

The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike frantage: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with massie Staples
And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.



THE TRAGEDIE OF Troilus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus.

C All here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

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

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

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must carry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the bolting; but you must carry the leau'ing.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

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

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

Pan. Well:

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

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

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then
Helens, well go too, there were no more comparison be-
tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-
man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but——

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

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

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

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

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

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

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

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

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

Troy. *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

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

Exit Pand.

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,
Foolles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborne, chafte, against all suite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a Pearle,
Between our *Ilium*, and where shee resides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter *Aeneas*.

Aeneas. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?
Troy. Because not there; this womans answer sorts.
For womanish it is to be from thence:
What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day?
Aeneas. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.
Troy. By whom *Aeneas*?
Aeneas. *Troylus* by *Meneclaus*.
Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Meneclaus* horne. *Alarum.*
Aeneas. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?
Aeneas. In all swift hast.
Troy. Come goe wee then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Cressid* and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by?
Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.
Cre. And whether go they?
Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower,
Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell: *Hector* whose patience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
He chides *Andromache* and strooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harvest lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it foraw,
In *Hectors* wrath.
Cre. What was his cause of anger?
Man. The noise goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.
Cre. Good; and what of him?
Man. They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone.
Cre. So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or
haue no legges.
Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their
particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish
as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom
nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht
into folly, his folly fauced with discretion: there is no
man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a-
ny man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. He is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,
hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so
out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands
and no vse; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.
Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,
make *Hector* angry?
Man. They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the bat-
tell and stroke him downe, the disdaind & shame where-

of, hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Cre. Who comes here?
Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.
Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.
Man. As may be in the world Lady.
Pan. What's that? what's that?
Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.
Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Cressid*: what do you talke
of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when
were you at *Ilium*?
Cre. This morning Vncle.
Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was
Hector arm'd and gon ere yea came to *Ilium*? *Hellen* was
not vp? was she?
Cre. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?
Pan. E'ene so; *Hector* was stirring early.
Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cre. So he saies here.
Pan. True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay
about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus*
will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of
Troylus; I can tell them that too.
Cre. What is he angry too?
Pan. Who *Troylus*?
Troylus is the better man of the two.
Cre. Oh *Iupiter*; there's no comparison.
Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you
know a man if you see him?
Cre. I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.
Pan. Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*.
Cre. Then you say as I say,
For I am sure he is not *Hector*.
Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.
Cre. 'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.
Pan. Himselfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.
Cre. So he is.
Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to *India*.
Cre. He is not *Hector*.
Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were
himselfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or
end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her bo-
dy; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.
Cre. Excuse me.
Pan. He is elder.
Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pan. Th'others not come too'r, you shall tell me ano-
ther tale when th'others come too'r: *Hector* shall not
haue his will this yeare.
Cre. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.
Pan. Nor his qualities.
Cre. No matter.
Pan. Nor his beautie.
Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.
Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her selfe
swore th'other day, that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for
so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.
Cre. No, but browne.
Pan. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.
Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.
Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.
Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.
Pan. So he has.
Cre. Then *Troylus* should haue too much, if she prais'd
him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing
colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I sweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Cre. Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

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

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

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

Cre. Is he is so young a man, and so old a lister?

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

Cre. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

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

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to thee
Prooffe, if youle prooue it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruell's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

Cre. And t'had beene a greene haire, I should haue laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

Cre. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pand. That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth she, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaft, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile besworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And Ile spring vp in his reares, an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

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

Enter Aeneas.

Cre. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but merke *Troilus*, you shal see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good enough, hee's one o'th soundest iudgement in Troy whosoener, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? Ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee see me, you shal see him him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You shal see.

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

Enter Hector.

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

Cre. O braue man!

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

Cre. Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris.

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

Cre. Whose that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troilus* is, that's *Hellenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yee heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troilus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troilus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What ineking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Daphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem, Braue *Troilus*, the Prince of Chualue.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troilus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he lookes,

Troilus and Cressida.

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

Enter common Souldiers.

Cres. Heere come more.

Pan. Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'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.

Cres. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentlenesse, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

Cres. I, a mine'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

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

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

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. 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, vnlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

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

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne house.

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

Cres. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cres. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troilus*.

Cres. By the same token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pan.*
Words, voves, 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, joyes soule lyes in the dooing:
That she belou'd, knowes nought, 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;
"Atchieuement, is command; vngain'd, beseech."
That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Senet. *Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.*

Agam. Princes:

What greefe hath set the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designes, begun on earth below
Payles in the promist largenesse: 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 diuerts 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 so farre,
That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand,
Sith euery action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:
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) nought else
But the protractiue trials of great loue,
To finde persistiue constancie in men?
The finenesse of which Mettall is not found
In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wise and Foole, the Artist and vn-read,
The hard and soft, seeme all affi'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,
Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath masse, 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 latest 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 *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements
Like *Persus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,
Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now
Co-riual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Tostle for Neptune. Euen so,
Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide
In stormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightnesse,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze
Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder shade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent run'd in selfe-same key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vlyf. *Agamemnon*:

Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be shut vp: Heare what *Vlysses* speakes,
Besides the applause and approbation
The which most mighty for thy place and sway,

Troilus and Cressida.

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 Brasse: and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'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 Wise) to heare *Vlysses* speake.

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

Vlyss. 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 Hiue,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obserue degree, priority, and place,
Institute, course, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and spear'd
Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,
And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'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 primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,
And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)
Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.
Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
And last, eate vp himselfe.

Great *Agamemnon*:

This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking:

And this neglecton of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so euery step
Exampled by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.

And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Vlysses* heere discover'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.

Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlysses*)
What is the remedie?

Vlyss. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the hie-long day
Breakes scurrill Iests,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleesse 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 sound
Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnscuar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* drop,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fustie stuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.
Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being drest to some Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* 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 palsee fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues
As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Ajax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre

Troilus and Cressida.

Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*
A slave, whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.

Vlyf. They take our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-stall prescience, and esteeme no acte
But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands shall strike
When fitnesse call them on, and know by measure
Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,
By Reason guide his execution.

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

Tucket

Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus*.

Men. From Troy. *Enter Aeneas.*

Aga. What would you fore our Tent?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Euen this.

Aene. 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 Generall.

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

Aga. How?

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

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

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

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

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*?

Aene. I Greeke, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?

Aene. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares,

Aga. He heares nought priuately
That comes from Troy.

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

Aga. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,

He tels thee so himselfe.

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

The Trumpets sound.

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

Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.

He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, *Hector* shal honour him:
If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.

Aga. This shall be told our Louers Lord *Aeneas*,
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, Ile be he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* 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,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heauens forbid such scarfitie of youth.

Vlyf. Amen.

Aga. Faire Lord *Aeneas*,

Let me touch your hand:

To our Pauillion shal I leade you first:
Achilles shal haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt.

Manet Vlysses, and Nestor.

Vlyf. *Nestor*.

Nest. What sayes *Vlysses*?

Vlyf. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Vlysses. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

Troilus and Cressida.

In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or sheeding 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 onely to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,
Whole grossenesse little charracters summe vp,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As banks 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 *Troyans* taste our deer'st repute
With their fin'st 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*, issues from our choyse;
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 conqu'ring part
To steale a strong opinion to themselues,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.

Vlys. 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 laster 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 eies: what are they?

Vlys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off,
Wee'll dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,

Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.

Nest. Now *Vlysses*, I begin to rellish thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight:
Two Curses shal tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*
Enter Ajax, and Therites.

Aia. *Therites*?

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer
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 y not heare?
Feele then. *Strikes him.*

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

Aia. Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will
beate thee into handfomnesse.

Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse:
but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oratton, then y
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. Doeft thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st

Aia. The Proclamation. *(me thus?)*

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 loth-
som'st scab in Greece.

Aia. I say the Proclamation.

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

Aia. Mistresse *Therites*.

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Aia. Coblofe.

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

Aia. You horsen Curre.

Ther. Do, do.

Aia. Thou stoole for a Witch.

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

Aia. You dogge.

Ther. You scuruy Lord.

Aia. You Curre.

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

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?
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.

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 *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicum* of wit he vtters: his euasions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his *Pianater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helens* 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.

Ajax. O thou damn'd Curre, I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.

Pat. Good words *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Ajax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I serue thee not.

Ajax. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I serue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was heere the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

Ther. E'ne lo, a great deale of your wit too lies in your sinnewes, or else there be Liars. *Hector* shall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Vlysses*, 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 waire.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to——

Ajax. 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 your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. Exit.

Pat. A good riddance.

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

Ajax. Farewell: who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise

Heknew his man.

Ajax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. Exit.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many houres, lues, speeches spent, Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes,

Deliuere *Helen*, and all damage else

(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence, Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)

Shall be stroke off. *Hector*, what say you too?

Hect. Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I, As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*,

There is no Lady of more softer bowels,

More spungie, to sucke in the sence of Feare,

More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes

Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd

The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches

To th' bottome of the worst. Let *Helen* go,

Since the first sword was drawne about this question,

Euery tythe soule 'mongst many thousand dimes,

Hath bin as deere 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 valew of one ten;

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yeelding 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? Wil you with Counters summe

The past proportion of his infinite,

And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,

With spannes and inches so diminutiue,

As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

Hel. No maruel though you bite so sharp at reasons, You are so empty of them, should not our Father

Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tels him so.

Troy. You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest, You furre your gloues with reason: here are your reasons

You know an enemy intends you harme,

You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,

And reason flies the obiect of all harme.

Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heeles:

Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,

And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,

Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor

Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghts

With this cram'd reason: reason and respect,

Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood deiect.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth

What she doth cost the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwels not in particular will,

It holds his estimate and dignitie

As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,

As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,

To make the seruice greater then the God,

And the will dotes that is inclineable

To what infection it selfe affects,

Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

Troilus and Cressida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares;
Two traded Rylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will distaste what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnrespectiue same,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke 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 *Apollas*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Greeks keepe our Aunt:
Is she 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'l auouch, 'twas wisdome *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go!)
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisdomes 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 *Troyans*, cry.

Priam. What noyse? what shreeke is this?

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

Cas. Cry *Troyans*.

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

Cas. Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophetick teares.

Hect. Peace sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moiety of that masse of moane to come.

Cry *Troyans* cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.

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

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

Exit.

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

Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,

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

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

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

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

Par. Sir, I propose not meere to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the soyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession vp
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

Hect. *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
Vnsit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp' red blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benumbed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refracturie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake alowd
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

Troilus and Cressida.

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

Tro. Why? there you toucht 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 *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reueneu.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Therites solus.

How now *Therites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
furie? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates
me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd
at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but
Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, a rare Enginer, If *Troy* be not taken till these two
vndermine it, the wals 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 massie 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, enuie, say Amen: What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therites*. Good *Therites* come
in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeir,
thou wouldest not haue slipt out of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common
curse of mankind, follie and ignorance be thine in great
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, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer
throwd any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

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

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therites*, 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 *Patro-
clus*, what's *Achilles*?

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

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

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

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

Patr. You rascall.

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuileg'd man, proceede *Therites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-
sites* is a foole, and as afore said, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *A-
chilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*,
Therites is a foole to serue such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a
foole positue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

*Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Ajax, and Chalcus.*

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

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in
with me *Therites*. *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 emulations, factions, and bleede to
death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and
Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. 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 appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I thall so say to him.

Ulis. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sicke.

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

Nes. What moues *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulis. *Achilles* hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Therites*?

Ulis. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lacke 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 amitie that wisdome knits, not folly may
easily vntie.

Enter Patroclus.

Here

Troilus and Cressida.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulis. The Elephant hath ioyns, but none for curtesie:
His legges are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

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.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*:

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

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Aga. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, *Ulysses* enter you.

Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

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

Ag. No question.

Ajax. Willyou subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

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

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

Enter Ulysses.

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

Nest. Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?

Ulis. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Ulis. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?

Ulis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; possesse he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his blood such swolne and hot discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recouery.

Ag. Let *Ajax* goe to him.

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

Ulis. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.

Weele consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue
And ruminat himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will assubiugate 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.

Nest. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks vp this applause.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him
ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, ile pesh his pride: let
me goe to him.

Ulis. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paulty insolent fellow.

Nest. How he describes himselfe.

Aia. Can he not be sociable?

Ulis. The Rauen chides blacknesse.

Aia. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-
tient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde.

Ulis. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aia. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Ulis. A would haue ten shares.

Aia. I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not
yet through warme.

Nest. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-
bition is dry.

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

Nest. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

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

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He

Troilus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulis. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would he were a *Troian*.

Nest. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now —

Ulis. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulis. I, or surley borne.

Dio. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Uli. Thank the heauens L. thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, (he that gaue thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelde

To sinnowie *Aiax*: 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 *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as *Aiax*.

Aia. Shail I call you Father?

Ulis. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Ulis. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keepes thicker: please it our Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Fresh 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 cull their flowre, *Aiax* 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 needes 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 your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musique 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 pleasur 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 mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud 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 assault vpon him, for my businesse seethes.

Ser. Sodden 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.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

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 sower 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?

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

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

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

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say *Cressida*? no, your poore disposer's sicke.

Par. I spie.

Pan. You

Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie : come, giue me an instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. 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, theele none of him, they two are twaine.

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

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

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

Pan. I you may, you may.

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

Pan. Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I, good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

*Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more :
For O lones Bow,
Shootes Backe and Doe :
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore :
These Lovers cry, oh ho they dye ;
Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he :
So dying loue lues still,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha ;
O ho groines out for ha ha ha --- hey ho.*

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

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

Pan. Isthis the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

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

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

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

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

Par. They're come from field: let vs to *Priams* Hall To greete the Warriors. Sweet *Hellen*, I must woe you, To helpe vname our *Hector*: his stubborne Buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*:

Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duetie,

Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:

Yea ouershines our selfe.

Sweete about thought I loue thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen *Cressida*?

Man. No sir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

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

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you seene my Cousin?

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

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

Exit Pandarus.

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

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Shee's making her ready sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow.

Exit Pand.

Troy. Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome: My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulse, And all my powers doe their bestowing loose, Like vassalage at vnawares encountering The eye of Maiestie.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blush? Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone againe, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you ith' hils: 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 light? and 'twere darke you'd close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith' Riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele bereaue you 'oth' deedes too, if shee call your aitiuity in question: what billing againe? here's in witnesse where-of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Cressida*, how often haue I wisht me thus?

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More

Troilus and Cressida.

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 *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Not nothing monstrons neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstrositie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to limit.

Cres. They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue 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 tasted, allow vs as we proue : our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerfion 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, youle 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 constant being wonne : they are Burres I can tell you, they'le 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 won : 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 I might maister it; in faith I lye : My thoughts were like vnbrideled 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 Offspeaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speake The thing I shall repent : see, see, your silence Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes

My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

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. Leaue : and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

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 wise and loue, Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

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 beauries outward, with a minde That doth renew swifter then blood decays : Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me, That my integritie and trust to you, Might be affronted with the match and waight Of such a winnowed puritie 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 vertuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be most right : True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come Approoue their truths by *Troilus*, when their rimes, Full of protest, of oath and big compare; Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration, As true as Steele, as plantage to the Moone : As Sunne to day : as Turtle to her mate : As Iron to Adamant : as Earth to th' Center : Yet after all comparisons of truth, (As truths authenticke 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 swerue a haire from truth, When time is old and hath forgot it selfe : When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*; And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp; And mightie States characterlesse are grated To dustie nothing; yet let memory, From false to false, among false Maids in loue, Vpbraid my falsehood, when they'auc 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 *Cressid*.

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

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

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

And *Cupid* grant all; strong-tide Maidens heere, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Calcas. Flourish.

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

Agam. What would'st thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

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

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

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

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vlis. *Achilles* stands i'th entrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot; and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard ypon him; I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I haue derision medicinable,

To 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 fees.

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.

Agam. What saies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Nes. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Nes. Nothing my Lord.

Agam. 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. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane these fellows? know they not *Achilles*?

Parr. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:

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

Achil. What am I poore of late?

'Tis certaine, greatness once false out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is, He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others, As feeble in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour, Prizes of accident, as oft as merit: Which when they fall, as being slippery standers; The loue that leand on them as slippery too, 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 looks: who do me thinkes finde out Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vlysses*, Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vlysses*?

Vlis. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vlis. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearly 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 retort that heate againe To the first giuer.

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

Salutes

Troilus and Cressida.

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.

Ulis. I doe not straine it at the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expressly proues
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,) (are)
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, (are)
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Most abiect in regard, and deare in vse.

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

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

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

Ulis. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great siz'd monster of ingratitude:
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 breast, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursue; if you giue way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leaue you hindmost:
Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,
Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable Hoste,
That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;
And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye,
Graspes in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,
And farewells 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 ore dusted.
The present eye praises the pres'nt 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 still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe alieue,
And ease thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue strong reasons.

Ulis. But gainst your priuacie
The reasons are more potent and heroy call:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.

Achil. Ha? knowne?

Ulis. Is that a wonder?

The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost euery graine of *Plutoes* gold;
Findes bottome in th'vncomprehensue deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuale 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 expresseure to:
All the commerse that you haue had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it hit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it must grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;
And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,
Great *Hectors* 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 weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shooke to ayrie 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 themselues:
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Euen then when we sit idely in the sunne.

Achil. Goe call *Thersites* hither sweet *Patroclus*,

Troilus and Cressida.

Ile send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him
T'inuite 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 Therfi.*
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 hostesse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should say, there were wit 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' combat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. 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 opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant 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, fixe or feauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patr. Ioue bleffe great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. 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.

Patr. 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 tone thus: what musicke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his

sinewes to make catlings on.

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 stir'd, And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

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

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

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Dioph. 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, Winesse 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, Ile play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

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

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

Aene. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting; The noblest hatefull 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 Greek To *Calchas*'s house; and there to render him, For the enfrued *Antenor*, the faire *Cressid*: Lers 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 *Cressid* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Troilus and Cressida.

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

Ane. Good morrow all.

Exit Aneas

Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Euen in the soule of sound good fellow ship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?
My selfe, or *Menelaus*?

Diom. Both alike.

He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,
Not 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 pallating 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 dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits 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.

Dio. Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me *Paris*,
For euery false drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
She hath not giuen so many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.

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.

Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle 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 senses,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troy. I priethee now to bed.

Cres. 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.

Cres. Night hath beene too briefe. (staves,

Troy. Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she
As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of loue,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Priethee 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?

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?

Troy. It is your Vnckle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall haue such a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Cressid*?

Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:

You bring me to doo---and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What haue I brought you to doe?

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

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochia*, haft
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'
head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing.
How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocks.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you seene here. *Exeunt*

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

Ane. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there my Lord: *Aneas*? by my troth I
knew you not: what newes with you so early?

Ane. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

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

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

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

Enter Troilus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Ane. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliu'er'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must giue vp to *Diomed*'s hand
The Lady *Cressida*.

Troy. Is it concluded so?

Ane. 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 meete them: and my Lord *Aneas*,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Ane. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell
take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
vpon *Anthenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

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

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?
gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am
aboue.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. 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 *Anthenor*.

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 immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.

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

No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,
As the sweet *Troilus*: O you gods diuine!

Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falshood!

If euer she leaue *Troilus*: time, orce and death,

Do to this body what extremitie 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. Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised cheekes,

Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart.

With sounding *Troilus*. I will not goe from Troy. *Exeunt.*

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

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt

Of her 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.

Par. 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 grieve is fine, full perfect that I taste,

And no lesse in a sense as strong

As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?

If I could temporise with my affection,

Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,

The like alaiment could I giue my grieve:

My loue admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troilus.*

No more my grieve, in such a precious losse.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducky.

Cres. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

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

Troy. *Cressid*: I loue thee in so strange a puritie;

That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,

More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which

Gold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the gods enuie?

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. Ist possible?

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

Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighes

Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,

With the rude breuitie and discharge of our

Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste

Crams his rich theuerie vp, he knowes not how.

As many farwels as be stars in heauen,

With distinct breath, and consign'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 so

Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.

Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

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

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Cres. A wofull *Cressid* 'mong' st 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 expostulation 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 Sleeue.

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 guift of nature,

Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:

How nouelties may moue, and parts with persen.

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 villaine then:

In this I doe not call your faith in question

So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor sweeten talke;

Nor play at subtrill games; faire vertues all;

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-discoursiue diuell,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Doe you thinke I will :

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

Aeneas within. Nay, good my Lord?

Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.

Paris within. Brother *Troilus*?

Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord, will you be true?

Exit.

Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault :
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie ;
Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare :

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth ; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is.
Entreate her faire ; and by my soule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in Illion?

Diom. Faire Lady *Cressid*,

So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects :
The lustre in youre eye, heauen in your cheek,
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 scale of my petition towards,
I prailing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece :
Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her seruant :
I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge :
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'st not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throat.

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 owne worth
She shall be priz'd : but that you say, be't so ;
Ilespeake 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 Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.

Aene. 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.

Exeunt.

Diom. Let vs make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie

Let vs addresse to tend on *Hectors* heeles :
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and single Chiuallrie.

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Vlisses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*
Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse;
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brassen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheek
Out-swell the collicke of puffed *Aquilon* :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:
Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Vlis. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.

Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?

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

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressid*?

Diom. Euen she.

Aga. Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete
Lady.

Nest. Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Vlis. Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere bet-
ter she were kist 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 thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.

Vlis. Oh deadly gall, and theame 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.

Patr. *Paris* and I kisse euermore for him.

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

Cres. In kissing doe you render, or receiue.

Patr. Both take and giue.

Cres. 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.

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

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

Cres. 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.

Cres. No, Ile be sworne.

Vlis. It were no match, your naile against his horne :
May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?

Cres. You may.

Vlis. I doe desire it.

Cres. Why begge then?

Vlis. Why then for *Venus* sake, giue me a kisse :
When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his

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

Troilus and Cressida.

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

Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.

Nest. A woman of quicke sence.

Ulis. Fic, fie, vpon her:

Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,
That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide vnclasp the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickling reader: set them downe,
For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game.

Exeunt.

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

All. The Troians Trumper.

Aga. Yonder comes the troope.

Ane. Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
A victor shall beknowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Pursue each other; or shall be diuided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?

Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?

Ane. He cares not, heele obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale disprising
The Knight oppos'd.

Ane. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Ane. 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 *Hectors* bloud;
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.

Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.

Aga. Here is sir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*
Consent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermost,
Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

Ulis. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Troian is that same that looks so heauy?

Ulis. The yongest Sonne of *Priam*;

A true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;
Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes;
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindecative then iecalous 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 soule,

Did in great *Illion* thus translate him to me.

Alarum.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.

Troy. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Ajax*. *trumpets*

Diom. You must no more.

Ane. Princes enough, so 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 cousen german to great *Priams* seede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,
That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'd'st from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall 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. Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,
On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.

Ane. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will doe?

Hect. Weele answere 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*s wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:

And signifie this louing enterview
To the expecters of our Troian part:
Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:
I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here:

Hect. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne serching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

Aga. 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 huskes;
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*.

Aga. My

Troilus and Cressida.

Aga. 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?

Ane. The Noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mockenot, that I affect th'vntred Oath,
Your *quondam* wife sweares still by *Venus* Gloue
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

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

Hect. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I haue (thou gallant Trojan) seene thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee
As hot as *Persus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I haue said vnto my standers by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.

And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I seene,
But this thy countenance (still lockt in Steele)
I neuer saw till now. I knew thy 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.

Ane. '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 claspe thee.

Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to
morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.

Vlys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.

Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Vlysses* well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.

Vlys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder wals that pertyly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feet.

Hect. I must not beleue you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Vlys. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord *Vlysses*, thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed 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.

Hect. 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 eye?

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-out
Hectors great spirit fl'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 yea.

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

Ajax. Do not chafe thee *Cosin*:
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of *Hector*
If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,
Can scarce intreat you to be odde with him.

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

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

Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.

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

Troy. My Lord *Vlysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?

Vlys. At *Menelaus* 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 *Cressid*.

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?

Vlys. You shall command me sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in Troy, had she no Louer there
That wailes her absence?

Troy. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth;
But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt*

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 *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy?

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

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & I doll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter 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.

Patr. 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.

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

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

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou; Ah how the poore world is pestered 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 sworne. I will not breake it, Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay, My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay: Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent, This night in 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, Ile 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 eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Purtocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

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

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

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

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vly. 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.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeke general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hect. 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.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Nestor* carries, and you too *Diomed*, Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

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

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Vly. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent, Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent.

Exeunt.

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

Exeunt

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

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

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Vlysses.

Vly. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. *Cressid* comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

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

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Vly. 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 coupled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Vly. List?

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

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

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

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

Ther. A iugling trickes, to be secretly open.

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

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath, Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. Good

Troilus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Ulis. 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 eare.

Troy. O plague and madnesse!

Ulis. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe

To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Ulis. Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

Troy. I pray thee stay?

Ulis. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not speake a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

Ulis. 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.

Ulis. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?
you will breake out.

Troy. She stroakes his cheek.

Ulis. 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 else.

Dio. Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one.

Exit.

Ulis. 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 Sleeue.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?

Ulis. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cres. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:

He lou'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* visite me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpenes: well said Whetstone.

Dio. I shall haue it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. I that.

Cres. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,

And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;

As I kisse thee.

Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

Cres. He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did sweare 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 grieue 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. Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not me, plea-
ses 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.

Ah poore our sexe; this fault in vs I finde:

The errour of our eye, directs our minde.

What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude,

Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Exit.

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

Ulis. Al's done my Lord.

Troy. It is.

Ulis. Why stay we then?

Troy. To make a recordation to my soule

Of euery 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 so obstinately strong,

That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;

As if those organs had deceptiuous functions,

Created onely to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Ulis. I cannot coniure Trojan.

Troy. She was not sure.

Ulis. Most sure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?

Ulis. Nor mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:

Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage

To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame

For deprauation, to square the generall sex

By *Cressids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid*.

Ulis. What hath she 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 *Diomids Cressida*:
If beautie haue a soule, this is not she:

Troilus and Cressida.

If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;

If sanctimonie be the gods delight:

If there be rule in vniue it selfe,

This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!

That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe

By foule authoritie: where reason can reuolt

Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,

Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*:

Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,

Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:

And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,

Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,

As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:

Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;

Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:

The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd, and loos'd,

And with another knot fine finger tied,

The fractions of her faith, ors of her loue:

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,

Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Vlis. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached

With that which here his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well

In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart

Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy

With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.

Harke Greeke: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;

So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,

That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:

Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,

My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,

Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,

Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,

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 *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false:

Let all vntuths stand by thy stained name,

And theyle seeme glorious.

Vlis. O containe your selfe:

Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:

Hector by this is arming him in Troy.

Ajax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:

Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,

Stand fast, and weare a Caske on thy head.

Vli. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.

Ther. Would I could meete that roagie *Diomed*, I

would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:

Parrochus will giue me any thing for the intelligence of

his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,

then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still

warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning

diuell take them.

Enter 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.

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

By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.

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

Hect. No more I say. *Enter Cassandra.*

Cassa. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Confort with me in loud and deere petition:

pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt

Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night

Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.

Cass. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.

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

Hect. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.

Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes;

They are polluted 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 behalfe of charitie.

Cass. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;

But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:

Vname sweete *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still I say;

Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:

Life euery 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.

Hect. No faith yong *Troilus*; doffe thy harnesse youth:

I am to day ith'vaine of Chiuallries:

Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;

And tempt not yet the brushs of the warre.

Vname thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,

Ile 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.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,

Euen in the sanne and winde of your faire Sword:

You bid them rise, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'loue of all the gods

Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty 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.

Hect. Fie sauage, fie.

Troy. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.

Hect. *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 fierie trunchion 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

Oppos'd to hinder 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,

Troilus and Cressida.

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 enapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect. *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.

Hect. 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*.

Cass. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hect. *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 bodements.

Cass. O farewell, deere *Hector*:
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how *Troy* roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away, away.

Cass. Farewell: yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leaue;
Thou dost thy selfe, and all our *Troy* deceiue. *Exit.*

Hect. 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. *Alarum.*

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, belecue
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorson tiske, a whorson rascally tiske,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one
o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and
such an ache in my bones; that vnlesse a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee
there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from
the heart;

Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors still she feedes;
But edifices another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and lue aye with thy name.

A Larum.

Exeunt.

Enter Therites in excursion.

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

Enter Diomed and Troilus.

Soft, here comes *Sleeue*, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the *Riuer Stix*,
I would swim after.

Diom. Thou dost miscall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantageous care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

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

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou *Greek*? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascall: a scurvie railing knaue:
a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I doe beleue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a
plague breake thy necke---for frightening me: what's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mira-
cle---yet in a sort, lecherie eates it selfe: Ile seeke them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troilus* Horse;
Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressid*:
Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chastis'd the amorous *Troian*.
And am her Knight by prooffe.

Ser. I goe my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Ag. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
And stands *Calossus*-wise wauiing his beame,
Vpon the pass'd courses of the Kings:
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixenes* is slaine;
Amphimachus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull *Sagittary*
Appauls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Coc beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arme for shame;
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathea* his Horse,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,

Before

Troilus and Cressida.

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

Enter Vliſſes.

Vliſ. 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, handlelesse, 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 fantasticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

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

Enter Ajax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troilus*, I say, wher's *Troilus*?

Aia. What wouldst thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou should'st haue my office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus* I say, what *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!

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

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. Ile 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 Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of vse:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe seeke thy fortune. *Exit.*

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: Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake nor, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armout well,
Ile frush it, and vnlocke the riuetts all,
But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beaft abide?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

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

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:
now bull, now dogge, 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 slaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of *Priams*.

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

Bast. The diuell take thee coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile 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 vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.
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 *Hector* slaine. *Retreat.*

Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Troian Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth
And stickler-like the Armies seperates
My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.

Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;

Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

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

Ag. Harke, harke, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil.

Troilus and Cressida.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, Achilles.

Dio. The brute is, Hector's slaine, and by Achilles.

Aia. 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.

If 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.

*Aene. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.*

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Hector is slaine.

All. Hector? the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murderers Hors'es taile,

In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.

Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:

Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.

I say at once, let your brieft plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

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

Troy. 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,

Addresse their dangers in. Hector is gone:

Who shall tell Priam so? or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,

Goe in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turne to stone;

Make wels, and Niobes of the maides and wiues;

Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,

Scarre 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 siz'd coward:

No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,

Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frensie thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:

Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame

Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aking bones: oh world,

world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh trai-

tours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and

how ill requited? why should our indeuour be so desir'd,

and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what

instance for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.

And being once subdu'd in armed taile,

Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,

Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at Pandar's fall:

Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;

Though not for me yet for your aking bones:

Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,

Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my feare is this:

Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse:

Till then, Ile sweate, and seeke about for eases;

And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

Exeunt.

¶ ¶ ¶

FINIS.



