 2324 *Troy.* Die I a villaine then,
 2325 In this I do not call your faith in question :
 2326 So mainely as my merit. I cannot sing
 2327 Nor heele the high lauolt, nor sweeten talke,

<i>Troy.</i> No remedy.	2436
<i>Cref.</i> A wofull <i>Cressid</i> 'mong'ft the merry Greekes.	2437
<i>Troy.</i> When fhall we fee againe ?	2438
<i>Troy.</i> Here me my loue : be thou but true of heart.	2439
<i>Cref.</i> I true ? how now ? what wicked deeme is this ?	2440
<i>Troy.</i> Nay, we muft vfe expoſtulation kindly,	2441
For it is parting from vs :	2442
I ſpeake not, be thou true, as fearing thee :	2443
For I will throw my Gloue to death himſelfe,	2444
That there's no maculation in thy heart :	2445
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in	2446
My fequent proteſtation : be thou true,	2447
And I will ſee thee.	2448
<i>Cref.</i> O you ſhall be expoſ'd, my Lord to dangers	2449
As infinite, as imminent : but Ile be true.	2450
<i>Troy.</i> And Ile grow friend with danger ;	2451
Weare this Sleeue.	2452
<i>Cref.</i> And you this Gloue.	2453
When fhall I ſee you ?	2454
<i>Troy.</i> I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,	2455
To giue thee nightly viſitation.	2456
But yet be true.	2457
<i>Cref.</i> O heauens : be true againe ?	2458
<i>Troy.</i> Heare why I ſpeake it ; Loue :	2459
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,	2460
Their louing well compos'd, with giuft of nature,	2461
Flawing and ſwelling ore with Arts and exerciſe :	2462
How nouelties may moue, and parts with perſon.	2463
Alas, a kinde of godly iealouſie ;	2464
Which I befeech you call a vertuous finne ;	2465
Makes me affraid.	2466
<i>Cref.</i> O heauens, you loue me not !	2467
<i>Troy.</i> Dye I a villaine then :	2468
In this I doe not call your faith in queſtion	2469
So mainely as my merit : I cannot ſing,	2470
Nor heele the high Lauolt ; nor ſweeten talke ;	2471

2328 Nor play at subtill games, faire vertues all :
 2329 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant,
 2474 2330 But I can tell that in each grace of these :
 2331 Their lurkes a still, and dumb-discoursiue diuell
 2332 That tempts most cunningly, but be not tempted.
 2333 *Cres.* Do you thinke I will ?
 2334 *Troy.* No, but fomthing may be done that we will not,
 2335 And fometimes we are diuells to our felues :
 2336 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 2337 Prefuming on their changefull potency.
 2338 *Eneas within.* Nay good my Lord ?
 2339 *Troy.* Come kisse, and let vs part.
 2484 2340 *Paris within.* Brother *Troylus* ?
 2341 *Troy.* Good brother come you hither ?
 2342 And bring *Eneas* and the Grecian with you.
 2343 *Cres.* My Lord will you be true ?
 2344 *Troy.* Who I, alas it is my vice, my fault,
 2345 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 2346 I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
 2347 Whilst some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
 2348 With truth and plaineesse I do were mine bare :

2349 Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,
 2495 2350 Is plaine and true ? ther's all the reach of it,
 2351 Welcome fir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,
 2352 Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you.
 2353 At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
 2354 And by the way possesse thee what she is
 2355 Entreate her faire, and by my foule faire Greeke,
 2356 If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword :
 2357 Name *Cressid*, and thy life shalbe as safe,
 2358 As *Priam* is in Illion ?
 2359 *Diom.* Faire Ladie *Cressid*,
 2505 2360 So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects :
 2361 The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,

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Nor play at fubtill games ; faire vertues all ;		2472
To which the Grecians are moft prompt and pregnant :		2473
But I can tell that in each grace of thefe,		2474
There lurkes a fill and dumb-difcourfiue diuell,		2475
That tempts moft cunningly : but be not tempted.		2476
<i>Cref.</i> Doe you thinke I will :		2477
<i>Troy.</i> No, but fomething may be done that we wil not :		2478
And fometimes we are diuels to our felues,		2479
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,		2480
Prefuming on their changefull potencie.		2481
<i>Aeneas within.</i> Nay, good my Lord ?		2482
<i>Troy.</i> Come kiffe, and let vs part.		2483
<i>Paris within.</i> Brother <i>Troylus</i> ?		2484
<i>Troy.</i> Good brother come you hither,		2485
And bring <i>Aeneas</i> and the Grecian with you.		2486
<i>Cref.</i> My Lord, will you be true ?	<i>Exit.</i>	2487
<i>Troy.</i> Who I ? alas it is my vice, my fault :		2488
Whiles others fifh with craft for great opinion,		2489
I, with great truth, catch meere fimplicitie ;		2490
Whil'ft fome with cunning guild their copper crownes,		2491
With truth and plainneffe I doe weare mine bare :		2492
<i>Enter the Greekes.</i>		2493
Feare not my truth ; the morrall of my wit		2494
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.		2495
Welcome fir <i>Diomed</i> , here is the Lady		2496
Which for <i>Antenor</i> , we deliuer you.		2497
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,		2498
And by the way poffeffe thee what fhe is.		2499
Entreate her faire ; and by my foule, faire Greeke,		2500
If ere thou ftand at mercy of my Sword,		2501
Name <i>Creffid</i> , and thy life fhall be as fafe		2502
As <i>Priam</i> is in Illion ?		2503
<i>Diom.</i> Faire Lady <i>Creffid</i> ,		2504
So pleafe you fauethe thanks this Prince expects :		2505
The luftre in youreye, heauen in your cheek,		2506

- 2362 Pleades your faire vſage, and to *Diomed*,
 2363 You ſhalbe miſtres, and command him wholly.
 2364 *Troy.* Grecian thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
 2365 To ſhame the ſeale of my petition to thee :
 2366 In praifing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece,
 2367 She is as farre high foaring ore thy praifes :
 2368 As thou vnworthy to be call'd her ſeruant,
 2369 I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge :
 2516 2370 For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
 2371 Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,
 2372 Ile cut thy throate.
 2373 *Diom.* Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*,
 2374 Let me be priueledg'd by my place and meſſage :
 2375 To be a ſpeaker free ? when I am hence,
 2376 Ile anſwer to my luſt, and know you Lord
 2377 Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth.
 2378 Shee ſhalbe priz'd : but that you ſay be't ſo,
 2379 I ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honour no.
 2526 2380 *Troy.* Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,
 2381 This braue ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head,
 2382 Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
 2383 To our owne felues bend we our needfull talke.

 2384 *Paris.* Harke *Heſtors* trumpet ?
 2385 *Æne.* How haue we ſpent this morning ?
 2386 The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
 2387 That ſwore to ride before him to the field.
 2388 *Par.* Tis *Troylus* falte, come, come, to field with him. *Exeu.*

Pleades your faire vifage, and to <i>Diomed</i>	2508
You fhall be miftrefse, and command him wholly.	2509
<i>Troy.</i> Grecian, thou do'ft not vse me curteoufly,	2510
To fhame the feale of my petition towards,	2511
I praifing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece :	2512
Shee is as farre high foaring o're thy praifes,	2513
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her feruant :	2514
I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge :	2515
For by the dreadfull <i>Pluto</i> , if thou do'ft not,	2516
(Though the great bulke <i>Achilles</i> be thy guard)	2517
Ile cut thy throate.	2518
<i>Diom.</i> Oh be not mou'd Prince <i>Troylus</i> ;	2519
Let me be priuiledg'd by myplace and meffage,	2520
To be a fpeaker free? when I am hence,	2521
Ile anfwer to my luft : and know my Lord ;	2522
Ile nothing doe on charge : to her owne worth	2523
She fhall be priz'd : but that you fay, be't fo ;	2524
Ilefpeake it in my fpirit and honor, no.	2525
<i>Troy.</i> Come to the Port. Ile tell thee <i>Diomed</i> ,	2526
This braue, fhall oft make thee to hide thy head :	2527
Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,	2528
To our owne felues bend we our needefull talke.	2529
<i>Sound Trumpet.</i>	2530
<i>Par.</i> Harke, <i>Hectors</i> Trumpet.	2531
<i>Ane.</i> How haue we fpent this morning	2532
The Prince muft thinke me tardy and remiffe,	2533
That fwore to ride before him in the field.	2534
<i>Par.</i> 'Tis <i>Troylus</i> fault : come, come, to field with him.	2535
<i>Exeunt.</i>	2536
<i>Dio.</i> Let vs make ready ftraight.	2537
<i>Ane.</i> Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie	2538
Let vs addrefse to tend on <i>Hectors</i> heeles :	2539
The glory of our <i>Troy</i> doth this day lye	2540
On his faire worth, and fingle Chiuallrie.	2541

<i>Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,</i>	2542
<i>Menelaus, Vliffes, Nefter, Calcas, &c.</i>	2543
<i>Aga.</i> Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,	2544
Anticipating time. With starting courage,	2545
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy	2546
Thou dreadfull <i>Ajax</i> , that the appauled aire	2547
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,	2548
And hale him hither.	2549
<i>Aia.</i> Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse ;	2550
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brafen pipe :	2551
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke	2552
Out-fwell the collicke of puft <i>Aquilon</i> :	2553
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud :	2554
Thou blowest for <i>Hector</i> .	2555
<i>Vlif.</i> No Trumpet answers.	2556
<i>Achil.</i> 'Tis but early dayes.	2557
<i>Aga.</i> Is not yong <i>Diomed</i> with <i>Calcas</i> daughter ?	2558
<i>Vlif.</i> 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,	2559
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his	2560
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.	2561
<i>Aga.</i> Is this the Lady <i>Cressid</i> ?	<i>Dio.</i> Euen she. 2562
<i>Aga.</i> Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete	2563
Lady.	2564
<i>Nest.</i> Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.	2565
<i>Vlif.</i> Yet is the kindenesse but particular ; 'twere bet-	2566
ter she were kist in generalle.	2567
<i>Nest.</i> And very courtly counsell : Ile begin. So much	2568
for <i>Nestor</i> .	2569
<i>Achil.</i> Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady	2570
<i>Achilles</i> bids you welcome.	2571
<i>Mene.</i> I had good argument for kissing once.	2572
<i>Patro.</i> But that's no argument for kissing now ;	2573
For thus pou't <i>Paris</i> in his hardiment.	2574

- 2422 *Vliff.* Oh deadly gall and theame of all our fcornes,
 2423 For which we loofe our heads to guild his hornes.
 2424 *Patro.* The firft was *Menelaus* kiffe this mine,
 2425 *Patrolus* kiffes you.
 2426 *Mene.* Oh this is trim.
 2427 *Patr.* *Paris* and I kiffe euermore for him.
 2428 *Mene.* Ile haue my kiffe fir? Lady by your leaue.
 2429 *Cref.* In kissing do you render or receiue.
 2583 2430 *Patr.* Both take and giue.
 2431 *Cref.* Ile make my match to liue,
 2432 The kiffe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiffe.

 2433 *Mene.* Ile giue you boote, ile giue you three for one.
 2434 *Cref.* You are an od man giue euen or giue none.
 2435 *Mene.* An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
 2436 *Cref.* No *Paris* is not, for you know tis true,
 2437 That you are odde and he is euen with you.
 2438 *Mene.* You fillip me a'th head.
 2439 *Cref.* No ile be fworne.
 2594 2440 *Vliff.* It were no match, your naile againft his horne,
 2441 May I fweete Lady begge a kiffe of you.
 2442 *Cref.* You may. *Vliff.* I do defire it.
 2443 *Cref.* Why begge then.
 2444 *Vlif.* Why then for *Venus* fake giue me a kiffe,
 2445 When *Hellen* is a maide againe and his _____
 2446 *Cref.* I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.
 2447 *Vlif.* Neuers my day, and then a kiffe of you.
 2448 *Diom.* Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.
 2449 *Nest.* A woman of quick fence.
 2604 2450 *Vliff.* Fie, fie vpon her,
 2451 Ther's language in her eye, her cheeke her lip,
 2452 Nay her foote fpeakes, her wanton fpirits looke out
 2453 At euery ioynt and motiue of her body,
 2454 Oh thefe encounterers fo glib of tongue,
 2455 That giue a coafting welcome ere it comes.
 2456 And wide vnclapfe the tables of their thoughts,

<i>Vlif.</i> Oh deadly gall and theame of all our fcornes,	2575
For which we loofe our heads, to gild his hornes.	2576
<i>Patro.</i> The firft was <i>Menelaus</i> kiffe, this mine :	2577
<i>Patroclus</i> kifses you.	2578
<i>Mene.</i> Oh this is trim.	2579
<i>Patr.</i> <i>Paris</i> and I kiffe euermore for him.	2580
<i>Mene.</i> Ile haue my kiffe fir : Lady by your leaue.	2581
<i>Cref.</i> In kifsing doe you render, or receiue.	2582
<i>Patr.</i> Both take and giue.	2583
<i>Cref.</i> Ile make my match to liue,	2584
The kiffe you take is better then you giue : therefore no	2585
kiffe.	2586
<i>Mene.</i> Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.	2587
<i>Cref.</i> You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.	2588
<i>Mene.</i> An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.	2589
<i>Cref.</i> No, <i>Paris</i> is not ; for you know 'tis true,	2590
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.	2591
<i>Mene.</i> You fillip me a'th' head.	2592
<i>Cref.</i> No, Ile be fworne.	2593
<i>Vlif.</i> It were no match, your naile againft his horne :	2594
May I fweete Lady beg a kiffe of you ?	2595
<i>Cref.</i> You may. <i>Vlif.</i> I doe desire it.	2596
<i>Cref.</i> Why begge then ?	2597
<i>Vlif.</i> Why then for <i>Venus</i> fake, giue me a kiffe :	2598
When <i>Hellen</i> is a maide againe, and his ——	2599
<i>Cref.</i> I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.	2600
<i>Vlif.</i> Neuer's my day, and then a kiffe of you.	2601
<i>Diom.</i> Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.	2602
<i>Nest.</i> A woman of quicke fence.	2603
<i>Vlif.</i> Fie, fie, vpon her :	2604
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip ;	2605
Nay, her foote fpeakes, her wanton fpirites looke out	2606
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body :	2607
Oh thefe encounterers fo glib of tongue,	2608
That giue a coafting welcome ete it comes ;	2609
And wide vnclafpe the tables of their thoughts,	2610

2457 To euery ticklish reader, fet them downe,
 2458 For fluttish spoiles of opportunity :
 2459 And daughters of the game. *Flourish enter all of Troy.*

- 2616 2460 *All.* The Troyans trumpet.
 2461 *Agam.* Yonder comes the troupe.
 2462 *Æne.* Haile all the state of Greece : what shalbe done,
 2463 To him that victory commands, or doe you purpose,
 2464 A victor shalbe knowne, will you the knights
 2465 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 2466 Purfue each other, or shall they be diuided,
 2467 By any voice or order of the field, *Hector* bad aske ?
 2468 *Aga.* Which way would *Hector* haue it ?
 2469 *Æne.* He cares not, heele obey condicions.
 2626 2470 *Aga:* Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
 2471 A little proudly, and great deale misprising :
 2472 The knight oppof'd.
 2473 *Æne.* If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name ?
 2474 *Achil.* If not *Achilles* nothing :
 2475 *Æne:* Therefore *Achilles*, but what ere know this,
 2476 In the extremity of great and little :
 2477 Valour and pride excell themselues in *Hector*
 2478 The one almost as infinite as all,
 2479 The other blanke as nothing, way him well :
 2636 2480 And that which lookes like pride is curtesie,
 2481 This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* blood,
 2482 In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home,
 2483 Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector* comes to seeke :
 2484 This blended knight halfe Troyan, and halfe Greeke.
 2485 *Achil.* A maiden battell then, Oh I perceiue you.
 2486 *Aga* Here is sir *Diomed* ? go gentle knight,
 2487 Stand by our *Ajax*. As you and Lord *Eneas*
 2488 Consent vpon the order of their fight,
 2489 So be it, either to the vttermost,
 2646 2490 Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,

To euery tickling reader : fet them downe,	2611
For fluttish fpoyles of opportunitie ;	2612
And daughters of the game.	<i>Exennt.</i> 2613
<i>Enter all of Troy, Heſtor, Paris, Æneas, Helenus</i>	2614
<i>and Attendants. Floriſh.</i>	2615
<i>All.</i> The Troians Trumpet.	2616
<i>Aga.</i> Yonder comes the troope.	2617
<i>Æne.</i> Haile all you ſtate of Greece : what ſhalbe done	2618
To him that victory commands ? or doe you purpoſe,	2619
A victor ſhall be knowne : will you the Knights	2620
Shall to the edge of all extremitie	2621
Purfue each other ; or ſhall be diuided	2622
By any voyce, or order of the field : <i>Heſtor</i> bad aſke ?	2623
<i>Aga.</i> Which way would <i>Heſtor</i> haue it ?	2624
<i>Æne.</i> He cares not, heele obey conditions.	2625
<i>Aga.</i> 'Tis done like <i>Heſtor</i> , but ſecurely done,	2626
A little proudly, and great deale diſprifing	2627
The Knight oppoſ'd.	2628
<i>Æne.</i> If not <i>Achilles</i> fir, what is your name ?	2629
<i>Achil.</i> If not <i>Achilles</i> , nothing.	2630
<i>Æne.</i> Therefore <i>Achilles</i> : but what ere, know this,	2631
In the extremity of great and little :	2632
Valour and pride excell themſelues in <i>Heſtor</i> ;	2633
The one almoſt as infinite as all ;	2634
The other blanke as nothing : weigh him well :	2635
And that which lookes like pride, is curteſie :	2636
This <i>Aiax</i> is halfe made of <i>Heſtors</i> bloud ;	2637
In loue whereof, halfe <i>Heſtor</i> ſtaies at home :	2638
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe <i>Heſtor</i> , comes to ſeeke	2639
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.	2640
<i>Achil.</i> A maiden battaile then ? O I perceiue you.	2641
<i>Aga.</i> Here is fir, <i>Diomed</i> : goe gentle Knight,	2642
Stand by our <i>Aiax</i> : as you and Lord <i>Æneas</i>	2643
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,	2644
So be it : either to the vttermoſt,	2645
Or elſe a breach : the Combatants being kin,	2646

- 2491 Halfe flints their strife, before their strokes begin.
- 2492 *Vlises* : what Troyan is that fame that lookes so heuy ?
 2493 *Vlif.* The yongest sonne of *Priam*, a true knight,
- 2494 Not yet mature, yet matchlesse firme of word,
 2495 Speaking deeds, and deedlesse in his tongue,
 2496 Not soone prouok't nor beeing prouok't soone calm'd,
 2497 His heart and hand both open and both free.
 2498 For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,
 2499 Yet giues hee not till iudgement guide his bounty,
- 2658 2500 Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath ;
 2501 Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
 2502 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 2503 To tender obiects, but he in heate of action,
 2504 Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.
 2505 They call him *Troylus*, and on him erect,
 2506 A second hope as fairely built as *Hector* :
 2507 Thus saies *Aeneas* one that knowes the youth,
 2508 Euen to his ynches : and with priuate foule
 2509 Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*
- 2668 2510 *Aga.* They are in action.
 2511 *Nest.* Now *Ajax* hould thine owne.
 2512 *Troy.* *Hector* thou sleep'ft awake thee.
 2513 *Aga.* His blowes are well dispo'd, there *Ajax.* *trumpets*
 2514 *Diom.* You must no more. *cease.*
 2515 *Ane.* Princes enough so please you.
 2516 *Ajax.* I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
 2517 *Diom.* As *Hector* pleases.
 2518 *Hect.* Why then will I no more,
 2519 Thou art great Lord my fathers sisters Sonne,
- 2678 2520 A couzen german to great *Priams* feede,
 2521 The obligation of our blood forbids,
 2522 A gory emulation twixt vs twaine :
 2523 Were thy commixtion Greeke and Troyan so,
 2524 That thou couldst fay this hand is Grecian all :

Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.	2647
<i>Vlis.</i> They are oppos'd already.	2648
<i>Aga.</i> What Troian is that same that lookes so heauy?	2649
<i>Vlis.</i> The yongest Sonne of <i>Priam</i> ;	2650
A true Knight ; they call him <i>Troylus</i> ;	2651
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,	2652
Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue ;	2653
Not foone prouok'c, nor being prouok't, foone calm'd ;	2654
His heart and hand both open, and both free :	2655
For what he has, he giues ; what thinkes, he shewes ;	2656
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,	2657
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath :	2658
Manly as <i>Hector</i> , but more dangerous ;	2659
For <i>Hector</i> in his blaze of wrath subscribes	2660
To tender obiects ; but he, in heate of action,	2661
Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.	2662
They call him <i>Troylus</i> ; and on him erect,	2663
A second hope, as fairely built as <i>Hector</i> .	2664
Thus saies <i>Aeneas</i> , one that knowes the youth,	2665
Euen to his inches : and with priuate foule,	2666
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. <i>Alarum.</i>	2667
<i>Aga.</i> They are in action.	2668
<i>Nest.</i> Now <i>Ajax</i> hold thine owne.	2669
<i>Troy.</i> <i>Hector</i> , thou sleep'ft, awake thee.	2670
<i>Aga.</i> His blowes are wel dispos'd there <i>Ajax.</i> <i>trūpets</i>	2671
<i>Diom.</i> You must no more. <i>cease.</i>	2672
<i>Æne.</i> Princes enough, so please you.	2673
<i>Aia.</i> I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.	2674
<i>Diom.</i> As <i>Hector</i> pleases.	2675
<i>Hect.</i> Why then will I no more :	2676
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne ;	2677
A coufen german to great <i>Priams</i> feede :	2678
The obligation of our blood forbids	2679
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine :	2680
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,	2681
That thou could'ft fay, this hand is Grecian all,	2682

- 2525 And this is Troyan, the sinnewes of this legge
 2526 All Greeke and this all Troy: my mothers bloud,
 2527 Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this finifter
 2528 Bounds in my fathers. By *Ioue* multipotent
 2529 Thou shouldst not beare from mee a Greekish member,
 2688 2530 Wherein my fword had not imprefsure made.
 2531 But the iust Gods gainfay,
 2532 That any day thou borrowd'ft from thy mother,
 2533 My facred Aunt, fhould by my mortal fword,
 2534 Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiæx*:
 2535 By him that thunders thou haft lufly armes,
 2536 *Hecôr* would haue them fall vpon him thus.
 2537 Cozen all honor to thee.
 2538 *Aiæx*. I thanke thee *Hecôr*,
 2539 Thou art to gentle, and too free a man,
 2698 2540 I came to kill thee cozen, and beare hence,
 2541 A great addition earned in thy death.
 2542 *Hecôr*. Not *Neoptolymus* fo mirable,
 2543 On whose bright creft, fame with her lowdft (O yes)
 2544 Cries, this is he, could promife to himfelfe,
 2545 A thought of added honor, torne from *Hecôr*.
 2546 *Æne*. There is expectance heere from both the fides,
 2547 What further you will do.
 2548 *Hecôr*. Weele anfwer it,
 2549 The iffue is embracement, *Aiæx* farewell.
 2708 2550 *Aiæx*. If I might in entreaties finde fucceffe,
 2551 As fel'd I haue the chance, I would defire,
 2552 My famous cofin to our Grecian tents.
 2553 *Diom*. Tis *Agamemmons* wifh, and great *Achilles*
 2554 Doth long to fee vnarm'd the valiant *Hecôr*.
 2555 *Hecôr*. *Æneas* call my brother *Troylus* to me.
 2556 And fignifie this louing enterview
 2557 To the expectors of our Troyan part,
 2558 Defire them home. Giue me thy hand my Cozen.
 2559 I will go eate with thee, and fee your Knights.

And this is Troian : the finewes of this Legge,	2683
All Greeke, and this all Troy : my Mothers bloud	2684
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this finifter	2685
Bounds in my fathers : by <i>Ioue</i> multipotent,	2686
Thou should'ft not beare from me a Greekish member	2687
Wherein my fword had not impreffure made	2688
Of our ranke feud : but the iuft gods gainfay,	2689
That any drop thou borrd'ft from thy mother,	2690
My facred Aunt, fould by my mortall Sword	2691
Be drained. Let me embrace thee <i>Aiax</i> :	2692
By him that thunders, thou haft luftie Armes ;	2693
<i>Heftor</i> would haue them fall vpon him thus.	2694
Cozen, all honor to thee.	2695
<i>Aia.</i> I thanke thee <i>Heftor</i> :	2696
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :	2697
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence	2698
A great addition, earned in thy death.	2699
<i>Heft.</i> Not <i>Neoptolymus</i> fo mirable,	2700
On whose bright creft, fame with her lowd'ft (O yes)	2701
Cries, This is he ; could'ft promife to himfelfe,	2702
A thought of added honor, torne from <i>Heftor</i> .	2703
<i>Ane.</i> There is expectance here from both the fides,	2704
What further you will doe?	2705
<i>Heft.</i> Weele anfwere it :	2706
The iffue is embracement : <i>Aiax</i> , farewell.	2707
<i>Aia.</i> If I might in entreaties finde fucceffe,	2708
As fel'd I haue the chance ; I would defire	2709
My famous Coufin to our Grecian Tents.	2710
<i>Diom.</i> 'Tis <i>Agamemnons</i> wifh, and great <i>Achilles</i>	2711
Doth long to fee vnarm'd the valiant <i>Heftor</i> .	2712
<i>Heft.</i> <i>Aneas</i> , call my brother <i>Troylus</i> to me :	2713
And fignifie this louing enterview	2714
To the expecters of our Troian part :	2715
Defire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Coufin :	2716
I will goe eate with thee, and fee your Knights.	2717

- 2719 2560 *Aiax.* Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs heere.
 2561 *Hect.* The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
 2562 But for *Achilles* my owne searhing eyes,
 2563 Shall finde him by his large and portly fize.
 2564 *Agam.* Worthy all armes as welcome as to one,
 2565 That would be rid of fuch an enemy.
- 2566 From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
 2567 *Hect.* I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.
 2568 *Agam.* My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.
 2569 *Mene.* Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting:
 2735 2570 You brace of warlike brothers: welcome hether.
 2571 *Hect.* Who must we answer?
 2572 *Aene.* The noble *Menelaus*.
 2573 *Hect.* O you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thankes,
 2574 (Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
 2575 Your *quandom* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
 2576 Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.
 2577 *Men.* Name her not now fir, shee s a deadly theame.
 2578 *Hect.* O pardon, I offend.
 2579 *Nest.* I haue thou gallant Troyan seene thee oft,
 2745 2580 Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
 2581 Through rankes of Greekish youth, and I haue seene thee
 2582 As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,
 2583 Despising many forfaits and subduments,
 2584 When thou hast hung th'aduanced sword ith'ayre,
 2585 Not letting it decline on the declined,
 2586 That I haue said to some my standers by,
 2587 Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.
 2588 And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,

<i>Enter Agamemnon and the rest.</i>	2718
<i>Aia.</i> Great <i>Agamemnon</i> comes to meete vs here.	2719
<i>Hecl.</i> The worthieft of them, tell me name by name :	2720
But for <i>Achilles</i> , mine owne ferching eyes	2721
Shall finde him by his large and portly fize.	2722
<i>Aga.</i> Worthy of Armes : as welcome as to one	2723
That would be rid of fuch an enimie.	2724
But that's no welcome : vnderftand more cleere	2725
What's paff, and what's to come, is ftrew'd with huskes	2726
And formelesse ruine of obliuion :	2727
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,	2728
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing :	2729
Bids thee with moft diuine integritie ;	2730
From heart of very heart, great <i>Heclor</i> welcome.	2731
<i>Hecl.</i> I thanke thee moft imperious <i>Agamemnon</i> .	2732
<i>Aga.</i> My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leffe to you.	2733
<i>Men.</i> Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,	2734
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.	2735
<i>Hecl.</i> Who muft we anfwer ?	2736
<i>Ane.</i> The Noble <i>Menelaus</i> .	2737
<i>Hecl.</i> O, you my Lord, by <i>Mars</i> his gauntlet thanks,	2738
Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,	2739
Your <i>quondam</i> wife fwears ftill by <i>Venus</i> Gloue	2740
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.	2741
<i>Men.</i> Name her not now fir, she's a deadly Theame.	2742
<i>Hecl.</i> O pardon, I offend.	2743
<i>Nest.</i> I haue (thou gallant Troyan) feene thee oft	2744
Labouring for destiny, make cruell way	2745
Through rankes of Greekiſh youth : and I haue feen thee	2746
As hot as <i>Perſeus</i> , ſpurre thy Phrygian Steed,	2747
And feene thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduments,	2748
When thou haſt hung thy aduanced ſword i'th'ayre,	2749
Not letting it decline, on the declined :	2750
That I haue ſaid vnto my ſtanders by,	2751
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.	2752
And I haue feene thee pauſe, and take thy breath,	2753

- 2589 When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
 2755 2590 Like an Olympian wraffling. This haue I seene,
 2591 But this thy countenance still lockt in steele,
 2592 I neuer saw till now : I knew thy grand-fire,
 2593 And once fought with him, he was a foldier good,
 2594 But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
 2595 Neuer like thee : O let an old man embracee thee,
 2596 And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.
 2597 *Aene.* Tis the old *Nestor*.
 2598 *Hect.* Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
 2599 That haft so long walkt hand in hand with time,
 2765 2600 Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.
 2601 *Nest.* I would my armes could match thee in contention.

 2602 *Hect.* I would they could. (row.
 2603 *Nest.* Ha? by this white beard Ide fight with thee to mor-
 2604 Well, welcome, welcome, I haue seene the time.
 2605 *Vlij.* I wonder now how yonder Citty stands,
 2606 When we haue here her bafe and piller by vs ?
 2607 *Hect.* I know your fauour lord *Vlisses* well,
 2608 Ah fir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
 2609 Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,
 2776 2610 In Illion on your Greekish embassie.
 2611 *Vlij.* Sir I foretold you then what would enfue,
 2612 My prophecie is but halfe his iourney yet,
 2613 For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,
 2614 Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buffe the clouds,
 2615 Must kisse their owne feete.
 2616 *Hect.* I must not beleeeue you.
 2617 There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke,
 2618 The fall of euery Phrigian stone will cost,
 2619 A drop of Grecian blood : the end crownes all,
 2786 2620 And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.

 2621 *Vlij.* So to him we leaue it.
 2622 Most gentle and most valiant *Hector*, welcome :

When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,	2754
Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I feene,	2755
But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)	2756
I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,	2757
And once fought with him ; he was a Souldier good,	2758
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,	2759
Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,	2760
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.	2761
<i>Aene.</i> 'Tis the old <i>Nestor</i> .	2762
<i>Hect.</i> Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,	2763
That haft so long walk'd hand in hand with time :	2764
Most reuerend <i>Nestor</i> , I am glad to claspe thee.	2765
<i>Ne.</i> I would my armes could match thee in contention	2766
As they contend with thee in courtesie.	2767
<i>Hect.</i> I would they could.	2768
<i>Nest.</i> Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to	2769
morrow. Well, welcom, welcome : I haue feen the time.	2770
<i>Vlyf.</i> I wonder now, how yonder City stands,	2771
When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.	2772
<i>Hect.</i> I know your fauour Lord <i>Vlyfles</i> well.	2773
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,	2774
Since first I saw your selfe, and <i>Diomed</i>	2775
In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.	2776
<i>Vlyf.</i> Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,	2777
My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet ;	2778
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,	2779
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buffe the clouds,	2780
Must kisse their owne feet.	2781
<i>Hect.</i> I must not belecue you :	2782
There they stand yet : and modestly I thinke,	2783
The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost	2784
A drop of Grecian blood : the end crownes all,	2785
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,	2786
Will one day end it.	2787
<i>Vlyf.</i> So to him we leaue it.	2788
Most gentle, and most valiant <i>Hector</i> , welcome ;	2789

2623 After the Generall, I befeech you next
 2624 To feaft with me, and fee me at my tent.
 2625 *Achil.* I fhall foreftall thee lord *Vliffes* thou :
 2626 Now *Heftor* I haue fed mine eyes on thee, (by ioint.
 2627 I haue with exact view perufde thee *Heftor*, & quoted ioynt

2628 *Heft.* Is this *Achilles*? *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.

2629 *Heft.* Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee,

2799 2630 *Achil.* Behold thy fill.

2631 *Heft.* Nay I haue done already.

2632 *Achil.* Thou art too briefe, I will the fecond time,

2633 As I would buie thee, view thee lim by lim,

2634 *Heft.* O like a booke of fport thou'lt read me ore :

2635 But ther's more in me then thou vnderftandft;

2636 Why dooft thou fo opprefse me with thine eye.

2637 *Achil.* Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body

2638 Shall I deftroy him: whether there, or there, or there,

2639 That I may giue the locall wound a name,

2809 2640 And make diftinct the very breach, whereout

2641 *Heftors* great fpirit flew: anfwer me heauens.

2642 *Heft.* It would difcredit the bleft gods, proud man,

2643 To anfwer fuch a queftion: ftand againe,

2644 Thinkft thou to catch my life fo pleafantly,

2645 As to prenominate in nice coniecture,

2646 Where thou wilt hit me dead.

2647 *Achil.* I tell ree yea.

2648 *Heft.* Wert thou an Oracle to tell me fo,

2649 Ide not beleue thee. Hence-forth gard thee well,

2819 2650 For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,

2651 But by the forge that ftichied *Mars* his helme.

2652 Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore.

2653 You wifeft Grecians, pardon me this brag,

2654 His infolence drawes folly from my lips,

2655 But ile endeuour deeds to match thefe words,

2656 Or may I neuer —————

After the Generall, I befeech you next	2790
To Feaft with me, and fee me at my Tent.	2791
<i>Achil.</i> I fhall foreftall thee Lord <i>Vlyffes</i> , thou:	2792
Now <i>Heftor</i> I haue fed mine eyes on thee,	2793
I haue with exact view perus'd thee <i>Heftor</i> ,	2794
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.	2795
<i>Heft.</i> Is this <i>Achilles</i> ?	2796
<i>Achil.</i> I am <i>Achilles</i>	2797
<i>Heft.</i> Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.	2798
<i>Achil.</i> Behold thy fill.	2799
<i>Heft.</i> Nay, I haue done already.	2800
<i>Achil.</i> Thou art to breefe, I will the fecond time,	2801
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.	2802
<i>Heft.</i> O like a Booke of fport thou'lt reade me ore:	2803
But there's more in me then thou vnderftand'ft.	2804
Why doeft thou fo opprefte me with thine eye?	2805
<i>Achil.</i> Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body	2806
Shall I deftroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,	2807
That I may giue the locall wound a name,	2808
And make diftinct the very breach, where-out	2809
<i>Heftors</i> great fpirit flew. Anfwer me heauens.	2810
<i>Heft.</i> It would difcredit the bleft Gods, proud man,	2811
To anfwer fuch a queftion: Stand againe;	2812
Think'ft thou to catch my life fo pleafantly,	2813
As to prenominate in nice coniecture	2814
Where thou wilt hit me dead?	2815
<i>Achil.</i> I tell thee yea.	2816
<i>Heft.</i> Wert thou the Oracle to tell me fo,	2817
I'd not beleeeue thee: henceforth guard thee well,	2818
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,	2819
But by the forge that ftythied Mars his helme,	2820
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.	2821
You wifeft Grecians, pardon me this bragge,	2822
His infolence drawes folly from my lips,	2823
But Ile endeuour deeds to match thefe words,	2824
Or may I neuer ———	2825

- 2657 *Aiæx.* Do not chafe thee cozen.
 2658 And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
 2659 Till accident or purpose bring you too't,
 2829 2660 You may haue euery day enough of *Hec̄tor*,
 2661 If you haue stomack. The generall state I feare,
 2662 Can scarce entreate you to be odde with him.
 2663 *Hec̄t.* I pray you let vs see you in the field,
 2664 We haue had pelting warres since you refused, the Grecians
- 2665 *Achil.* Dooft thou entreate me *Hec̄tor*? (caufe.
 2666 To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends.
- 2667 *Hec̄t.* Thy hand vpon that match.
 2668 *Agam.* First all you Peeres of Greece, go to my tent,
 2669 There in the full conuiue we: afterwards
 2841 2670 As *Hec̄tors* leifure, and your bounties shall
 2671 Concurrè together, feuerally entreate him
 2672 To taste your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,
 2673 That this great fouldier may his welcome know. *Exennt.*
 2674 *Troy.* My Lord *Vlisses*, tell me I beseech you,
 2675 In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.
 2676 *Vlis.* At *Menelaus* tent most princely *Troylus*:
 2677 There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
 2678 Who neither lookes vpon the heauen nor earth,
 2679 But giues all gaze, and bent of amorous view,
 2851 2680 On the faire *Cresseid*.
 2681 *Troyl.* Shall I sweete Lord be bound to you so much,
 2682 After we part from *Aganemnon*s tent,
 2683 To bring me thether.
 2684 *Vlis.* You shall command me fir.
 2685 But gentle tell me of what honor was
 2686 This *Cresseida* in Troy? had she no louer there
 2687 That wailes her absence?
 2688 *Tro.* O fir to such as boasting shew their skarres,
 2689 A mocke is due; will you walke on my Lord,
 2861 2690 Shee was beloued my Lord, she is, and doth,
 2691 But still sweet loue is food for fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

<i>Aiæx.</i> Do not chafe thee Cofin :	2826
And you <i>Achilles</i> , let thefe threats alone	2827
Till accident, or purpofe bring you too't.	2828
You may euery day enough of <i>Hec̃tor</i>	2829
If you haue ftomacke. The generall ftate I feare,	2830
Can fcarfe intreat you to be odde with him.	2831
<i>Hec̃t.</i> I pray you let vs fee you in the field,	2832
We haue had pelting Warres fince you refus'd	2833
The Grecians caufe.	2834
<i>Achil.</i> Dofth thou intreat me <i>Hec̃tor</i> ?	2835
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,	2836
To night, all Friends.	2837
<i>Hec̃t.</i> Thy hand vpon that match.	2838
<i>Aga.</i> Firft, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,	2839
There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,	2840
As <i>Hec̃tors</i> leifure, and your bounties fhall	2841
Concurre together, feuerally intreat him.	2842
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,	2843
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. <i>Exeunt</i>	2844
<i>Troy.</i> My Lord <i>Vlyffes</i> , tell me I befeech you,	2845
In what place of the Field doth <i>Calchas</i> keepe?	2846
<i>Vlyf.</i> At <i>Menelaus</i> Tent, moft Princely <i>Troylus</i> ,	2847
There <i>Diomed</i> doth feaft with him to night,	2848
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,	2849
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view	2850
On the faire <i>Creffida</i> .	2851
<i>Troy.</i> Shall I (fwet Lord) be bound to thee fo much,	2852
After we part from <i>Agamemnon</i> s Tent,	2853
To bring me thither?	2854
<i>Vlyf.</i> You fhall command me fir:	2855
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was	2856
This <i>Creffida</i> in Troy, had fhe no Louer there	2857
That wailes her abfence?	2858
<i>Troy.</i> O fir, to fuch as boafting fhew their fcarres,	2859
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?	2860
She was belou'd, fhe lou'd; fhe is, and dooth;	2861
But ftill fwet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. <i>Exeunt</i>	2862

- Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*
- 2692
 2693 *Ach.* Ile heate his blood with greekish wine to night,
 2694 Which with my Cemitar ile cool to morrow,
 2695 *Patroclus* let vs feast him to the hight
 2696 *Pat.* Here comes *Thersites.* *Enter Thersites.*
 2697 *Ach.* How now thou cur re of enuy.
 2698 Thou cruffy batch of nature whats the news?
 2699 *The.* Why thou picture of what thou feemest, and Idoll,
 2871 2700 Of idiot worshippers. heers a letter for thee.
 2701 *Ach.* From whence fragment.
 2702 *The.* Why thou full dish of foole from Troy,
 2703 *Pat:* Who keeps the tent now.
 2704 *The.* The Surgeons box or the patients wound.
 2705 *Pat.* Well said aduerfity, and what needs this tricks,
 2706 *The.* Prithee be filent box I profit not by thy talke,
 2707 Thou art said to be *Achilles* male varlot,
 2708 *Pat.* Male varlot you rogue whats that.
 2709 *The.* Why his mafculine whore, now the rotten difeafes
 2881 2710 of the fouth, the guts griping ruptures: loades a grauell in
 2711 the back, lethergies, could palfies, rawe eies, durtrottē liuers,
 2712 whiffing lungs, bladders full of imoftume. Sciaticaes lime-
 2713 kills ith' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the riuelled fee fim-
 2714 ple of the tetter, take and take againe fuch prepofterous
 2715 difcoueries.
 2716 *Pat.* Why thou damnable box of enuy thou what meanes
 2717 thou to curfe thus.
 2718 *The.* do I curfe thee.
 2888 2719 *Pat.* Why no you rninous but, you horfon indiftinguifh-
 2720 able cur, no.
 2721 *The.* No why art thou then exaferate, thou idle imma-
 2722 terial skeine of fleiue filke, thou greene facenet flap for a fore
 2723 eye, thou tofrell of a prodigalls purfe-thou ah how the poore
 2724 world is peftred with fuch water flies, diminitiuies of nature.
- 2725 *Pat.* Out gall. *Ther.* Finch egge.

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	197
	<i>Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.</i>	2863
	<i>Achil.</i> Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,	2864
	Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow :	2865
	<i>Patroclus,</i> let vs Feast him to the hight.	2866
	<i>Pat.</i> Heere comes <i>Thersites.</i> <i>Enter Thersites.</i>	2867
	<i>Achil.</i> How now, thou core of Enuy ?	2868
	Thou crufly batch of Nature, what's the newes ?	2869
	<i>Ther.</i> Why thou picture of what thou feem'ft, & Idoll	2870
	of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.	2871
	<i>Achil.</i> From whence, Fragment ?	2872
	<i>Ther.</i> Why thou full difh of Foole, from Troy.	2873
	<i>Pat.</i> Who keeps the Tent now ?	2874
	<i>Ther.</i> The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.	2875
	<i>Patr.</i> Well faid aduerfity, and what need thefe tricks ?	2876
	<i>Ther.</i> Prythee be filent boy, I profit not by thy talke,	2877
	thou art thought to be <i>Achilles</i> male Varlot.	2878
	<i>Patro.</i> Male Varlot you Rogue ? What's that ?	2879
	<i>Ther.</i> Why his mafculine Whore. Now the rotten	2880
	difeafes of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres,	2881
	Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and	2882
	the like, take and take againe, fuch prepoftrous difcoue-	2883
	ries.	2884
	<i>Pat.</i> Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what	2885
	mean'ft thou to curfe thus ?	2886
	<i>Ther.</i> Do I curfe thee ?	2887
	<i>Patr.</i> Why no, you ruinous But, you whorfon indi-	2888
	ftinguifhable Curre.	2889
	<i>Ther.</i> No ? why art thou then exaferate, thou idle,	2890
	immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke ; thou greene Sarcenet	2891
	flap for a fore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigals purfe thou :	2892
	Ah how the poore world is peftred with fuch water-flies,	2893
	diminutiues of Nature.	2894
	<i>Pat.</i> Out gall.	2895
	<i>Ther.</i> Finch Egge.	2896

2726 *Achil.* My fweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
 2727 From my great purpofe into morrowes battell,
 2728 Here is a letter from Queene *Hecuba*;
 2729 A token from her daughter my faire loue
 2901 2730 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:
 2731 An oth that I haue fworne: I wil not breake it,
 2732 Fall Greekes, fayle fame, honour or go or ftay,
 2733 My *maior* vow lies here; this ile obay,
 2734 Come, come, *Therfites* help to trim my tent?
 2735 This night in banquetting muft al be fpent, away *Patroclus*.

2736 *Ther.* With to much bloud, and to little braine, thefe two
 2737 may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud
 2738 they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an honeft
 2739 fellow inough, and one that loues quailles, but hee has
 2912 2740 not fo much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly tranfpor-
 2741 mation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitiue ftatue,
 2742 and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty fhooing-horne
 2743 in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is,
 2744 fhould wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte,
 2745 turne him to: to an Affe, were nothing hee is both Affe and
 2746 Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Affe, to be
 2747 a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Tode, a Lezard, an Oule,
 2748 a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care,
 2749 but to bee *Menelaus* I would confpire againft defteny, aske

2923 2750 me what I would be, if I were not *Therfites*, for I care not to
 2751 be the Loufe of a Lazar, fo I were not *Menelaus* — hey-day
 2752 fprites and fires.

2753 *Enter Agam: Vliffes, Neft: and Diomed with lights.*

2754 *Aga.* We go wrong we goe wrong.

2755 *Aiex.* No, yonder tis there where we fee the lights.

2756 *Hect.* I trouble you. *Aiex.* No not a whit:

<i>Ach.</i> My sweet <i>Patroclus</i> , I am thwarted quite	2897
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:	2898
Heere is a Letter from Queene <i>Hecuba</i> ,	2899
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,	2900
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe	2901
An Oath that I haue fworne. I will not breake it,	2902
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,	2903
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:	2904
Come, come <i>Thersites</i> , helpe to trim my Tent,	2905
This night in banquetting must all be spent.	2906
Away <i>Patroclus</i> .	<i>Exit.</i> 2907
<i>Ther.</i> With too much blood, and too little Brain, these	2908
two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too	2909
little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's	2910
<i>Agamemnon</i> , an honest fellow enough, and one that loues	2911
Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as care-wax; and	2912
the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother,	2913
the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of	2914
Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging	2915
at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, fhold	2916
wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne	2917
him too: to an Affe were nothing; hee is both Affe and	2918
Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Affe:	2919
to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-	2920
zard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe,	2921
I would not care: but to be <i>Menelaus</i> , I would conspire	2922
against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were	2923
not <i>Thersites</i> : for I care not to bee the lowfe of a Lazar,	2924
so I were not <i>Menelaus</i> . Hoy-day, spirits and fires.	2925
<i>Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlysses, Ne-</i>	2926
<i>stor, Diomed, with Lights.</i>	2927
<i>Aga.</i> We go wrong, we go wrong.	2928
<i>Ajax.</i> No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.	2929
<i>Hect.</i> I trouble you.	2930
<i>Ajax.</i> No, not a whit.	2931

- 2757 *Vlif.* Here comes himfelfe to guide you.
 2758 *Achil.* Welcome braue *Heſtor*, welcome Princes all.
 2759 *Aga.* So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,
 2936 2760 *Aiax* commands the guard to tend on you.
 2761 *Heſt.* Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall
 2762 *Mene.* Good night my Lord.
 2763 *Heſt.* Good night ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.
 2764 *Ther.* Sweet draught, ſweet quoth a, ſweet finke, ſweet fure.
- 2765 *Achil.* Good night and welcome both to thoſe that go or
 2766 tarry. *Aga.* Good night. *Exeunt Agam: Menelaus.*
- 2767 *Achil.* Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you to *Diomed*.
 2768 Keepe *Heſtor* company an houre or two.
 2769 *Dio.* I cannot Lord, I haue important buſineſſe,
 2948 2770 The tide whereof is now, good night great *Heſtor*.
 2771 *Heſt.* Giue me your hand.
 2772 *Vlif.* Follow his torch, he goes to *Calcas* tent, ile keepe you
 2773 company. *Troy.* Sweet fir you honor me?
- 2774 *Heſt.* And ſo good night.
 2775 *Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent. *Exeunt.*
 2776 *Ther.* That ſame *Diomedes* a falſe hearted roague, a moſt vn-
 2777 iuſt knaue, I will no more truſt him when hee leeres, then I
 2778 will a ſerpent when hee hiſſes, hee will ſpend his mouth and
 2779 promiſe like brabler the hound, but when he performes, Af-
 2959 2780 tronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come ſome
 2781 change, the Sonne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed*
 2782 keeps his word, I will rather leaue to ſee *Heſtor* then not
 2783 to dog him, they fay hee keeps a Troyan drab, and vſes the
 2784 traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after—nothing but letchery all in-
 2785 continent varlots. *Enter Diomed.*
- 2786 *Dio.* What are you vp here ho? ſpeake? *Chal.* Who calls?

	<i>Enter Achilles.</i>	2932
<i>Vlyf.</i>	Heere comes himfelfe to guide you ?	2933
<i>Achil.</i>	Welcome braue <i>Heſtor</i> , welcome Princes all.	2934
<i>Agam.</i>	So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,	2935
<i>Aiæx</i>	commands the guard to tend on you.	2936
<i>Heſt.</i>	Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.	2937
<i>Men.</i>	Goodnight my Lord.	2938
<i>Heſt.</i>	Goodnight fweet Lord <i>Menelaus</i> .	2939
<i>Ther.</i>	Sweet draught : fweet quoth-a ? fweet finke,	2940
	fweet fure.	2941
<i>Achil.</i>	Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to thoſe	2942
	that go, or tarry.	2943
<i>Aga.</i>	Goodnight.	2944
<i>Achil.</i>	Old <i>Neflor</i> tarries, and you too <i>Diomed</i> ,	2945
	Keepe <i>Heſtor</i> company an houre, or two.	2946
<i>Dio.</i>	I cannot Lord, I haue important buſineſſe,	2947
	The tide whereof is now, goodnight great <i>Heſtor</i> .	2948
<i>Heſt.</i>	Giue me your hand.	2949
<i>Vlyf.</i>	Follow his Torch, he goes to <i>Chalcas</i> Tent,	2950
	Ile keepe you company.	2951
<i>Troy.</i>	Sweet fir, you honour me.	2952
<i>Heſt.</i>	And ſo good night.	2953
<i>Achil.</i>	Come, come, enter my Tent. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2954
<i>Ther.</i>	That fame <i>Diomed</i> 's a falſe-hearted Rogue, a	2955
	moſt vniuſt Knaue ; I will no more truſt him when hee	2956
	leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hiffes : he will ſpend	2957
	his mouth & promiſe, like Brabler the Hound ; but when	2958
	he performes, Aſtronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-	2959
	ous, there will come ſome change : the Sunne borrowes	2960
	of the Moone when <i>Diomed</i> keepes his word. I will ra-	2961
	ther leaue to ſee <i>Heſtor</i> , then not to dogge him: they ſay,	2962
	he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vſes the Traitour <i>Chalcas</i>	2963
	his Tent. Ile after——Nothing but Letcherie? All	2964
	incontinent Varlets. <i>Exeunt</i>	2965
	<i>Enter Diomed.</i>	2966
<i>Dio.</i>	What are you vp here ho ? ſpeake ?	2967
<i>Chal.</i>	Who calſ ?	2968

- 2787 *Dio.* *Diomed, Chalcas* I thinke wher's your daughter?
 2788 *Cal.* She comes to you.
- 2789 *Vlif.* Stand, where the torch may not difcouer vs.
- 2974 2790 *Troy.* *Cressid* comes forth to him. *Enter Cressid.*
 2791 *Dio.* How now my charge
 2792 *Cref.* Now my sweet gardian, harke a word with you.
 2793 *Troy.* Yea so familiar?
 2794 *Vlif.* Shee will fing any man at first fight.
 2795 *Ther.* And any man may fing her, if hee can take her Cliff,
 2796 she's noted. *Dio.* Will you remember?
- 2797 *Cal.* Remember yes. (your words.
 2798 *Dio:* Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with
- 2799 *Troy.* What shall she remember. *Vlif.* Lift?
- 2987 2800 *Cref.* Sweet hony Greeke tempt me no more to folly.
 2801 *Ther:* Roguery. *Dio.* Naythen :
- 2802 *Crefe:* Ile tell you what.
 2803 *Dio:* Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forsworne.
 2804 *Cref:* In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?
 2805 *Ther:* A iugling tricke to be fecretly open,
 2806 *Dio:* What did you fweare you would bestow on me?
 2807 *Cref:* I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
 2808 Bid me do any thing but that sweete Greeke.
 2809 *Dio:* Good night.
- 2998 2810 *Troy:* Hold patience.
 2811 *Vlif.* How now Troyan. *Cref.* Diomed.
- 2812 *Dio.* No, no, good night Ile be your foole no more.
 2813 *Troy:* Thy better must.
 2814 *Cref:* Harke a word in your eare.
 2815 *Troy:* O plague and madneffe!

- Dio.* *Diomed, Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter? 2969
Chal. She comes to you. 2970
Enter Troylus and Vliffes. 2971
Vlif. Stand where the Torch may not difcouer vs. 2972
Enter Crefsid. 2973
Troy. *Crefsid* comes forth to him. 2974
Dio. How now my charge? 2975
Cref. Now my fweet gardian: harke a word with you. 2976
Troy. Yea, fo familiar? 2977
Vlif. She will fing any man at first fight. 2978
Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her
life: she's noted. 2980
Dio. Will you remember? 2981
Cal. Remember? yes. 2982
Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-
pled with your words. 2984
Troy. What should she remember? 2985
Vlif. Lift? 2986
Cref. Sweete hony Greeke, tempt me no more to folly. 2987
Ther. Roguery. 2988
Dio. Nay then. 2989
Cref. Ile tell you what. 2990
Dio. Fo, fo, eome tell a pin, you are a forfworne. — 2991
Cref. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do? 2992
Ther. A iugling tricke, to be secrety open. 2993
Dio. What did you fweare you would bestow on me? 2994
Cref. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke. 2996
Dio. Good night. 2997
Troy. Hold, patience. 2998
Vlif. How now Troian? 2999
Cref. *Diomed.* 3000
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more. 3001
Troy. Thy better must. 3002
Cref. Harke one word in your eare. 3003
Troy. O plague and madnesse! 3004

- 2816 *Vlif:* You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray
 2817 Least your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
 2818 To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous :
 2819 The time right deadly, I beseech you goe.
- 3009 2820 *Troy:* Behold I pray you.
 2821 *Vlif:* Now good my Lord go off.
 2822 You flow to great distruction, come my Lord.
 2823 *Troy:* I prethee stay.
 2824 *Vlif:* You haue not patience, come.
 2825 *Troy:* I pray you stay ; by hell, and all hells torments,
 2826 I will not speake a word.
 2827 *Dio:* And so good night.
 2828 *Cref:* Nay but you part in anger.
 2829 *Troy:* Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.
- 3019 2830 *Vlif:* How now my Lord ?
 2831 *Troy:* By *Ioue* I will be patient.
 2832 *Cref:* Gardian ? why *Greeke* ? *Dio:* Fo fo you palter.
- 2833 *Cref.* In faith I doe not, come hether once againe.
 2834 *Vlif:* You shake my Lord at something, will you goe : you
 2835 wil break out.
 2836 *Troy.* She stroakes his cheeke. *Vlif.* Come, come.
- 2837 *Troy.* Nay stay, by *Ioue* I will not speake a word.
 2838 There is betweene my will and all offences
 2839 A guard of patience, stay a little while.
- 3031 2840 *Ther:* How the diuell *Luxury* with his fat rumpe and po-
 2841 tato finger tickles together ; frye lechery frye.
 2842 *Dio:* Will you then ?
 2843 *Cref.* In faith I will lo, neuer trust me else.
 2844 *Dio:* Giue me some token for the surety of it.
 2845 *Cref:* Ile fetch you one *Exit.*
 2846 *Vlif:* You haue sworne patience :
 2847 *Troy:* Feare me not my Lord.
 2848 I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition
 2849 Of what I feele, I am all patience : *Enter Cress.*

<i>Vlif.</i> You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,	3005
Left your difpleasure fould enlarge it felfe	3006
To wrathfull tearmes : this place is dangerous ;	3007
The time right deadly : 1 befeech you goe.	3008
<i>Troy.</i> Behold, I pray you.	3009
<i>Vlif.</i> Nay, good my Lord goe off :	3010
You flow to great diftraction : come my Lord ?	3011
<i>Troy.</i> I pray thee ftay ?	3012
<i>Vlif.</i> You haue not patience, come.	3013
<i>Troy.</i> I pray you ftay ? by hell and hell torments,	3014
I will not fpeake a word.	3015
<i>Dio.</i> And fo good night.	3016
<i>Cref.</i> Nay, but you part in anger.	3017
<i>Troy.</i> Doth that grieue thee ? O withered truth !	3018
<i>Vlif.</i> Why, how now Lord ?	3019
<i>Troy.</i> By <i>Ioue</i> I will be patient.	3020
<i>Cref.</i> Gardian ? why Greeke ?	3021
<i>Dio.</i> Fo, fo, adew, you palter.	3022
<i>Cref.</i> In faith I doe not : come hither once againe.	3023
<i>Vlif.</i> You fhake my Lord at fomething ; will you goe ?	3024
you will breake out.	3025
<i>Troy.</i> She ftroakes his cheeke.	3026
<i>Vlif.</i> Come, come.	3027
<i>Troy.</i> Nay ftay, by <i>Ioue</i> I will not fpeake a word.	3028
There is betweene my will, and all offences,	3029
A guard of patience ; ftay a little while.	3030
<i>Ther.</i> How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and	3031
potato finger, tickles thefe together : frye lechery, frye.	3032
<i>Dio.</i> But will you then ?	3033
<i>Cref.</i> In faith I will lo ; neuer truft me elfe.	3034
<i>Dio.</i> Giue me fome token for the furety of it.	3035
<i>Cref.</i> Ile fetch you one.	<i>Exit.</i> 3036
<i>Vlif.</i> You haue fworne patience.	3037
<i>Troy.</i> Feare me not fweete Lord.	3038
I will not be my felfe, nor haue cognition	3039
Of what I feele : I am all patience.	<i>Enter Crefid.</i> 3040

- 3041 2850 *Ther*: Now the pledge, now, now, now.
 2851 *Cref*: Heere *Diomed* keepe this fleewe.
 2852 *Troy*: O beauty where is thy faith!
 2853 *Vlif*: My Lord.

 2854 *Troy*: You looke vpon that fleewe behold it well,
 2855 Hee loued me (oh false wench) giu't me againe:
 2856 *Dio*: Whose waft?
 2857 *Cref*: It is no matter now I ha't againe.
 2858 I will not meete with you to morrow night:
 2859 I prethee *Diomed* visite me no more.
 3052 2860 *Ther*: Now thee sharpens, well said *Whetstone*.
 2861 *Dio*: I shall haue it.
 2862 *Cref*: What this? *Dio*: I that.

 2863 *Cref*: O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!
 2864 Thy maister now lyes thinking on his bed
 2865 Of thee and mee, and fighes, and takes my gloue,
 2866 And giues memoriall dainty kiffes to it, as I kiffe thee.

 2867 *Dio*: Nay do not snatch it from me.
 2868 *Cref*: He that takes that doth take my heart withall.
 2869 *Dio*: I had your heart before, this followes it.
 3064 2870 *Troy*: I did sweare patience.
 2871 You shall not haue it *Diomed*, faith you shall not,
 2872 Ile giue you something else.
 2873 *Dio*: I will haue this, whose was it?
 2874 *Cref*: It is no matter.
 2875 *Dio*: Come tell me whose it was?
 2876 *Cref*: Twas on's that lou'd me better then you will,
 2877 But now you haue it take it.
 2878 *Dio*: Whose was it?
 2879 *Cref*: And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond
 3074 2880 And by her selfe I will not tell you whose.
 2881 *Dio*: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
 2882 And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

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	<i>Ther.</i> Now the pledge, now, now, now.	3041
	<i>Cref.</i> Here <i>Diomed</i> , keepe this Sleeue.	3042
	<i>Troy.</i> O beautie ! where is thy Faith ?	3043
	<i>Vlif.</i> My Lord.	3044
	<i>Troy.</i> I will be patient, outwardly I will.	3045
	<i>Cref.</i> You looke vpon that Sleeue ? behold it well :	3046
	He lou'd me : O false wench : giue't me againe.	3047
	<i>Dio.</i> Whose was't ?	3048
	<i>Cref.</i> It is no matter now I haue't againe.	3049
	I will not meete with you to morrow night :	3050
	I prythee <i>Diomed</i> visite me no more.	3051
	<i>Ther.</i> Now the sharpens : well faid Whetstone.	3052
	<i>Dio.</i> I shall haue it.	3053
	<i>Cref.</i> What, this ?	3054
	<i>Dio.</i> I that.	3055
	<i>Cref.</i> O all you gods ! O prettie, prettie pledge ;	3056
	Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed	3057
	Of thee and me, and fighes, and takes my Gloue,	3058
	And giues memoriall daintie kiffes to it ;	3059
	As I kiffe thee.	3060
	<i>Dio.</i> Nay, doe not fnatch it from me.	3061
	<i>Cref.</i> He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.	3062
	<i>Dio.</i> I had your heart before, this followes it.	3063
	<i>Troy.</i> I did fweare patience.	3064
	<i>Cref.</i> You shall not haue it <i>Diomed</i> ; faith youshall not :	3065
	Ile giue you something elfe.	3066
	<i>Dio.</i> I will haue this : whose was it ?	3067
	<i>Cref.</i> It is no matter.	3068
	<i>Dio.</i> Come tell me whose it was ?	3069
	<i>Cref.</i> 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.	3070
	But now you haue it, take it.	3071
	<i>Dio.</i> Whose was it ?	3072
	<i>Cref.</i> By all <i>Dianas</i> waiting women yond :	3073
	And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.	3074
	<i>Dio.</i> To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,	3075
	And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.	3076

- 2883 *Troy:* VVert thou the diuell, and wor't it on thy horne,
 2884 It should be challengd.
 2885 *Cref:* VVell, well, tis done, tis past and yet it is not.
 2886 I will not keepe my word.
 2887 *Dio:* VVhy then farewell, thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed*
 2888 againe.
 2889 *Cref:* You shalt not goe : one cannot speake a word but it
 3084 2890 straight starts you.
 2891 *Dio:* I doe not like this fooling.
 2892 *Ther:* Nor I by *Pluto* ; but thatt hat likes not you, pleases
 2893 me best.
 2894 *Dio:* VVhat shall I come ? the houre—
 2895 *Cref:* I come ; O *Ioue* : do come, I shall be plagued.
 2896 *Dio:* Farewell till then.
 2897 *Cref:* Good night, I prethee come :
 2898 *Troylus* farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,
 2899 But with my heart the other eye doth see,
 3094 2900 Ah poore our fex, this fault in vs I find,
 2901 The error of our eye directs our mind,
 2902 VVhat error leads must erre : O then conclude,
 2903 „ Mindes swayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
 2904 *Ther:* A prooffe of strength, she could not publish more,
 2905 Vnlesse shee said my mind is now turn'd whore.
 2906 *Vlif:* All's done my Lord. *Troy:* It is.
- 2907 *Vlif:* VVhy stay we then ?
 2908 *Troy:* To make a recordation to my foule
 2909 Of every fillable that here was spoke :
 3105 2910 But if I tell how these two did Court,
 2911 Shall I not lye in publishing a truth,
 2912 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart.
 2913 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 2914 That doth inuert the attest of eyes and eares,
 2915 As if those organs were deceptions functions,
 2916 Created onely to calumniate. Was *Cresseid* heere ?

- Troy.* Wert thou the diuell, and wor'ft it on thy horne, 3077
It fhould be challeng'd. 3078
- Cref.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paft; and yet it is not : 3079
I will not keepe my word. 3080
- Dio.* Why then farewell, 3081
Thou neuer fhalt mocke *Diomed* againe. 3082
- Cref.* You fhall not goe : one cannot fpeake a word, 3083
But it frait starts you. 3084
- Dio.* I doe not like this fooling. 3085
- Ther.* Nor I by *Pluto* : but that that likes not me, plea- 3086
fes me beft. 3087
- Dio.* What fhall I come? the houre. 3088
- Cref.* I, come : O *Ioue!* doe, come : I fhall be plagu'd. 3089
- Dio.* Farewell till then. *Exit.* 3090
- Cref.* Good night : I prythee come : 3091
Troylus farewell ; one eye yet lookes on thee ; 3092
But with my heart, the other eye, doth fee. 3093
Ah poore our fexe ; this fault in vs I finde : 3094
The error of our eye, directs our minde. 3095
What errour leads, muft erre : O then conclude, 3096
Mindes fwai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.* 3097
- Ther.* A prooffe of ftrength ſhe could not publiſh more ; 3098
Vnleſſe ſhe fay, my minde is now turn'd whore. 3099
- Vlij.* Al's done my Lord. 3100
- Troy.* It is. 3101
- Vlij.* Why ſtay we then ? 3102
- Troy.* To make a recordation to my foule 3103
Of euery ſyllable that here was ſpoke : 3104
But if I tell how theſe two did coact ; 3105
Shall I not lye, in publiſhing a truth ? 3106
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart : 3107
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong, 3108
That doth inuert that teſt of eyes and eares ; 3109
As if thoſe organs had deceptiveſ functions, 3110
Created onely to calumniate. 3111
Was *Creffid* here ? 3112

- 2917 *Vlij.* I cannot coniure Troyan.
 2918 *Troyl.* Shee was not fure.
 2919 *Vlij.* Most fure she was.
 3116 2920 *Troy.* Why my negation hath no taste of madneffe.
 2921 *Vlij.* Nor mine my Lord : *Cresseid* was heere but now.
 2922 *Troyl.* Let it not be beleeu'd for woman-hood.
 2923 Thinke we had mothers, do not giue aduantage
 2924 To stubborne Critiques apt without a theme
 2925 For deprauation, to square the generall fex
 2926 By *Cresseids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cresseid*.
 2927 *Vli.* What hath she done Prince that cã spoile our mothers.

 2928 *Troyl.* Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.
 2929 *Ther.* Will a fwagger himselfe out on's owne eyes.
 3127 2930 *Troyl.* This she, no this is *Diomedes Cresseida*,
 2931 If beauty haue a foule this is not shee :
 2932 If foules guide vowes, if vowes be sanctimonies,
 2933 If sanctimony be the gods delight :
 2934 If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,
 2935 This was not shee : O madneffe of discourse,
 2936 That cause sets vp with and against it selfe,
 2937 By-fould authority : where reason can reuolt
 2938 Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
 2939 Without reuolt. This is and is not *Cresseid*,
 3137 2940 Within my foule there doth conduce a fight
 2941 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparat,
 2942 Diuides more wider then the skie and earth :
 2943 And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,
 2944 Admits no orifex for a point as subtle,
 2945 As *Ariachna's* broken woofe to enter,
 2946 Instance, O instance strong as *Plutoes* gates,
 2947 *Cresseid* is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen,
 2948 Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe,
 2949 The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd and loofd,
 3147 2950 And with another knot finde finger tied,
 2951 The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue.

<i>Vlif.</i> I cannot coniure Troian.	3113
<i>Troy.</i> She was not fure.	3114
<i>Vlif.</i> Most fure she was.	3115
<i>Troy.</i> Why my negation hath no taste of madneffe ?	3116
<i>Vlif.</i> Nor mine my Lord : <i>Cressid</i> was here but now.	3117
<i>Troy.</i> Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood :	3118
Thinke we had mothers ; doe not giue aduantage	3119
To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame	3120
For deprauation, to square the generall sex	3121
By <i>Cressids</i> rule. Rather thinke this not <i>Cressid</i> .	3122
<i>Vlif.</i> What hath she done Prince, that can foyle our mothers ?	3123 3124
<i>Troy.</i> Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.	3125
<i>Ther.</i> Will he fwagger himfelfe out on's owne eyes ?	3126
<i>Troy.</i> This she ? no, this is <i>Diomids Cressida</i> :	3127
If beautie haue a foule, this is not she :	3128
If foules guide vowes ; if vowes are sanctimonie ;	3129
If sanctimonie be the gods delight :	3130
If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,	3131
This is not she : O madneffe of discourse !	3132
That cause sets vp, with, and against thy selfe	3133
By foule authoritie : where reason can reuolt	3134
Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,	3135
Without reuolt. This is, and is not <i>Cressid</i> :	3136
Within my foule, there doth conduce a fight	3137
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,	3138
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth :	3139
And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,	3140
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtile,	3141
As <i>Ariachnes</i> broken woofe to enter :	3142
Instance, O instance ! strong as <i>Plutoes</i> gates :	3143
<i>Cressid</i> is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen ;	3144
Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe :	3145
The bonds of heauen are flipt, dissolu'd, and loos'd,	3146
And with another knot fieve finger tied,	3147
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue :	3148

- 2952 The fragments, fcraps, the bitts and greazie reliques,
 2953 Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed*.
 2954 *Vlif*. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
 2955 With that which heere his passion doth expresse?
 2956 *Troy*. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
 2957 In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
 2958 Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
 2959 With so eternall and so fixt a foule.
 3157 2960 Harke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue
 2961 So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:
 2962 That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:
 2963 VVere it a Caske compof'd by *Vulcans* skill
 2964 My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout
 2965 VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,
 2966 Constringd in Masse by the almighty funne
 2967 Shal dizzy with more clamour Neptunes eare, in his discent,
 2968 Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed*.

 2969 *Thier*: Heele ticle it for his concupie.
 3168 2970 *Troy*: O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:
 2971 Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,
 2972 And theyle seeme glorious.
 2973 *Vlif*: O containe your selfe;
 2974 Your passion drawes eares hether. *Enter Eneas*.

 2975 *Aene*: I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
 2976 *Hector* by this is arming him in Troy:
 2977 *Aiex* your guard stayes to conduct you home.
 2978 *Troy*: Haue with your Prince: my curteous Lord adiew,
 2979 Farewell reuoulted faire: and *Diomed*
 3179 2980 Stand fast, and weare a Cattle on thy head.
 2981 *Vlif*. Ile bring you to the gates.
 2982 *Troy*. Accept diftracted thanks.
 2983 *Exeunt Troyl. Eneas and Vlisses*.
 2984 *Ther*. VVould I could meete that roague *Diomed* I would
 2985 croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus*

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	The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,	3149
	Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to <i>Diomed</i>	3150
	<i>Vlif.</i> May worthy <i>Troylus</i> be halfe attached	3151
	With that which here his passion doth expresse?	3152
	<i>Troy.</i> I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well	3153
	In Characters, as red as <i>Mars</i> his heart	3154
	Inflam'd with <i>Venus</i> : neuer did yong man fancy	3155
	With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.	3156
	Harke Greeke: as much I doe <i>Cressida</i> loue;	3157
	So much by weight, hate I her <i>Diomed</i> ,	3158
	That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:	3159
	Were it a Caske compos'd by <i>Vulcans</i> skill,	3160
	My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,	3161
	Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,	3162
	Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,	3163
	Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare	3164
	In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,	3165
	Falling on <i>Diomed</i> .	3166
	<i>Ther.</i> Heele tickle it for his concupie.	3167
	<i>Troy.</i> O <i>Cressid!</i> O false <i>Cressid!</i> false, false, false:	3168
	Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,	3169
	And theyle feeme glorious.	3170
	<i>Vlif.</i> O containe your selfe:	3171
	Your passion drawes eares hither.	3172
	<i>Enter Æneas.</i>	3173
	<i>Æne.</i> I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:	3174
	<i>Hector</i> by this is arming him in Troy.	3175
	<i>Ajax</i> your guard, staies to conduct you home.	3176
	<i>Troy.</i> Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:	3177
	Farewell reuolted faire: and <i>Diomed</i> ,	3178
	Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.	3179
	<i>Vli.</i> Ile bring you to the Gates.	3180
	<i>Troy.</i> Accept distracted thanks.	3181
	<i>Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Vlisses.</i>	3182
	<i>Ther.</i> Would I could meete that roague <i>Diomed</i> , I	3183
	would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:	3184

2986 will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore : the
 2987 Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commo-
 2988 dious drab : Lechery,lechery,ftill warres and lechery,nothing
 2989 elfe holds fashion, A burning diuell take them. *Exit.*

3190 2990

Enter Heſtor and Andromache.

2991 *And.* When was my Lord ſo much vngently temperd,
 2992 To ſtop his eares againſt admoniſhment :
 2993 Vnarme vnarme, and do not fight to day.

2994 *Heſt.* You traine me to offeud you, get you in,
 2995 By all the euerlaſting gods Ile go.

2996 *And,* My dreames will ſure prooue ominous to the day.

2997 *Heſt.* No more I fay. *Enter Caſſandra.*

2998 *Caf* Where is my brothet *Heſtor*?

2999 *And,* Here ſiſter, arm'd and bloody in intent,

3200 3000 Comfort with me in lowd and deere petition,
 3001 Purſue we him on knees : for I haue dreamt
 3002 Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
 3003 Hath nothing beene but ſhapes and formes of ſlaughter.

3004 *Caf,* O tis true,

3005 *Heſt.* Ho ? bid my trumpet found.

3006 *Cref.* No notes of fallie for the heauens ſweete brother.

3007 *Heſt.* Begon I fay, the gods haue heard me ſweare,

3008 *Caf.* The gods are deafe to hotte and peeuiſh vowes,
 3009 They are polluted offrings more abhord,

3210 3010 Then ſpotted liuers in the ſacrifice.

3011 *And.* O be perſwaded, do not count it holy,

3012 It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow,

3013 But vowes to euery purpoſe muſt not hold :

3014 Vnarme ſweet *Heſtor.*

3015 *Heſt,* Hold you ſtill I fay,

3016 Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate :

3017 Life euery man holds deere but the deere man,

3018 Holds honor farre more precious deere then life,

Patroclus will giue me any thing for the intelligence of 3185
 this whore : the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, 3186
 then he for a commodious drab : Lechery, lechery, still 3187
 warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning 3188
 diuell take them. 3189

Enter Heēter and Andromache. 3190

And. When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd, 3191
 To stop his eares against admonishment ? 3192

Vnarne, vnarme, and doe not fight to day. 3193

Heēt. You traine me to offend yo u : get you gone. 3194
 By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe. 3195

And. My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day. 3196

Heēt. No more I say. *Enter Cassandra.* 3197

Cassa. Where is my brother *Heētor* ? 3198

And. Here sifter, arm'd, and bloody in intent : 3199
 Confort with me in loud and deere petition : 3200

Purfue we him on knees : for I haue dreamt 3201

Of bloody turbulence ; and this whole night 3202

Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter. 3203

Cass. O, 'tis true. 3204

Heēt. Ho ? bid my Trumpet found. 3205

Cass. No notes of fallie, for the heauens, sweet brother. 3206

Heēt. Begon I say : the gods haue heard me sweare. 3207

Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuiſh vowes ; 3208
 They are polluted offrings, more abhord 3209

Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice. 3210

And. O be perſwaded, doe not count it holy, 3211

To hurt by being iuſt ; it is as lawfull : 3212

For we would count giue much to as violent thefts, 3213

And rob in the behalfe of charitie. 3214

Cass. It is the purpose that makes ſtrong the vowe ; 3215
 But vowes to euery purpose muſt not hold : 3216

Vnatme ſweete *Heētor.* 3217

Heēt. Hold you ſtill I ſay ; 3218

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate : 3219

Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man 3220

Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life. 3221

3019 *Enter Troylus.*

3223 3020 How now yong man, meaneft thou to fight to day.

3021 *And. Cassandra* call my father to perfwade. *Exit Caffan.*

3022 *Hect.* No faith yong *Troylus*, doffe thy harnesse youth,

3023 I am to day ith' vaine of chiualrie,

3024 Let grow thy finews till their knots be ftrong,

3025 And tempt not yet the brufhes of the warre.

3026 Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,

3027 Ile ftand to day for thee and me and Troy.

3028 *Troyl.* Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,

3029 Which better fits a Lion then a man.

3234 3030 *Hector.* What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide mee
3031 for it.

3032 *Troyl.* When many times the captiue Grecian falls,

3033 Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire fword.

3034 You bid them rife and liue.

3035 *Hect.* O tis faire play.

3036 *Troyl.* Fooles play by heauen *Hector.*

3037 *Hect.* How now? how now?

3038 *Troyl.* For th'loue of all the gods

3039 Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,

3243 3040 And when we haue our armors buckled on,

3041 The venomd vengeance ride vpon our fwords,

3042 Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

3043 *Hect.* Fie fauage, fie.

3044 *Troy.* *Hector* then 'tis warres.

3045 *Hect.* *Troylus* I would not haue you fight to day.

3046 *Troyl.* Who should with-hold me?

3047 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,

3048 Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,

3049 Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,

3253 3050 Their eyes ore-galled with recourfe of teares,

3051 Nor you my brother, with your true fword drawne,

3052 Oppofd to hinder me, should ftop my way,

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	217
	<i>Enter Troylus.</i>	3222
	How now yong man? mean'ft thou to fight to day?	3223
	<i>And. Cassandra, call my father to perfwade.</i>	3224
	<i>Exit Cassandra.</i>	3225
	<i>Hect.</i> No faith yong <i>Troylus</i> ; doffe thy harnesse youth:	3226
	I am to day ith'vaine of Chiualrie:	3227
	Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ftrong;	3228
	And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.	3229
	Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,	3230
	Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.	3231
	<i>Troy.</i> Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;	3232
	Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.	3233
	<i>Hect.</i> What vice is that? good <i>Troylus</i> chide me for it.	3234
	<i>Troy.</i> When many times the captiue Grecian fals,	3235
	Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:	3236
	You bid them rife, and liue.	3237
	<i>Hect.</i> O 'tis faire play.	3238
	<i>Troy.</i> Fooles play, by heauen <i>Hector</i> .	3239
	<i>Hect.</i> How now? how now?	3240
	<i>Troy.</i> For th'loue of all the gods	3241
	Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;	3242
	And when we haue our Armors buckled on,	3243
	The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our fwords,	3244
	Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.	3245
	<i>Hect.</i> Fie sauage, fie.	3246
	<i>Troy.</i> <i>Hector</i> , then 'tis warres.	3247
	<i>Hect.</i> <i>Troylus</i> , I would not haue you fight to day.	3248
	<i>Troy.</i> Who should with-hold me?	3249
	Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of <i>Mars</i> ,	3250
	Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;	3251
	Not <i>Priamus</i> , and <i>Hecuba</i> on knees;	3252
	Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;	3253
	Nor you my brother, with your true fword drawne	3254
	Oppof'd to hinder me, should ftop my way:	3255
	But by my ruine.	3256

3053

*Enter Priam and Cassandra.*3054 *Cass.* Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him fast,

3055 He is thy crutch : now if thou loofe thy stay,

3056 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

3057 Fall all together.

3058 *Priam.* Come *Hector*, come, go back,

3059 Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,

3264 3060 *Cassandra* doth forefee, and I my selfe,

3061 Am like a prophet suddenly enapt,

3062 To tell thee that this day is ominous :

3063 Therefore come back.

3064 *Hec.* *Aeneas* is a field,

3065 And I do stand, engagd to many Greekes,

3066 Euen in the faith of valour to appeare,

3067 This morning to them.

3068 *Priam* I but thou shalt not goe.3069 *Hec.* I must not breake my faith,

3274 3070 You know me dutifull therefore deere sir,

3071 Let me not shame respect, but giue me leaue

3072 To take that course by your consent and voice,

3073 Which you do here forbid me royall *Priam*.3074 *Cass.* O *Priam* yeeld not to him.3075 *And.* Do not deere father.3076 *Hec.* *Andromache* I am offended with you,3077 Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. *Exit Androm.*3078 *Troy.* This foolish dreaming superstitious girle,

3079 Makes all these bodements.

3285 3080 *Cas.* O farewell deere *Hector*.

3081 Looke how thou dy'est, looke how thy eye turnes pale.

3082 Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many vents,

3083 Harke how Troy roares, how *Hecuba* cries out,3084 How poore *Andromache* shrils her dolours foorth,

3085 Behold destruction, frenzie, and amazement,

3086 Like witleffe antiques one another meete,

3087 And all crie *Hector*, *Hectors* dead, O *Hector*.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

3257

Caff. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast : 3258
 He is thy crutch ; now if thou loofe thy stay, 3259
 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, 3260
 Fall all together. 3261

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe : 3262
 Thy wife hath dreamt : thy mother hath had vifions ; 3263
Cassandra doth forefee ; and I my selfe, 3264
 Am like a Prophet suddenly eniapt, 3265
 to tell thee that this day is ominous : 3266
 Therefore come backe. 3267

Hect Aeneas is a field, 3268
 And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes, 3269
 Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare 3270
 This morning to them. 3271

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe, 3272

Hect. I must not breake my faith : 3273
 You know me dutifull, therefore deare fir, 3274
 Let me not shame respect ; but giue me leane 3275
 To take that course by your consent and voice, 3276
 Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*. 3277

Caff. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him. 3278

And. Doe not deere father. 3279

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you : 3280
 Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in. 3281

Exit Andromache. 3282

Troy. This foolifh, dreaming, superstitious girle, 3283
 Makes all these bodements. 3284

Caff. O farewell, deere *Hector* : 3285
 Looke how thou diest ; looke how thy eye turnes pale : 3286
 Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents : 3287
 Harke how Troy roares ; how *Hecuba* cries out ; 3288
 How poore *Andromache* shrils her dolour forth ; 3289
 Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement, 3290
 Like witleffe Antickes one another meete, 3291
 And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead : O *Hector* ! 3292

3088 *Troyl.* Away, away.

3089 *Caf.* Farewell, yet soft : *Hector* I take my leaue,

3295 3090 Thou do'st thy selfe and all our Troy deceaue ?

3091 *Hec.* You are amaz'd my liege, at her exclaime,

3092 Goe in and cheere the towne,

3093 Weele forth and fight,

3094 Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

3095 *Priam.* Farewell, the gods with safetie stand about thee.

3096 *Alarum.*

3097 *Troyl.* They are at it harke, proud *Diomed* beleaue.

3098 I come to loofe my arme or winne my fleewe.

3099

Enter Pandar

3304 3100 *Pand.* Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

3101 *Troyl.* What now ?

3102 *Pand.* Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle

3103 *Troy.* Let me read,

3104 *Pand.* A whorson tifick, a whorson rascally tifick, fo
3105 troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what

3106 one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one ath's

3107 dayes : and I haue a theume in mine eyes too, and such an

3108 ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot

3109 tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there ?

3315 3110 *Troy.* Words, words, meere words, no matter frõ the heart,

3111 Th'effect doth operate another way.

3112 Go winde to winde, there turne and change together :

3113 My loue with words and errors still she feedes,

3114 But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	221
	<i>Troy.</i> Away, away.	3293
	<i>Caf.</i> Farewell : yes, soft : <i>Heſtor</i> I take my leauē ;	3294
	Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe, and all our Troy deceiue. <i>Exit.</i>	3295
	<i>Heſt.</i> You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclame :	3296
	Goe in and cheere the Towne, weeſe forth and fight :	3297
	Doe deedes of praife, and tell you them at night.	3298
	<i>Priam.</i> Farewell : the gods with fafetie ſtand about thee.	3299
	<i>Alarum.</i>	3300
	<i>Troy.</i> They are at it, harke : proud <i>Diomed</i> , beleeuē	3301
	I come to looſe my arme, or winne my flecuē.	3302
	<i>Enter Pandar.</i>	3303
	<i>Pand.</i> Doe you heare my Lord ? do you heare ?	3304
	<i>Troy.</i> What now ?	3305
	<i>Pand.</i> Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.	3306
	<i>Troy.</i> Let me reade.	3307
	<i>Pand.</i> A whorſon tiſicke, a whorſon rafcally tiſicke,	3308
	ſo troubles me ; and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and	3309
	what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leauē you one	3310
	o'th's dayes : and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too ; and	3311
	ſuch an ache in my bones ; that vnleſſe a man were curſt,	3312
	I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhee	3313
	there ?	3314
	<i>Troy.</i> Words, words, meere words, no matter from	3315
	the heart ;	3316
	Th'effect doth operate another way.	3317
	Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together :	3318
	My loue with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes ;	3319
	But edifies another with her deedes.	3320
	<i>Pand.</i> Why, but heare you ?	3321
	<i>Troy.</i> Hence brother lackie ; ignomie and ſhame	3322
	Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.	3323
	<i>A Larum.</i> <i>Exeunt.</i>	3324

3115 *Enter Therfites: excursions.*

3116 *Therfi.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another: Ile
 3117 go looke on, that diffembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*,
 3118 has got that fame fcuruie dooting foolish knaues fleue of
 3119 Troy there in his helme. I would faine fee them meete, that
 3330 3120 that fame young Troyan affe that loues the whore there,
 3121 might fend that Greekish whore-mafterly villaine with the
 3122 fleue, back to the diffembling luxurious drabbe of a fleue-
 3123 leffe arrant. Ath' tother fide, the pollicie of thofe craftie
 3124 fwearing raskalls; that stale old Moufe-eaten drye cheefe
 3125 *Neflor*: and that fame dogge foxe *Vliffes*, is not proou'd
 3126 worth a Black-berry. They fet mee vp in pollicie, that
 3127 mongrill curre *Aiæx*, againft that dogge of as bad a
 3128 kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiæx*, prouder then
 3129 the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon
 3340 3130 the Grecians began to proclaime barbarifme, and pollicie

3131 growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes fleue & tother.
 3132 *Troy.* Flye not, for shouldft thou take the riuier Stix, I
 3133 would fwim after,
 3134 *Diomed.* Thou dooft mifcall retire,
 3135 I doe not flie, but aduantagious care,
 3136 With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

3137 *Ther.* Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian,
 3138 Now the fleue, now the fleue.

3139 *Enter Hector.*

3353 3140 *Hect.* What art Greeke, art thou for *Hectors* match.

3141 Art thou of bloud and honour.

3142 *Ther.* No, no, I am a rafcall, a fcuruy rayling knaue, a very
 3143 filthy roague.

3144 *Hect.* I do beleue thee, liue.

3145 *Ther.* God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me, but a plague
 3146 breake thy neck—for frightening me: whats become of the

Enter Therfites in excursion.

3325

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile
 goe looke on: that difsembling abhominable varlet *Dio-*
mede, has got that fame fcuruie, doting, foolifh yong
 knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine
 fee them meet; that, that fame yong Troian affe, that loues
 the whore there, might fend that Greekiſh whore-mai-
 fterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the difsembling
 luxurious drabbe, of a fleeuieffe errant. O'th'tother fide,
 the pollicie of thofe craftie fwearing rafcals; that stole
 old Moufe-eaten dry cheefe, *Neflor*: and that fame dog-
 foxe *Vliſſes'* is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They fet
 me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Ajax*, againft that
 dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre
Ajax prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme
 to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime
 barbarifme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

3342

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.

3343

Troy. Flye not: for ſhould'ft thou take the Riuier Stix,
 I would fwim after.

3345

Diom. Thou do'ft miſcall retire:

3346

I doe not flye; but aduantageous care

3347

Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:

3348

Haue at thee?

3349

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore
 Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

3351

Euter Heſtor.

3352

Heſt. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Heſtors* match?
 Art thou of bloud, and honour?

3353

3354

Ther. No, no: I am a rafcall: a fcuruie railing knaue:
 a very filthy roague.

3356

Heſt. I doe beleeuue thee, liue.

3357

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeuue me; but a
 plague breake thy necke—for fighting me: what's be-

3359

3147 wenching roagues? I thinke they haue fswallowed one ano-
 3148 ther. I would laugh at that miracle—yet in a fort lechery
 3149 eates it felfe, ile seeke them. *Exit.*

3364 3150

Enter Diomed and Seruant.

3151 *Dio.* Goe go, my feruant take thou *Troylus* horfe,
 3152 Prefent the faire fteed to my Lady *Creffid*,
 3153 Fellow commend my feruice to her beauty:
 3154 Tell her I haue chaftif'd the amorous *Troyan*,
 3155 And am her knight by prooffe. *Enter Agamem.*

3156 *Man.* I goe my Lord:

3157 *Aga.* Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamas*,
 3158 Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*,
 3159 Hath *Doreus* prifoner.

3374 3160 And ftands *Coloffus* wife wauing his beame,

3161 Vpon the pashed corfes of the Kings:

3162 *Epiftropus* and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is flaine,

3163 *Amphimacus* and *Thous* deadly hurt,

3164 *Patroclus* tane or flaine, and *Palamedes*

3165 Sore hurt and bruifed, the dreadfull *Sagittary*.

3166 Appalls our numbers, haft we *Diomed*,

3167 To re-enforcement or we perifh all.

3168 *Enter Nestor.*

3169 *Nest:* Go beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,

3383 3170 And bid the fnail-pac't *Aiex* arme for fhame,

3171 There is a thoufand *Heftors* in the field:

3172 Now here he fights on *Galathe* his horfe,

3173 And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote

3174 And there they flie or die, like fcaling fculls,

3175 Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder:

3176 And there the ftawy Greekes ripe for his edge

3177 Fall downe before him like a mowers fwath,

3178 Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,

3179 Dext erity fo ob aying appetite,

3393 3180 That what he will he do's, and do's fo much:

3181 That prooffe is call'd impoffibility. *Enter Vliffes.*

come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue
 fswallowed one anotheꝛ. I would laugh at that mira-
 cle—yet in a fort, lecherie eates it felse: Ile seeke them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troylus* Horfe;
 Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressid*:
 Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;
 Tell her, I haue chaftif'd the amorous Trojan.
 And am her Knight by prooffe.

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

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
 Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*
 Hath *Doreus* prifoner.
 And stands Caloffus-wife wauing his beame,
 Vpon the pashed courfes of the Kings:
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is flaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or flaine, and *Palamedes*
 Sore hurt and bruifed; the dreadfull Sagittary
 Appauls our numbers, hafte we *Diomed*
 To re-enforcement, or we perish all. *Enter Nestor.*

Nest. Coe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
 And bid the fnaile-pac'd *Aiax* arme for shame;
 There is a thoufand *Heftors* in the field:
 Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horfe,
 And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
 And there they flye or dye, like fcaled fculs,
 Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
 And there the ftraying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
 Fall downe before him, like the mowers fwath;
 Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
 Dexteritie fo obaying appetite,
 That what he will, he does, and does fo much,
 That prooffe is call'd impoffibility.

- 3182 *Vliſſ.* Oh courage, courage Princes, great *Achilles*,
 3183 Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance,
 3184 *Patroclus* wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
 3185 Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
 3186 That nofeleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt come to him.
 3187 Crying on *Heſtor*, *Aiæx* hath loſt a friend,
 3188 And foames at mouth, and hee is armde and at it:
 3189 Roaring for *Troylus*, who hath done to day,
 3404 3190 Madde and fantaſtique execution:
 3191 Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe
 3192 With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
 3193 As if that luſt in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.
 3194 *Enter Aiæx.* *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*. *Exit.*
- 3195 *Dio.* I there, there?
 3196 *Neſt:* So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*
 3197 *Enter Achilles.*
 3198 *Achil.* Where is this *Heſtor*?
 3199 Come, come, thou boy-queller ſhew thy face,
 3415 3200 Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry
 3201 *Heſtor* wher's *Heſtor*? I will none but *Heſtor*. *Exit.*
- 3202 *Enter Aiæx.* *Troylus* thou coward *Troylus* ſhew thy head.
- 3203 *Enter Diom.* *Troylus* I ſay wher's *Troylus*?
 3204 *Aiæx.* What wouldſt thou.
 3205 *Diom.* I would correct him.
 3206 *Aiæx.* Were I the generall thou ſhouldſt haue my office,
- 3207 Ere that correction? *Troylus* I ſay what *Troylus*.
 3208 *Enter Troylus.*
 3209 *Troy.* Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
- 3429 3210 And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
 3211 *Dio.* Ha art thou there?

Enter Vliffes.

	3395
<i>Vlif.</i> Oh, courage, courage Princes: great <i>Achilles</i>	3396
Is arming, weeping, curfing, vowing vengeance;	3397
<i>Patroclus</i> wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,	3398
Together with his mangled <i>Myrmidons</i> ,	3399
That nofeleffe, handleffe, hackt and chipt, come to him;	3400
Crying on <i>Heftor</i> . <i>Aiæx</i> hath loft a friend,	3401
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:	3402
Roaring for <i>Troylus</i> ; who hath done to day,	3403
Mad and fantafticke execution;	3404
Engaging and redeeming of himfelfe,	3405
With fuch a careleffe force, and forceleffe care,	3406
As if that luck in very fpight of cunning, bad him win all.	3407

Enter Aiæx.

<i>Aiæ.</i> <i>Troylus</i> , thou coward <i>Troylus</i> .	<i>Exit.</i> 3409
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<i>Dio.</i> I, there, there.	3410
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<i>Nef.</i> So, fo, we draw together.	<i>Exit.</i> 3411
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Enter Achilles. 3412

<i>Achil.</i> Where is this <i>Heftor</i> ?	3413
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Come, come, thou boy-queller, fhew thy face:	3414
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Know what it is to meete <i>Achilles</i> angry.	3415
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<i>Heftor</i> , wher's <i>Heftor</i> ? I will none but <i>Heftor</i> .	<i>Exit.</i> 3416
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Enter Aiæx. 3417

<i>Aiæ.</i> <i>Troylus</i> , thou coward <i>Troylus</i> , fhew thy head.	3418
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Enter Diomed. 3419

<i>Diom.</i> <i>Troylus</i> , I fay, wher's <i>Troylus</i> ?	3420
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<i>Aiæ.</i> What would'ft thou?	3421
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<i>Diom.</i> I would correct him.	3422
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<i>Aiæ.</i> Were I the Generall,	3423
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Thou should'ft haue my office,	3424
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Ere that correçtion: <i>Troylus</i> I fay, what <i>Troylus</i> ?	3425
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Enter Troylus. 3426

<i>Troy.</i> Oh traitour <i>Diomed</i> !	3427
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Turne thy falfe face thou traytor,	3428
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And pay thy life thou oweft me for my horfe.	3429
--	------

<i>Dio.</i> Ha, art thou there?	3430
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3212 *Aiæx* Ile fight with him alone stand *Diomed*.

3213 *Diom.* He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

3214 *Troy.* Come both you cogging Greekes haue at you both.

3215 *Hecl.* Yea *Troylus*, O well fought my yongest brother.

3216 *Enter Achil:* Now do I see thee ha, haue at thee *Heclor*.

3217 *Hecl.* Paufe if thou wilt.

3218 *Achil.* I do difdaine thy curtesie proud *Troyan*,

3219 Be happy that my armes are out of vse :

3442 3220 My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

3221 But thou anon shalt here of me againe :

3222 Till when goe seeke thy fortune. *Exit.*

3223 *Hecl.* Fare thee well.

3224 I would haue beene much more a fresher man,

3225 Had I expected thee, how now my brother. *Enter Troyl:*

3226 *Troy.* *Aiæx* hath tane *Æneas*, shall it be,

3227 No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen

3228 He shall not carry him ile be tane to,

3229 Or bring him off, fate here me what I say ;

3453 3230 I wreake not though I end my life to day. *Exit.*

3231 *Enter one in armour.*

3232 *Hecl:* Stand, stand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly marke,

3233 No ? wilt thou not. I like thy armor well,

3234 Ile frush it and vnlock the riuets all :

3235 But ile be maister of it, wilt thou not beaft abide,

3236 Why then flie on, ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

3237 *Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.*

3238 Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,

3239 Marke what I say, attend me where I wheele :

3464 3240 Strike not a stroke, but keepe your selues in breth,

3241 And when I haue the bloody *Heclor* found :

3242 Empale him with your weapons round about,

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	229
	<i>Aia.</i> Ile fight with him alone, stand <i>Diomed.</i>	3431
	<i>Dio.</i> He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.	3432
	<i>Troy.</i> Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you	3433
	both. <i>Exit Troylus.</i>	3434
	<i>Enter Heſtor.</i>	3435
	<i>Heſt.</i> Yea <i>Troylus</i> ? O well fought my yongest Brother.	3436
	<i>Enter Achilles.</i>	3437
	<i>Achil.</i> Now doe I ſee thee; haue at thee <i>Heſtor.</i>	3438
	<i>Heſt.</i> Pauſe if thou wilt.	3439
	<i>Achil.</i> I doe diſdaine thy curteſie, proud Troian;	3440
	Be happy that my armes are out of uſe:	3441
	My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,	3442
	But thou anon ſhalt heare of me againe:	3443
	Till when, goe ſeeke thy fortune. <i>Exit.</i>	3444
	<i>Heſt.</i> Fare thee well:	3445
	I would haue beene much more a freſher man,	3446
	Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?	3447
	<i>Enter Troylus.</i>	3448
	<i>Troy.</i> <i>Aiæx</i> hath tane <i>Æneas</i> ; ſhall it be?	3449
	No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,	3450
	He ſhall not carry him: Ile be tane too,	3451
	Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I ſay;	3452
	I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. <i>Exit.</i>	3453
	<i>Enter one in Armour.</i>	3454
	<i>Heſt.</i> Stand, ſtand, thou Greeke,	3455
	Thou art a goodly marke:	3456
	No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,	3457
	Ile fruſh it, and unlocke the riuets all,	3458
	But Ile be maifter of it: wilt thou not beaſt abide?	3459
	Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. <i>Exit.</i>	3460
	<i>Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.</i>	3461
	<i>Achil.</i> Come here about me you my <i>Myrmidons</i> :	3462
	Marke what I ſay; attend me where I wheele:	3463
	Strike not a ſtroake, but keepe your ſelues in breath;	3464
	And when I haue the bloody <i>Heſtor</i> found,	3465
	Empale him with your weapons round about:	3466

3243 In fellest manner execut your armes

3244 Follow me firs and my proceedings eye,

3245 It is decreed *Heclor* the great must die. *Exit.*

3246 *Enter Therfi: Mene: Paris.*

3247 *Ther.* The cuck-old and the cuck-old-maker are at it,

3248 now bull, now dogge lowe, *Paris* lowe, now my double

3249 hen'd *fpartan*, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware

3474 3250 hornes ho ? *Exit Paris and Menelus.*

3251 *Enter Bastard*

3252 *Bast.* Turne slaue and fight.

3253 *Ther.* What art thou ?

3254 *Bast.* A Bastard sonne of *Priams*.

3255 *Therfi:* I am a bastard too, I loue bastards. I am bastard be-

3256 got, bastard instructed, bastard in minde, bastard in valour, in

3257 euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and

3258 wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrells

3259 most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a

3485 3260 whore, he tempts iudgement, farewell bastard.

3261 *Bast.* The diuell take thee coward. *Exit.*

3262 *Enter Heclor.*

3263 *Hecl.* Most putrified core so faire without,

3264 Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life ;

3265 Now is my daies worke done ile take my breth :

3266 Rest sword thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

3267 *Enter Achilles and Myrmydons.*

3268 *Achil:* Loke *Heclor* how the Sunne begins to fet,

3269 How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles

3496 3270 Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne,

3271 To close the day vp, *Heclors* life is done.

3272 *Hecl.* I am vnarm'd forgoe this vantage Greeke.

3273 *Achil.* Strike fellowes strike, this is the man I seeke,

3274 So Illion fall thou next, come Troy sinke downe,

3275 Here lies thy heart, thy finnewes and thy bone.

3276 On *Myrmydons*, and cry you all amaine,

In fellest manner execute your arme.	3467
Follow me firs, and my proceedings eye ;	3468
It is decreed, <i>Heſtor</i> the great muſt dye.	<i>Exit.</i> 3469
<i>Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.</i>	
<i>Ther.</i> The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it :	3471
now bull, now dogge, lowe ; <i>Paris</i> lowe ; now my dou-	3472
ble hen'd ſparrow ; lowe <i>Paris</i> , lowe ; the bull has the	3473
game : ware hornes ho ?	3474
<i>Exit Paris and Menelaus.</i>	
<i>Enter Baſtard.</i>	
<i>Baſt.</i> Turne ſlaue and fight.	3477
<i>Ther.</i> What art thou ?	3478
<i>Baſt.</i> A Baſtard Sonne of <i>Priams</i> .	3479
<i>Ther.</i> I am a Baſtard too, I loue Baſtards, I am a Ba-	3480
ſtard begot, Baſtard instructed, Baſtard in minde, Baſtard	3481
in valour, in euery thing illegitimate : one Beare will not	3482
bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard ? take	3483
heede, the quarrel's moſt ominous to vs : if the Sonne of a	3484
whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement : farewell	3485
Baſtard.	3486
<i>Baſt.</i> The diuell take thee coward.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 3487
<i>Enter Heſtor.</i>	
<i>Heſt.</i> Moſt putrified core ſo faire without :	3489
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.	3490
Now is my daies worke done ; Ile take good breath :	3491
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.	3492
<i>Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.</i>	
<i>Achil.</i> Looke <i>Heſtor</i> how the Sunne begins to ſet ;	3494
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,	3495
Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.	3496
To cloſe the day vp, <i>Heſtors</i> life is done.	3497
<i>Heſt.</i> I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.	3498
<i>Achil.</i> Strike fellowes, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke.	3499
So Illion fall thou : now Troy finke downe ;	3500
Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinewes, and thy bone.	3501
On <i>Myrmidons</i> , cry you all a maine,	3502

3277 *Achilles* hath the mighty *Heſtor* flaine, *Retreat.*
 3278 Harke a retire vpon our Grecian prat.
 3279 *One:* The Troyans trumpet found the like my Lord.
 3506 3280 *Achil:* The dragon wing of night orespreds the earth,
 3281 And ſtickler-like the armies ſeparates.
 3282 My halfe ſupt ſword that frankly would hauefedde,
 3283 Pleaf'd with this dainty baite thus goes to bed :
 3284 Come tie his body to my horſes taile,
 3285 Along the field I will the Troyan traile. *Exeunt:*

3286 *Enter Agam: Ajax, Mene: Neſtor, Diom:*
 3287 *and the reſt marching.*

3288 *Aga.* Hark, harke, what is this ?
 3289 *Neſt.* Peace drums.
 3517 3290 *Sould: within. Achilles, Achilles, Heſtors* flaine *Achilles.*
 3291 *Dio.* The bruite is *Heſtors* flaine and by *Achilles.*
 3292 *Ajax.* If it be ſo yet bragleſſe let it bee,
 3293 Great *Heſtor* was as good a man as he.
 3294 *Aga.* March patiently along : let one bee ſent,
 3295 To pray *Achilles* ſee vs at our tent :
 3296 If in his death the Gods haue vs befriended.
 3297 Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended. *Exeunt.*

3298 *Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor, Diophobus.*
 3299 *Ane.* Stand ho ? yet are we maſters of the field,

3528 3300 *Enter Troylus.*
 3301 *Troy.* Neuer goe home, here ſtarue we out the night,
 3302 *Heſtor* is flaine.
 3303 *All. Heſtor!* the gods forbid.
 3304 *Troy.* Hee's dead and at the murtherers horſes taile,
 3309 In beſtly fort dragd through the ſhamefull field :
 3306 Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with ſpeed,
 3307 Sit gods vpon your thrones, and ſmile at Troy.

1623	<i>The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida</i>	233
	<i>Achilles</i> hath the mighty <i>Heſtor</i> flaine.	<i>Retreat.</i> 3508
	Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.	3504
	<i>Gree.</i> The Troian Trumpets ſounds the like my Lord.	3505
	<i>Achi.</i> The dragon wing of night ore-ſpreds the earth	3506
	And ſtickler-like the Armies ſeperates	3507
	My halfe ſupt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,	3508
	Pleas'd with this dainty bed ; thus goes to bed.	3509
	Come, tye his body to my horſes tayle ;	3510
	Along the field, I will the Troian traile.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 3511
	<i>Sound Retreat.</i> <i>Shout.</i>	3512
	<i>Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor,</i>	3513
	<i>Diomed, and the reſt marching.</i>	3514
	<i>Aga.</i> Harke, harke, what ſhout is that ?	3515
	<i>Neſt.</i> Peace Drums.	3516
	<i>Sold.</i> <i>Achilles, Achilles, Heſtor's</i> flaine, <i>Achilles.</i>	3517
	<i>Dio.</i> The brute is, <i>Heſtor's</i> flaine, and by <i>Achilles.</i>	3518
	<i>Aia.</i> If it be ſo, yet bragleſſe let it be :	3519
	Great <i>Heſtor</i> was a man as good as he.	3520
	<i>Agam.</i> March patiently along ; let one be ſent	3521
	To pray <i>Achilles</i> ſee vs at our Tent.	3522
	If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,	3523
	Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended. <i>Exeunt.</i>	3524
	<i>Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphæbus.</i>	3525
	<i>Æne.</i> Stand hoe, yet are we maifters of the field,	3526
	Neuer goe home ; here ſtarue we out the night.	3527
	<i>Enter Troylus.</i>	3528
	<i>Troy.</i> <i>Heſtor</i> is flaine.	3529
	<i>All.</i> <i>Heſtor?</i> the gods forbid.	3530
	<i>Troy.</i> Hee's dead : and at the murtherers Horſes taile,	3531
	In beaftly fort drag'd through the ſhamefull Field.	3532
	Frowne on you heauens, effeſt your rage with ſpeede :	3533
	Sit gods vpon your throanes, and ſmile at Troy.	3534

3308 I fay at once, let your breefe plagues be mercy,
 3309 And linger not our fure deftructions on.
 3537 3310 *Æne.* My Lord you doe difcomfort all the hoft.
 3311 *Troy.* You vnderftand me not that tell me fo,
 3312 I do not ſpeake of flight, of feare of death
 3313 But dare all immynence that gods and men
 3314 Addrefſe their daungers in. *Hector* is gone :
 3315 Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo or *Hecuba* ?
 3316 Let him that will a ſcrich-ould aye be call'd,
 3317 Goe into Troy and fay their *Hectors* dead,
 3318 There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone,
 3319 Make wells and *Niobe's* of the maides and wiues :
 3547 3320 Could ftatues of the youth and in a word,
 3321 Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe, there is no more to fay,

3322 Stay yet you proud abhominable tents :
 3323 Thus proudly pitcht vpon our Phrigian plaines,
 3324 Let *Tytan* riſe as earely as he dare,
 3325 Ile through, and through you, and thou great ſiz'd coward,
 3326 No ſpace of earth ſhall funder our two hates :
 3327 Ile haunt thee like a wicked confcience ſtill.
 3328 That mouldeth goblins fwift as frienzes thoughts,
 3329 Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
 3558 3330 Hope of reueng ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

3331 *Pan.* But here you, here you.
 3332 *Troy.* Hence broker, lacky, ignomyny, ſhame,
 3333 Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.
 3334 *Exeunt all but Pandarus.*
 3335 *Pan.* A goodly medicine for my aking bones, Oh world,
 3336 world—thus is the poore agent deſpif'd, Oh traitors and
 3337 bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a worke, and how ill re-
 3338 quited, why ſhould our endeuour bee ſo lou'd and the per-
 3339 formance ſo loathed, what verſe for it? What inſtance for it?
 3567 3340 Let me ſee,
 3341 Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,

I lay at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy, 3535
 And linger not our fure destructions on. 3536

Æne. My Lord, you doe discomfourt all the Hofte. 3537

Troy. You vnderftand me not, that tell me fo: 3538

I doe not fpeake of flight, of feare, of death, 3539

But dare all imminence that gods and men, 3540

Addrefse their dangers in. *Hector* is gone: 3541

Who fhall tell *Priam* fo? or *Hecuba*? 3542

Let him that will a fceechoule aye be call'd, 3543

Goe in to Troy, and fay there, *Hector's* dead: 3544

There is a word will *Priam* turne to ftone; 3545

Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues; 3546

Coole ftatues of the youth: and in a word, 3547

Scarre Troy out of it felfe. But march away, 3548

Hector is dead: there is no more to fay. 3549

Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents, 3550

Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines: 3551

Let Titan rife as early as he dare, 3552

Ile through, and through you; & thou great fiz'd coward: 3553

No fpace of Earth fhall funder our two hates, 3554

Ile haunt thee, like a wicked confcience ftill, 3555

That mouldeth goblins fwift as frenfies thoughts. 3556

Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe: 3557

Hope of reuenge, fhall hide our inward woe. 3558

Enter Pandarus. 3559

Pand. But heare you? heare you? 3560

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and flame 3561

Purfue thy life, and liue aye with thy name *Exeunt.* 3562

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine akingbones: oh world, 3563

world, world! thus is the poore agent difpifde: Oh trai- 3564

tours and bawdes; how earnestly are you fet aworke, and 3565

how ill requited? why fhould our indeuour be fo defir'd, 3566

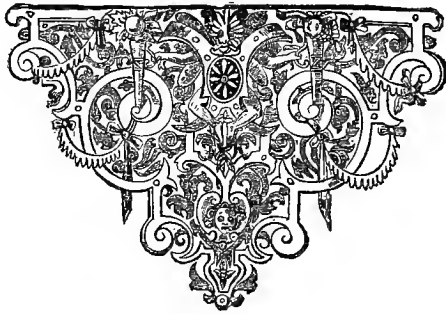
and the performance fo loath'd? What Verfe for it? what 3567

instance for it? let me fee. 3568

Full merrily the humble Bee doth fing, 3569

3343 Till he hath lost his hony and his sting.
 3344 And being once subdude in armed taile,
 3345 Sweet hony, and sweet notes together faile.
 3346 Good traiders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes,
 3347 As many as be here of *Pandars* hall,
 3348 Your eyes halfe out weepe out at *Pandars* fall.
 3349 Or if you cannot weepe yet giue some grones,
 3577 3350 Though not for me yet for my aking bones :
 3351 Brethren and sisters of the hold-ore trade,
 3352 Some two monthes hence my will shall here be made.
 3353 It should be now but that my feare is this,
 3354 Some gauled goose of Winchester would hiffe.
 3355 Till then ile sweate and seeke about for eases,
 3356 And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

FINIS.



Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.	3570
And being once sub du'd in armed taile,	3571
Sweete hony. and fweete notes together faile.	3572
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes ;	3573
As many as be here of Panders hall,	3574
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at <i>Pandar's</i> fall :	3575
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones ;	3576
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones :	3577
Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,	3578
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made :	3579
It should be now, but that my feare is this :	3580
Some galled Goose of Winchester would hiss :	3581
Till then, Ile sweate, and seeke about for eases ;	3582
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. <i>Exeunt.</i>	3583

FINIS.



TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1609 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
¶ 2	30	
A 2	81	63
A 3	157	146
A 3 (v) (or blank)	233	228
B	309	314
B 2	385	397
B 3	461	479
B 3 (v) (or blank)	537	563
C	613	539
C 2	689	716
C 3	765	799
C 3 (v) (or blank)	841	none corresponding.
D	903	970
D 2	979	1046
D 3	1055	1123
D 3 (v) (or blank)	1130	1198
E	1206	1284
E 2	1282	1367
E 3	1358	1448
E 3 (v) (or blank)	1434	1531
F	1509	1610
F 2	1585	1691
F 3	1661	1772
F 4 (for F v)	1737	1853
G	1813	1931
G 2	1889	2008
G 3	1965	2084
G 3½(v) (or blank)	2041	2171
H	2117	2250
H 2	2193	2329
H 3	2269	2408
H 3 (v) (or blank)	2345	2489
I	2421	2575
I 2	2497	2655
I 3	2573	2738
I 3 (v) (or blank)	2649	2818
K	2724	2893
K 2	2800	2987
K 3	2876	3070
K 3 (v) (or blank)	2952	3149
L	3026	3230
L 2	3099	3303
L 3	3175	3388
L v ⁴ (or blank)	3250	3475
M	3326	3554

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.*

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
Blank page . . .	1	Unnumbered page	
Numbered page		2d column . . . (7)	1755
1st column . . . 78	35	1st " . . . (8)	1821
2d " . . . 78	79	2d " . . . (8)	1885
1st " . . . 79	126	1st " . . . (9)	1951
2d " . . . 79	192	2d " . . . (9)	2017
1st " . . . 80	258	1st " . . . (10)	2083
2d " . . . 80	324	2d " . . . (10)	2150
1st " . . . 18	388	1st " . . . (11)	2214
2d " . . . 18	451	2d " . . . (11)	2280
1st " . . . 82	517	1st " . . . (12)	2344
2d " . . . 82	583	2d " . . . (12)	2407
1st " . . . 88	649	1st " . . . (13)	2473
2d " . . . 88	714	2d " . . . (13)	2539
1st " . . . 88	779	1st " . . . (14)	2601
2d " . . . 88	845	2d " . . . (14)	2667
Unnumbered page		1st " . . . (15)	2733
1st column . . . (1)	911	2d " . . . (15)	2799
2d " . . . (1)	977	1st " . . . (16)	2865
1st " . . . (2)	1043	2d " . . . (16)	2931
2d " . . . (2)	1107	1st " . . . (17)	2997
1st " . . . (3)	1173	2d " . . . (17)	3063
2d " . . . (3)	1237	1st " . . . (18)	3129
1st " . . . (4)	1301	2d " . . . (18)	3195
2d " . . . (4)	1367	1st " . . . (19)	3261
1st " . . . (5)	1433	2d " . . . (19)	3325
2d " . . . (5)	1498	1st " . . . (20)	3388
1st " . . . (6)	1561	2d " . . . (20)	3453
2d " . . . (6)	1625	1st " . . . (21)	3517
1st " . . . (7)	1690	2d " . . . (21)	3550

* All pages of this Play are falsely numbered in Folio.

