

TREASURE ROOM

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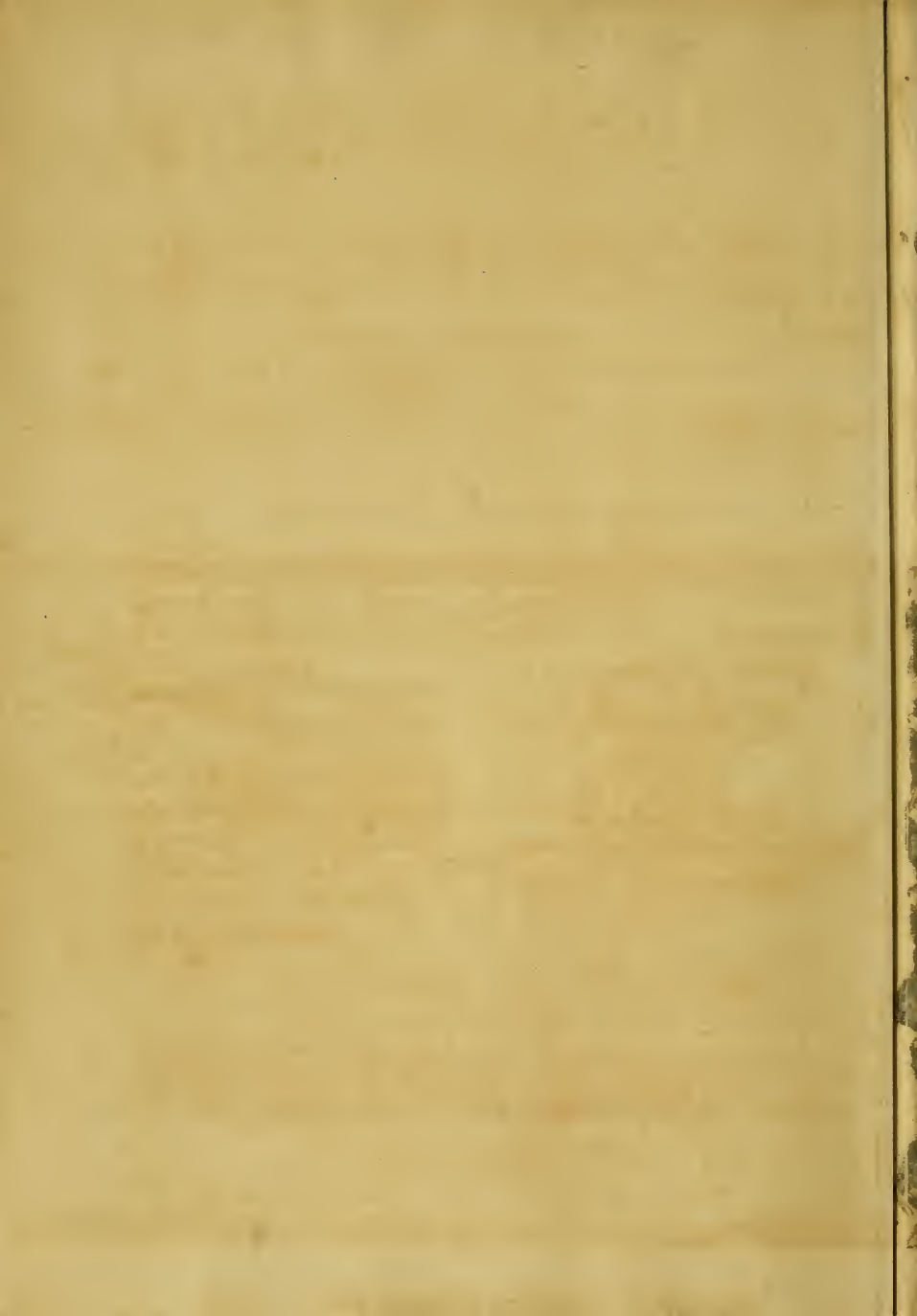
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Hosmer's Tale, 1861, 2 vols. N^o 587.
vol. 1.



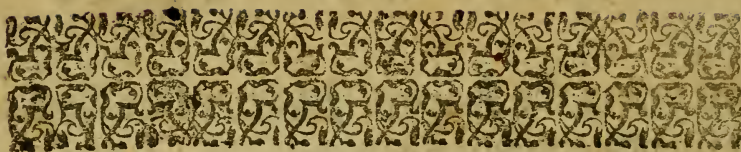
The Iron Age:

Contayning the Rape of *Hellen*: The siege of *Troy*:
The Combate betwixt *Hector* and *Ajax*: *Hector* and *Troilus*
slayne by *Achilles*: *Achilles* slaine by *Paris*: *Ajax* and *Vlisses*
contend for the Armour of *Achilles*: The Death
of *Ajax*, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent audi Delectare.





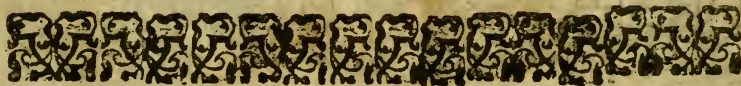
Drammatis Personæ.

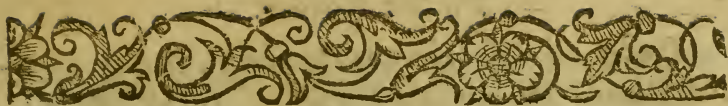
Of the party of the Troians.

King Priam.
 Hector.
 Paris.
 Troilus.
 Aneas.
 Anthenor.
 Deiphobus.
 Margareton.
 Astianax, Hectors Sonne.
 Queene Hecuba.
 Cassandra a Prophetesse.
 Cressida, Calchas his daughter.
 Polixina daughter to Priam.
 Oenon, Paris his first loue.
 Andromache, Hectors wife.
 Hectors Armour-bearer.
 Troian souldiers.

Of the party of the Grecians.

King Agamemnon Generall.
 King Menelaus.
 King Diomed.
 Vlysses, King of Ithacus.
 Achilles.
 A Spartan Lord.
 An Embassador of Creete.
 Castor and Pollux, the two
 brothers of Hellena.
 Ajax Duke of Salamine.
 Therfites a raylor.
 Queene Hellena.
 Calchas, Apolles Priest.
 Patroclus, Achilles his friend.
 Achilles his Mermaidons.
 Grecian souldiers.
 Attendants.





To the Reader.



Ourteous Reader: The Gold, Siluer, and Brasle Ages hauing beene many yeares since in the Presse, continuing the History from Iupiters Birth (the sonne of Saturne) to the Death of Hercules. This Iron Age (neuer till now Published,) beginneth wheret the other left, holding on, a plaine and direct course, from the second Rape of Hellen: (For she was in her minority rauished by Theseus the Friend of Hercules) not onely to the utter ruine, and deuastation of Troy; but it, with the second Part, stretcheth to the Deathes of Hellen; and all those Kings of Greece, who were the undertakers of that Ten yeares Bloody and fatall Seige. I presume the reading there of shall not proue distastfull vnto any: First in regard of the Antiquity and Noblenesse of the History: Next because it includeth the most things of especiall remarke, which haue beene ingeniously Comented, and labouriously Recorded, by the Muses Darlings, the Poets: And Times learned Remembrancers; the Histriographers,

Lastly,

To the Reader.

Lastly, I desire thee to take notice, that these were the Playes often (and not with the least applause,) Publickely Acted by two Companies, vpon one Stage at once, and haue at sundry times thronged three severall Theaters, with numerous and mighty Auditories, if the grace they had then in the Actings, take not away the expected luster, hoped for in the Reading, I shall then hold thee well pleased, and therein, my selfe fully satisfied; Ever remaining thine as studious

Prodesse vt Delectare:

Thomas Heywood.

The



The Iron Age.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

*Enter King Priamus, Queene Hecuba, Hector,
Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, &c.*

Priamus.



Rinces and Sonnes of *Priamus*, to this end
Wee cal'd you to this solemne Parleance.
There's a deuining spirit prompts mee still,
That if we new begin Hostility,
The *Grecians* may be forc't to make repayre
Of our twice ruin'd walls, and of the rape
Done to our sister faire *Hesione*.

Aeneas. I am my princely Soueraigne of your minde,
And can by grounded arguments approoue
Your power and potency: what they twice demolish't
Is now with strength and beauty rear'd againe.
Your Kingdome growne more populous and rich,
The youth of *Troy* irregular and vntam'd,
Couetous of warre and martiall exercise,
From you and filuer tressed *Hecuba*
Fifty faire sonnes are lineally deriu'd,
All *Asiæ* Kings are in your loue and league,
Their royaltiss as of your Empire held,

B

Hector

The Iron Age.

Hector and *Hectors* brothers are of power
To fetch your sister from the heart of *Greece*,
Where she remaines imbrac't by *Telamon*.

Pria. Aeneas, your aduise assents with vs.
How stand our sonnes vnto these wars inclin'd?

Hect. In mine opinion we haue no iust cause
To rayse new tumults, that may liue in peace:
Warre is a fury quickly coniured vp,
But not so soone appeas'd.

Par. What iust'er cause
When the whole world takes note to our disgrace,
Of this our *Troy*, twice rac't by *Hercules*.

Troy. And faire *Hesione* rapt hence to *Greece*,
Where she still lines coopt vp in *Salamine*.

Hect. *Troy* was twice rac't, and *Troy* deseru'd that wracke;

The valiant (ha'fe Diuine bred) *Hercules*,
Redeem'd this Towne from blacke mortality,
And my bright Aunt from death, when he surcharg'd
The virgin fedde, Sea-monster with his club.
For my owne Grand-fire, great *Laomedon*,
Denied the Heroe, both the meede propos'd,
And most (ingratefull) shut him from the Gates:

Troy therefore drew iust ruine on it selfe:
Tis true, our Aunt was borne away to *Greece*,
Who with more iustice might transport her hence,
Then he whose prise she was? bold *Telamon*

For ventring first vpon the wals of *Troy*,
Alcides gaue her to the *Salmine* Duke.

Detayning her? whom keepes he but his owne?
Were she my prisoner I should do the like.

By *Ione* she's worth the keeping.

Par. Then of force,
Shee must be worth the fetching.

Hect. Fetch her that list: my reuerent King and father,

If you pursue this expedition,
By the vntaunted honor of these armes

That line imblazon'd on my burnish't shield,

The Iron Age.

It is without good cause, and I deuine
Of all your flourishing line, by which the Gods
haue rectified your fame aboue all Kings,
Not one shal liue to meate your Sepulchre,
Or trace your funerall Heralds to the Tombes
Of your great Aucestours: oh for your honou
Take not vp vniust Armes.

Aene. Prince *Hectors* words
Will draw on him the imputation
Of feare and cowardesie.

Troi. Fie brother *Hector*,
If our Aunts rape, and *Troyes* destruction
Bee not reueng'd, their feuerall blemishes
The aged hand of Time can neuer wipe
From our succession.

'Twill be registred
That all King *Priams* sonnes saue one were willing
And forward to reuenge them on the *Greekes*,
Onely that *Hector* durst not.

Hect. Ha, durst not didst thou say? effeminate boy,
Go get you to your Sheepe-hooke and your Scrip,
Thou look'st not like a Souldier, there's no fire
Within thine eyes, nor quills vpon thy chinne,
Tell me I dare not? go, rise, get you gone:
Th'art fitter for young *Aenons* company
Then for a bench of souldiers: here comes one,
Antenor is returned.

Enter Antenor.

Pri. Welcome *Antenor*, what's the newes from *Greece*?

Ante. Newes of dishonour to the name of *Priam*,
Your Hignesse Sister faire *Hesione*:
Esteem'd there as a strumpet, and no Queene;
(After complaint) when I propos'd your Maiesty
would fetch her thence perforce, had you but seene
With what disdainfull pride, and bitter taunts
They tost my threats: 'twould haue inflam'd your spleene
With more then common rage, neuer was *Princesse*

The Iron Age.

So basely v^ld : neuer Embassadour
With such dishonour sent from Princes Court,
As was then from that of *Telamons*,
Of *Agamemnons* and the *Spartan Kings*.

Priam. I shall not dye in peace, if these disgraces
Live v^rreueng'd.

Hect. By Ioue wee'le fetch her thence,
Or make all populous *Greece* a Wildernesse,
Paris a hand, wee are friends, now *Geece* shall finde
And thou shalt know what mighty *Hector* dares.
When all th'vnited Kings in Armes shall rue
This base dishonour done to *Priams* blood.

Par. Heare Gracious sir, my dreame in *Ida Mount*,
Beneath the shadow of a Cedar sleeping,
Celestiall *Iuno*, *Venus*, and the Goddesse
Borne from the braine of mighty *Iupiter*.
These three present me with a golden Ball,
On which was writ, *Detur pulcherrime*,
Giue't to the fairest : *Iuno* proffers wealth,
Scepters and Crownes : saith, she will make me rich;
Next steps forth *Pallas* with a golden Booke,
Saith, reach it me, I'le teach the Litterature,
Knowledge and Arts, makethee of all most wise.
Next smiling *Venus* came, with such a looke
Able to raiish mankinde : thus bespake mee,
Make that Ball mine? the fairest Queene that breathes,
I'le in requitall, cast into thine armes.
How can I stand against her golden smiles,
When beautie promist beauty? shee preuayl'd:
To her I gaue the prise, with which shee mounted
Like to a Starre from earth shott vp to Heauen.
Now if in *Greece* (as some report) be Ladies
Peerelesse for beauty, wherefore might not *Paris*
By *Venus* ayde sayle hence to *Grecia*,
And quit the rape of faire *Hesione*,
By stealing thence the Queene most beautifull,
That feedes vpon the honey of that ayre?

The Iron Age?

Pri. That amorous Goddesse borne vpon the waues
Assist thee in thy voyage, we will rigge
A royall flete to waite thee into *Greece*.

Aeneas with our sonne *Deiphobus*,
And other Lords shall beare thee company.
What thinke our sonnes *Hector* and *Troilus*
Of *Paris* expedition?

Hect. As an attempt the Heauens haue cause to prosper.
Go brother *Paris*, if thou bring'st a Queene,
Hector will be her Champion; then let's see
What *Greece* dare fetch her hence.

Pri. Straight giue order
To haue his Fleet made ready.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Cassan. Stay *Priam*, *Paris* cease, stay *Troian* Peeres
To plot your vniuersall overthrow.
What hath poore *Troy* deseru'd, that you should kinde
Flames to destroy it?

Pa. What intends *Cassandra*?

Cass. To quench bright burning *Troy*, to secure thee,
To saue old *Priam* and his fifty sonnes.
(The royalst issue, that e're King I enioy'de)
To keepe the reuerent haire of *Hecuba*,
From being torne off by her owne sad hands.

Pri. *Cassandra's* madde.

Cass. You are mad, all *Troy* is madde.
And railes before it's ruine.

Hect. What would my sister?

Cass. Stay this bold youth my brother, who by water
Would sayle to bring fire which shall burne all *Troy*,
Stay him, oh stay him, ere these golden roofes
Melt o're our heads, before these glorious Turrets
Bee burnt to ashes. Ere cleare *Simois* streames
Runne with blond royall, and *Scamander* Plaine,
In which *Troy* stands bee made a Sepulchre
To bury *Troy*, and *Trojians*,

The Iron Age.

Pri. Away with her, some false deuining spirit
Enuying the honour we shall gaine from *Greece*,
Would trouble our designements.

Hect. Royall sir,
Cassandra is a Vestall Prophetesse,
And consecrate to *Pallas*; oft inspir'd.
Then lend her gracious audience.

Troil. So let our Aunt
Bee still a slaue in *Greece*, and wee your sonnes
Bee held as cowards.

Aene. Let *Antenors* wrongs
Bee basely swallowed, and the name of *Troy*
Be held a word of scorne.

Cass. Then let *Troy* burne,
Let the *Greekes* clap their hands, and warme themselves
At this bright Bone-fire: dream'd not *Hecuba*
The night before this fatall Youth was borne,
That shee brought forth a fire-brand?

Hecub. 'Tis most true.

Cass. And when King *Priam* to the Priest reueald
This ominous dreame, hee with the Gods consulted,
And from the Oracle did this returne,
That the Childe borne should stately *Ilium* burne.

Par. And well the Prophet guest, for my desire
To visit *Greece*, burnes with a quenchlesse fire:
Nor from this flaming brand shall I be free,
Till I haue left rich *Troy*, and *Sparta* see.

Cass. Yet *Hecuba*, ere thou thy *Priam* loose,
And *Priam* ere thou loose thy *Hecuba*,

Pri. Away with her.

Cass. Why speakes not in this case *Andromache*?
Thou shalt loose a *Hector*, who's yet thine.
Why good *Aeneas* dost thou speech forbear?
Thou hop'st in time another *Troy* to reare,
When this is sackt, and therefore thou standst mute,
All strooke with silence; none assist my suite.

Pri. Force her away and lay her fast in hold.

Cass.

The Iron Age.

Cass. Then *Troy*, no *Troy*, but ashes; and a place
Where once a Citty stood: poore *Priam*, thou
That shalt leaue fatherlesse fifty faire sonnes,
And this thy fruitfull *Queene*, a desolate widdow;
And *Ilium* now no Pallace for a King,
But a confus'd heape of twice burnt bricke.
They that thy beauty wondred, shall admire
To see thy Towers detac'd with *Greekish* fire.

[*Exit*]

Pri. Thou art no Sibill, but from fury speak'st,
Not inspiration we regard thee not.
Come valiant sonnes, wee'le first prepare our ships,
And with a royall Fleece well rigg'd to sea
Seeke iust reuenge for faire *Hesione*.

Exeunt omnes, manet Paris, to him Oenon who in his going out plucks her backe.

Oen. Know you not mee?

Par. Who art thou?

Oen. View mee well.

And what I am, my lookes and teares will teach thee.

Par. *Oenon*? what brought thee hither?

Oen. To see *Idabare*

Of her tall Cedars, to see shipwrights square
The trunks of new feld Pines: Asking the cause,
So many Hatchets, Hammers, Plowes and Sawes
Were thither brought: They gan mee thus to greete,
With these tall Cedars we must build a flecte
For *Paris*; who in that must sayle to *Greece*,
To fetch a new wife thence.

Par. And my faire *Oenon*,

Know that they told truth, for 'tis decreed
Euen by the Gods behest, that I should speed
Vpon this new aduventure: The Gods all,
That made mee iudge to giue the golden Ball.
Harke, harke, the Saylers cry aboard, aboard;
The Winde blowes faire, fare-well.

Oen.

The Iron Age

Oenon. Heare me one word.

By our first loue, by all our amorous kisses;
Courtings, imbraces; and ten thousand blesses
I coniure thee, that thou in *Troy* may'st stay.

Par. They cry aboard, and *Paris* must away!

Oen. What need'st thou plowe the seas to seeke a Wife;
Hæuing one here, to hazard thy sweete life,
Seeking a Strumpet through warres fierce alarmes,
And haue so kind a wife lodg'd in thine armes.

Par. Sweete *Oenon*, stay me not, vnclaspe thine hold!

Oen. Not for *Troyes* crowne or all the Sun-gods Gold!
Canst thou? oh canst thou thy sweete life indanger,
And leaue thine owne wife to seeke out a stranger?

Pa. I can, farewell.

Oen. Oh yet a little stay!

Pa. Let go thine hold, or I shall force my way!

Oen. Oh do but looke on me, yet once againe.
Though now a Prince, thou wast an humble swaine,
And then I was thine *Oenon*. (Oh sad fate)
I craue thy loue, I couet not thy state;
Still I am *Oenon*: still thou *Paris* art
The selfe-same man, but not the selfe-same heart:

Par. Vntie, or I shall breake thy charming band,
Neptune assist my course: thou *Ioue* my hand. *Exit.*

Oen. Most cruell, most vnkind, hadst thou thus said
The night before thou hadst my Maiden-head,
I had beene free to chuse, and thou to wiue;
Not widdowed now, my husband still aliue.

Enter King Menelaus, King Diomed, Therfites, a Lord Embassadour with Attendants.

Mene. King *Diomed*, *Sparta* is proud to see you,
Your comming at this time's more seasonable,
In that wee haue imployment for your wisdome
And royall valour.

Diom. The *Christian Scepter* noy in centrauerse

The Iron Age.

(As this Embassadour hath late inform'd)
Despising that vsurping hand, which long
Hath against Law and Iustice swayd and borne it,
Offers it selfe to your protection.

Is it not so my Lord?

Embassa. You truely vnderstand our Embasie.

Ther. *Menelaus!*

Mene. What saith *Thersites*?

Ther. That Heauen hath many Starres in't, but no eyes,
And cannot see desert. The Goddesse *Fortune*
Is head-winkt, why else should she proffer thee
Another Crowne that hath one: (*Grand Sir Ioue*)
What a huge heape of businesse shalt thou haue,
Hauing ano ther Kingdome? being in *Creete*,
Sparta will go to wracke, being in *Sparta*,
Creete will to ruine: To haue more then these
Such a bright Lasse as *Hellen*: *Hellen?* oh!
'Must haue an eye to her too, fie, fie, fie,
Poore man how thou'lt bee puff'd!

Mene. Why thinke *Thersites* my bright *Hellen*'s beauty
Is not with her faire vertues equaliz'd?

Ther. Yes, I thinke so, and *Hellen* is an asse,
But thou beleeu'it so too.

Diom. *Thersites* is a rayler.

Ther. No, I disclaim't, I am a Counsellor.
I haue knowne a fellow matcht to a faire wife,
That hath had ne're a Kingdome: thou hast two
To looke to, (scarce a house) thou many Pallaces,
Hee scarce a Page, and thou a thousand seruants:
Yet hee hauing no more, yet had too much
To looke to one faire wife.

Diom. Were not the King
Well grounded in the vertues of his Queene,
Thy words *Thersites* might set odds betwixt them.

Mene. My *Hellen?* thereinam I happiest:
Know *Diomed*, her beauty I preferre
Before the Crownes of *Sparta*, and of *Creete*.

The Iron Age.

Musicke! I know my Lady then is comming,
To giue kind welcome to King *Diomed*,
Strowe in her way sweete powders, burne Perfume,
And where my *Hellen* treads no feete perfume.

*Musicke
within.*

Ther. 'T were better strowe horne-shauings.

Enter Hellen with waiting Gentlewomen and Seruants.

Hel. 'Tis told vs this Embassadour doth stay
To take my husband, my deare Lord away.

Men. True *Hellen*, 'tis a Kingdome calls me hence.

Hel. A Kingdome! hath your *Hellen* such small grace,
That you preferre a Kingdome 'fore her face?
You value me too cheape, and doe not know
The worth and value of the face you owe.

Ther. I had rather haue a good Calues face.

Hess. *Thesens*, that in my non-age did assaile mee,
And being too young for pastime, thence did haile mee;
Hee, to haue had the least part of your blisse
Oft proffered mee a Kingdome for a kisse.

You surfeit in your pleasures, swimme in sport,
But sir, from henceforth I shall keepe you short.

Dio. Faire Queene, 'tis honour calls him hence away.

Hel. What's that to *Hellen*, if shee'le haue him stay?
Say I should weepe at parting, (which I feare)
Some for ten Kingdomes would not haue a teare
Fall from his *Hellens* eye, but hee's vnkind,
And cares not though I weepe my bright eyes blind.

Enter a Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. Great King, we haue discover'd from the shoare
A gallant Fleete of ships, that with full sayle
Make towards the Port.

Mene. What number?

Sp. L. Some two and twenty Sayle.

Men. Discover them more amply, and make good the Ha-
uen against them, till we know th' intent of their arriue.

Sp. L. My Royall Lord I shall.

Mene.

The Iron Age.

Men. Embassadour this busines once blowne o're,
You shall receiue your answer instantly.

Hel. You shall not goe and leaue your *Hellen* here;
Can I a Kingdome gouerne in your absence,
And guide so rude a people as yours is?
How shall I doe my Lord, when you are gone,
So many bleake cold nights to lye alone?
Y'haue vs d mee so to fellowship in bed,
That should I leaue it, I should soone be dead:
Troth I shall neuer indure it.

Men. My sweete *Hellen*,
Was neuer King blest with so chaste a wife.

Enter the Spartan Lord.

Men. The newes? whence is their Fleete?

Sp. L. From *Troy*.

Men. The Generall?

Sp. L. *Priams* sonne.

Men. Their expedition?

Sp. L. To seeke aduentures and strange Lands abroad,
And though now weather-beat, yet brauer men,
More rich in Iewells, costlier araide,
Or better featur'd ne're eye beheld,
Especially the Prince their Generall,
Paris of *Troy* one of King *Priams* sonnes.

Hel. Brauer then these our *Lacedemons* are?

Sp. L. Madam, by much.

Hel. How is the Prince of *Troy*

To *Menelaus* mighty *Spartans* King?

Sp. L. Prince *Menelaus* is my Soueraigne Madam,
But might I freely speake without offence,
(Excepting *Menelaus*) neuer breath'd
A brauer Gallant then the *Troian* Prince.

Men. What Intertainment shall wee giue these strangers?

Hel. What? but the choyce that *Lacedemon* yeelds,
If they come braue, our brauery let vs show,
That what our *Sparta* yeelds, their *Troy* may know:
Let them not iay they found vs poore and bare,

The Iron Age.

Or that our *Grecian Ladies* are lesse faire
Then theirs : giue them occasion to relate
At their returne, how wee exceede their state.

Mene. *Hellen* hath well aduis'd, and for the best
Her counsell with our honour doth agree,
All *Spartacs* pompe is for the *Trojans* free.

Hell. Oh had I known their Landing one day sooner,
That *Hellen* might haue trim'd vp her attire
Against this meeting, then my radiant beauty
I doubt not, might in *Troy* be tearm'd as faire,
As through all *Greece* I am reputed rare.

A flourish. Enter *Paris*, *Aeneas*, *Deiphobus*, *Antenor*, *Mene-*
laus and *Diomed* embrace *Paris* and the rest : *Paris* turnes
from them and kisseth *Hellen*, all way shee with her hand puts
him backe.

Hell. 'Tis not the *Spartan* fashion thus to greet
Vpon the lips, when royall strangers meete.
I know not what your *Asian* Court-ship is.
Oh *Ioue*, how sweetely doth this *Troian* kisse?

Par. Beare with a stranger Lady, though vnknowne;
That's practis'd in no fashion faue his owne.
Hee that his fault confesseth ne're offends,
Nor can hee iniure, that no wrong intends.

Hell. To kisse mee ! why before so many eyes
The King could do no more : would fortune bring
This stranger there where I haue met the King,

Mene. Patience, sweet *Hellen*, *Trojans* welcome all,
You shall receiue the princeliest entertaine
Sparta can yeeld you, but some late affaires
About the *Cretan* scepter calls vs hence,
That businesse once determin'd wee are yours,
In the meane time faire *Hellen* bee't your charge
To make their welcome in my absence large.

*They all goe off with a flourish, onely Paris and
Hellen keepe the Stage.*

The Iron Age?

Par. Oh *Ione* my dreame! sweete *Venus* ayde my prayer,
And keepe thy word: behold a face more faire
Then thou thy selfe canst shewe, this is the same
Thou promist me in *Ida*, this I claime.
Giue me this face faire *Venus*, and that's all
I'leaske in guerdon of the golden Ball.

Hel. Of what rare mettall is this *Troian* made?
That one poore kisse hath power so to perswade,
Here at my lips the sweetnesse did beginne,
And since hath past through all my powers within:
Oh kisse mee if thou lou'st me once againe,
I feele the first kisse thrill through euery veine.

Par. Queene I must speake with you,

Hel. Must?

Par. *Hellen*, I,

I haue but two wayes to take, to speake, or dye:
Grant my tongue pardon then, or turne your head
And say you will not, and so strike me dead.

Hel. Linc and say on, but if your words offend,
If my tongue can destroy, you're neare your end.

Par. Oh *Ione*, that I had now an Angels voyce
As you an Angels shape haue, that my words
Might sound as spheare-like musicke in your eare:
That *Ione* himselve whom I must call to witnesse,
Would now stand forth in person to approoue
What I now speake, *Hellen*, *Hellen* I loue.
Chide mee, I care not; tell, your husband, doe,
Fearelesse of death, behold, I boldly woe,
For let mee liue, bright *Hellen* to inioy,
Or let mee neuer backe resayle to *Troy*:
For you I came, your fame hath hither driuen mee,
Whom golden *Venus* hath by promise giuen mee.
I lou'd you ere I saw you by your fame,
Report of your rare beauty to *Troy* came.
But more then brute can tell, or fame emblazon
Are these diuine perfections that I gaze on.

Hel. Insolent stranger, is my Name so light

The Iron Age.

Abroad in Troy, that thou at the first sight
Shouldst hope to strum pet vs? thinks Priams sonne,
The Spartan Queene can be so easily wonne?
Because once Theseus rauisht vs from hence,
And did to vs a kind of violence:
Followes it therefore wee are of such price,
That stolne hence once, we should be rauish't twice?

Par. That Theseus stole you hence (by Heauen) I praise him,
And for that act I to the skies will raise him.
That hee return'd you backe by Ioue I wonder,
Had I bene Theseus, hee that should asunder
Hane parted vs, and snatcht you from my bed:
First from my should shoulders haue tane this head.
Oh that you were the prize of some great strife,
And hee that winnes might claime you as his wife,
Your selfe should finde, and all the world should see
Hellen, a prise alone ordain'd for mee.

Hel. I am not angry; who can angry be
With him that loues her? they that Paris see,
And heares the wonders and rare deedes you boast,
And warlike spoyles in which you glory most:
By which you haue attaind 'mongst souldiers graee,
None can beleue you that beholds your face.
They that this louely Troian see, will say;
Hee was not made for warre, but amorous play?

Pa. Loue amorous Paris then.

Hel. My fame to endanger?

Par. I can be secret Lady.

Hel. And a stranger?

Say I should grant thee loue, as thou shouldst claime
My long wisht bed; if at th'appointed time
The Winde should alter, and blow faire for Troy,
Thou must breake off in midd'lt of all thy Ioy.

Par. Not for great Spartaes Crowne, or Asiaes Treasure,
(That exceeds Spartaes) would I loose such pleasure.

Hel. would it were come to that.

Par. Your Husband Menelaus hither bring,

The Iron Age.

Compare our shapes, our youth and euery thing,
I make you Iudgeffe, wrong me if you can :
You needes must say I am the properer man.

Hel. I must confesse that too.

Par. Then loue mee Lady.

Hel. Had you then sett sayle,

When my vii ginity, and beat o enioy
A thousand gallant princely Suiters came?
Had I beheld thee first, I here proclaim,
Your feature should haue borne mee from the rest.
You come too late, and couet goods posselt.

Par. I came from *Hellen*, *Hellens* loue I craue,
Hellen I loue, and *Hellen* I must haue:
Or in this Pronince where I vent my mones,
I'll begge a Tombe for my exiled bones.

*A flourish. Enter Menelaus, Diomed, Therfites with Spartan
Lords: Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, &c.*

A banquet is brought in.

Men. Now Prince of *Troy*, our businesse being o're
This day in *Lacedemon*, you shall feast

Paris, wee are proud of such a Princely guest.

Ther. Thus euery man is borne to his owne Fate,
Now it raines Hornes, let each man shield his Pate.

Hel. This royalty extended to the welcome
Of *Priams* sonne, is more then *Asiaes* King
Would yeeld vnto the greatest Prince of *Greece*.
What is this *Paris* whom you honour so?

Men. Why askes my Queene?

Hel. May not this proud, this beauty vantage *Troian*,
In a smooth browe hide blacke and rugged Treason?

Men. Hee such an one? rather a giddy braine,
A formall traueller. King *Diomed*
Your censure of this *Troian*?

Diom. A Capring, Carpet Knight, a Cushion Lord,
One that hath stald his Courtly trickes at home,
And now got leaue to publish them abroad

The Iron Age

Hee's a meere toy.

Men. *Thersites* your opinion?

Men. Did'st euer see wisdom thus attir'd?

Ther. I haue knowne villany hath lookt as smooth
As yon briske fellow.

Mene. I am a foole then say.

Ther. And so thou art,

To hugge the Serpent fraud so neere your heart.

Men. Shallow *Thersites*, my faire Prince of Troy
Welcome, come sit betwixt my Queene and mee.

Ther. Hee'le one day stand betwixt thy Queene and thee.
I haue obseru'd, 'tis still the Cuckolds fate

To hugge that knaue who helps to horne his pate.

Men. Fill me a standing Bowie of *Greekish* wine.
Prince *Paris*, to your Royall Fathers health.

Par. Thankes *Menelaus*. Here King *Diomed*.

Dio. To you *Aeneas*.

Ane. *Thersites*, 't must go round.

Ther. Not I, full bowles make empty braines, not I.

Mene. *Hellen*, the more to dignifie his welcome
Beginne a health to aged *Hecuba*.

Ther. Men may be drunke, but hee's a drunken foole
That brings his wife vp in the Drinking-schoole.

Hel. Prince *Paris*, to the reuerent *Hecuba*.

Par. Will the *Spartan* King vouchafe the pledge of *Priams*

Men. Prince *Diomed*, and so to you *Thersites*, (Queene?)
This health must needes passe round.

Ther. 'Twill make you all turne round before you part.

Diom. To you *Thersites*.

Ther. 'Tis better liue in fire, then dye in wine:
That burnes but earth, this drownes a thing diuine.
I'le scald my soule no more.

Hel. You looke not well Prince *Paris*, on my life
His Colour comes and goes, are you not sicke?

Ther. sicke! and so many healths, how can that bee?

Par. Peace *Cinicko*, barke not dogge: King, by your leaue
He haue one health to beautious *Hellena*.

Mene.

The Iron Age.

Men. It shall be pledg'd Prince *Paris*.

Ther. Drinke till you all drop downe, but when you fall,
Looke that the *Queene* lie vnder-most of all.

Par. I'le haue *Thersites* pledge this.

Ther. I'le be no drunkard, Kings and *Queene* I'le rise,

Par. Drinke this or eate my sword.

Ther. Say so, I'le kisse the cup.

Hel. You are not well Prince *Paris*, walke with mee.

Par. With you! what you? you are the *Queene* of hearts.

Hel. This Chayre serue for your bed, lye downe and sleepe.

Par. Thankes *Queene*: to all good night. *Hee sleepes.*

Men. How new *Thersites*? this your polition?
A shallow weake braine Courtier.

Dio. Alas poore puny Prince, in troth *Thersites*
You were deceiu'd in him.

Ther. I knewe hee was either a politician or a drunkard,
your younger Brothers for the most part are so.

Men. Well my faire *Queene*, whil'ft wee prepare for *Creete*,
Feast you the Prince: though his behaiour's rude,
Let vs be royall, bounty of all things
Doth best expresse the Maiesty of Kings.

*Exeunt all, but Paris and Hellen, at which hee starts vp from
from his Chaire and takes her by the hand.*

Par. Are they all gone? then pardon mee sweete *Queene*,
I was not as I seem'd, but I am now
What once I vow'd, a Prince captiu'd to you.

Hel. No *Paris* no, I am the *Queene* of hearts.

Par. And so you are, the Empresse of all hearts:
Celestiall Hellen, shall I bee eterniz'd
In the fruition of your heavenly loue?

Hel. And you deserue it well: O Prince! fie, fie,
Dissemble with your friends so cunningly?

Par. My ioue faire *Queene* exceeds the loue of friends,
And therefore had the royall King your Husband
Exprest more loue to mee then euer Monarch.

The Iron Age.

Did to a stranger Prince, it could not though
Leasen my zeale : o you : speake the fayrest Queene.
That euer spake, this night shall we agree
To consecrate to pleasure and delights :
Your husband left me charge I should inioy
All that the Court can yeeld : if all ? then you
I would not for the world, but you should doe
All that the King your Lord commands you too :
Your King and husband, you sinne doubly still
When you assent not to obey his will :
Speake beauteous Queene. No? then it may be
Shee meanes by silence to accord with me :
Ile trye that presently, lend me your hand
Tis this I want, and by the Kings command
You are to let me haue it : more then this,
I want your lips to helpe me make a kisse.

*Kisseth
her.*

Hel. Oh Heauen!

Par. Oh loue, a ioy aboue all measure,
To touch these lips is more then heavenly pleasure.

Hel. Beshrew your amorous rhetorick that did proue
My husbands will commanded me to loue,
For but for that iniunction, *Paris* know
I would not yeeld such fauours to bestow
On any stranger, but since he commands,
You may take more then eyther lips or hands.
Do I not blush sweete stranger? if I breake
The Lawes of modesty, thinke that I speake,
But with my husbands tongue, for I say still
I would not yeeld, but to obey his will.

Par. This night then without all susbition,
The rauishing pleasures of your royall bed
You may afford to *Paris* : bitter *Thersites*,
King *Diomed*, and your seruants may suppose
By my late counterfeite distemperature
I ayme at no such happinesse, alas
I am a puny Courtier, a weake braine,
A braine-sicke young man; but Deuineft *Hellen*.

Whet.

When we get safe to Troy.

Hel. To Troy?

Par. Yes Queene, by all the gods it is decreed,
That I should beare you thither; Priam knowes it,
And therefore purposely did rigge this Fleete,
To waite me hether; He and *Hecuba*,
My nine and forty brothers, Princes all
Of Ladies and bright Virgins infinite,
Will meeete vs in the roade of *Tenedos*;
Then be resolu'd for I will cast a plot
To beare you safe from hence!

Hel. This *Trojan* Prince
Will's more then any Prince of *Greece* dares pleade,
And yet I haue no power to say him nay:
Vell *Paris* I beshrew you with my heart,
That euer you came to *Sparta* (by my ioy
Queene *Hellen* lyes, and longs to be at *Troy*;))
Yet vse me as you please, you know you haue
My dearest loue, and therefore cannot craue
VWhat Ile deny; but if reproach and shame
Pursue vs, on you *Paris* light the blame:
Ile wash my hands of all, nor will I yeeld
But by compulsion to your least demaund:
Yet if in lieu of my Kings intertaine,
You bid me to a feast aboard your ship,
And when you haue me there, vnknowne to me
Hoysse sayle, weigh Anchor, and beare out to Sea:
I cannot helpe it, tis not in my power
To let fall sayles, or striue with stretching oares
To row me backe againe: this you may do,
But sooth friend *Paris* Ile not yeeld thereto!

Par. You shalbe then compell'd, on me let all
The danger waiting on this practise fall.

Enter a Spartan Lord.

Sp. *L. Castor* and *Pollux* your two princely brothers
Are newly Landed, and to morrow next
Purpose for *Lacedemon*.

The Iron Age.

Hel. On their approach

Ile lay my plot to escape away with *Paris*.
I haue it : you sir for some speciall reason
There comming keepe conceal'd, but when to morrow
You shal perceiue me nere the water port,
Euen when thou seest me ready to take Barge.
You apprehend me.

Sp. L. Gracious Queene I do:

Hel. Take that farwel : now my fayre princely guests
All that belongs to you's to inuite Queene *Hellen*
Aboord your shap to morrow.

Par. *Spartas* mirror,
Will you vouchsafe to a poore wandring Prince
So much of grace, will your high maiesty
Daigne the acceptance of an homely banquet
Aboord his weather beaten Barke?

Hel. No Friend,
The King my husband is from *Sparta* gone,
And I, til his returne, must needes keepe home :
Vrge me not I intreate, it is in vaine
Get me aboard, Ile nere turne backe againe.

Par. Nor shall you Lady, *Sparta* nor all *Greece*
Shal fetch you thence, but *Troy* shal stand as high
On tearmes with *Greece*, as *Greece* hath stood with *Troy*. *Exeunt*

Enter the Spartan Lord.

Spa. L. This is the Water-port, the Queenes royal guest,
hath bound me to attendance, till the Prince and shee bee ready
to take Water : Methinkes in this there should bee some tricke
or other, she was once stolne away by *Theseus*, and this a gal-
lant smooth fac'd Prince. The Kings from home, the Queenes
but a Woman, the *Troians* ships new trim'd, the wind stands
fayre, and the Saylor's all ready aboard, sweete meates and wine,
good words and opportunity, and indeede not what? If both
parties bee pleasde, but pleasde or not, the musicke giues war-
ning, are they not now vpon their entrance.

Enter

The Iron Age?

Enter in state Paris, Hellon, Diomed, Therfites,
Æneas, Antenor, Deiphebus, &c.
with Attendants.

Sp. L. Health to your Maiesties, your Princely brothers
Castor and Pollux, being within two Leagues
Of this great Citty, come to visite you.

Hel. My brothers stolne vpon vs vnaywares.
Let me intreate thee royall Diomed,
And you Therfites, do me so much grace,
As giue them friendly meeting.

Diom. Queene we shall. Exeunt.

Hel. Our intertainment shall be giuen aboard,
VVhere I presume, they shall be welcome guests
To princely Paris.

Pa. As to your selfe, faire Queene.

Hel. Set forwards then.

Pa. We'le hoise vp sayle, neere to returne againe.

Exeunt the Troians with a great shout.

Enter Castor, Pollux, Diomed, Therfites.

Cast. Our brother Menelaus gone for Creete?

Pol. Our loue to see him, makes vs loose much time.
Yet all our labour is not vainly spent,
Since we shall see our sister.

Enter the Spartan Lord in hast.

Sp. L. Princes, the Kings betray'd, all Greece dishonour'd,
the Queene borne hence, the Troians haue weigh'd anchor, and
with a prosperous gale they beare from hence:
Shouting and hurling vp their caps for ioy,
They crye farwel to Greece, amayne for Troy.

Ther. Ha, ha, ha.

Dio. The Queene borne hence, with that smooth traytor Paris,
See princes with what pride they haue aduanc'd
The Armes of Troy vpon their waing pendants.

Cast. Ragenot, but lets resolute what's to be done.

Dia. Let some ride post to Creete for Menelaus.

The Iron Age.

Sp. L. That be my charge.

Dio. VVho'le after him to Sea?

Pol. That wil my brother *Castor* and my selfe,
And perish there, or bring my sister backe.

Dio. Princes be't so, and fairely may you speed:
Whilft I to *Agamemnon*, great *Achilles*,
Vlysses, *Nestor*, *Ajax*, *Idomean*,
And all the Kings and Dukes of populous *Greece*?
Relate the wrongs done by this Rauisher.

Part, and be expeditious. *Exeunt seueral wayes*

Ther. Ha, ha, ha,

I smelt this Sea-rat ere he came a shoare, by this hee's gnawing
Menelaus Cheefe, and made a huge hole in't: Ship-dyet plea-
seth 'boue all his Pallace banquets, much good doo't them:
They are at it without grace by this both bare:
Cuckold? no subiect with that name bee sorry,
Since Soueraignes may be such in all their glory!

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus Scœna prima.

Enter Troilus and Cresida.

Troi. Faire *Cresida*, by the honour of my birth,
As I am *Hectors* brother, *Priams* sonne,
And *Troilus* best belou'd of *Hecuba*,
As I loue Armes and souldiers, I protest,
Thy beauty liues inshrind heere in my brest:

Cre. As I am *Calchas* daughter, *Cresida*,
High Priest to *Pallas*, shee that patrons *Troy*:
Now sent vnto the *Delphian* Oracle,
To know what shal betide Prince *Paris* voyage?
I hold the loue of *Troilus* dearer farre.
Then to be Queene of *Asia*.

Troi.

The Iron Age.

Troi. Daughter to *Calchas* and the pride of *Troy*,
Plight me your hand and heart.

Cre. Faire Heauen I doe.

Will *Troilus* in exchange grant me his too?

Troi. Yes, and fast seal'd, you gods, your anger wreak
On him or her, that first this vnion breake.

Cre. So protests *Cresida*, wretched may they dye,
That'twixt our soules these holy bands vnty.

Enter Margaretan one of Priams youngest sonnes.

Marg. My brother *Troilus*, we haue newes from *Greece*,
Prince *Paris* is return'd.

Troi. And with a prise?

Marg. *Asia* affords none such.

Troi. What is shee worth our Aunt *Hesione*?

Cre. Or what might be her name?

Marg. *Hellen* of *Sparta*.

Troi. *Hellens* name.

Hath scarce been heard in *Troy*.

Marg. But now her fame

Will bee eterniz'd, for a face more faire
Sunne neuer shone on, nor the earth ere bare.

Why stay you here? by this *Paris* and shee

Are landed in the Port of *Tenedos*,

There *Priam*, *Hecuba*, *Hector*, all *Troy*

Meete the mid-way to attend the *Spartan* Queene.

Troi. In that faire Train, my *Cresid* shall be seene

Of rarer beauty then the *Spartan* Queene.

A flourish. Enter at one doore, *Priam*, *Hecuba*, *Hector*, *Troilus*,
lus, &c. At the other *Paris*, *Hellen*, *Aeneas*, *Antenor*, &c.

Pri. What Earth, what all mortality
Can in the height of our inuentions finde.

To adde to *Hellens* welcome, *Troy* shall yeeld her

Should *Pallas*, Patronesse of *Troy* descend,

Priam and *Priams* wife, and *Priams* sonnes

Could

The Iron Age.

Could not afford Her god-head more applause,
Then amply wee bestow on *Helena*?

Hec. We count you in the number of our daughters,
Nor can wee doe *Queene Hellen* greater honour.

Het. I was not forward to haue *Paris* sent,
But being return'd th'art welcome: I desired not
To haue bright *Hellen* brought, but being landed,
Hector proclaimes himselfe her Champion
Gainst all the world, and he shall guard thee safe,
Despight all opposition.

Par. *Hectors* word
Is Oracle, hee'le seale it with his sword.

Par. And now my turne comes to bid *Hellen* welcome.
You are no stranger here, this is your *Troy*,
Priam your father, and this *Queene* your mother:
These be your valiant brothers, all your friends.
Why should a teare fall from these heavenly eyes
Being thus round in girt with your allyes.

Hel. I am I know not where, nor amongst whom,
I know no creature that I see saue you:
I haue left my King, my brothers, subiects, friends
For strangers, who should they forsake me now,
I haue no husband, father, brother neare:

Par. Haue you not all these, is not *Paris* heere?
Harke how the people hauing *Hellen* seene
Applaud th'arriual of the *Spartan* *Queene*:
And millions that your comming haue attended,
Amazed sweare some *Goddesse* is descended.

Troi. No way you can your eyes or body turne,
But where you walke the Priests shall Incense burne.

Ene. The sacrificed beasts the ground shall beate,
And bright religious fire the Altars heate.

Het. Nor feare the bruite of warre or threatening steels,
Vnited *Greece* wee value not.

Troi. Alone, by *Hector* is this Towne well man'd,
Hee like an Army against *Greece* shall stand.

Par. And who would feare for such a royall wife

The Iron Age.

To set the vniuersall World at strife :

Bright *Hellens* name shall liue, and nere haue end,
When all the world about you shall contend.

Hel. Be as be may, since we are gone thus farre,
Procede we will in spight of threatned warre,
Hazard, and deead? both these we nothing hold,
So long as *Paris* we may thus infold.

Par. My father, mother, brothers, sisters all,
Ilium and *Troy* in pompe maiestical,
Shall solemnize our nuptials. Let that day
In which we espouse the beauteous *Hellena*,
Be held a holy-day, a day of ioy
For euer, in the Kalenders of *Troy*.

Pri. It shall be so, we haue already sent
Our high priest *Calchas* to the Oracle
At *Delphos* to returne vs the successe,
And a true notice of our future warres,
Whilst we expect his comming, be't our care,
The *Spartans* second nuptials to prepare.

Exit

*Enter after an alarums, King Agamemnon, Menelaus
Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, Therites,
Calchas, &c.*

Ag. Thou glory of the Greekes, the great commander
Of the stout Mirmedons : welcome from *Delphos*,
What speakes the Oracle? the sacke of *Troy*?
Or the Greekes ruine? say shal wee be victors,
Or *Priam* tryumph in our ouerthrow.

Achi. The god of *Delphos* sends you ioyful newes,
Troy shal be sackt, and we be Conquerors :
Vpon your helmes weare triple spangled plumes :
Let all the lowdest instruments of warre,
With sterne alarums rowse the monster death,
And march we boldly to the wals of *Troy*,
Troy shall be sackt and we be conquerors.

Ajax. Thanks for thy newes *Achilles*, by that honor
My father wonne vpon the wals of *Troy*,

E

My

The Iron Age

My warlike father *Ajax Telamon*;
I would not for the world, *Priam* should send
Incestious *Hellen* backe on tearmes of peace.
May smooth *Ulysses* and bold *Diomed*,
Whom you haue sent on your late Embassie,
Be welcom'd as *Antenor* was to *Greece*,
Scorn'd and reuil'd, since th'Oracle hath sayd,
Troy shal be sackt, and we be Conquerors.

Achi. King *Agamemnon*, heere's a *Troian* priest
Was sent by *Priam* to the Oracle:
The reuerent man I welcome, and intreate
The General with these Princes, do the like.

Agam. Welcome to *Agamemnon* reuerent *Calchas*.

Men. To *Menelaus* welcome.

Ajax. To *Ajax* welcome: father canst thou fight
As wel as pray, if we should want for men?

Cal. By prayers I vse to fight, and by my counsel
Giue ayde to Armes.

Ajax. Such as are past armes, father *Calchas* still,
Say counsels good, but giue me strength at will,
When you with all your Counsel, in the field
Meete *Hector* with his strength, tel me who'le yeeld?

Aga. The strong built walls of stately *Tenedos*
We haue leuel'd with the earth. It now remaines
We march along vnto the wals of *Troy*,
And thunder vengeance in King *Priams* eares,
Had we once answere of our Embassie.

Ajax. I euer held such Embassies as base,
The restitution of our rauisht Queene
On termes of parley bars our sterne reuenge,
And ends our VVar ere fully it beginne.
King *Agamemnon* no, *Ajax* sayth no,
VWhose sword as thirsty as the parched earth,
Shal neuer ride in peace vpon his thigh,
Whilst in the towne of *Troy* there breathes a soule
That gaue consent vnto the *Spartans* rape:
March, march, and let the thunder of our drummes

The Iron Age.

Strike terrours to the Citty Pergamus.

Achil. The sonne of *Telamon* speakes honourably,
Wee haue brought a thousand ships to *Tenedos*,
And euery ship full fraught with men at Armes;
And all these armed men with fiery spirits
Sworne to reuenge King *Menelaus* wrongs,
And burne skie-kissing *Ilium* to the ground.
Therefore strike vp warres instruments on hie,
And march vnto the Towne couragiously.

In their march they are met by *Vlysses* and King *Diomed*,
which they make a stand.

Aga. Princes, what answere touching *Hellena*?

Dio. What answere but dishonourable tearme?
Contempt and scorne pearcht on their leaders browes;
By *Ioue* I thought they would haue slaine vs both,
If euer *Hellen* bee redeem'd from thence
But by the sacke of *Troy*, say *Diomed*
Is no true souldier.

Vlyss. Euen in the King
There did appeare such high maiesticke scorne
Of threatned ruine, that I thinke himsele
Will put on Armes and meete vs in the field:
Wee linger time great *Agamemnon*, march,
That we may buckle with the pride of *Troy*.

Aga. *Priam* so insolent, his sonnes so braue
To intertaine so great Embassadours
With such vngentle vsage.

Achil. They haue a Knight cal'd *Hector*, on whose valour
They build their proud defiance, if I meete him,
Now by the azurd Armes of that bright goddesse
From whom I am descended, with my sword
I'll loppe that limbe off, and inforce their pride
Fall at *Achilles* feete, *Hector* and I
Must not both thinke at once in warres bright Skie.

Ajax. When they both meete, the greater dimme the lesse,
Great Generall, march, *Ajax* indures not words.

The Iron Age.

So well as blowes, in a field glazd with swords.

*Enter to them in Armes, Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris,
Aeneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, &c.*

Pri. Calchas a Traitor?

Par. And amongst the Greekes?

Hect. Base runagate wretch, when we their Tents surpris,
As *Hector* liues the traiterous Prophet dies.

Aene. Let not remembrance of so base a wretch
Make vs forget our safety, tis *Argine* Kings
Are landed, and this day rac't *Tenedos*:
And bid vs battaile on *Scamander* Plaines.

Tro. Whom we wil gine a braue and proud affront,
Shall we not brother *Hector*?

Hect. *Troilus* yes,

And beate a fire out of their Burgonets
Shall like an earthy Commet blaze towards Heaven
There grow a fixt starre in the Firmament
To emblaze our lasting glory: Harke their Drums,
Let our Drummes giue them parleance.

A parlie. Both Armies haue an enter-view.

Ag. Is there amongst your troopes a fellow Prince
Cal'd by the name of *Paris*?

Par. Is there amongst your troopes a Knight so bold
Dares meete that *Paris* single in the field,
And call him fellow?

Hect. Or insulting Greeke,

Is there one *Telamon*, dares set his foote
To *Paris* (here hee stands) and hand to hand
Maintaine the wrongs done to *Hesione*,
As *Paris* shall the rape of *Helena*.

Ajax. Know here is one cal'd *Ajax Telamon*,
Behold him well, sonne to that *Telamon*:
Thou faine would'st see, and hee dares set his foot
To *Paris* or thy selfe.

Hect. Thou durst not.

The Iron Age.

Ajax. Dare not?

Hect. Or if thou durst, by this my warlike hand
I'll make thine head fall where thy foot should stand:
And yet I loue thee euze, know thou hast parle'd
With *Troian Hector.*

Ajax. Were't thou ten *Hectors*, yet withall thy might
Thou canst not make my head fall to my feete,
By loue thou canst not euze.

Achil. I much haue heard
Of such a Knight call'd by the name of *Hector*,
If thou bee'st hee whose sword hath conquerd Kingdomes,

Pannonia, Ilyria, and Samothrace,
And to thy fathers Empire added them:

Achilles as a friend wils thee to sheath
Thy warlike sword, retire from *Troyes* defence
And spare thy precious life, I would not haue
A Knight so fam'd meete an vntimely graue.

Hect. I meet thee in that honourable loue,
And for thine owne sake wish thee safe aboard.
For if thou stayest thou sonne of *Peleus*,
I'd haue thee know thy fame is not thine owne,
But all ingroft for mee; not all thy guard
Of warlike *Mirmidons* can wall it safe
From mighty *Hector.*

Dio. Shame you not great Lords
To talke so long ouer your menacing swords?

All Greeks. Alarme then for *Greece* and *Helena*.

All Troians. As much for vs, for *Troy* and *Hecuba*.

*A great alarme and excursions, after which,
enter Hector and Paris:*

Hect. Oh brother *Paris*, thou hast this day lodg'd
Thy loue in *Hectors* soule, it did me good
To see two *Greekish* Knights fall in their blood
Vnder thy manly arme

The Iron Age.

Par. My blowes weretouches
Vnto these ponderous stroakes great *Hector* gaus;
Oh that this generall quarrell might be ended
In equall opposition, you and I
Against the two most valiant.

Hect. I will try
The vertue of a challenge, in the face
Of all the *Greekes* I will oppose my selfe
To single combate, hee that takes my gage
Shall feele the force of mighty *Hectors* rage.

Aturue. Both the Armies make ready to ioyne battaile, but
Hector steps betwixt them holding up his Lance.

Hect. Heare mee you warlike *Greekes*, you see these fields
Are all dyde purple with the reeking gore
Of men on both sides slaine, you see my sword
Glaz'd in the sanguine moysture of your friends.
I call the sonne of *Saturne* for a witness
To *Hectors* words, I haue not met one *Groecian*
Was able to withstand mee, my strong spirit
Would faine be equal'd: Is there in your Troupes
A Knight, whose brest includes so much of valour
To meete with *Hector* in a single warre?
By *Ioue* I thinke there is not: If there be?
To Him I make this proffer; if the gods
Shall grant to him the honour of the day,
And I be slaine; his bee mine honoured Armes,
To hang for an eternall Monument
Of his great valour, but my mangled body
Send backe to *Troy*, to a red funerall pile.
But if hee fall? the armour which hee weares
I'll lodge as Trophies on *Apolloes* shrine,
And yeeld his body to haue funerall rights.
And a faire Monument so neere the Sea,
That Merchants flying in their sayle-wing'd ships
Neere to the shore in after times may say,

There

The Iron Age?

There lies the man Hector of Troy did slay,
And there's my Gantlet to make good my challenge.

Men. Will none take vp his gage? shall this proud challenge
Bee Intertain'd by none? I know you all
Shame to deny, yet feare to vndertake it:
The cause is mine, and mine shall be the honour
To combat Hector.

Aga. Menelaus pawse,
Is not Achilles here, sterne Ajax here,
And Kingly Diomed? how will they scorne,
That stand vpon the honour of their strength,
Should you preuent them of this glorious combat?

Par. By Ioue I thinke they dare as well take vp
A poysonous Serpent as great Hectors gage.

Aga. Yes Troian, see st thou not *Axides*
Dart emulous lookes on Kingly Diomed,
Least hee should stoope to take his Gantlet vp,
And see how Diomed eyes warlike Ajax,

Ajax, Vlysses: euery one inflan'd
To answere Hector.

Achil. Is there any here
Dares stoope whilst great Achilles is in place?

Ajax. I dare.

Dio. And so dare I.

Achil. You are all too weake
To incounter with the mighty Hectors arme,
This combat soly doth belong to mee.

Ajax. Then wherefore do st thou take vp the Gantlet?

Achil. To see if thou or any bolder Greeke
Dare be so intrent to touch the same,
And barre me of the honour of the combat.

Ajax. By all the gods I dare.

Achil. And all the diuells

I'll loppe his hands off that dares touch the gage.

Vlyss. Pray leaue this emulous fury: *Agamemnon*,
To end this difference, and prouide a Champion
To answere Hectors honourable challenge.

The Iron Age.

Of nine the most reputed valiant :
Let severall Lots be cast into an Helme,
Amongst them all one prise, he to whom Fortune
Shal giue the honour : let him straight be arm'd
To incounter mighty Hector on this plaine.

Ag. It shal be so you valiant sonnes of *Priam* :
Conduct your warlike Champion to his Tent,
To breath a while, and put his armour on :
No sooner shal the prise be drawne by any,
And our bold Champion arm'd, but a braue Herald
Shall giue you warning by the trumpets sound,
Till when we will retire vnto our Tents.
As you vnto the Towne.

Par. Faint hearted *Greekes*,
Draw lots to answer such a noble challenge,
Had great *Achilles* cast his Gauntlet downe
Amongst King *Priams* sonnes, the weakest of fifty
Would in the heate of flames, or mouth of Hel,
Answer the challenge of so braue a King.

Hect. *Greekes* to your Tents, to put armour on ;
Make hast, I long to know my Champion. *Exeunt all*

Flourish. Enter above upon the wals *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
Hellena, *Polixena*, *Astianax*, *Margareton*.
with attendants.

Pri. Here from the wals of *Troy*, my reuerent *Queene*,
And beautious *Hellen*, we will stay to see
The warlicke combate 'twixt our valiant sonne,
And the *Greekes* champion. Young *Astianax*,
Pray that thy father may haue Victory.

Asi. Why should you doubt his fortune? whose strong arme
Vnhorst a thousand Knights all in one day ;
And thinke you any one amongst the *Greekes*
Is able to incounter with his strength ?

Pri. But howsoeuer child, vnto the pleasure
Of the high gods, we must referre the combate.

Enter Paris below.

Paris.

The Iron Age.

Par. My royall father, *Hector* in his armes
Sends for your blessing, with the *Queene* my mother,
And craues your prayers to the all powerful gods,
To grant him victory.

Pri. Blest may he be with honor, all my orisons
Shall inuocate the gods for his successe.

Par. I almost had forgot, faire *Hellena*;
Dart me one kisse from these high battlements
To cheere him with: thanks queen, these lips are charms
Which who so fights for, is secure from harmes.

*Heralds on both sides: the two Champions Hector
and Ajax appeare betwixt the two Armies.*

Agam. None presse too neere the Champions.

Troi. Heralds on both sides, keep the souldiers back.

Hect. Now Greekes let me behold my Champion.

Ajax. Tis I, thy coufen *Ajax Telamon.*

Hec. And Cuz, by *Ioue* thou hast a braue aspect,
It cheeres my blood to looke on such a foe:
I would there ran none of our Troian blood
In all thy veines, or that it were diuided
From that which thou receiuest from *Telamon*:
Were I assured our blood possesst one side,
And that the other; by *Olimpicke Ioue*,
I'd thrill my Iauelin at the *Greecian* moysture,
And spare the Troian blood: *Ajax* I loue it
Too deare to shed it, I could rather wish
Achilles the halfe god of your huge army,
Had beene my opposite.

Aia. Hee keepes his Tent

In mournful passion that he mist the combate:

But *Hector*, I shal giue thee cause to say,

There's in the *Greekish* hoast a Knight a Prince,

As Lyon hearted, and as Gyant strong

As *Thetis* sonne: behold my warlicke Target

Of pondrous brasse, quilted with seauen Oxe hides,

Impenetrable, and so ful of weight,

The Iron Age.

That scarce a Grecian (saue my selfe) can lift it :
Yet can I vse it like a Summers fan,
Made of the stately traine of *Iuno's* bird :
My sword will bite the hardest Adamant.
I'le with my Iauelin cleave a rocke of Marble:
Therefore though great *Achilles* be not here,
Thinke not braue cousen *Hector* but to finde,
Achilles equal both in strength and minde.

Alarum, in this combate both hauing lost their swords and Shields. *Hector* takes vp a great peece of a Rocke, and casts at *Ajax* ; who teares a young Tree vp by the rootes, and assailes *Hector*, at which they are parted by both armes.

Ag. Hold, you haue both shed blood too deare to loose,
In single opposition.

Par. Is your Champion,
My cousen *Ajax* willing to leaue combate ;
Will hee first giue the word. ~

Aia. Sir *Paris* no,
'Twas *Hector* challenge, and 'tis *Hectors* office,
If we surcease on equal termes of valour,
To giue the word.

Hec. Then here's thy cousins hand,
By *Ioue* thou hast a lusty pondrous arme :
Thus till we meete againe, lets part both friends ;
For prooffe whereof *Ajax* we'le interchange
Somewhat betwixt vs, for alliance sake :
Here take this sword and target, trust the blad,
It neuer deceu'd his maister.

Aia. Take of me
This purple studded belt, I won it cousen
From the most valiant prince of *Samothrace* :
And weare it for my sake.

Enter an Herald.

He. *Priam* vnto the Greekish General
This profer makes. Because these blood-stayn'd fields

The Iron Age.

Are ouer-spread with slaughter, to take truce
Till all the dead on both sides be interr'd:
Which if you grant, he here inuites the Generall,
His nephew *Ajax*, and the great *Achilles*,
With twenty of your chiefe selected Princes,
To banquet with him in his royal Pallace:
Those reuels ended, then to armes againe.

Aga. A truce for burying of the slaughtred bodies
We yeeld vnto: but for our safe returne
From *Troy* and you, what pledges haue you found?

Hec. You shal not need more then the faith of *Hector*
For *Priams* pledge, King *Agamemnon* take
My faith and honour, which if *Priam* breake,
Ile breake the heart of *Troy*.

Aga. We'le take your honor'd word, this night we'le part,
To morrow morning when fit hower shal call,
We'le meete King *Priam* neere his Citties wall,

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius Scœna prima.

Enter Therfites.

Ther. Braue time, rare change, from fighting now to feasting:
So many heauy blades to flye in peeces
For such a peece of light flesh? what's the reason?
A Lasse of my complexion, and this feature
Might haue bin rapt, and stolne agayne by *Paris*,
And none of all this stirre for't: but I perceiue
Now all the World's turn'd wenchers, and in time
All wenchers will turne witches: but these Trumpets
Proclaime their enter-view.

The Iron Age.

A flourish. Enter all the Greekes on one side, all the Troians on the other: Every Troian Prince intertaines a Greeke, and so march two and two, discoursing, as being conducted by them into the Citty.

Ther. See here's the picture of a polliticke state,
They all imbrace and hugge, yet deadly hate:
They say their are braue Lasses in this Troy.
What if *Thersites* sprucely smug'd himselfe,
And striu'd to hide his hutch-backe: No not I.
Tis held a rule, whom Nature markes in show
And most deforms, they are best arm'd below.
I'le not conceale my vertues: yet should I venter
To damme my selfe for painting, fanne my face
With a dyde Ostritch plume, plaster my wrinkles
With some old Ladies Trowell, I might passe
Perhaps for some maide-marran: and some wench
Wanting good eye-sight, might perhaps mistake me
For a spruce Courtier: Courtier? tush, I from
My first discretion haue abhor'd that name,
Still suiting my conditions with my shape,
And doe, and will, and can, when all else fayle:
Though neither sooth nor speak wel: brauely rayle,
And that's *Thersites* humour.

Lowd Musicke. A long table, and a banquet in state, they are seated, a Troian and Greeke, Hecuba, Polixena, Cresida, and other Ladies waite, Calchas is present whispering with his Daughter Cresida:

Fria. After so much hostility in steele,
All welcome to this peacefull intertaine.

Aga. Priam wee know thee to be honourable,
Although our foe Treason is to be fear'd
In Pesants not in Princes.

They sit.

Hec. Ey so, now sit, a Troian and a Greeke.
Cousin *Aiix* neere mee, you are next in bloud,
And neere mee you shall sit: the strayne of honour
That makes you so renown'd, sprong from *Hesione*.

Tis.

The Iron Age.

Tis part of *Hectors* bloud, your grossest spirits
Lesse noble are your father *Telamons*.

Welcome to *Troy*, and *Hector*, welcome all:

Ajax. In *Troy* thy kinsman, but in field thy foe:
Thy welcome Cousin here I pay with thanks,
The truce expir'd, with buffets blowes and knocks.

Hect. For that wee loue the *Cuze*.

Achil. Me thinks this *Troian Hector*
Out shines *Achilles* and his polishd honours
Eclipseth our bright glory, till hes set
Wee cannot rise.

Par. King *Menelaus*, we were once your guest,
You now are ours, as welcome vnto *Troy*,
As we to *Sparta*.

Men. But that these our tongues
Should be as well truce bound as our sharpe weapons,
We could be bitter *Paris*: but haue done.

Vlyss. *Menelaus* is discreet, such haynous wrongs
Should be discour'd by *Armes* and not by tongues.

Dio. Why doth *Achilles* eye wander that way?

Achil. Is that a *Troian Lady*?

Troi. Shee is.

Achil. From whence?

Pri. Of vs.

Achil. Her name?

Pri. *Polyxena*.

Achil. *Polyxena*? she hath melted vs within,
And hath dissolu'd a spirit of *Adamant*.
Shee hath done more then *Hector* and all *Troy*,
Shee hath subdu'de *Achilles*.

Cal. In one word this *Troy* shall be sackt and spoil'd,
For so the gods haue told mee, *Greece* shall conquer,
And they be ruin'd, leaue then immient perill,
And flye to safety.

Cres! From *Troilus*?

Cal. From destruction, take *Diomed* and liue,
Or *Troilus* and thy death.

The Iron Age.

Cres. Then *Troilus* and my ruine.

Cal. Is *Cresid* mad?

Wilt thou forsake thy father, who for thee
and for thy safety hath forsooke his Countrey?

Cres. Must then this Citty perish?

Cal. Troy must fall.

Cres. Alas for Troy and *Troilus*.

Cal. Loue King *Diomed*

A Prince and valiant, which made Emphasis
To his Imperiall stile, liue *Diomedes* Queene,
Be brieft, say quickly wilt thou? is it done?

Cres. *Diomed* and you i'le follow, *Troilus* shutt
Troi, Bee't *Ajax*, or *Achilles*, that Greeke lyes
Who speakes it, i'le maintaine it on his person.

Ajax. Ha *Ajax*!

Achil. *Achilles*!

Dio. We speake it, and dares *Troilus* say we lie?

Troi. And weare it *Diomed*.

Dio. Dar'st thou make't good?

Troi. On *Diomed*, or the boldest Greeke
That euer manac'd Troy excepting none.

All Greeks. None?

All Troians. None.

Hec. Excepting none.

Aga. Kings of Greece.

Pri. Princes of Troy.

Achil. *Achilles* baffed?

Ajax. And great *Ajax* brau'd?

Hect. If great *Achilles*, *Ajax*, or the Diuel
braue *Troilus*, hee shall braue and buffet thee.

Pri. Sonnes.

Aga. Fellow Kings.

Pri. As wee are *Priam* and your father.

Aga. As wee are *Agamemnon* Generall
Turne not this banquet to a Centaus feast,
If their be strife debate it in faire termes,

show.

The Iron Age.

Show your felnes govern'd Princes.

Achil. Wee are appeas'd.

Aiax. Wee satisficd, if *Hector* be so.

Aga. How grew this strife?

Hect I know not, onely this I know.

Troilus will maintaine nothing against his honour,

And so farre, be it through the heart of *Greece*,

Hector will backe him.

Par. So will *Paris* too.

Pri. Mildly discourse your wrongs, faire Princes doe.

Troi King *Diomed* maintaines his valour thus,

He saith it was his Launce disinounted *Troilus*,

And not the stumbling on the breathlesse course

Of one new slaine that feld mee.

Par. 'Tis false.

Men. 'Tis true.

Par. It was my fortune to make good that field,

And hee fell iust before mee, *Diomed* then

Was not within sixe speares length of the place.

Men. How *Troian* rauisher?

Par. Call mee not Cuckold maker,

They all rise.

I care not what you terme me.

Men. I cannot brooke this wrong.

Par. Say'st thou mee so madde *Greeke*?

Pri. *Paris.*

Aga. Gouverne you Kingdomes Lords, and cannot sway
Your owne affection?

Pri. *Paris*, forbeare.

Mildly discourse, and gently wee shall heare.

Par. I say King *Diomed* vnhorst not *Troilus*.

Dio. How came I by his horse then?

Par. As the vnbackt courser hauing lost his rider,

Gallopt about the field you met with him,

And catch'd him by the raine.

Troi. Here was a goodly act

To boast on, and send word to *Cresida*.

Dio. Was no Prince neare when I encountred *Troilus*?

Men.

The Iron Age.

Men. I was, and saw the speare of *Diomed*
Tumble downe *Troilus* but peruse his armour,
The dint's still in the vainbrace.

Ag. Bee't so, or not so, at this time forbear
To vrge extreames. Kings let this health go round,
Pledge me King *Priam* in a cupful crown'd.

Hec. Now after banquet, reuels : Musicke strike
A pirhicke straine, we are not all for warre,
Souldiers their stormy spirits can appease,
And sometimes play the Courtiers when they please.

*A lofty dance of sixteene Princes, halfe Troians
halfe Grecians.*

Pri. I haue obserued *Achilles*, and his eye
Dwels on the face of faire *Polixena*.

Aia. Why is not *Hellen* here at this high feast?
I haue sweate many a drop of blood for her,
Yet neuer saw her face.

Achi. I could loue *Hector*, what's our cause of quarrel?
For *Hellens* rape? that rape hath cost already
Thousands of soules, why might not this contention
'Twixt *Paris* and the *Spartan* King be ended,
And we leaue *Troy* with honour.

Aia. *Achilles* how?

Achi. Fetch *Hellen* hether, set her in the midst
Of this braue ring of Princes, *Paris* here,
And *Menelaus* heere: she betwixt both:
They court her ore againe, whom she elects
Before these Kings, lethem inioy her still,
For who would keepe a woman gainst her wil?

Men. The names of wife and husband, th'interchange
Of our two bloods in young *Hermione*,
To whom we are ioynt parents, *Hellens* honor
All pleade on my part, I am please to stand
To great *Achilles* motion.

Par. So are we.

All that I haue for comfort is but this,

The Iron Age.

That in the day I show the properer man,
Ith'night I please her better then hee can.

Hec. Are all the Greecian Kings agreed to this?

All. We are, we are.

Hec. Place the two reuall then, each bide his fate,
And vs her in bright *Hellen* in all state.

The Kings promiscuously take their places, Paris and Menelaus are seared opposite, Hellen is brought in betwixt them by Hecuba and the Ladies.

Hel. Oh that I were (but *Hellen*) any thing;
Or might haue any obiect in my eye
Saue *Menelaus*: when on him I gaze,
My errour chides mee, I my shame emblaze.

Mene. Oh *Hellen*, in thy cheeke thy guilt appeares,
More I would speake, but words are drown'd in teares.

Aia. A gallant Queene, for such a royall friend
What mortall man would not with *Ioue* contend?

Mene. *Hellen* the time was I might call thee wife,
But that stile's changed; I thou thy selfe art chang'd
From what thou wast: and (most inconstant Dame)
Hast nothing left thee, saue thy face and name.

Pa. And I both these haue: hast thou not confest
Faire *Hellen*, thy exchange was for the best.

Mene. What can our *Sparta* value?

Pa. *Troy*.

Mene. You erre.

Pa. whobreathes that *Sparta* would fore *Troy* prefer?

Mene. Thou hast left thy father *Tendarus*.

Pa. To gayne

King *Friam*, Lord of all this princely trayne.

Mene. Thy mother *Lada* thou hast left who mournes,
And with her piteous teares laments thy losse:
Cannot this moouue thee?

Hel. Oh, I haue left my mother.

Pa. No *Hellen*, but exchange'd her for another:
Poore *Lada*, for rich *Hecuba*, a bare Queene

The Iron Age.

For the great *Asian* Empresse.

Men. From *Castor* and from *Pollux* thou hast rang'd
Thy naturall brothers.

Hel. True, true.

Par. No, but chang'd,
For *Hector*, *Troilus*, and the royall store
Of eight and forty valiant brothers more.

Men. If nothing else can moue thee *Helena*,
Thinke of our daughter young *Hermione*.

Hel. My deare *Hermione*.

Men. Canst thou call her deare,
And leaue that issue which thy wombe did beare?
Shee's ours betwixt vs, canst thou?

Par. Can shee? knowing,
A sweeter babe within her sweete wombe growing
Begot last night by *Paris*.

Men. Looke this way *Hellen*, see my armes spread wide,
I am thine husband, thou my *Spartan* bride.

Hel. That way?

Par. My *Hellen*, this way turne thy sight,
These are the armes in which thou layest last night.

Hel. Oh how this *Troian* tempts mee!

Men. This way wife,
Thou shalt saue many a *Greecke* and *Troians* life.

Hel. 'Tis true, I know it.

Par. This way turne thine head,
This is the path that leades vnto our bed.

Hel. And 'tis a sweete smooth path.

Men. Heere.

Par. Heere.

Men. Take this way *Hellen*, this is plaine & euen.

Par. That is the way to hell, but this to Heauen:
Bright Comet shine this way.

Men. Cleare starre shoot this,
Here honour dwels.

Par. Here many a thousand kisse.

Hel. That way I should, because I know 'tis meeter.

Men.

The Iron Age.

Men. Welcome.

Hel. But I'lle this way for *Paris* kisses sweeter.

Par. And may I dye an Eunuch if ere morne

I quit thee not.

Men. I cannot brooke this scorne,

Grecians to Armes.

Hect. Then *Greece* from *Troy* deuide,

This difference armes, not language most decide.

All Greekes. Come to our Tents.

All Troians. And wee to man the towne.

Hect. These Tents shall swimme in bloud.

Greekes. Blood *Troy* shall drowne.

(waies.)
Exeunt diners

Achil. Yet shall no stroke fall from *Achilles* arme,

Faire *Polixena*, so powerfull is thy charme.

Alarme. Enter *Troilus* and *Diomed*.

Troi. King *Diomed*!

Dio. My riuall in the loue of *Cresida*.

Troi. False *Cresida*, iniurious *Diomed*.

Now shall I prooue in hostile enter-change

Of warlike blowes that thou art all vnworthy

The loue of *Cresid*.

Dio. Why cam'st thou not on Horse-backe,

That *Diomed* once againe dismounting thee

Might greeete his Lady with another course

Wonne from the hand of *Troilus*.

Troi. *Diomed*,

By the true loue-I beare that trothlesse Dame

I'lle winne thee, and send thy Horse and Armour

Vnto the Tent of *Cresid* guard thy head,

This day by mee thou shalt be captiue led.

Alarme. They fight and are parted by the army,

Diomed looseth his Helmet.

Troi Another Horse for *Diomed* to flye,

Hee had neuer greater neede then now to runne.

Though hee be fled yet *Troilus* this is thine,

My Steed hee got by sleight, I this by force.

The 17th Age.

I'll send her this to whom hee sent my horse.

Enter Æneas and Achilles reading a Letter.

Achil. Is this the answer of the note I sent
To royall *Priam* and *Queene Hecuba*,
Touching their daughter bright *Polixena*?

Æne. Behold *Queene Hecubaes* hand, *King Priams* seale,
With the consent of faire *Polixena*,
Condition'd thus, *Achilles* shall forbear
To dammage *Troy*.

Achi. Returne this answer backe,
Tell *Priam* that *Achilles* Arme's benumb'd,
And cannot lift a weapon against *Troy*.
Say to *Queene Hecuba* wee are her sonne,
And not *Achilles*, nor one *Mirmidon*.
Shall giue her least affront, as for the Lady
Bid her presume, we henceforth are her Knight,
And but for her, *Achilles* scornes to fight.

Æne. Then thus saith *Priam*, but restraints thy powers,
And as hee is a King, his daughter's yours.

Achi. Farewell.

Exit

Alarme. Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Achilles*, where's *Achilles*, what vnarm'd,
when all *Champaigne* where our battailes ioyne,
Is made a standing poole of *Greckish* blood,
Where horses plung'd vp to the saddle skirts,
And men about the waste wade for the liues,
And canst thou keepe thy Tent?

Achi. My Lute *Patroclus*.

A great Alarme. Enter Agamemnon.

Ag. Let *Greekes*, let *Greekes*, let's bend vnnaturall armes
Against our owne breasts, ere the conquering *Troians*
Haue all the honour of this glorious day.
Can our great Champion touch a womanish Lute,
And heare the groanes of twenty thousand soules
Gasping their last breath?

Achi. I can.

Alarme.

The Iron Age.

Alarum. Enter Menelaus?

Rescue, some rescue, the red field is strowd
With *Hectors* honours and young *Troilus* spoyles.

Achi. Yet all this moues not me.

Alarum. Enter *Vlysses*.

Vlyss. How long hath great *Achilles* bin furnam'd; Coward
in *Troy*, that *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Paris*, haue all that name so
currant in their mouthes?

I euer held him valiant, yet will *Achilles* fight?

Achi. *Vlysses*, no,

Beneath this globe *Achilles* hath no foe.

Vlyss. Then here vnarm'd be slaine, think' st thou they'l spare
Thee more then vs?

Ajax. Or if thou wilt not arme thee,

Let thy *Patroclus* lead thy *Mirmidons*,
And weare thy Armour.

Vlyss. Thy Armour is sufficient

Without thy presence being fear'd in *Troy*.

Achi. To saue our oath and keepe our Tents from sacke,
Patroclus don our Armes, lead forth our guard,
And wearing them by no Prince be out-dar'd.

Patro. *Achilles* honours me, what heart can feare,
And great *Achilles* sword prooffe Armour weare?

Excunt all the Princes, enter Ther/sites.

Ther. Where's this great sword and buckler man of *Greece*?

Wee shall haue him one of sneakes noife,
And come peaking into the Tents of the *Greeks*;
With will you haue any musicke Gentlemen.

Achi. Base groome, I'l tear thy flesh like falling Snow.

Ther. If I had *Hectors* face thou durst not doo't.

Achi. Durst not?

Ther. Durst not, hee's in the field; thou in thy Tent,

Hector playing vpon the *Greekish* burgonets,

Achilles fingring his effeminate Lute.

And now because thou durst not meete him in the field; thou
hast counterfeited an honour of loue. *Achilles*?

The Iron Age.

Thou the Champion of *Greece*, a meere bug-bear,
a scar-crow, a Hobby-horse.

Achi. *Vlisses* taught thee this, deformed slave.

Ther. Coward thou durst not do this to *Hector*.

Achi. On thee Ile practise, til I meete with him.

The. *Ajax* is valiant, and in the throng of the Troians,

Achilles is turn'd Fidler in the Tents of
The Grecians.

Alarm. Enter *Diomed* wounded, bringing in
Patroclus dying.

Dio. Looke here *Achilles*.

Achi. *Patroclus*?

Pat. This wound great *Hector* gaue:

Reuenge my death, before I meete my graue.

Enter *Vlisses* and *Ajax* wounded.

Vlis. Yet will *Achilles* fight? see *Ajax* wounded,
Two hundred of thy warlike *Mirmedons*
Thou hast lost this day.

Aia. Let's beate him to the field.

Achi. Ha?

Aia. Had I lost a *Patroclus*, a deere friend
As thou hast done, I would haue dond these armes
In which he dyed, sprung through the Troian hoast,
And mauger opposition, let the blow
Or by the same hand dy'd: come ioyne with me,
And we without this picture, statue of *Greece*,
This shaddow of *Achilles*, will once more
Inuade the Troian hoast.

Achi. *Ajax*?

Aia. *Achilles*?

Achi. Wee owe thee for this scorne.

Aia. I scorne that debt:

Thou hast not fought with *Hector*.

Achi. My honor and my oath both combate in mee:
But loue swayes most.

Alarm. Enter *Menelaus* and *Agamemnon*.

Menelaus

The Iron Age?

Men. Our ships are fir'd, five hundred gallant vessels
Burnt in the Sea, halfe of our Fleete destroy'd,
Without some present rescue.

Achi. Ha, ha, ha.

Aga. Doth no man aske where is this double fire,
That two wayes flies towards heauen?
Vpon the right our royall Nauy burnes,
Vpon the left, *Achilles* Tents on fire.

Achi. Our Tent?

Aga. By *Ioue* thy Tent, and all thy *Mirredons*,
Haue not the power to quench it: yet great *Hector*
Hath shed more blood this day, then would haue seru'd
To quench, both Fleete and Tent.

Achi. My sword and armour:
Polixena, thy loue we will lay by,
Till by this hand, that Troian *Hector* dye.

Aia. I knew he must be fired out.

Exit.

Alarum. Enter *Hector*, *Paris*, *Troilus*, *Aeneas*,
with burning stanes and fire-bals.

Al the Troians. Strike, stab, wound, kill, tosse firebrands, and
Hector of Troy, and a victorious day. (make way,

Hec. Well fought braue brothers,

Enter *Ajax*.

Pa. What's hee?

Troi. Tis *Ajax*, downe with him!

Hec. No man presume to dart a feather at him
Whilst we haue odds: cousten if thou seekest combate?
See we stand single, not one Troian here,
Shall lay a violent hand vpon thy life,
Saue wee our selfe.

Aia. Cousten th'art honorable,
I now must both intreate and coniure thee;
For my old Vncle *Priams* sake, his sister
Hesone my mother, and thine Aunt:
This day leaue thine aduantage, spare our Fleete,
And let vs quench our Tents, onely this day.

Stay

The Iron Age.

Stay thy Victorious hand, tis *Ajax* pleades,
Who but of *Ioue* hath neuer begg'd before,
And saue of *Ioue*, will not intreate againe.

All Troians. Burne, still more fire.

Hect. Ple quench it with his blood
That addes one sparke vnto this kindled flame?

My cousin shall not for *Hesiones* sake

Be ought denide of *Hector*, she's our Aunt:

Thou, then this day hast sau'd the Grecian Fleete?

Let's found retreat, whose charge made al Greece quak,

We spare whole thousands for one *Ajax* sake.

A Retreats sounded. *Exeunt the Troians.*

Aia. Worthiest a liue thou hast, Greece was this day
At her last cast, had they purside aduantage:

But I deuine, hereafter from this hower,

We neuer more shal shrinke beneath their power. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scœna prima.

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Paris, Æneas, Hectors
armour bearer, with others.*

Hec. My armour, and my trusty *Galatee*,
The proudest steed that euer rider backt,
Or with his hooves beate thunder from the earth.
The Sunnes begins to mount the Easterne hill,
And wee not yet in field: Lords yesterday
Wee slipt a braue aduantage, else these ships
That floate now in the *Samothracian* road,
And with their wauiing pendants menace *Troy*,
Had with their flames reflecting from the Sea,
Gilt those high towers, which now they proudly braue.

Troi. On then, *Achilles* is vneconquered yet,

Great

The Iron Age.

Great *Agamemnon* and the *Spartan King*,
Ajax the bigge-bond Duke of *Salamine*,
With him that with his Lance made *Uenuis* bleed,
The bold, (but euer rasha) King *Diomed*.
To lead these captiue through *Scamander* Plaines,
That were a taske worth *Hector*.

Par. Why not vs?

Yet most becomming him, come then *Aeneas*,
Let each Picke one of these braue Champions out
And single him a captiue.

Anc. 'Twere an enterprife
That would deserue a lasting Chronicle:
Lead on renowned *Hector*.

Hect. Vnnimable slaue,
Dispatch, make hast, I would be first in field,
And now I must be cal'd on.

Enter Andromache and young Astianax.

Andro. Oh stay deare Lord, my royall husband stay,
Cast by thy shield, fellow vncape his armes,
Knock off the riuets, lay that baldricke by,
But this one day rest with *Andromache*.

Hec. What meanest thou woman?

Andro. To saue my honoured Lord
From a sad fate; for if this ominous day,
This day disastrous, thou appear'st in field
I neuer more shall see thee.

Hec. Fond *Andromache*,
Giue me some reason for't.

Andro. A fearefull dreame,
This night me thought I saw thee 'mongst the *Greekes*
Round girt with squadrons of thine enemies,
All which their Iauelias thrild against thy brest,
And stucke them in thy bosome.

Hec. So many Squadrons,
And all their darts quiuerd in *Hectors* brest,
Some glanc't vpon mine armour, did they not?

The Iron Age.

Pa. Did none of all these darts rebound from *Hector*
And hit thee sister, for (my Lasse) I know,
Thou hast been oft hit by thine *Hector* so.

Andro. Oh doe not iest my husband to his death,
I wak't and slept, and slept and wak't againe :
But both my slumbers and my sounde sleepes
Met in this one maine truth, if thou this day
Affront their Army or oppose their fleete,
After this day wene're more shall meete.

Hect. Trust not deceptious visions, dreames are fables,
Adulterate Sceanes of Anticke forgeries
Playd vpon idle braines, come Lords to horse
To keepe me from the field, dreames haue no force.

Andro. *Troilus, Aeneas, Paris, young Aslianax,*
Hang on thy fathers armour, stay his speed.

Asti. Father, sweete father do not fight to day.

Hect. Helpe to take off these burrs, they trouble mee.

Andro. Hold, hold thy father, if thou canst not kneele,
Yet with thy teares intreate him stay at home.

Asti. I'll hang vpon you, you shall beate me father
Before I let you goe.

Hect. How boy? I'le whippe you if you stirre a foot,
Go get you to your mother.

Pa. Come to horse.

Enter Priam, Hecuba, Hellen, &c.

Pri. *Hector*, I charge thee by thine honour stay.
Go not this day to battaile.

Hect. By all the gods

Andromache, thou dost abate my loue
To winne mee from my glory.

Hec. From thy death.

Troilus, perswade thy brother, daughter *Hellen*,
Speake to thy *Paris* to intreate him too.

Hec. *Paris* sweete husband.

Pa. Leauē your cunning *Hellen*.
My brother shall to the field.

Hec.

The Iron Age.

Hel. But by this kisse thou shalt not.

Pa. Now haue not I the heart to say hee may?
This kisse hath ouercome mee.

Andro. My dearest loue,
Pitty your wife, your sonne, your father, all
These liue beneath the safeguard of that arme;
Pitty in vs whole *Troy* all ready doom'd
To sinke beneath your ruine.

Pri. If thou fall,
Who then shall stand? *Troy* shall consume with fire
(That yet remaines in thee) wee perish all,
Or which is worse, led captiue into *Greece*:
Therefore deare *Hector*, cast thy armour off.

Andro. Husband,

Hecu. Sonne.

Hel. Brother.

Hect. By *Ioue* I am resolu'd.

Andro. Oh all yee gods!

Hect. Not all the diuells
Could halfe torment me like these women tongues.

Pa. At my entreaty, and for *Hellens* loue,
Leaue vs to beare the fortunes of this day,
Heres *Troilus* and my selfe will make them sweare;
Ere the fight end there are two *Hectors* here.

Enc. Besides *Aeneas*, and *Deiphobus*
Young *Margareton*, and a thousand more
Sworne to set fire on all their Tents this day;
Then *Hector* for this once resolue to stay.

Hect. To horse then *Paris*, do not linger time,

Pa. To horse, come brother *Troilus*.

Hect. Watch *Margareton*, if the youthfull Prince
Venter beyond his strength, let him haue rescue.

Troi. Hee shall be all our charge.

Pri. *Hector* let's mount vpon the walls of *Troy*,
And thence surueigh the battaile.

Hect. Well bee't so.

But if one *Troian* shall for succour cry,

The Iron Age.

I'll leave the walls and to his rescue flye. *Exit.*

Enter Troilus and Diomed after an alarum.

Troi. King *Diomed.*

Dio. *Cresids* first loue.

Troi. Yes *Diomed* and her last,

I'll live to loue her when thy life is past.

Enter Menelaus both upon Troilus.

Men. Hold Trojan, for no *Greeke* must be disarm'd.

Enter Paris.

Pa. Unmanly odds, King *Menelaus* turne
Thy face this way, 'tis Trojan *Paris* calls:

Men. Of all that breath, I loue that *Paris* tongue.
When it shall call to Armes: Now one shall downe.

Alarum. Menelaus falls.

Par. Thou keep'st thy word, for thou art downe indeed.
Yet by the sword of *Paris* shalt not dye.

I slew thy fame when I first stole thy Queene,
And therefore *Spartan* will now spare thy life:

Achilles, Diomed, Ajax, one of three
Were noble prise, thou art no spoyle for mee.

Alarum. Enter above Priam, Hector, Astianax, Hecuba, Helen, &c. Below Achilles and Margareton.

Achil. If thou bee'st noble by thy blood and valour,
Tell mee if *Hector* bee in field this day.

Marg. Thy coniaration hath a double spell,
Hector is not in field, but here I stand
Thy warlike opposite.

Achi. Thou art young and weake, retire and spare thy life.

Mar. I'm *Hectors* brother, none of *Hectors* blood
Did euer yet reiteite.

Achi. If *Hectors* friend,

Here must thy life and glory both haue end.

(him.)

Achilles kills

Hec. Oh father, see where *Margareton* lyes:
Your sonne, my brother by *Achilles* slaine.

Pri.

The Iron Age.

Pri. Thy brother *Troilus* will reuenge his death:
But *Hector* shall not mooue.

Hec. *Troilus* nor all the Troians in the field
Can make their swords bite on *Achilles* shield:
'Tis none but *Hector* must reuenge his death.

Pri. But not this day.

Hec. Before the Sunne decline,
That terrour of the earth I'll make deuine.

Exit from the wals.

Alarum. Enter Hector beating before him Achilles
Mermidons.

Hec. Thus flies the dust before the Northern winds,
And turnes to Atoms dancing in the ayre,
So from the force of our victorious arme,
Flye armed squadrons of the boldest Greekes,
And mated at the terrour of our name,
So cleare the field before me, no mans fauour'd:
The blood of three braue Princes in my rage,
I haue sacrific'd to *Margaritons* soule.

Ajax Oileus, Ajax Telamon,

Merionus, Menelaus, Idomea,

Arch-dukes and Kings haue shrunke beneath this arme,
Besides a thousand Knights haue falne this day
Beneath the fury of my pondrous blowes:
And not the least of my victorious spoyles,
Quiuer'd my Iauelin through the brawny thigh
Of strong *Achilles*, and I seeke him still,
Once more to tug with him: my sword and breath
Assist me still, till one drop downe in death.

Enter Achilles with his guard of Mermidons.

Achi. Come cast your selues into a ring of terrour,
About this warlike Prince, by whom I bleede.

Hec. What meanes the glory of the Grecian host,
Thus to besiege me with his Mermidons?
And keepe aloofe himselfe,

The Iron Age.

Achil. That shall my Launce
In bloody letters text vpon thy breast,
For young *Patroclus* death, for my dishonours,
For thousand spoyles, and for that infinite wracke
Our Army hath indur'd onely by thee,
Thy life must yeeld me satisfaction.

Hec. My life? aude welcome, by *Apolloes* fire,
I neuer ventred blood with more content,
Then against thee *Achilles*, come prepare.

Achil. For eminent death, you of my warlike guard,
My *Mermidons*, for slaughters most renown'd,
Now sworne to my designements, your steele polaxes,
Fixe all at once, and girt him round with wounds.

Hec. Dishonourable Greeke, *Heckor* nere dealt
On base aduantage, or euer list his sword
Ouer a quaking foe, but as a spoyle
Vnworthy vs, still left him to his feare:
Nor on the man, whom singly I struck downe,
Haue I redoubled blowes, my valour still
Opposde against a standing enemy.
Thee haue I twice vnhorst, and when I might
Haue slaine thee groueling, left thee to the field,
Thine armour and thy shield impenetrable,
Wrought by the god of *Lemnos* in his forge
By arte diuine, with the whole world ingrauen,
I haue through pierc't, and still it weares my skarres:
Forget not how last day, euen in thy tent
I sealded my good sword, and might haue flung
My bals of wild-fire round about your Fleete,
To haue sent vp your Greekish pride in flames,
Which would haue fixt a starre in that high Orbe,
To memorize to all succeeding times
Our glories and your shames, yet this I spar'd,
And shall I now be slayne by treachery?

Achi Tell him your answer on your weapons points,
Vpon him may braue souldiers.

Hec. Come you slaues,

The Iron Age?

Before I fall, Ile make some food for graues,
That gape to swallow cowards : ceaze you dogges
Vpon a Lyon with your armed phangs,
And bate me brauely, where I touch I kill,
And where I fasten teare body from soule,
And soule from hope of rest : all Greece shall know,
Blood must run wast in *Hectors* ouerthrow.

Alarum. *Hector fals. slayne by the Mermidons,*
then Achilles wounds him with his Launce.

Achi. Farwell the noblest spirit that ere breath'd
In any terrene mansion : Take vp his body
And beare it to my Tent : Ile straight to horse,
And at his fetlockes to my greater glory,
Ile dragge his mangled trunke that Grecians all,
May deafe the world with shouts, at *Hectors* fall.

Enter Priam, Aeneas, Troilus, Paris.

Pri. Blacke fate, blacke day, be neuer Kallendred
Hereafter in the number of the yeare,
The Planets cease to worke, the Spheares to mooue,
The Sunne in his meridian course to shine,
Perpetuall darknesse ouerwhelme the day,
In which is false the pride of *Asia*.

Troi. Rot may that hand.

And euery ioynt drop peece-meale from his arme,
That tooke such base aduantage on a worthy,
Who all aduantage scorn'd.

Pa. Yet though his life they haue basely tane away,
His body we haue rescued mauger Greece.
And *Paris*, I the meanest of *Priams* sonnes,
Haue made as many Mermidons weepe blood,
As had least finger in the *VVorthies* fall.

Pri. *VV*hat but his death could thus haue arma'd my hand,
Or drawne decreeped *Priam* to the field:
That starre is shot, his luster quite ecclips'd:
And shall we now, surrender *Hellena*?

Pa. Not till *Achilles* lye as dead as *Hector*,
And *Ajax* by *Achilles*, not whilst *Istinus*

The Iron Age.

Hath one stone rear'd vpon anothers backe
To ouer-looke these wals, or these high wals
To ouer-peere the plaine.

Tro. Contrary Elements,

The warring meteors : Hell and *Elizium*
Are not so much oppos'd, as *Troy* and *Greece*,
For *Hector*, *Hectors* death.

Par. A most sad Funerall

Will his in *Troy* be, where shall scarce an eye
Of twice two hundred thousand be found drye :
These obets once past o're, which we desire,
These eyes that now shed water, shall speake fire.

Aene. Now found retreat.

Pri. Weebacke to *Troy* returne,

Where euery soule in funeral black shall mouerne. *Exit.*

Par. *Hector* is dead, and yet my brother *Troilus*

A second terrour to the Greekes still liues.

In him there's hope since all his Mermidons

Hauing felt his fury, flye euen at his name.

But must the proud *Achilles* still insult

And triumph in the glory of base deedes ?

No, *Hector* hee destroy'd by treachery,

And hee must dye by craft. But *Priams* temper

Will nere bee brought to any base reuenge :

A woman is most subiect vnto spleene,

And I will vse the braine of *Hecuba* :

This bloody sonne of *Thetis* doth still doate

Vpon the beauty of *Polexina*;

And that's the base we now must build vpon.

My mother hath by secret letters wrought him

Once more to abandon both the field and armes :

The plot is cast, which if it well succede,

He that's of blood insatiate, must next bleed.

Exit

Achilles discovered in his Tent, about him his
bleeding Mermidons, hirafelse wounded,
and with him *Uilisses*.

Uilisses.

The Iron Age.

Ulis. Why will not great *Achilles* don his *Armes*,
And rowse his bleeding *Mirmidons*? shall *Troilus*
March backe to *Troy* with armour, sword, and lance,
All dyde in *Grecian* blood? shall aged *Priam*
Boast in faire *Ilium* that the sonne of *Thetis*,
Whose warlike speare pierc't mighty *Hectors* breast,
Lies like a coward slumbring in his Tent,
Because hee feares young *Troilus*.

Achi. Pardon mee,

Ulis. here's a Brieve from *Hecuba*,
Wherein shee vowes, if I but kill one *Troian*,
I neuer shall inioy *Polixena*.

Ulis. But thinks *Achilles*, if the *Greekes* be slaine,
And forc't perforce to march away from *Troy*,
That hee shall then inioy *Polixena*?

No, 'tis King *Priams* subtilty, whilst thou
Sleep'st in thy Tent, *Troilus* through all our Troupes
Makes Lanes of slaughtered bodies, and will tosse
His Balls of wild-fire as great *Hector* did
O're all our nauall forces: But did this Prince
Lye breathlesse bleeding at *Achilles* feet,
Dispairing *Priam* would to make his peace
Make humbly tender of *Polixena*,
And be much proud to call *Achilles* sonne?

Achi. Were *Troilus* slaine?

Ulis. Who else deales wounds so thicke and fast as hee,
They call him *Hectors* ghost, he glides so quicke
Through our Battalions: If hee beate vs hence,
And wee be then compell'd to sue to them?
It will be answer'd, that great *Hectors* death-man
Shall neuer wedd his sister: *Hectors* sonne
Will neuer kneele to him, by whose strong hand
His father fell; but were young *Troilus* slaine,
And *Priams* sonnes sent wounded from the field,
Troy then would stoope, and send *Polixena*
Euen to *Achilles* Tent.

Achi. My sword and armour,

The Iron Age

Arise my bleeding ministers of death,
I'll feast you with an Ocean of blood-royall:
Vlysses, ere this Sunne fall from the skies,
By this right hand the warlike *Troilus* dyes.

Alarum. *Enter Troilus and Therites.*

Ther. Hold if thou bee'st a man.

Troi. Stand if thou bee'st a souldier, do not shriake.

Ther. Art not thou *Troilus*, yong and lusty *Troilus*?

Troi. I am, what then?

Ther. And I *Therites*, lame and impotent,
What honour canst thou get by killing mee?
I cannot fight.

Troi. What mak'st thou in the field then?

Ther. I came to laugh at mad-men, thou art one;
The Troians are all mad, so are the *Greeks*
To kill so many thousands for one drabbe,
For *Hellen*: a light thing, doe thou turne wise
And kill no more; I since these warres began
Shed not one drop of blood.

Troi. But proud *Achilles*
Slew my bold brother, and you *Grecians* all
Shall perish for the noble *Hectors* fall.

Ther. Hold, the Pox take thee hold, whilst I haue breath,
I am bound to curse thy fingers.

*Enter Achilles with his Mirmidons, after Troilus
hath beaten Therites.*

Achil. I might haue slaine young *Troilus* when his sword
Late sparkled fire out of the *Spartans* helme,
But that had stild my fame, but I will trace him
Through the whole Army, when I meete the Trojan
Breacklesse and faint: I'll thunder on his crest
Some valour, but aduantage likes mee best.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Let Cowards fight with Cowards, and both feare,
The base *Therites* is no match for mee,
Oppose me to the proudest hee in field,

The Iron Age.

Most eminent in Armes and best approu'd,
To make the thirsty after blood to bleed,
And that's the proud *Achilles*,

Achi. Who names vs?

Troi. Fate, thou hast now before me set the man
Whom I most sought, to thee whom I will offer
To appease *Hectors* ghost a sacrifice.
You widdowed Matrons who now mourne in teares,
And all you watry eyes surcease to weepe.
Fathers that in this warre haue lost your soanes,
And sonnes your fathers, by *Achilles* hand;
No more lament vpon their fanerall Armes,
But from this day reioyce: posterity
From age to age this to succession tell,
Hee falls by *Troilus*, by whom *Hector* fall.

Achi. *Hectors* sad fate betyde him, souldiers on,
Both brothers shew like mercy, thy vaine sound
That boasted lyes now leuel'd with the ground.

Troilus is slaine by him and the Mirmidons.

Enter Ther sites.

Ther. *Achilles!*

Achi. What's hee? *Ther sites?*

Ther. Thou art a coward.

Achi. Haue I not sau'd thy life, and slaine proud *Troilus*
By whom the *Greekes* lye pilde in breathlesse heapes?

Ther. Yes when he was out of breath, so thou slewest *Hector*
Girt with thy *Mirmidons*.

Achi. Dogged *Ther sites*,
Ple cleaue thee to thy Nauell if thou op'st
Thy venemous lawes.

Ther. Doe, doe, good Dog-killer.

Achi. You slaue.

Ther. I am out of breath now too, else bug-bare *Greeke*
Thou durst not to haue touch't mee.

Achilles beates him off, retreatate sounded. Enter Agamemnon,

Ajax, Vlysses, &c, all the other but Paris.

The Iron Age.

Agam. To whom dost thou addresse thine Embasie?

Par. To Achilles.

Aga. And not the Generall? It concernes our place
To heare King Priams embasie.

Pa. Let mee haue passage to Achilles Tent,
There Agamemnon (if you please) may heare
What Priam sends to your great Champion.

Aga. Let it bee so,

Ajax. The Generall wrongs that honour
Wee Princes in our loue conferre on him.
Had I th' imperiall mandat in my mouth,
I would not loose one jot of my command
For all the proud Achilles's on earth,
Take him at best hee's but a fellow peere,
And should lift his head aboue the Clouds
I hold my selfe his equall.

Enter Achilles from his Tent.

Achi. Vntuterd Ajax.

Aia. Who spake that word?

Achi. 'Twas I Achilles, let the sonne of Priam
Bee priuat with vs:

Aga. It belongs to vs
To bee partakers of his Embasie.

Achi. Dismissè then our Inferiours, you *Uliesses*
Are welcome, *Menelaws*, *Diomed*.

Let *Ajax* stay without, and know his duty.

Exit.

Ajax. Duty? Oh you gods!
Ha? in what Dialect spake hee that language
Which Greece yet neuer knew, wee owe to him?
I'll after him and dragge him from his Tent,
And teach the insolent, manners: Giue mee way,
Uliesses, thou and all the world shal know,
That saue the obedience that I owe the gods,
And duty to my father *Telamon*,
Ajax knowes none, no not to *Agamemnon*:
For what hee hath of mee's my courtesie,
What hee claimes else, or the proud *Grecke* that breaths,

Ile

The Iron Age.

I'll pay him in the poor'st and basest scorne
Contempt was ere exprest in.

Vlis. *Aiax* you are too bold with great *Achilles*;
You beare your selfe more equall then you ought.
With one so troph y'd.

Aia. Bold? oh my merits,
Are you so soone forgot? why King of *Ithaca*,
What hath this Toy (aboue so talkt of) done,
Sauing flaine *Hector*, which at best recein'd
Was but scarce fairely, which the common tongues,
Voyces, with base aduantage.

Vlis. Yes, Prince *Troilus*
Surnam'd the second *Hector*, lyeth imbak'd
In his cold blood, slayne by *Achilles* hand:
The streame of glory now runnes all towards him:
Achilles looks for't *Aiax*.

Aia. But when *Achilles* slumbred in his Tent,
Or waking with his Lute courted the ayre;
Then *Aiax* did not beare himselfe too bold
With this great Champion: when I sau'd our Fleete
From *Hectors* wild-fire, I deseru'd some prayse,
But then your tongues were mute.

Vlis. You in these times
Did not affect ostent, but still went on:
But *Thetis* sonne lookes for a world of sound
To spread his attributes.

Aia. The proud *Achilles*
Shall not out-shine me long, in the next battaile,
If to kill Troians bee to dim his prayse,
I'll quench his lustre by my bloody rayes.

*Enter Agamemnon, Achilles, Diomed, Menelaus
and Paris, &c.*

Pa. Shall I returne that answere to King *Priam*?

Achi. Say in the morning we will visite him:
So beare our kind regrettes to *Hecuba*.

Aia. But will *Achilles* trust himselfe with *Priam*?
Whose warlike sonnes were by his valour flaine?

The Iron Age.

Achi. Priam is honourable, see here's his hand,
His Queene religious, and behold her name:

Polixena deuine, reade here, her vowes,

Honor, religions, and diuinity,

All ioyntly promising *Achilles* safety:

Paris, you heare our answer, to returne it.

Pa. We shal receiue *Achilles* with al honor. *Exit.*

Mens. Were I *Achilles* and had I aine great *Hector*,
With valiant *Troilus*, *Priams* best lou'd sonnes,
I for the brightest Lady in all *Asia*,

Would not so trust my person with the father.

Achi. I am resolu'd, *Vlysses* you once told mee
Priam would sleepe if *Troilus* once were slayns.

Vlyss. And I dare gage my life, the reuerent King
Intends no treason to *Achilles* person,

But meerely by this honourable League,

To draw our warlike Champion from the field.

Achi. But we'le deceiue his hopes: feare not great Kings;
When to my Tent I bring *Polixena*:

The sooner *Troy* lyes leuell with the ground.

You vnderstand me Lords; shall I intreate you

Associate me vnto the sacred Temple

Of Diuine *Phabus*?

Ag. In me these Kings shall answer, wee in peace
Will bring *Achilles* to *Apolloes* shrine,

Prouided, *Priam* ere we enter *Troy*,

Will giue vs hostage for our safe returne.

Achi. My honour'd hand with his.

Exeunt.

Enter Paris and Hecuba.

Hecu. Oh *Paris*, till *Achilles* lye as dead,

As did thy brother *Hector* at his feete,

His body hackt with as many wounds,

As was thy brother *Troilus* when he fell.

I neuer, neuer shall haue peace with Heauen,

Or take thee for their brother, or my sonne.

Par. Mother I hate *Achilles* more then you;

The Iron Age?

But I haue heard hee is invulnerable :
His mother *Thetis* from the Oracle
Receiuing answere, hee should dye at *Troy* ;
(Being yet a childe,) and to preuent that fate,
Shee dipt him in the Sea, all saue the heele :
These parts shee drencht, remayne impenetrable ;
But what her dainty hand (forbore to drowne)
As loath to feele the coldnesse of the wane,
That, and that onely may bee pierc'd with Steele.
Now since I know his fellow Kings intend,
To be his guard to *Ilium* : what's my rage ?
Or this my weapon to destroy a Prince,
Whole flesh no sword can bite off.

Hecub. Haue I not heard thee *Paris*, praise thy selfe
For skill in Archery ? haue I not seene
A shaft sent leuell from thy constant hand,
Command the marke at pleasure ? maist not thou
With such an arrow, and the selfe-same bow,
Wound proud *Achilles* in that vndrencht part,
And by his heele draw liues blood from his heart ?

Par. Well thought on, the rare cunning of this hand ;
None saue the powers immortal can with stand :
When in the Temple hee shall thinke to embrace
My sister *Polixena*. Ile strike him there.
The Greekes are entred *Troy*. Let's fill the trayne
To auoyde suspect, and now my shaft and bow,
Greece from my hand, receiue thine ouerthrow.

*Enter at one doore Priam, Hecuba, Paris, Æneas,
Antenor, Deiphobus, Helen, and Polixena. At the
other, Agamemnon, Achilles, Menelais, Visses,
Diomed, Therites, and Ajax. They interchange
embraces, Polixena is giuen to Achilles, &c.*

Pri. Though the dammage you haue done to *Troy*,
Might cease our armes, and arme our browes with wrath,
Yet with a smooth front, and heart vnfeigned,
Now bid *Achilles* welcome ; welcome all

Before

The Iron Age.

Before these Kings, and in the sight of *Hellen*,
The dearest of my daughters *Polixen*
I tender thee: on to *Apolloes* shrine,
The flamin staves: these nuptiall rights once past,
You of our best varieties shall taste. *Exeunt*

Paris fetcheth his Bow and arrowes.

Par. My bow! now thou great god of Archery,
The Patron of our action and our voves,
Direct my shaft to wound bright *Thetis* sonne,
And let it not offend thy deity,
That in thy Temple I exhaust his blood,
Without respect of place, reuenge seemes good. *Exit.*

A great crye within. Enter Paris.

Par. Tis done, *Achilles* bleedes, immortal powers
Clap hands, and smile to see the Greeke fall dead,
By whom the valiant *Hectors* blood was shed.

*Enter all the Troians, and the Greekes bringing
in Achilles with an arrow through his
boole.*

Aga. Priam, thou hast dishonourably broake
The Lawes of Armes.

Pri. By all the gods I vowe,
I was a stranger to this horrid act:
It neuer came from *Priam*.

Vlyss. Call for your Surgeon then to stop his wound!

Mene. For if hee dye, it will be registred
For euer to thy shame.

Pri. A Surgeon there.

Achi. It is in vaine for liue, that god of Physicke
We Grecians honor in a Serpents shape;
He could not stanch my blood: know fellow Kings
My mother *Thetis* by whose heauenly wisdom,
My other parts were made invulnerable.

Could

The Iron Age.

Could not of all the gods obtrayne that grace,
But that my blood, vented as now it is,
The wound should be incureable: what Coward
That durst not looke *Achilles* in the face,
Hath found my liues blood in this speeding place?

Par. 'Twas I, 'twas *Paris*.

Ajax. 'Twas a milke-sop then.

Diom. A Traytor to all Valour.

Par. Did not this bleeding Greeke kil valiant *Hector*,
Incompast with his Guard of Mermidons?

Pri. Degenerate *Paris*, not old *Priams* sonne,
Thou neuer took'st thy treacherous blood from me.

Aia. How cheeres *Achilles*, though thy too much pride
Which held the heart of *Ajax* from thy loue,
He'le be the formost to reuenge thy death.

Achil. Gramercy noble *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*;

Ulysses, *Diomed*, I feele my strength

Begins to fayle, let me haue buriall,

And then to *Armes*, reuenge *Achilles* death:

Or if proud *Troy* remayne inuincible,

To *Lycomedes* send to youthfull *Pirbus*,

My sonne begot on bright *Dedamia*;

And let him force his vengeance through the hearts

Of these, by whom his father was betray'd.

I faint, may euery droppe of blood I shed,

Exhald by *Phæbus*, putrifie the ayre,

That euery soule in *Asia* that drawes breath,

May poysoned dye for great *Achilles* death.

Aga. He's dead, the pride of all our Grecian army;

Vlyss. Will *Priam* let vs beare his body hence?

Par. Yes, and not drag it 'bout the wals of *Troy*,
As hee did *Hectors* basely.

Pri. Take it, withall truce, time to bury it.

Aga. Come Princes, on your shoulders beare him then,
Brauest of souldiers, and the best of men.

They beare him off. And to *Priam* enter

Aneas.

The Iron Age

Ene. Where's mighty Priam?

Pri. What's the newes *Aneas*?

Ene. Such as will make your highnes doff your age
And beas youthfull spirited as the Spring:

Penthesilea Queene of *Amazons*,
With mighty troopes of *Virgin* warriors,
Gallant *Veragoes*, for the loue of *Hector*,
And to reuenge his death, are entred *Troy*.

May it please you, to receiue the *Scitbean* Queene.

Pri. What *Troy* can yeeld, or *Priam* can expresse,
The *Amazonian* Princesse shall pertake:
Come *Hecuba*, and Ladies, let's prepare,
To bid her friendly welcome to this warre.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus Scena prima.

*Enter Therfites with Souldiers, bringing in a
table, with chayres and stooles plac'd
about it.*

Ther. Come, come, spread, spread, vp with the pulpets straight,
Seates for the Iudges, all the Kings of Greece:
Why when you lazy drudges? Is this place
For a whole Iury royall? where's the Armour,
The prize for which the crafty Fox *Vlysses*,
And mad Bull *Ajax*, must this day contend?
What, is all ready? rare world, when insteade
Of smooth tong'd Lawyers, Souldiers now must pleade.

Lord Musicke. Enter all the Kings of Greece, the Armour
of *Achilles*, borne betwixt *Vlysses* and *Ajax*, and plac'd upon
the table, the Princes seate themselues, a chayre is plac'd
at eyther end of the Stage, the one for *Ajax*, the other for
Vlysses.

Agam.

The Iron Age.

Aga. This Sessions valiant Duke of *Salamine*,
And King of *Ithaca* was cald for you:
Since great *Achilles* armour is the prise,
Due to the worthier, heere before these Kings,
And in the face of all the multitude,
You are appoynted for your feuerall pleaes,
That prince who to these armes can prooue most right,
Shall weare his purchase in the armies sight.

Aia. If to the worthiest they belong to mee:
Could you select 'mongst all this throng of Priuces,
None worthier then *Vlisses*, to contend
VVith *Aiax*? and in viewe of all our Nauy,
Of all these tall ships, gilt with *Hectors* flames,
VVhich when *Vlisses* fled into his tent,
I, I extinguisht, these twelue hundred ships
I sau'd at once, deseru'd *Achilles* armes,
Laertes sonne may thinke it grace enough,
That though hee misse his ayme, hee may be sayd
To haue stroue with *Aiax*, *Aiax* who excels
As much in armes, as hee in eloquence.
My hands performe more then his tong can speake;
Act more then hee can talke: were I lesse valiant,
And had but halfe my vigour (like him) weake,
My royall birth would for this armour speake,
Euke *Telamon*, that is the *Argoe* sayl'd
To *Calchos*: and in *Isiurus* second sacke,
First rear'd *Alcides* colours on the VVals
My father was: His father, *Eacus*,
On of the three that iudge infernall soules;
And *Eacus* was sonne to *Iupiter*.
Thus am I third from *Ioue*; besides *Achilles*,
By marriage was my brother, and I craue,
Since hee is dead my brothers armes to haue.
VVhat hath *Vlisses* with our Kin to doe?
Beeing a stranger, not of *Peleus* blood:
Graue Heroes, if not honour, prize my merit,
I pleade both worth and blood, these armes to inherit.

The Iron Age.

Mene. Beleeue me, two sound pleas on *Aiax* part,
I feare the prize will bee conferr'd on him.

Dio. His arguments are maximes, and sound proofes
To winne him way, into the souldiers hearts.

Agam. Let him proceede.

Aia Because I hasted to the siege of *Troy*,
When hee feign'd madnes, must hee weare these armes?
When in the *Phalanx*, with old *Nestor* charging,
Thou at the name of *Hector* fledst the field,
And left the good old man incompast round,
Calling aloud *Vlisses*, *Vlisses* stay,
The more hee cry'd the more thou mad'st thy way.
Prince *Diomed* you saw it, and vpbayded
This *Ithacans* base flight, but see Heauens Iustice.
Old *Nestor* scapt, great *Hector* was not there;
But meetes *Vlisses*, as hee fled from *Hector*,
Hee that but late denide helpe, now wants helpe,
For at the sight of *Hector* downe hee falls,
And cryes aloud for ayde, I came, and saw thee
Quaking with terrour vnder *Hectors* arme,
The pondrous blow I tooke vpon my Targe,
And as the least of all my noble deedes,
Sau'd these faint limbes from slaughter, which now sue,
To don these glorious armes, nor doe I blame thee
Forfearing *Hector*: what is hee of Greece
That sauing *Aiax*, quakt not at his name?
Yet did I meete that *Hector* guil'd in blood
Of Grecian Princes, fought with him so long,
Till all the hoast deaf with our horrid stroakes,
Begirt vs with amazement: wilt thou know
My honour in this combate? it was this,
I was not conquered: if thou still contendest?
Imagine but that field, the Time, the foes,
Hector aliue, thee quaking at his feete,
And *Aiax* interposing his broad shield
Twixt death and thee, and thou the armes must yeeld,
Diom. What can the wise *Vlisses*, say to this?

The Iron Age.

Ajax preuailes much with the multitude,
The generall murmur doth accord with him.

Men. I euer thought the sonne of *Telamon*
Did better merit th' *Achillean* Armes
Thenthe *Dulichian* King.

Agam. Forbeare to censure,
Till both be fully heard.

Ajax. Me thinkes graue Heroes, you should seeke an *Ajax*
To weare these Armes, not let these Armes be sought
By *Ajax*: what hath slye *Vlisses* done
To counteruaile my acts? kild vnarm'd *Rhesus*,
And set on sleepe *Dolon* in the night,
Stolne the *Palladium* from the Troian Fane.
Oh braue exploits; nor hast thou these perform'd
Without the helpe of warlike *Diomed*:
So you betwixt you should deuide these spoyles.
Alas thou knowst not what thou seekst, fond man,
Thou that fightst all by craft and in the night
The radiant splendor of this burnisht Helme
Shining in darknesse, as the Sun by day,
Thy theeuish spoyles and ambush would betray.
Thy politicke head's too weake to beare this caske,
This masse Helme; thou canst not mount his Speare,
His warlike shield that beares the world ingrauen
Will tire thine arme, foole thou dost aske a Speare,
A shield a caske, thou hast not strength to weare.
Now if these Kings, or the vaine peoples errour
So farre should erre from truth to giue them thee,
T would be a meanes to make thee sooner dye:
The weight would lagge thee that art wont to flye:
Thou hast a shield vnscar'd, my seuen-fold Targe
With thousand gashes peece-meald from mine arme,
And none but that would fit mee: To conclude,
Go beare these Armes for which we two contend
Into the mid-ranks of our enemies,
And bidde vs fetch them thence, and he to weare them
By whom this royall Armour can be wonne;

The Iron Age.

I had rather fight then talke, so I haue done.

A loud shout within crying Ajax, Ajax!

Ulis. If with your prayers oh Grecian Kings, my vowes
Might haue preuail'd with Heauen, there had bin then
No such contention, thou hadst kept thine Armes,
And wee Achilles thee: But since the Fates
Haue tane him from vs, who hath now more right
To claime these Armes he dead, then hee that gaue them
Vnto Achilles liuing? nor great Princes,
Let that smooth eloquence, yon fellow scornes,
(If it bee any) bee reiected now,
And hurt his maister, which so many times
Hath profited whole Greece, if we plead blood
Which is not ours, but all our Ancestours.

Laertes was my father, his Arcefus,
His Ioue, from whom I am third: beside I claime
A second god-head by my mothers name.
What doe wee talke of birth? If birth should beare them,
His father being nearer Ioue then hee
Should weare this honour, or if next of blood,
Achilles fater Peleus should inioy them,
Or his sonne Pirbus; but wee plead not kinred,
Or neare propinquity: let' alliance rest,
His bee the Armour that deserues it best.

Achilles mother Thetis being foretold
Her sonne should die at Troy, conceal'd him from vs
In habite of a Lady, to this siege
I brought him, therefore challenge all his deeds
As by Vlisses done: 'Twas I sack't Thebes,
Chryseis, and Scylla, with Lernessus walls,
I Troilus and renowned Hector slew:
First with this Helmet I adorn'd his head,
Hee gaue it lining, who demands it dead?

Dio. 'Tis true, for like a Redler being disguis'd,
And comming where Achilles spent his youth
In womanish habite, the young Ladyes they,

The Iron Age?

Looke on his Glasses, Jewells and fine toyés :
Hee had a Bow too much *Achilles* drew,
So by his strength the *Ithacan* him knew.
Had *Ajax* gone, *Achilles* then had stayd,
Hektor still liu'd, our ransack't Tents to inuade:
What canst thou doe but barely fight? no more;
I can both fight and counsell, I direct
The manner of our battailes, and propose
For victuall and munition, to supply
The vniuersall hoast, cheere vp the souldiet's
To indure a tedious siege, when all the Army
Cry'd let's away for *Greece*, and rais'd their Tents.
Ajax amongst the formost had trust vp
His bagge and baggage: when I rated him,
And them, and all, and by my Oratory
Perswaded their retreat: What *Greece* hath wonne
From *Troy* since then, is by *Vlisses* done.
Behold my wounds oh *Grecians*, and iudge you
If they be cowards marks th'are in my brest:
Let boasting *Ajax* shew such noble skarres!
These *Grecian* Heroes tooke I in your warres.
I grant hee fought with *Hektor*, 'twas well done,
Where thou deseru'st well I will giue thee due,
But what was the successe of that great day?
Hektor of *Troy* vnwounded went away.
Men. Now sure the prise will to *Vlisses* fall,
The murmuring souldiers mutter his deserts,
Preferring him fore *Ajax*: heare the rest.
Vlis. But oh *Achilles*, when I view these Armes,
I cannot but lament thine obsequies:
Thou wall of *Greece*, when thou wast basely slaine
I tooke thee on my souldiers, and from *Troy*
Bore thee then arm'd, in the abillments
I once more seeke to beare, behold that shield.
Tis a description Cosmographicall
Of all the Earth, the Ayre, the Sea and Heauen,
What are the *Hyades*? or grim *Oriox*;

The Iron Age.

Hee pleads, or what's *Arcton*? thy rude hand
Would lift a shield, thou canst not vnder stand:
To omit my deeds of *Armes*, which all these know
Better then I can speake. When in the night
I venter'd through *Troyes* gates, and from the Temple
Rap't the *Palladium*, then I conquerd *Troy*,
Troy whilst that stood could neuer be subdu'd,
In that I brought away their gods, their honours,
Troyes ruine and the triumphs of whole *Greece*.
What hath blunt *Ajax* done to conteruaille
This one of mine? Hee did with *Hector* fight,
I tenne yeeres warre haue ended in one night.
What *Ajax* did was but by my direction,
My counsell fought in him, and all his honours
(If they be any,) hee may thankc mee for
What hee hath done, was since his flight I stayd,
I therefore claime these *Armes*: so I haue sayd.

A shout within *Ulysses, Ulysses. The Princes rise.*

Agam. Such is the clamour of the multitude,
And such *Ulysses* are your great deserts,
That those rich *Armes* are thine, the prize inioy

Ulyss. To the defence of *Greece* and sack of *Troy*.

Dio. Come Princes, now this strife is well determin'd.

Men. To see how eloquence the people charmes,
Ulysses by his tongue hath gain'd these *Armes*.

Agam. Counsell preuailes 'boue strength, Heralds proclaime
Through the whole Campe *Ulysses* glorious name.

Exeunt. The Armes borne in triumph before Ulysses.

Ajax. What dream'st thou *Ajax*?

Or is this object reall that I see,

Which topsiturnes my braine, base *Ithaca*

To sway desert thus: Oh that such rich Trophies

Should cloath a cowards backe, nor is it strange;

I'le goe turne coward too, and henceforth plot,

Turne politicians all, all politicians.

A rush for valour, valour? this is the difference

'Twixt the bold warriour, and the cunning states-man;
 The first seekes honour, and the last his health :
 The valiant hoord the knocks, the wise the wealth.
 It was a gallant Armour, *Ajax* limbs
 Would haue become it brauely; the disgrace
 Of loosing such an Armour by contention,
 Will liue to all posterity, and the shame
 In *Stigian Lethe* drowne great *Ajax* name.
 Oh that I had heere my base opposite,
 In th' *Achillean* Armour briskly clad,
Vulcan that wrought it out of gadds of Steele
 With his *Ciclopian* hammers, neuer made
 Such noise vpon his Anvile forging it,
 Then these my arm'd fists in *Vlisses* wracke,
 To mould it new vpon the cowards backe.

Enter *Thersites*.

Ther. Why how new mad *Greece*?

Aia. And art thou come *Ulisses*? thus, and thus
 I'll hammer on thy prooffe steel'd Burganet.

Aia. Hold *Ajax*, hold, the diuell take thee, hold;
 I am *Thersites*, hell rot thy fingers off.

Aia. But art not thou *Ulisses*?

Ther. No I tell thee.

Aia. And is not thine head arm'd?

Ther. Hells plagues confound thee, no; thou think'st thou
 Hast *Menelaus* head in hand, I am *Thersites*.

Aia. *Thersites*? Canst thou rayle?

Ther. Oh yes, yes; better then fight.

Aia. And curse?

Ther. Better then either: rarely.

Aia. And spit thy venome in the face of *Greece*?

Ther. Admirably.

Aia. Doe, doe, let's heare, prethee for heauens sake doe.

Ther. With whom shall I begin?

Aia. Beginne with the head.

Ther. Then haue at thee *Menelaus*, thou art a king and a
 No more, but if on any, rayle on mee,

The Iron Age.

Desert should still be snarl'd at, vice posse free.

Ther. Who thou the son of *Telamon*, thou art a foole,
An Ass, a very blocke. What makest thou here at
Troy to ayde a Cuckold, beeing a Bachelour?

Paris hath stolne no wife of thine: if *Aiæx*
Had beene ought but the worst of these, he might
Haue kept his Country, solac'd his father, and
Comforted his mother: what thanks hast thou
For spending thy meanes, hazarding thy souldiers?
Wasting thy youth, loosing thy blood,
Indangering thy life? and all for a-----

Aiæx. Peace.

Ther. Yes peace for shame,
But what thanks hast thou for all thy trauaile?
Vlisses hath the armour, and what art thou now
Reckoned? a good moyle, a horse that knowes
Not his owne strength, an Ass fit for seruice,
And good for burthens, to carry gold, and to
Feede on thistles: farwell Cox-combe. I shall be
Held to bee a Cocke of the same dunghill,
For bearing thee company so long,
Ile to *Vlisses*.

Aiæ. Base slaue, thou art for Cowards, not for men.
Ile stown'd thee if thou com'st not backe againe:
This vantage haue the valiant of the base,
Death, which they coldly feare, we boldly imbrace.
Helpe me to rayle on them too, or thou dyest.

Ther. Do't then, whilst tis hot.

Aiæ. What's *Agamemnon* our great Generall?

Ther. A blind iustice, and I would he had kist
Fortunes blind cheekes, when hee could not see
To doe thee Iustice.

Aiæ. Well, and what's *Menelaus*?

Ther. A King and a Cuckold, and a horne-plague
Consume him.

Aiæ. Amen. What's *Diomed*? he sat on the bench too.

Ther. A very bench-whistler: and loues *Cressida*.

The Iſon Age.

Hell and confuſion ſwallow him.

Aia. Amen. Amongſt theſe what's *Therſites*?

Ther. A Rogue, a rayling Rogue, a Curr, a barking Dog, the Pox take mee elſe.

Aia. Amen. But what's *Vliſſes* my baſe aduerſary?

Ther. A dam'd pollutician, *Scilla* and *Charibdis* ſwallow him.

Aia. And greedily deuoure him.

Ther. And vtterly conſume him.

Aia. And eate vp his poſterity.

Ther. And rot out his memory.

Aia. In endleſſe infamy.

Ther. And euerlaſting obliquie.

Both. Amen.

Aia. Inough, no more: ſhall he the Armes inioy
And weethe ſhame? away *Therſites*, flye,

Our prayers now ſayd, we muſt prepare to dye.

Ther. Dye, and with them be dam'd. *Exit.*

Enter ouer the Stage all the Grecian Princes, courting and applauding Vliſſes, not minding Aiax.

Aia. Not looke on *Aiax*? *Aiax* *Telamon*,
Hee that at once ſau'd all your ſhips from fire,
Not looke on me? ha? are theſe hands? this ſword?
Which made the fame of *Troy* great *Hector* ſhrinke
Below the ruines of an abiect ſcorne?
Sleighted? ſo ſleighted? what baſe thing am I,
To creepe to ſo dull *Greeke*, whom fame or blood
Hath rair'd one ſtep aboue? *Ioue*, ſee this;
And laugh old Grand-fir: Ha, ha, ha, by hell
I'll ſhake thy Kingdome for't: not looke on *Aiax*?
The triple headed-dog, the whippes of Steele,
The rauenous Vulture, and the reſtleſſe ſtone
Are all meere fables; heer's a truſty ſword,
'Tis mine, mine owne, who claimes this from me? ha?
Cowards and ſhallow witted fooles haue ſlept
Amidſt an armed troupe ſafe and ſecure
Vnder this guard; nay *Agamemnon* too.

The Iron Age.

But see, see from yon Sea, a shoale of sands
Come rowling on, trick't vp in bristled finnes
Of Porpoisses and Dog-fish ho my sword,
I will incounter them, they come from Greece,
And bring a poysonous breath from *Ithaca*
Temper'd with false *Vlisses* gall, foh, f oh;
It stinks of's wives chaste vrinall, looke, looke
By yonder wood, how fliely in the skirts
March policy and the diuell, on, I feare you not?
Dare you not yet? not one to fight with mee:
Who then? what's hee must cope with *Ai*ax?
*Echo. Ai*ax?

*Ai*a. Well sayd old boy, wa'st *Nestor* my braue Lad?
P'le doot, P'le doot, come my fine cutting blade,
Make mee immortall: liuely fountaine sprout,
Sprout out, yet with more life, braue glorious streame.
Growe to a Tyde, and sinke the *Grecian* fleets
In seas of *Ai*ax blood: so ho, so ho.
Lure backe my soule againe, which in amaze
Gropes for a perch to rest on: Heart, great heart
Swell bigger yet and split, know gods, know men,
Furies, iraged Spirits, Tortures all,
*Ai*ax by none could but by *Ai*ax fall. *He kills himselfe.*

Enter on the one part Agamemnon, Vlisses, Menelaus, Diomed,
with the body of Hector borne by Grecian souldiers: On the
other part, Priam, Paris, Deiphebus, Æneas, Anthenor, with
the body of Achilles borne by Trojan souldiers, they inter-
change them, and so with traling the Colours on both sides
depart, Therfires onely staves behinde and concludes.

The Epilogue.

Ther. A sweete exchange of Treasure, term't I may,
Euen earth for ashes, and meere dust for clay;
Let *Ai*ax kill himselfe, and say 'twas braue
Hector, a worthy Call, yet could not sau.

The Iron Age.

Poore foole his *Coxcombe* : *Achilles* beare him hye,
And *Troilus* boldly, all these braue ones dye.
Ha, ha, iudge you ; Is it not better farre
To keepe our selues in breath, and linger warre :
Had all these fought as I'ue done, such my care
Hath beene on both sides, that presume I dare,
These had with thousands more surui'd : Iudge th'hoast,
I shed no blood, no blood at all haue lost:
They shall not see young *Pirhus*, nor the *Queene*
Penthesilea, which had they but beene
As wise as I, they might : nor *Sinon*, hee
Famous of all men, to be most like mee.
Nor after these, *Orestes*, and his mother
Pillades Egistus with a many other
Our second part doth promise : These if I fayle,
As I on them ; you on *Thersites* rayle.

Explicit Actus Quintus.

F. F. N. F. S.



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