

And thou most reuerend for thy stretcht-out life,
I giue to both your speeches: which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Braffe: and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hat ch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wife) to heare *Vlysses* speake.
Aga. Speake Prience of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect:
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen
Divide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke iawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.
Vly. Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.
The specialty of Rule hath bene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hieue,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,
Obserue degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, courtesie, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and spheer'd
Amid't the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,
And postes like the Commandment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnitie, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixtue? O, when Degree is thak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designs)
The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,
The primogeniue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentick place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,
And hearken what Discord follows: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnantie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher than the Shores,
And make a foppe of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of Imbecillity,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endlessse iare, Iustice recides)
Should loofe her names, and so should Iustice too.
Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
And last, ease vp himselfe.
Great *Agamemnon*:
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking:
And this neglectiō of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so euery step
Exampl'd by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superior, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keeps Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath *Vlysses* heere discover'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.
Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlyssis*)
What is the remedie?
Vly. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowne,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the hie-long day
Breakes scurrill leets,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy toplesse deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wooden Dialogue and found
Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Seafolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With rearmes vnquarrell'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhoo* dropt,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fully stiffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed loling)
From his deepe Chest, laughs out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.
Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being dress't to some Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of paralels; as like, as *Vileam* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent.
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palfie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuer: and at this sport
Six Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Splene. And in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successes or losse, what is, or is not, serues
As stiffe for these two, to make paradoxes.
Nest. And in the imitation of these swaine,
Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Ajax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head
In such a reyne. in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feasts, railles on our state of Want

Cres. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see
truly.
Cres. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe
footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to
feare the worst, oft cures the worse.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupid* Pageant there is presented no monster.
Cres. Not nothing monstrous neither?
Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe
to weepe seas, lue in fire, ease rockes, come Tygers; think-
ing it harder for our Mistresse to deuile imposition
inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed.
This is the most trustiue in loue Lady, that the will is in-
finite, and the execution confid' d; that the desire is bound-
lesse, and the act a llay to limit.
Cres. They say all Louers (swear more performance
then they are able, and yet referre an ability that they
neuer performe) vowing more then the perfection of ten;
and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They
that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are
they not Monsters?
Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we
are taster, allow vs as we proue: our head shall gee bare
till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerion shall haue
a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his
birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few
words to faire faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as
what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth;
and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troilus*.
Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?
Enter Pandarus.
Pan. What blushing still? haue you not done talking
yet?
Cres. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate
to you.
Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of
you, you'll giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch,
chide me for it.
Tro. You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word
and my firme faith.
Pan. Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred
though they be long ere they are wooed, they are con-
stant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'll
sticke where they are throwne.
Cres. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee
heart: Prince *Troilus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for
many weary moneths.
Troy. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?
Cres. Hard to seeme you; but I was won my Lord
With the first glance; that euer pardon me,
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:
I loue you now, but not till now so much
But might maister it; insaith I lye:
My thoughts were like vobrideled children grow
Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
When we are so vnsecret to our selues?
But though I lou'd you well, I wooed you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes

My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.
Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.
Pan. Pretty yfaith.
Cres. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:
I am asham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.
Troy. Your leaue sweete *Cressid*?
Pan. Leau: and you take leaue till to morrow mor-
ning.
Cres. Pray you content you,
Troy. What offends you Lady?
Cres. Sir, mine owne company.
Troy. You cannot shun your selfe.
Cres. Let me goe and try:
I haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:
But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I speake I know not what.
Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes
so wisely.
Cres. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To Angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,
Or else you loue not: for to be wife and loue,
Exceedes mans might; that dwells with gods above.
Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
As if it can, I will presume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew (swifter then blood decays):
Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of such a winnowed puritic in loue:
How were I then vp-listed! but alas,
I am as true, as truths simplicitie,
And simpler then the infancie of truth.
Cres. in that Ile warre with you.
Troy. O virtuous right,
When right with right wars who shall be most right:
True (swaines in loue, shall in the world to come
Approoue their truths by *Troilus*, when their times,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare;
Wants similes, truth tis'd with iteration,
As true as Steele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earh to th' Center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authentick author to be cited)
As true as *Troilus*, shall crowne vp the Verse,
And sanctifie the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be:
If I be false, or (swere) a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath so got it selfe:
When water drops haue worme the Stones of *Troy*;
And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie states characterlesse are grated
To dustie nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false Maids in loue,
Vpbraid my falsehood, when they' aue said as false,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,

Troilus and Cressida.

As false as Cressida.
 Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it, Ile be the witness here I hold your hand: here my Cousins, if ever you prone false one to another, since I have taken such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be call'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troilus'es, all false women Cressida's, and all brokets betweene Panders: say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.
 Cress. Amen.
 Pand. Amen.
 Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, please it to death: away.
 And Capell grant all long-tide Maidens heere, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere. Exit.

Enter Physes, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Ubalas. Flourish.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I have done you, Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recompence: appears it to your minde, That through the fight I beare in things to loue, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe, From certaine and posselt conveniences, To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: And here to doe you service am become, As new into the world, strange, vsacquainted, I doe beseech you, as in way of salte, To giue me now a little benefite: Out of those many registred in promise, Which you say, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What wouldst thou of vs Trojan? make demand?
 Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor, Yesterdayooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oif haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore) Desir'd my Cressida in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath still deerd; but this Antenor, I know is such a wrest in their affaires; That their negotiations all must flacke, Wanting his mannage: and they will almost, Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priams, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done, In most accepted paine.

Agam. Let Diomedes beare him, And bring vs Cressida hither: Calcas shall haue What he requests of vs: good Diomed Furnish you fairly for this enterechange; Withall bring word, if Hector will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.
 Dio. This shall I vnderake, and 'tis a burthen Which I am proud to beare.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.
 Phys. Achilles stands 't' entrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him; I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such vnplausive eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I haue derision medicinable, To vse betweene your strangeness and his pride, Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke; It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees, Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans feet.

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

Achil. What comes the Generall to speake with me? You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.
 Aga. What saies Achilles, would he ought with vs?
 Nest. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?
 Achil. No.
 Nest. Nothing my Lord.
 Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.
 Men. How doe you? how doe you?
 Achil. What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?
 Ajax. How now Patroclus?
 Achil. Good morrow Ajax?
 Ajax. Ha.
 Achil. Good morrow.
 Ajax. I, and good next day too. Exit.
 Achil. What meane these fellows? know they any Achilles?

Patr. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to beate To fend their imiles before them to Achilles: To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Ajax.

Achil. What am I poore of late? 'Tis certaine, greatest once false out with forme, Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd it, He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others, As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their meale wings; but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour, Prizes of accident, as oft as merit: Which when they fall, as being slippery standers; The loue that leand on them as slippery too, Doth one plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy At ample point, all that I did possesse, Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinker finde out Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they haue often giuen. Here is Vlisses, Ile interrupt his reading: how now Vlisses?

Vliss. Now great Thebis Sonne.
 Achil. What are you reading?
 Vliss. A strange fellow here Writes me; that man, how dearely euer parted, How much in hauing, or without, or in, Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath; Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection: As when his vertues shining vpon others, Heate them, and they reote that heate againe To the first giuer.

Achil. This is not strange Vlisses: The beautie that is borne here in the face, The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe, Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Troilus and Cressida.

looks, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he're saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way, had a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is durt to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Scouldiers.

Cress. Heere come more.
 Pand. Alles, foolles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; portedge after meat. I could liue and dye 't' eyes of Troilus. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as Troilus, then Agamemnon, and all Greece.

Cress. There is among the Greekes Achilles, a better man then Troilus.
 Pand. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

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

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

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

Pand. Say one of your watches.
 Cress. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vntill it swell past minding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pand. You are such another.
 Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.
 Pand. Where?

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

Cress. Adieu Vnkle.
 Pand. Ile be with you Neece by and by.
 Cress. To bring Vnkle.

Pand. I, a token from Troilus.
 Cress. By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit Pand.
 Words, vovves, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice, He offers in anothers enterprise: But more in Troilus thousand fold I see, Then in the glasse of Pandars praise may be; Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing, Things won are done, ioyes foule lyes in the dooing: That she be lou'd, knowes thought, that knowes not this; Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is. That she was neuer yet, that euer knew Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue: Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach; 'Achieuement is commind; vngain'd, besteb. That though my heartes Contents firme loue doth beare, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. Exit.

Sent. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Physes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes: What greefe hath set the Iaudies on your cheekes? The ample proposition that hope makes In all designs, begun on earth below Fayles in the promitt largeness: cheekes and disasters Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd. As knots by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect the sound Pine, and diuers his Graine Tortue and erant from his course of growth. Not Princes, is it matter new to vs,

That we come short of our suppose to sarris, That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy waller stand, Sith euery action that hath gon before, Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw Bias and thwart, nor answering the aime: And that vnbodyed figure of the thought That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes) Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes, And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) thought else But the protraiaue trials of great loue, To finde perfituue constancie in men? The fineness of which Metall is not found In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward, The Wife and Foole, the Artift and vn-reard, The hard and soft, seeme all affi'd, and kin, But in the Winde and Tempell of her browne, Distinction with a lowd and powerfull fan, Puffing at all, winnowes the light away; And what hath malle, or matter by it selfe, Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

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

In the reproofe of Chance, Lies the true prooffe of men; The Sea being smooth, How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile Vpon her patient brest, making their way With those of Nobler bulke? but let the Russian Borsar once enrage The gentle Thesus, and anon behold The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut, Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements Like Perseus Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate, Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now Co-riual'd Greatness? Either to harbour fled, Or made a Tostle for Neptune. Euen to, Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide In stormes of Fortune. For, in her ray and brightnesse, The Heard hath more annoyance by the Breeze Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes, And Flies fled vnder shade, why then The thing of Courage, As row'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize, And with an accent sun'd in selfe-same key, Retvres to chiding Fortune.

Vliss. Agamemnon. Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece, Heart of our Numbers, foule, and onely spirit, In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all Should be shut vp; Heare what Physes speaks, Besides the applause and approbation The which most mighty for thy place and sway;

In ranke Achilles, must or now be cropt, Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil To ouer-bulke vs all. Nest, Wel, and how? Ulys. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends, How euer it is spred in general name, Relates in purpose only to Achilles. Nest. The purpose is periphrastic euen as substance, Whose grossest little characters summe vp, And in the publication make no straine, But that Achilles, were his braine as barren As bankes of Lybia, though (Apollo knowes) 'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement, I, with celerity, finde Hectors purpose Pointing on him. Ulys. And wake him to the answer, thinke you? Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose That can from Hector bring his Honor off, If not Achilles; though't be a sportfull Combate, Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels. For heere the Trojans taste our deer'st repute With their sin'ist Pallate: and trust to me Vlysses, Our imputation shall be oddly poiz'd In this wilde action. For the successe (Although particular) shall giue a scantling Of good or bad, vnto the Generall: And in such indexes, although small prickes To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene The baby figure of the Gyant-masse Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd, He that meets Hector, illuses from our choysie; And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules, Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying, What heart from hence receyues the conquering part To steale a strong opinion to themselves, Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments, In no lesse working, than are Swords and Bowes Directiue by the Limbes. Ulys. Giue pardon to my speech: Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector: Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares, And thinke perchance they'll sell: If not, The latter of the better yet to shew, Shall shew the better. Do not consent, That euer Hector and Achilles meete: For both our Honour, and our Shame in this, Are dogg'd with two strange Followers. Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they? Ulys. What glory our Achilles chares from Hector, (Were he not proud) we all should weare with him: But he already is too insolent, And we were better parch in Africke Sunne, Then in the pride and salt scorone of his eyes Should he leape Hector faire. If he were foyle, Why then we did our maine opinion crush In taint of our best man. No, make a Lottery, And by deuice let blockish Ajax draw The sort to fight with Hector: Among our seizers, Giue him allowance as the worthier man, For that will physicke the great Myrmidon Who broyles in lowd applaue, and make him fall His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends. If the dull brainelesse Ajax come safe off, We'll dresse him vp in voyces as if he saile,

Yet go we vnder our opinion still, That we haue better men. But hit or misse, Our proiects lie this shap of fence asumes, Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe Achilles Plumes. Nest. Now Vlysses, I begin to relish thy aduice, And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith To Agamemnon, go we to him straight: Two Curres that tame each other, Pride alone Must tarr the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. Enter Ajax, and Therites. Aia. Therites? Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Bites (ful) allowt generally. Aia. Therites? Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core? Aia. Dogge. Ther. Then there would come some matter from him. I see none now. Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare? Feele then. Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungel beefe-witted Lord. Aia. Speake then you whinid'f leauen speake, I will beate thee into handfomnesse. Ther. I shal sooner saye thee into wit and holinesse; but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oracion, then I learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'th thy lades trickes. Aia. Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation. Ther. Doest thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik' Aia. The Proclamation. Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke. Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch. Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the lothfom'st scab in Greece. Aia. I say the Proclamation. Ther. Thou grumblest & ralest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty. I, that thou barkst at him. Aia. Mistresse Therites. Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. Aia. Coblofe. Ther. He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as a Sailor breakes a basket. Aia. You horsion Curre. Ther. Do, do. Aia. Thou stoole for a Witch. Ther. I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hadst no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An Asinone may tutor thee. Thou scury valiant Ass, thou art better but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slauie. If thou wilt to beate me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou. Aia. You dogge. Ther. You scury Lord. Aia. You Curre. Ther. Mar his ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do. Enter Achilles, and Patroclus. Achil. Why how now Ajax? wherefore do you thinke? How now Therites? what's the matter man? Ther. You see him there, do you? Achil. I, what's the matter. Ther. Nay looke vpon him. Achil. So I do: what's the matter? Ther.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is. Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant. Aia. A horsion dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would he were a Trojan. Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now — Ulys. If he were proud. Dis. Or couetous of praise. Ulys. I, or fouley borne. Dis. Or strange, or selfe affected. P. Thank the heauens L. thou art of sweet compolure; Praise him that got thee, (he that gaue thee lucke: Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice sam'd beyond, beyond all erudition; Let he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight, But Mars deuide Eernymy in twaine, And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Milo: his addition yeelde To sinnowie Ajax: I will not praise thy wisdom, Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's Nestor Instructed by the Antiquary times: He must, he is, he cannot but be wise. But pardon Father Nestor, were your dayes As Greene as Ajax, and your braine so temper'd, You should not haue the eminence of him, But be as Ajax. Aia. Shall I call you Father? Ulys. I my good Sonne. Dis. Be rul'd by him Lord Ajax. Ulys. There is no tarrying here, the Hart Achilles Keptes thicker: please it our Generall, To call together all his state of warre, Fyeth Kings are come to Troy; to morrow We must with all our maine of power stand fast: And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West, And call their flowre, Ajax shall cope the best. Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let Achilles sleepe; Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw deepe. Exeunt. Musicke sounds within. Enter Pandarus and a Seruant. Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord Paris? Ser. I sir, when he goes before me. Pan. You depend vpon him I meane? Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord. Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must needs praise him. Ser. The Lord be praised. Pa. You know me, doe you not? Ser. Faith sir, superficially. Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus. Ser. I hope I shall know you: honour better. Pa. I doe desire it. Ser. You are in the state of Greece? Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musicke is this? Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts. Pa. Know you the Musicians. Ser. Wholly sir. Pa. Who play they to? Ser. To the hearers sir. Pa. At whose pleasure friend? Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke. Pa. Command, I meane friend. Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play? Ser. That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of Paris my L. who's there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart blond of beauty, loues inuisible soule. Pa. Who? my Cousin Cressida. Ser. No sir, Helen, could you not finde out that by her attributes? Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complementall aduall vpon him, for my businesse seethes. Ser. Sudden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede. Enter Paris and Helena. Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow. Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words. Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke. Hel. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall pece it out with a pece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony. Pan. Truly Lady no. Hel. O sir. Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude. Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits. Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word. Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, wee leaue you sing certainly. Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, but marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother Troilus. Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hony sweete Lord. Pan. Go too sweete Queene, goe to. Commends himselfe most affectionately to you. Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody: If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head. Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene I faith — Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a fower offence. Pan. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse. Hel. My Lord Pandarus? Pan. What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene? Pa. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night? Hel. Nay but my Lord? Pan. What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you. Hel. You must not know where he sups. Pa. With my disposer Cressida. Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, com' your disposer is sicke. Pa. Well, I leaue excuse. Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida? no, your poore disposer's sicke. Pa. I spie. Pan. You

Par. You spee, what doe you spee : come, giue me an
Intrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done?
Par. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you
haue sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord
Paris.

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

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.
Par. Come, come, he hear no more of this, He sing
you a song now.

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

Par. I you may you may.
Hel. Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al.
Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Par. Loue? I that it shall yfaith.
Par. I god now loue, loue, no nothing but loue.

Par. In good troth it begins fo.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:
For O loues Bow,
Shooter Bucke and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the fore:
These Louers cry, oh ho they dye:
Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ba be:
So dying loue liues still,
Oh ho a while but ha ba ha,
Oh ho grows out for ha ba ha boy bo.

Hel. In loue ysfaith to the very tip of the nose.

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

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

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par. Helior, Daphnia, Helena, Antenor, and all the
galatry of Troy. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but
my Nell would not haue it fo.

How chance my brother Troilus went not?

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

Par. Not I, honest sweete Queene: I long to heare how
they sped to day:

Hel. Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Par. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Par. I will sweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from field: let vs to Priams Hall
To greete the Warriours. Sweete Helior, I must wooe you,
To helpe vnto our Helior: his stubborn Buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekeish sinewes; you shall doe more
Then all the Hand Kings, distanne great Helior.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant Paris:
Yea what he shall receive of vs in duette,
Giues vs more paine in because then we haue:
Yea ouershines our selfe.

Sweete about thought I loue thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troilus Mas.
Par. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen
Cressida?

Mas. No fir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.
Enter Troilus.

Par. O here he comes: How now, how now?
Tro. Sitra walke off.

Par. Haue you seene my Cousin?

Tro. No Pandarus: I halke about her doore
Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for wastage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me swift transporence to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly bed:
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to Cressid.

Par. Walke here ith Orchard, He bring her straight.
Exit Pandarus.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whiles me round,
Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,
That it enchants my fence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeede
Loues thrice reputed Need? Death I feare me
Sounding distinction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetesse,
For the capacite of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,
That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.
Par. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straightway,
must be witty now, she does fo blush, & fetches her words
so short, as if she were fraid with a spite: He litch her
is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath fo short as
new tane Sparrow.

Tro. Euen such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beates thicker then a feavorous pulle,
And all my powers doe their bestowing looke,
Like vassalage at vnawares encounting
The eye of Maestic.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.
Par. Come, come, what neede you blush?
Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the other now
to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gaine
gaine, you must be watcht ere you be made tamer, and
you? come your wayes, come your wayer, and you draw
backward weele put you ith sils: why doe you not speak
to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.
Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day highness,
'twere darke you'd close looner: So, so, rub on, and kisse
the mistress; how now, a kisse in see-same? build there
Carpenter, the daye is sweete. Nay, you shall fighe your
hearts out ere I part you, The Faulcon, as the Terrell, for
all the Ducks ith Riuier: go too, go too.

Tro. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.
Par. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but shee
beraue you 'oth' deedes too, if shee call your a dity in
question: what billing againe? here's in wine the where
of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, let's
get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?
Tro. O Cressida, how often haue I wisht me thus?
Cres. With my Lord? the gods graunt! O my Lord,
Tro. What should they graunt? what makes this pro-
ty abruption: what too curious dreg spies my sweete
dy in the fontaine of our loue?

Cres. *Exit Mas.*

Par. *Exit.*

Bold as an Oracle, and sees Therites

A slave, whose Gall coines shadders like a Mint;
To march vs in companys with dure,
To weaken and discredit our exposures,
How ranke loeuer sounded in with danger.

Ulys. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-still preference, and eleeue no acte

But that of hand: The fill and meastall parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When firstesse call them on, and know by measure
Of their obsequant toyle, the Enemies waight,

Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that baters downe the wall,
By the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the face ofesse of their soules,
By Reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles horse
Makes many Thetis tonnes.

Ulys. What Trumpet? Looke Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

Ulys. What would you fore our Tent?
Aga. Is this great Agamemnon's Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Euen this.
Ulys. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?

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

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

Aga. How?

Ulys. I: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when the coldy eyes
The youthfull Phobus:

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

Aga. This Trojan Acouries vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Iouries.

Ulys. Courtiers as free, as debonaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue gales,
Good armes, strong ioynts, true fwords, & loues accord,
Nothing so full of heare. But peace vnto vs,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he praes'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transeeds.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe Agamemnon?
Ulys. I Greeke, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affyre I pray you?
Ulys. Sir pardon, 'tis for Agamemnon's eares.

Aga. He heares nought privately
That comes from Troy.

Ulys. Nor I from Troy, come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To let his fence on the attentive heare,
And then to speake.

Aga. Speake frankly as the wind,
It is not Agamemnon sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know, Troyan he is awake.

Ulys. He tells thee to himselfe.

Ulys. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,
And euey Greeke of meele, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

The Trumpets sound.

We haue great Agamemnon heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd Helior, Priam is his father:
Who in this dull and long-cournew'd Trace
Is rusty grown. He had metake a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among it the laye it of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his case,
That seeks his prais, more then he feares his perill,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his feare,
That loues his Mistress more then in confession,
(Which trauat vowes to her owne lips he loues),
And dare vowe her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other comes then hers: to him this Challenge,
Helior, in view of Troians, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.

Ulys. He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compassin in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowe a Grecian that is true in loue,
If any come, Helior shall honour him
If none, hee lay in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dame is fou-buried, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much
Aga. This shall be told our Louers Lord vnto vs,
If none of them haue some in such a kinde,
We leit them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldies a sweete recant proude,
That means not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets Helior, if none else, he be he,
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Helior's Grandfire suckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,
He hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vanbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
He pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ulys. Now heavens for bid such feartie of youth,
Vlys. Amen.

Aga. Faire Lord vnto vs,
Let me touch you hence:
To our Paviour shall I leade you first:
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall Pest with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Fo.

Ulys. *Exeunt.*

Ulys. *Ulys. and Nestor.*

Ulys. Nestor, What sayes vlys?
Nest. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulys. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rime hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

Troilus and Cressida.

My Willenkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will distaste what it elected)
The Wife I choise, there can be no euasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue spoyld them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnrespective fame,
Because we now are full. It was thought meeete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full content belied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) rooke a Truce,
And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse
Wrinkles *Apolloe*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Greecians keepe our Aunt:
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd about a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you' launouch, 'twas wiselome Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go)
If you' confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisedome rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Cas. Cry Trojans, cry.
Prism. What noyse? what threeeke is this?
Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.
Cas. Cry Trojans.
Hell. It is Cassandra.
Cas. Cry Trojans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.
Hell. Peace sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour; let vs pay betimes
A moiety of that masse of moane to come.
Cry Trojans cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Iliion stand,
Our fire-brand Brother Paris burnes vs all.
Cry Trojans cry, a Helen and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or elsie let Helen goe. *Exit.*
Hell. Now youthful Troilus, do not these hic strains
Of diuination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud
So masily hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?
Troy. Why Brother *Hektor*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once direct the courage of our mindes;
Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainicke raptures
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our feuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Prism's* sonner,
And loue forbid there should be done among't vs
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

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

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

Par. Sir, I propose not meerely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the foyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.

What Treason were it to the raniack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bolomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vsam'd,
Where Helen is the subiect. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot partiaell.

Hell. Paris and Troilus, you haue both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glaz'd, but superficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.

The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempred blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be render'd to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,

Then Wise is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordered Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractarie.

If Helen then be wise to Sparta's King,
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hektor's* opinion

Troilus and Cressida.

Is this in way of truth; yet nere the lesse,
My spricely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and feuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you touch the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of Troian blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hektor*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurte to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our tocs,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue *Hektor* would not loose
So rich advantage of a promisd glory.
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reueneu.

Hell. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Prismus*,
I haue a roisting challenge sent among't
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowisie spirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the arme crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Exit.

Enter Theristes solus.

How now *Theristes*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
furie? shall the Elephant *Aiaz* carry it thus? he beates
me, and traile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd
at me: *Sioote*, he learne to conure and raise Diuels, but
he see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, arare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two
vndermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-
selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget
that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose
all the Serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not
that little little lesse then little wit from them that they
haue, which short-arm'd Ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the masse Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the
curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue
said my prayers and diuell, enuis, say Amen: What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Theristes*, Good *Theristes* come
in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembered a guile counterfeits,
thou would'st not haue slip't out of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe, The common
curse of mankind, follie and ignorance be thine in great
reueu; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline
come not nere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till
thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a
faire coarfe, he be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer
blow'd any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Pat. What art thou deuout? wait thou in a prayer?
Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?
Pat. *Theristes*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe,
my digestion, why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my
Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

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

Pat. Thy Lord *Theristes*: then tell me I pray thee,
what's thy selfe?

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

Pat. Thou must tell that know'st.
Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. He declin the whole question: *Agamemnon* com-
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-
er, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You rascall.
Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Theristes*.
Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Theristes*
is a foole, and as afore said, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?
Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*,
Achilles is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*,
Theristes is a foole to serue such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a
foole possitiue.

Pat. Why am I a foole?

Ther. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Aiaz, and Chalcas.

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

Achil. *Patroclus*, he speake with no body: come in
with me *Theristes*. *Exit.*

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

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?
Pat. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appointments, visiting of him:

Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the question of our place,
Or know nor what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.
Ulis. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sicke.

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

Nes. What moues *Aiaz* thus to bay at him?
Ulis. *Achilles* hath inticgled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Theristes*?
Ulis. He.

Nes. Then will *Aiaz* laeke matter, if he haue lost his
Argument.

Ulis. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-
ment *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their faction is more our wish
then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a
Foole could disunite.

Ulis. The amittie that wiselome knits, not folly may
easily vntie.

Enter Patroclus.

Here

Troilus and Cressida.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nes. No *Achilles* with him?
Vlis. The Elephant hath inynt, but none for curtesie:
His leg gears legs for necessitie, not for slight.
Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after Dinners breath.

Ag. Heare you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorn,
Cannot oustlye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not veruoussly of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glossie;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,
Are like to rot vntrasted: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not finne,
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,
And vnder honesty in selfe-assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement; & worthier then himselfe
Here tends the sauge strangenesse he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of his command:
And vnder write in an obseruing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his floweres, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he overhold his price so much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A stirring Dwarfie, we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping Gysour: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.
Ag. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, *Vlisses* enter you,
Exa Vlisses.

Ai. What is he more then another?
Ag. No more then what he thinke he is.
Ai. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinke
himselfe a better man then I am?
Ag. No question.
Ai. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?
Ag. No, Noble *Ai.* you are as strong, as valiant, as
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable
Ai. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Ag. Your minde is the cleerer *Ai.* and your vertues
the fairer; he that is proud, eats vp himselfe; Pride is his
owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and
what euer praises himselfe but in the deeeds, deuoures the
deede in the praise.

Enter Vlisses.
Ai. I do haue a proud man, as I hate the ingendring
of *Troades*.
Nes. Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?
Vlis. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.
Ag. What's his excuse?
Vlis. He doth reioy on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance or respect of any,

in will peculiar, and in selfe admission.
Ag. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?
Vlis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; possess he is with greatnesse,
And speaks not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd vnto
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
That twist his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plagy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let *Ai.* goe to him.
Desire Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a litle from himselfe.
Vlis. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so,
Weele consecrate the steps that *Ai.* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne teame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts; saue such as doe resolute
Aud ruminat himselfe. Shall he be worshipping,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so stauke his Palme, nobly acquid,
Nor by my will affubugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiperion*.
This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Nes. O this is well, he taps the veine of him.
Dio. And how his silence drinks vp this applaushe.
Ai. If I goe to him, with my armd fist, he path him
ore the face.
Ag. O no, you shall not goe.
Ai. And a be proud with me, Ile please his pride: let
me goe to him,
Vlis. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrell.
Ai. A paultry insolent fellow.
Nes. How he describes himselfe.
Ai. Can he not be sociable?
Vlis. The Rauen chides blacknesse.
Ai. Ile let his humours bloud.
Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-
tient.
Ai. And all men were a my minde,
Vlis. We would be out of fashion.
Ai. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swoth
first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.
Vlis. A would haue ten shares.
Ai. I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not
yet through warme.
Nes. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in his
ambition is dry.
Vlis. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.
Nes. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.
Vlis. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harrow.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be silent.
Nes. Wherefore should you do so?

Troilus and Cressida.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do so.
Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who
some euer you take him to be, he is *Ai.*
Achil. I know that foole.
Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.
Ai. Therefore I beare thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what medicinment of wit he vters: his
emotions haue cares thus long. I haue bobbd his Braine
more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Spar-
rowes for a peny, and his *Pianometer* is not worth the ninth
part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ai.* who wears
his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, He tell you
what I say of him.

Achil. What?
Ther. I say this *Ai.* —
Achil. Nay good *Ai.*
Ther. Has not so much wit.
Achil. Nay, I most hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* Needle, for whom
he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace foole.
Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole
will not: he there, that he, looke you there.
Ai. O thou damn'd Curie, I shall —
Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fools.
Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.
Pat. Good words *Thersites*.
Achil. What's the quarrell?
Ai. I had thee vyle Owle, goe learne me the tenure
of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.
Ther. I serue thee not.
Ai. Well, goe too, goe too.
Ther. I serue heere voluntarily.
Achil. Your last seruice was suffurance, 'twas not vo-
luntary, no men is beate voluntary: *Ai.* was heere to the
voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

Ther. Ene to, a great deale of your wit too lies in your
funewes, or else there be Liars. *Hektor* shall haue a great
catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as
good cracke a flintie nut with no kernell.
Achil. What with me to *Thersites*?
Ther. The re's *Phyistes*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was
mouldy ere their Grandfathers had nails on their toes, yoke
you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes good tooth, to *Achilles* to *Ai.*, to —
Ai. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou
afterwards.
Pat. No more words *Thersites*.
Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids
me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.
Ther. I will see you hang'd like *Clotpoles* ere I come
any more to you: Tentis; I will keepe where there is wit
lying, and leaue the faction of foolers. *Exit.*
Pat. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry this *Sir* is proclaim'd through all our host,
That *Hektor* by the first hour of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet, twist our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,
That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare
Mautaine I know not what: 'tis trush. Farewell.
Ai. Farewell? who shall answer him?
Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottery: otherwile

Hekaw his man.
Ai. O meaning you, I will go learne more of it. *Exit.*
Enter Priamus, Hektor, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.
Pri. After so many houres, I ues speeches spent,
Thus once againe layes *Nestor* from the Greekes,
Deliuert *Helen*, and all damage elsfe
(As honour, losse of time, trouble, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is confum'd
In her digestion of this comorant Warre)
Shall be stroke off. *Hektor*, what say you too?
Hekt. Though no man lesse feares the Greekes then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priamus*,
There is no Lady of more softer bowels,
More spungie, to sucke in the tenfe of heare,
More ready to cry out, who knows what followes
Then *Hektor* is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wise: thence that searches
To th'bottoome of the worlde. Let *Helen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question,
Euery tye the soule amongst many thousand diuines,
Hath bin as deepe as *Helen*: I meane of ours;
If we haue lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs
(Had it our name) the value of one ten:
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters summe
The past proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,
With spannes and inches so dimmutive,
As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?
Hekt. No marvel though you bite so sharpe at reasons,
You are so empty of them, should not our Father
Bears the great way of his sayres with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tels him so.
Troy. You are for strames & slumbers brother Priest
You furre your gloves with reason: here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a sword employ'd is perillous,
And reason flies the obiekt of all harme.
Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do feele
The very wings of reason to his heeles:
Or like a Starre disorb'd? Nay, if we talke of Reason,
And flye like chidden *Mercurie* from Ioue,
Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor
Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fast their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,
Makes Liuers pale and lustyhood deiekt.

Hekt. Brother, she is not worth
What she doth cost the holding.
Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?
Hekt. But value dwels not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignitie
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,
As in the prizor: 'Tis made Idolatrie,
To make the seruice greater then the God,
And the will does that is inclinable
To what insectiously it selfe affects,
Without some image of th'affected merit.
Troy. I take to day's Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

He send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him
T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sicke withall,
To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace: Enter *Thersites*.
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Ther. A wonder.
Achil. What?
Ther. *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so?
Ther. Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*,
and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?
Ther. Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
stride and a stand: ruminates like an hollisse, that hath no
Arithmaticke but her braine to set downe her reckon-
ing: bites his lip with a politike regard, as who should
say, there were wite in his head and two'd out; and so
there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not shew without knocking. The mans vn-
done for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' com-
bat, heele breake himselfe in vaine-glorie. He knowes
not mee: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replies,
thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man,
that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very
land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of op-
inion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
Ierkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.
Ther. Who, I; why, heele answer no body: he pro-
fesses not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let *Pa-
troclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-
ant of *Ajax*.

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

Patro. Ioue blese great *Ajax*.
Ther. Hum.
Patro. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.
Ther. Ha?
Patro. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector*
to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.
Patro. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.
Ther. *Agamemnon*?
Patro. I my Lord.
Ther. Ha?
Patro. What say you too?
Ther. God buy you with all my heart.
Patro. Your answer sir.
Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for
me ere he has me.

Patro. Your answer sir.
Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.
Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will
be in him when *Hector* has knockt our his braines, I know
not: but I am sure none, vntlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his

finewes to make carlings on.
Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him
straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the
more capable creature.
Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine flur'd,
And I my selfe fee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were close
againe, that I might water an Assc at it: I had rather see
Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore *Aeneas* with a Torch, at another
Paris, *Diopibus*, *Antenor*, *Diomed* the
Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hiea, who is that there?
Diop. It is the Lord *Aeneas*.
Aene. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Aeneas.
Par. A valiant Greeke *Aeneas*, take his hand,
Witnesse the processe of your speech within;
You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

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

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and so long health:
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By Ioue, he play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and pollicy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humane gentleness:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Achilles* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Pentus* hand I weare,
No man alive can loue in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathize, Ioue let *Aeneas* lye
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courtes of the Sonne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Aene. We know each other well.
Diom. We doe, and long to know each other well.
Par. This is the most, despitifull, st gentle greeting;
The noblest hateful loue, that ere I heard of.
What businesse Lord so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this
To *Calebas*'s house; and there to render him.
For the freedred *Antenor*, the faire *Cressida*:
Lets haue your company; or if you please,
Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We shall be much vnwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Cressida* borne from Troy.

Par. Then

fall all together.
Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly empart,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

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

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe.
Hell. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,
Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.

Achil. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.
And. Doe not deare father.
Hell. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.
Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodemens.
Cass. O farewell, deere *Hector*!
Looke how thou die'st; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleed at many vents:
Harke how *Troy* roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hector*: dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away, away.
Cass. Farewell: yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leaue;
Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our *Troy* deceiue. *Exit.*
Hell. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about
thee. *Alarm.*
Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, beleuee
I come to looke my arme, or wiane my *Sleeue*.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Pand. Doe you heere my Lord? do you heere?
Troy. What now?
Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.
Troy. Let me reade.
Pand. A whorion tickle, a whorion rascally tickle,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one
o'th' dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and
I can't see in my bones; that woulesse a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes thee
there?

Troy. Words, words, mere words, no matter from
the heart.
Thesee doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors fill she feedes;
But eadises another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heere you?
Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and lunge aye with thy name.
Alarm. *Exit.*

Enter *Thersites* in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, He
goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Di-
omed*, has got that same scurvie, dotting, foolish yong
knaues *Hector* of *Troy*, there in his Helme: I would taine
see them meet; that, that same yong *Troilus*, that loues
the whore there, might send that *Greekish* whore-mas-
terly villaine, with the *Sleeue*, backe to the dissembling
luxurious drabbe, of a *Sleeue* sicke errant. O'th' other side,
the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that sicke
old Moule-eaten dry cheefe, *Nestor*; and that same dog-
foxe *Plutus*: is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They see
me vp in pollicy, that mungrell curie *Ajax*, against that
dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curie
Ajax prouder then the curie *Achilles*, and will not arme
to day. Whereupon, the *Grecians* began to proclaime
barbarifine; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter *Diomed* and *Troilus*.
Soft, here come *Sleeue*, and th' other.
Troy. Flye not; for should'st thou take the *Riuer Stix*,
I would swim after.

Diom. Thou do'st miscall retire:
I doe not flye; but a advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Haue at thee?

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

Hell. What art thou *Greek*? art thou for *Hector*'s match?
Art thou of bloud, and honour?
Ther. No, no: I am a rascal: a scurvie railing knave:
a very filthy rogue.
Hell. I doe beleue thee, lye.
Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a
plague breake thy necke:—for fighting me: what's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mir-
acle—yet in a fort, lecherie eates it selfe: He seeke them,
Exit.

Enter *Diomed* and *Servants*.
Diom. Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troilus* Horse;
Present the faire teede to my Lady *Cressida*:
Follow, commend my seruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chaff'd the antorous *Troian*.
And am her Knight by proofe.

Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*
Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polixenus*
Hath beate downe *Menon*: baitard *Margareton*.
Hath *Dorus* prisoner,
And stands Callosus' wife wauing his beame,
Vpon the pasted courtes of the Kings:
Epitropus and *Cedus*, *Potixenes* is flame;
Amphimachus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or flaine, and *Palamides*
Sore hurt and bruiled; the dreadfull *Sagittary*
Appeals our numbers, haste we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter *Nestor*.
Nest. Coo heere *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the loale pac'd *Ajax* arme for flames:
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horse,
And there lacks worke: and he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,
Before

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

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noselesse, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spite of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. Troilus, thou coward Troilus. Exit.
Dio. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. Exit.
Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meete Achilles angry.
Hector, what's Hector? I will none but Hector. Exit.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head.
Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troilus, I say, what's Troilus?
Aia. What would'st thou?

Diom. I would correct him.
Aia. Were I the Generall,

Thou should'st haue my office,
Here that correction: Troilus I say, what Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traitour D'omed!
Turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Aia. He fight with him alone, stand Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you
both. Exit Troilus.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea Troilus? O well fought my yongest Brother.
Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; haue at thee Hector.
Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

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

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

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Ajax hath tane Aeneas; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He shall not carry him: He be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.
Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
He flush it, and vnlocke the rivets all,
But he be maister of it: wilt thou not best abide?
Why then flye on, he hunt thee for thy hide. Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my Myrmidons:
Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele;
Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selues in breath;
And when I haue the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arme.
Follow me first, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed, Hector the great must dye. Exit.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

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

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slave and fight.
Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of Priams.
Ther. I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Bas-
tard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard
in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Beare will not
bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take
heede, the quarrell's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a
whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgements sternest
Bastard.

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward. Exit.
Enter Hector.

Hect. Most purified core so faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath col'd thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; He take good breath:
Rest sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke Hector how the Sunne begins to set;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Euen with the vails and darking of the Sunne.
To close the day vp, Hellors life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.
Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I like.
So Illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.
On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty Hectoraine. Exit.
Harke, aretreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gen. The Trojan Trumpets founds the likemy Land.
Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth
And stickler-like the Armies seperates
My halfe sup't sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horses taile;
Along the field, I will the Trojan traile. Exit.

Sound Retreat. Shout.

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

Ag. Harke, harke, what shout is that?
Nest. Peace Drums.

Sal Achil.

Salutes each other with each others forme.
For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I doe not fraime it at the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, exprefly proues
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much confisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th'applause,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of Steele,
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The vnknowne Ajax;

Heauens what a man is there? a very Horse, (arc-
That has he knowes not what, Nature, what things there
Most abiect in regard, and deare in vie.

What things againe most deere in the esteeme,
And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?

Ajax renew'd? O heauens, what some men doe,
While some men leaue to doe!

How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse
To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foote were on braue Helors brest,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I doe beleuee it:
For they past by me, as my selfe doe by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great siz'd monster of ingraticudes;
Those scraps are good deedes past,
Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,
For honour trauels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes a breath, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That oue by one pursue; if you giue way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leaue you hindmost:

Or like a gallant Horseaine in first ranke,
Lye there for payment to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,
Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours:
Fortune is like a fashionabill Hostie,
That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;
And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye,
And farewell goes out sighing: O let not vertue seeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,
Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all

To enuious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oredued.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,
And fill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'st fit not entombe thy selfe aliuie,
And safe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous mistions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And draue great Mars to faction.

Achil. O this my princie,
I haue strong reasons.

Ulyss. But gainst your princie
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne Achilles, that you are in loue
With one of Priams daughteres.

Achil. Ha? knowne?
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost euery graine of Pluors gold;
Finles bottome in th'v comprehensie deepes;
Keeps place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughtes vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue exprefure to:
All the commerce that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord,
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw downe Hector then Talxena.

But it must grieue yong Pirhus now at home,
When fame shall in her hand sound her trumpet;
And all the Greekish Girdles shall tripping sing,
Great Helors sister did Achilles winne;
But our great Ajax brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake:
The foole slides ore the ice that you should breake.

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

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

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

Patr. O then beware:
Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselves:
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Euen then when we sit idely in the sunne.

Achil. Goe call Thersites hither sweete Patroclus,
11

Troilus and Cressida.

Cres. Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Antenor*: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not goe.
Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father: I know no touch of contanguinitie:

No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me, As the Sweet *Troilus*: O you gods diuine! Make *Cressid*: name the very crowne of fallshood! If euer she leaue *Troilus*: time, orce and death, Do to this body what extremitic you can; But the strong base and building of my loue, Is as the very Center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.
Cres. Tese ray bright heire, and seratch my praised cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart With sounding *Troilus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exunt.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor and Diomedes.

Pan. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Other deliuerie to this valiant Greeke Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troilus*, Tell you the Lady what she is to doe, And hast her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house: Ile bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand, when I deliuer her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus* A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

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

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The griefe is hie, full perfect that I taste, And no lesse in a sense as strong, As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporise with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat, The like alaiment could I giue my griefe: My loue admits no qualifying croffe; No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducce.
Cres. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O hart, heaue heart, why sighst thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer time; let vs cast away nothing, for we may lue to haue neede of such a Verbe: we see it, we see it; how now Lambs? *Troy.* *Cressid*: I loue thee in so strange a puritie; That the best gods, as angry with my fancie, More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me, *Cres.* Haue the gods auer?

Pan. I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.
Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from *Troy*?

Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cres. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troy. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.
Cres. Is't possible?

Troy. And sodainely, where iniurie of chance Puts backe leaue-taking, inflies roughly by All time of pause; rudely bequiles our lips Of all reioyndure: forcibly prevents

Our lockt embrasures; strangles our desire vovves, Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath, We two, that with so many thousand sighes Did buy each other, must poorly sell our selues, With the rude breuic and discharge of our Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste Grams his rich theuerie vp, he knowes not how, As many farwells as be stars in heauen,

With distinct breath, and config'd kisses to them, He fumbles vp into a loose adiew; And scants vs with a single famisht kisse, Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter Aeneas.*

Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius fo Cries, come to him that instantly must dye. Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

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

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?
Troy. No remedy.

Cres. A wofull *Cressid* 'mong't the merry Greekes.
Troy. When shall we see againe?

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

Troy. Nay, we must vse exposition kindly, For it is parting from vs:

I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee: For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe, That there's no maculation in thy heart: But be thou true, say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation: be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger; Weare this Sleuce.

Cres. And you this Gloue. When shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels, To giue thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.
Cres. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I speake it; Loue: The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,

Their louing well compos'd, with guilt of nature, Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise; How nouelties may moue, and parts with person. Alas, a kinde of godly ieaousie; Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne: Makes me affraid.

Cres. O heauens, you loue me not!
Troy. Dye I a villain then:

In this I doe not call your faith in question So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heele the high Laouls; nor sweeten talke; Nor play at subtile games; faire vertues all

Troilus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.

Vliss. How now Trojan?
Cres. Diomed.

Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better must.

Cres. Harke one word in your care.
Troy. O plague and madnesse!

Vliss. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you, Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe To wrathfull teames: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Vliss. Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee stay?

Vliss. You haue not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torment,

I will not speake a word.
Dio. And so good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Dost thou griue thee? O withered truth!

Vliss. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.

Cres. Gardian? why Greeke?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.
Vliss. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?

You will breake our.
Troy. She strookes his cheekes,

Vliss. Come, come.
Troy. Nay stay, by *Ioue* I will not speake a word.

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

Ther. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye,
Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith I will lo; neuer trust me selfe.
Dio. Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vliss. You haue sworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord. I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid.*

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cres. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleuce.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?
Vliss. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cres. You looke vpon that Sleuce? behold it well:

Helou'd me; O false wench: giue't me againe.
Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter now I haue't againe, I will not meete with you to morrow night: I prythee *Diomed* visit me no more.

Ther. Now the sharpens: well said Wheiststone.
Dio. I shall haue it.

Cres. What, this?
Dio. I char.

Cres. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge; Thy Master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,

And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it; As I kisseth thee.

Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.
Cres. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy. I did swaere patience.

Cres. You shall not haue it; *Diomed*; faith you shall not: Ile giue you something else.

Dio. I will haue this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?
Cres. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.

But now you haue it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?

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

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme, And griue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor't it on thy horne, It should be challeng'd.

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

Dio. Why then farewell, Thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

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

Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Not I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not me, please me best.

Dio. What shall I come? the houre.
Cres. I, come: O *Ioue*! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Cres. Good night: I prythee come:

Troilus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee; But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.

Al poore our sexe; this fault in vs I finde: The error of our eye, directes our minde.

What error leads, must erre: O then conclude, Mindes (wa'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther. A prooue of strength she could not publish more; vlesse the say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

Vliss. Al's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.

Vliss. Why stay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my soule

Of eery syllable that here was spoke: But if I tell how these two did coact;

Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth? Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:

An esperance fo oblatenely strong, That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;

As if those organs had deceptio us functions, Created onely to calumniate.

was *Cressid* here?
Vliss. I cannot coniuere Trojan.

Troy. She was not sure.
Vliss. Most sure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?
Vliss. Not mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleu'd for womanhood; Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame

For depparation to square the generall sex By *Cressid* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid*.

Vliss. What hath the done Prince, that can soyle our mothers?

Troy. Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?

Troy. This she? no, this is *Diomed*; *Cressid*: If beautie haue a soule, this is not she:

If soules guide vovewes; if vovewes are sanctimonie;
 If sanctimonie be the gods delight:
 If there be rule in vnticet selfe,
 This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!
 That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe
 By soule authoritie: where reason can reuolt
 Without perdition, and losse of all reason,
 Without reuolt. This is, and is not Cressida:
 Within my soule, these doth conuolue a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing vsperate,
 Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
 And yet the spacious breath of this diuision,
 Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,
 As *Arachnes* broken woofe to enter:
 Infiance, O infiance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:
Cressida is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
 Infiance, O infiance, strong as heauen it selfe:
 The bonds of heauen are flipt, dissolud, and loos'd,
 And with another knot fine finger tied,
 The frictions of her faith, ors of her loue:
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
 Of her o-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*
Vliss. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached
 With that which here his passion doth expresse?
Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be diuulged well
 In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
 Inham'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy
 With so eternall, and so fixe a soule.
 Harke Greeke: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;
 So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,
 That Sleue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
 Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
 My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,
 Which Shipmen doe the *Hurricano* call,
 Constring'd in masse by the almighty Venne,
 Shall dizzie with more clamour *Neptunes* care
 In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
 Falling on *Diomed*.
Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie,
Troy. O *Cressida*! O false *Cressida* false, false, false:
 Let all vntueths stand by thy stained name,
 And theye seeme glorious.
Vliss. O containe your selfe:
 Your passion drawes eares hither.
Enter Aeneas.
Aene. I haue bene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy,
Axus your Guard, flies to conduct you home,
Troy. Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adew:
 Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,
 Stand fast, and weare a Caske on thy head.
Vliss. He bring you to the Gates.
Troy. Accept distracted thanks.
Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Vliss.
Ther. Would I could meeete that roagie *Diomed*, I
 would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:
Patroclus will giue me any thing for the intelligence of
 his where: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,
 then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still
 warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion, A burning
 diuell take them.
Enter Hector and Andromache.
And. When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,
 To stop his eares against admonishment?
 Vname, vname, and doe not fight to day.
Hell. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the euerlasting gods, Hee goes.
And. My dreames will fare prouo ominous to the day
Hell. No more I say. *Enter Cassandra.*
Cassa. Where is my brother *Hector*?
And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
 Consort with me in loud and deepe petition:
 pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
 Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
 Hath nothing bene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.
Cass. O, 'tis true.
Hell. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.
Cass. No notes of fallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.
Hell. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.
Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes;
 They are pollurd offerings, more abhord
 Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.
And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
 To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:
 For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
 And rob in the behalf of charitie.
Cass. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;
 But vovewes to every purpose must not hold:
 Vname sweete *Hector*.
Hell. Hold you still I say;
 Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
 Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
 Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.
Enter Troilus.
 How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?
And. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.
Exit Cassandra.
Hell. No faith yong *Troilus*; doste thy banefull youth
 I am to day with' yaine of *Chilias*ies
 Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
 And tempe not yet the brushes of the warre.
 Vname thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
 He stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
 Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.
Hell. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fish
 Even in the fanne and winde of your faire sword:
 You bid them rise, and liue.
Hell. O 'tis faire play.
Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.
Hell. How now? how now?
Troy. For th' loue of all the gods
 Let's leaue the Hermit Pity with our Mothers;
 And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
 The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
 Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.
Hell. Fie saunge, fie.
Troy. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.
Hell. *Troilus*, I would not haue you fight to day.
Troy. Who should with-hold me?
 Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
 Beckning with ferie truncheon my retire;
 Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
 Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;
 Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
 Oppol'd to binder me, should stop my way:
 But by my ruine.
Enter Priam and Cassandra.
Cass. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:
 He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,
 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee.

Par. There is no helpe:
 The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.
 On Lord, weele follow you.
Eno. Good morrow all. *Exit Aeneas.*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
 Even in the soule of sound good fellow ship,
 Who in your thoughts merites faire *Helen* most?
 My selfe, or *Alextandus*?
Diom. Both alike.
 He merites well to haue her, that doth seeke her,
 Nor making any scruple of her soylure,
 With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
 And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
 Not palstating the taste of her dishonour,
 With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:
 He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
 The lees and driegs of a flat tamed peece:
 You like a latcher, out of whorish loynes,
 Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
 Both merites poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
 But he as he, which heauier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Diom. Shee's bitter to her country: heare me *Paris*,
 For every false drop in her bandy veines,
 A Grecians life hath Iunke: for euery scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A Troian hath benee flaine. Since she could speake,
 She hath not giuen so many good words breath,
 As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.
Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 But we in silence hold this vertue well;
 Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
 Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.
Cress. Then sweet my Lord, hee call mine Vackle down;
 He shall vnbolt the Gates.
Troy. Trouble him not:
 To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
 And giue as soft attachment to thy fences,
 As Infants empty of all thought.
Cress. Good morrow then.
Troy. I prihee now to bed.
Cress. Are you a weary of me?
Troy. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day
 Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
 And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
 I would not from thee.
Cress. Night hath benee too briefe. *(staves)*
Troy. Bestrewe the witch! with venomous wights she
 As hidiously as hell; but fies the graspes of loue,
 With wings more momentary, swift then thought:
 You will catch cold, and curle me.
Cress. Pristhee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;
 O foolish *Cressid*, I might haue still held off,
 And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp
Pauid, within. What's all the doores open here?
Troy. It is your Vackle.
Cress. A pessience on him; now will he be mocking:
 I shall haue such a life.
Pauid. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
 Heare you Maide; wher's my cozin *Cressid*?
Cress. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vackle:

You bring me to doo--- and then you floure me too.
Troy. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
 What haue I brought you to doe?
Cress. Come, come, bestrewe your heart: youle nere be
 good, nor suffer others.
Pauid. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochin*, haft
 not slept to night? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
 sleepe: a bug-bear take him. *One knocke.*
Cress. Did not I tell you? would hee were knockt it
 head. Who's that at doore? good Vackle goe and see.
 My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
 You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troy. Ha, ha.
Cress. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing.
 How earnestly they knocke pray you come in. *Knocke.*
 I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you seene here. *Exeunt.*
Pauid. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
 downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
Eno. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pauid. Who's there my Lord? *Aeneas*? by my troth I
 knew you not: what newes with you so early?
Eno. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?
Pauid. Here? what should lie doe here?
Eno. Come he is here, my Lord; doe not deny him:
 It doth import him much to speake with me.
Pauid. Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, hee
 sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should
 hee doe here?
Eno. Who, say then? Come, come, youle doe him
 wrong, ere yare ware: youle be so true to him, to be
 false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
 him hitter, goe.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?
Eno. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,
 My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Drophanus*,
 The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
 Deliu'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
 We must giue vp to *Diomed* and hand
 The Lady *Cressida*.
Troy. Is it concluded so?
Eno. By *Priam*, and the generall state of *Troy*,
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troy. How my atchieuements mocke me;
 I will goe meeete them: and my Lord *Aeneas*,
 We met by chance; you did not finde me here.
Eno. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
 Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pauid. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell
 take *Antenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
 vpon *Antenor*; I would they had brok's necke.
Cress. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pauid. Ah, ha!
Cress. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?
 gone? tell me sweet Vackle, what's the matter?
Pauid. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am
 about.
Cress. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pauid. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been
 borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gen-
 tleman: a plague vpon *Antenor*.
 ¶ ¶ ¶ *Cress. Good*

Ulf. Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Nest. A woman of quicke fence.
Ulf. Fic, fie, vpon her:
 Ther's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
 Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spiritts looke out
 At every ioynt, and motiue of her body:
 Oh these encounterers to glib of tongue,
 That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes;
 And wide vncloase the tables of their thought,
 To every tickling reader: set them downe,
 For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie:
 And daughters of the game.
*Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus
 and Attendants. Flourish.*
All. The Troians; Trumper.
Ag. Yonder comes the troope.
Aene. Haile all you state of Greece: what shall be done
 To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
 A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremie
 Pursue each other; or shall be diuided
 By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Ag. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Aene. He cares not, heele obey conditions,
Ag. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but secretly done,
 A little proudly, and great deale disprising
 The Knight oppos'd.
Aene. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Aene. Therefore *Achilles*; but what ere, know this,
 In the extremity of great and little:
 Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*;
 The one almost as infinite as all;
 The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
 And that which looks like pride, is curtesie:
 This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hector*'s bloud:
 In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:
 Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke
 This blended Knight, halfe Trojan, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
Ag. Here is fir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
 Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*
 Contend vpon the order of their fight,
 So be it: either to the ytermost,
 Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
 Halfe stins their strife, before their strokes begin.
Ulf. They are oppos'd already.
Ag. What Trojan is that fame that lookes so heauy?
Ulf. The youngest Sonne of *Priam*;
 A true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
 Not yet mature, yet in itchelesse firme of word,
 Speaking in desires, and deedelesse in his tongue;
 Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;
 His heart and hand both open, and both free:
 For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes;
 Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
 Nor disguises an impair'd thought with breath:
 Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
 For *Hector* in his blaxe of wrath subscribes
 To tender objects; but he in heate of action,
 Is more vndeceitue then ialous loue.
 They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect,
 A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
 Thus saies *Aeneas*, one that knowes the youth,
 Euen to his inches: and with priuate foule,

Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.
Ag. They are in action.
Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.
Troy. *Hector*, thou sleepest, awake thee.
Ag. His blowes are well dispos'd there *Ajax*.
Diom. You must no more.
Aene. Princes enough, to please you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
 Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;
 A couzen german to great *Priam*'s seede:
 The obligation of our bloud forbids
 A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
 Were thy commixion, Greeke and Trojan so,
 That thou couldest say, this hand is Grecian all,
 And this is Trojan: the sinewes of this Legge,
 All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my fathers: by *Jane* multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not beare from me a Greekeish member:
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
 My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal Sword
 Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus,
 Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
 A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Nor *Neoptolymus* so mirable,
 On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd R (Oyes)
 Cries, This is he; couldst thou promise to himselfe,
 A thought of added honor, come from *Hector*.
Aene. There is expectation here from both the sides,
 What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele answer it:
 The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde successe,
 As feld I haue the chance; I would desire
 My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon* wish, and great *Achilles*
 Doth long to see vnam'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
 And signifie this louing enterview
 To the expecters of our Trojan part:
 Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:
 I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.
Enter Agamemnon and the rest.
Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthest of them, tell me name by name:
 But for *Achilles*, mine owne fetching eyes
 Shall finde him by his large and portly face.
Ag. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy.
 But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks,
 And formelesse ruine of obliuion:
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
 Bids thee with most diuine integritie,
 From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Ag. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
 You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Aene. The Noble *Agamemnon*.
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gannets, thanks,
 Mocke not, that I assted thy intraded Oath,
 Your *quondam* wife I weares still by *Venus* Gloue
 Shee's well, but had me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now fir, she's a deadly Theatre.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue (thou gallant Trojan) scene thee oft
 Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
 Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I haue seen thee
 As hot as *Peleus*, spurte thy Phrygian Seede,
 And scene thee scorning sorcises and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th' ayre,
 Not letting it decline, on the declined:
 That I haue laid vnto my standers by,
 Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
 And I haue scene thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I scene,
 But this thy countenance (still lockt in Steele)
 I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
 And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
 But by great *Mars*, the Captaine of vs all,
 Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee.
 And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old *Chronicle*,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
 Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claipe thee.
Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Had by this white beard I'd fight with thee to
 morrow. Well, welcome, welcome: I haue seen the time.
Ulf. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
 When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Pylles* well.
 Ah fir, there's many a Greeke and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*
 In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.
Ulf. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
 My prophesie is but halfe his journey yet;
 For yonder wals that perly front your Towne,
 Yond Towers, whose wanton tops doe buffe the clouds,
 Must kisse their owne feet.
Hect. I must not beleue you:
 There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
 The fall of enery Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
 And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it.
Ulf. So to him we leaue it.
 Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
 After the Generall, I beseech you next
 To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.
Achil. I shall foretall thee Lord *Ulysses*, thou:
 Now *Hector* I haue sed mine eyes on thee,
 I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
 And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.
Nest. Nay, I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
 As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
 But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st.
 Why dost thou so oppresse me, with thine eyes?
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
 Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
 That I may giue the locall wound a name,
 And make distinct the very breach, where *our*
Hectors great spirit sh-w. Answer me heauens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
 To answer such a question: Stand againe;
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
 As to prenominate in nice coniecture
 Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yes.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
 I'd not beleue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
 For he not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
 But by the forge that ftythred *Mars* his helme,
 He kill thee euerly where, yea, ore and ore.
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
 His infelence draws folly from my lips,
 But Ile endeavour deedis to march thre words,
 Or may I neuer —
Ajax. Do not chafe thee *Cosin*:
 And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
 Till accident, or purpose bring you too,
 You may enery day enough of *Hector*
 If you haue stomacke. The generall stare I feare,
 Can scarce intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
 We haue had pelung Warres since you retus'd
 The Grecians cause.
Achil. Dost thou intreat me *Hector*?
 To morrow do I meete thee tell as death,
 To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Ag. First, all you Peeres of Greece goe to my Tent,
 There in the full continue you: Afterwards,
 As *Hectors* leysure, and your bounties shall
 Concurte together, feuerally intreat him,
 Beate lowd the Laborins, let the Trumpets blow,
 That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*
Troy. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,
 In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keepe?
Ulf. At *Nestor*'s Tent, most Princely *Troilus*,
 There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
 Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
 But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the faire *Cressida*.
Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
 After we part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
 To bring me thither?
Ulf. You shall command me fir:
 As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
 This *Cressida* in Troy, had she no Louer there
 That wailes her absence?
Troy. O fir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,
 A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
 She was belou'd, the lou'd; she is, and dooth;
 But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt*
Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.
Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,
 Which

Troilus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:

Patroclus, let vs feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes Theristes. Enter Theristes.

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou cruffy batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll

of Ideots-worshippers, hence, & I enter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound,

Pat. Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,

thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.

Pat. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten

diseases of the South, gurs-gripping Ruptures, Catarres,

Loades a grauell i'th backe, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and

the like, take and take againe, such prepossitrous discour-

ties.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what

mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pat. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-

tinguishable Curte.

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

immaterial skiene of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet

flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigious purse thou;

Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies,

diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:

Heere is a Letter from Queene Hecuba,

A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe

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

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

My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:

Come, come Theristes, helpe to trim my Tent,

This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Away Patroclus. Exit.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, the

two may run mad; but if with too much braine, and too

little blood, they do, he be a curer of madmen. Heere's

Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues

Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as care-wax; and

the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother,

the Bull, the primatiue Scraue, and oblique memoriall of

Cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horne in a chaine, hanging

at his Brothers legges, to what forme but that he is, shold

wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne

him too: to an Assle were nothing; hee is both Assle and

Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Assle:

to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-

zard, an Owle, a Patrocke, or a Herring without a Roe,

I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire

against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were

not Theristes: for I care not to bee the lowfe of a Lazar,

so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Plysses, Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.

Ag. We go wrong, we go wrong.

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

Hell. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vlyf. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue Hector, welcome Princes all.

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

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hell. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hell. Goodnight sweet Lord Menelaus.

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

sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those

that go, or tarry.

Ag. Goodnight.

Achil. Old Nestor carries, and you too Diomed,

Keepe Hector company an hour, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Hector.

Hell. Giue me your hand.

Vlyf. Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalca Tent,

Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hell. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. Enter.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted Rogue, a

most vnusuft Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee

leeres, then I will a Serpent when hee hisses: he will speake

his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when

he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-

ous, there will come some change: the Sunne borowes

of the Moone when Diomed keeps his word. I will in-

ther leaue to see Hector, then not to dogge him, as they say,

he keeps a Trojan Drab, and vides the Traitour Chalcas

his Tent. He after——Nothing but Letcherie? All

incontinent Varlets. Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed, Chalcaus (I thinke) wher's your Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Plysses.

Vlyf. Stand where the Torch may not discouer.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cresf. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Vlyf. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her

life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-

pled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Vlyf. List?

Cresf. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cresf. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.

Cresf. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me doe?

Ther. A iugling tricke, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cresf. I prethed do not hold me to mine oath.

Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. God

Troilus and Cressida.

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

But I can tell that in each grace of these,

There lurkes a still and dumb-dilcoursefull diuell,

That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cresf. Doe you thinke I will:

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are diuels to our selues,

When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,

Presuming on their changefull potentie.

Enter within. Nay, good my Lord?

Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.

Paris within. Brother Troilus?

Troy. Good brother come you hither,

And bring Agamemnon and the Grecian with you.

Cresf. My Lord, will you be true? Exit.

Troy. Who? alas it is my vice, my fault:

While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I, with great truth, catch meere imphlicitie;

While fisme with cunning guild their copper crownes,

With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greeks.

Feste not my truth; the morrell of my wit

Ieplaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.

Welcome sir Diomed, here is the Lady

Which for Antenor, we deliuer you.

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

And by the way possesse thee what she is.

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

Here thou stand at mercy of my Sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priamus in Illion?

Diom. Faire Lady Cressid,

So please you sae the thanks this Prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,

Pleades your faire visage, and to Diomed

You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.

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

To shame the seale of my petition towards,

I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:

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

As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruant:

I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:

For by the dreadfull Prius, if thou do'st not,

(Though the great bulke Achilles be thy guard)

Ile cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince Troilus;

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

To be a speaker free? when I am hence,

Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;

Ile nothing doe on charge: to her own worth

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

Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee Diomed,

This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:

Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,

To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumphet.

Par. Horke, Hector's Trumphet.

Ag. How haue we spent this morning

The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,

That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus fault: come, come, to field with him.

Exit.

Dio. Let vs make ready straight.

Ag. Yea, with a Bridegrooms fresh alacrity

Let vs address to tend on Helors heeles:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lye

On his faue worth, and single Chualric.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,

Menelaus, Plysses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.

Ag. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,

Anticipating time. With larding courage,

Giue with thy Trumplet a loud note to Troy

Thou dreadfull Ajax, that the appaull'd aire

May pierce the head of the great Combatant,

And hale him hither.

Aia. Thou, Trumplet, ther's my purse;

Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow villaine, till thy sphered Biss cheeke

Out-swel the collicke of puff Aquilon:

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:

Thou blowest for Hector.

Vlyf. No Trumplet answers,

Achil. 'Tis but early dayer.

Ag. Is not yong Diomed with Calcas daughter?

Vlyf. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,

He rides on the toe: that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Ag. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Euen she.

Ag. Most deere welcome to the Greekes, sweete

Lady.

Nest. Yet is the kindenesse but particular; twere bet-

ter the were kilt in generall.

Nest. And very courtly counsell: Ile begin. So much

for Nestor.

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For this pop't Paris in his hardiment,

Vlyf. Oh deadly gall, and theme of all our scornes,

For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.

Patro. The first was Menelaus kisse, this mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Mene. Oh this is trim,

Patro. Paris and I kisse euermore for him.

Mene. Ile haue my kisse fir: Lady by your leaue.

Cresf. In kissing doe you render, or receiue.

Patro. Both take and giue.

Cresf. Ile make my match to liue,

The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no

kisse.

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

Cresf. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.

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

Cresf. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,

That you are odde, and he is euen with you.

Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.

Cresf. No, Ile be sworne,

Vlyf. It were no match, your naile against his hornes:

May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?

Cresf. You may.

Vlyf. I doe desire it.

Cresf. Why begge then?

Vlyf. Why then for Venus sake, giue me a kisse:

When Helles is a maide againe, and his——

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Faint, mirrored text from the reverse side of the page, appearing as bleed-through.

FINIS



Troilus and Cressida.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, Achilles.
 Dis. The brute is, Hector's slaine, and by Achilles.
 An. If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:
 Great Hector was a man as good as he.
 Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent
 To pray Achilles see vs at our Tent.
 In his death the gods haue vs befrended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Exeunt.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.
 Aen. Stand here, yet are we maisters of the field,
 Neerer goe home; here stand we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slaine.
 Al. Hector? the gods forbid.
 Tro. Hee's dead: and at the murderers Horses taile,
 In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field;
 Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:
 Sit gods vpon your thrones, and smile at Troy.
 Lay at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on.

Exc. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

Tro. You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:
 I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,
 But dare all imminence that gods and men,
 Adresse their dangers in. Hector is gone:
 Who shall tell Priam so? or Heubas?
 Let him that will a screechoule eye be call'd,
 Goe in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turne to stone;
 Make wels, and Niobes of the maides and wiues;
 Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,
 Scatter Troy out of it selfe. But march away,
 Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
 Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 Ile through, and through you; & thou great fix'd coward:
 No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,
 Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as treasons thoughts.
 Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
 Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?
 Tro. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
 Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name. Exeunt.
 Pand. A goodly medicine for mine aking bones: oh world,
 world, world! thus is the poore agent dispide: Oh tra-
 tions and bawdes; how earnestly are you set a worke, and
 how ill requited? why should our indeuour be so desir'd,
 and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what
 instance for it? let me see.
 Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.
 And being once subdu'd in armed taile,
 Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;
 As many as be here of Pandars hall,
 Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at Pandar's fall:
 Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some groanes;
 Though not for me, yet for your aking bones:
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,
 Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
 It should be now, but that my feare is this:
 Some galled Goose of Winchester would hiss:
 Till then, Ile sweare, and seeke about for eases;
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases. Exeunt.

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FINIS.



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