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William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&amp;
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possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
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&amp;
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the charges
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  <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
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  <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi$A$^6$ ($\pi$A1+1) [$\pi$B$^2$], $^2$A-2B$^6$ 2C$^2$ a-g$^6$ $\chi$gg$^8$ h-v$^6$ x$^4$ $\chi$1.2 [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ aa-ff$^6$ gg$^2$ Gg$^6$ hh$^6$ kk-bbb$^6$; 2. West: $\pi$A$^6$ ($\pi$A1+1, $\pi$A5+1.2)$^2$A-2B$^6$ 2C$^2$ a-g$^6$ $^2$g$^8$ h-v$^6$ x$^4$ 'gg3.4' ($\pm$'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ 2a-2f$^6$ 2g$^2$ 2G$^6$ 2h$^6$ 2k-2v$^6$ x$^6$ 2y-3b$^6$.</p>
  <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; $^3$gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
  <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
```

leaf aa1 recto.</p>
          </collation>
          <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.</condition>

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            <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
            <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
            <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
            <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
          </layout>

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        <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
        <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.</decoNote>
      </decoDesc>
      <additions>
        <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>
                </additions>
                <bindingDesc>
                  <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
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                  <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
                  </p>
                </origin>
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                  <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the

```xml
                    newer <bibl>
                        <title>Third Folio</title> (<date
when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
                        to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
                        "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
                        bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
                    <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
                        the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
                        Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
                        family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
                        reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
                        raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and
                        purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S.
Gibson, The
                        Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(theTurbutt
                        Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                    <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                        digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
                        Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
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```xml
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      <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
    </person>
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      <persName type="form">Ther.</persName>
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          <c rend="roman decoratedCapital">I</c>N Troy there lyes the Scene; From
              Iles of Greece</l>
          <l>The Princes Origillous, their high blood chaf'd</l>
          <l>Haue to the port of Athens sent their shippes</l>
          <l>Fraught with the ministers and instruments</l>
          <l>Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore</l>
          <l>Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian bay</l>
          <l>Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made</l>
          <l>To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures</l>
          <l>The rauish'd <hi rend="roman">Helen, Menelaus</hi>
Queene,</l>
          <l>With wanton <hi rend="roman">Paris</hi> Sleepes, and that's the
              Quarrell.</l>
          <l>To <hi rend="roman">Tenedos</hi> they come,</l>
          <l>And the deepe‑drawing Barke do there disgorge</l>
          <l>Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines </l>
          <l>The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch </l>
          <l>Their braue Pauillions. <hi rend="roman">Priams</hi> six‑gated
              City,</l>
          <l>
          <hi rend="roman">Dardan</hi> and <hi rend="roman">Timbria,
```

Helias,
                Chetas, Troien,</hi>
            </l>
            <l>And <hi rend="roman">Antenonidus</hi> with massie Staples
</l>
            <l>And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts </l>
            <l>Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.</l>
            <l>Now Expectaton tickling skittish spirits,</l>
            <l>On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,</l>
            <l>Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,</l>
            <l>A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence </l>
            <l>Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited</l>
            <l>In like conditions, as our Argument;</l>
            <l>To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play</l>
            <l>Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,</l>
            <l>Beginning in the middle. Starting thence away,</l>
            <l>To What may be digested in a Play:</l>
            <l>Like or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,</l>
            <l>Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.</l>
        </lg>
        </sp>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="1">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0590-0.jpg"/>
            <head rend="center">THE TRAGEDIE OF <lb/>Troylus and
Cressida.</head>
            <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus and
                Troylus.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                <speaker rend="italic center">Troylus.</speaker>
                <l>
                    <c rend="decoratedCapital">C</c>All here my Varlet, Ile
vnarme
                    againe.</l>
                <l>Why should I warre without the wals of Troy</l>
                <l>That finde such cruell battell here within?</l>
                <l>Each Troian that is matter of his heart,</l>
                <l>Let him to field, <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> alas hath
none.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                <l>Will this geere nere be mended?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>

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<l>The Greeks are strong, &amp; skilful to their strength,</l>
<l>Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:</l>
<l>But I am weaker then a womans teare;</l>
<l>Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;</l>
<l>Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,</l>
<l>And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my <lb/>part, Ile not
     meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will <lb/>haue a Cake out of

     the Wheate, must needes tarry the <lb/>grinding.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
  <p>Haue I not tarried?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
  <p>Haue I not tarried?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>I the boulting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
  <p>Still haue I tarried.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word <lb/>hereafter, the
     Kneading, the making of the Cake, the <lb/>heating of the Ouen, and

     the Baking; nay, you must stay <lb/>the cooling too, or you may
     chance to burne your lips.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
  <l>Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,</l>
  <l>Doth lesser blench at sufferance, then I doe:</l>
  <l>At <hi rend="italic">Priams</hi> Royall Table doe I sit;</l>
  <l>And when faire <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> comes into my
     thoughts,</l>
  <l>So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
          <l>Well:</l>
          <l>She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,</l>
          <l>Or any woman else.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
          <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
          <l>I was about to tell thee, when my heart,</l>
          <l>As wedged with a sigh, would riue in twaine,</l>
          <l>Least <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, or my Father should perceiue
            me:</l>
          <l>I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a‑scorne)</l>
          <l>Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:</l>
          <l>But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,</l>
          <l>Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
          <p>And her haire were not somewhat darker then <lb/>
            <hi rend="italic">Helens</hi>, Well go too, there were no more
            comparison be‑tweene the Women. But for my part she is my
            Kinswo-<lb/>man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it,
            but I wold <cb n="2"/>
            <lb/>some‑body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
            <lb/>not dispraise your sister <hi rend="italic">Cassandra's</hi>
            wit, but   </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
          <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
          <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>! I tell thee <hi rend="italic">Pandarus;</hi>
          </l>
          <l>When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:</l>
          <l>Reply not inhow many Fadomes deepe</l>
          <l>They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad</l>
          <l>In <hi rend="italic">Cressids</hi> loue. Thou answer'st she is
            Faire,</l>
          <l>Powr'st in the open Vlcer of my heart,</l>
          <l>Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate her Voice,</l>
          <l>Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand</l>
          <l>(In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)</l>
          <l>Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,</l>
          <l>The Cignits Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense</l>
          <l>Hard as the palme of Plough‑man. This thou tel'st me;</l>
          <l>As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her</l>
          <l>But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,</l>
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    <l>Thou lai'st in euery gash that loue hath giuen me,</l>
    <l>The Knife that made it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>I speake no more then truth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Thou do'st not speake so much.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is <lb/>if she be
        faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she <lb/>ha's the
        mends in her owne hands.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>Good <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>: How now <hi
rend="italic">Pandarus?</hi>
    </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought <lb/>on of her,
and
        ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and <lb/>betweene, but
small
        thankes for my labour.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>What art thou angry <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>? what
with
        me?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Because she's Kinne to me, therefore shee's not <lb/>so faire as
<hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>, and she were not kin to me, she would
        <lb/>be as faire on Friday, as <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> is on
        Sunday. But what <lb/>care I? I care not and she were a
        Black-a-Moore, 'tis all <lb/>one to me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>Say I she is not faire?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
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<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
<p>I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a <lb/>Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, <lb/>and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile <lb/>meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p rend="italic">Pandarus?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>Not I.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>Sweete <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all <lb/>as I found it, and there an end.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Pand.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sound Alarum.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tro.</speaker>
   <l>Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,</l>
   <l>Fooles on both sides,<hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> must needs be faire,</l>
   <l>When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.</l>
   <l>I cannot fight vpon this Argument:</l>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">It</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0591-0.jpg" n="79"/>
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <l>It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword,</l>
   <l>But <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>: O Gods! How do you plague me?</l>
   <l>I cannot come to <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> but by <hi rend="italic">Pandar</hi>,</l>
   <l>And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,</l>
   <l>As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite.</l>
   <l>Tell me <hi rend="italic">Appollo</hi> for thy <hi rend="italic">Daphnes</hi> Loue</l>
   <l>What <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> is, what <hi
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rend="italic">Pandar</hi>, and what we:</l>
            <l>Her bed is <hi rend="italic">India</hi>, there she lies, a
                Pearle,</l>
            <l>Between our Ilium, and where shee recides</l>
            <l>Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,</l>
            <l>Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling <hi
rend="italic">Pandar</hi>,</l>
            <l>Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Æneas.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
            <l>How now Prince <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>?</l>
            <l>Wherefore not a field?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <l>Because not there; this womans answer sorts.</l>
            <l>For womanish it is to from thence:</l>
            <l>What newes <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> from the field to
                day?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
            <l>That <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> is returned home, and
hurt.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <l>By whom <hi rend="italic">Æneas?</hi>
            </l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
            <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> by <hi
rend="italic">Menelaus</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> bleed 'tis but a scar to
scorne,</l>
            <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> is gor'd with <hi
rend="italic">Menelaus</hi> horne.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Alarum.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>

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    <l>Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Better at home, if would I might were may:</l>
    <l>But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
    <l>In all swift hast.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Come goe wee then togither.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cressid and her
    man.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>Who were those went by?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-man">
    <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
    <p>Queene <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>
      <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>And whether go they?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-man">
    <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
    <l>Vp to the Easterne Tower,</l>
    <l>Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,</l>
    <l>To see the battell: <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> whose
pacience,</l>
    <l>Is as a Vertue fixt to day was mou'd:</l>
    <l>He chides <hi rend="italic">Andromache</hi>and stroke his
      Armorer,</l>
    <l>And like as there were husbandry in Warre</l>
    <l>Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,</l>
    <l>And to the field goe's he; where euery flower</l>
    <l>Did as a Prophet weepe what it forsaw,</l>
    <l>In <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> wrath.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
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                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>What was his cause of anger?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-man">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
                    <l>The noise goe's this;</l>
                    <l>There is among the Greekes,</l>
                    <l>A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>,</l>
                    <l>They call him <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>Good; and what of him?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-man">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
                    <p>They say he is a very man <hi rend="italic">per se</hi> and
stands
                        alone.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or <lb/>haue no
                        legges.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-man">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
                    <p>This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their <lb/>particular
                        additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish <lb/>as the Beare,
                        slow as the Elephant: a man into whom <lb/>nature hath so
crowded
                        humors, that his valour is crusht <lb/>into folly, his folly sauced
                        with discretion: there is no <lb/>man hath a vertue, that he hath
                        not a glimpse of, nor a-<lb/>ny man an attaint, but he
                        carries some staine of it. He is <lb/>melancholy without cause,
and
                        merry against the haire, <lb/>hee hath the ioynts of euery thing,
                        but euery thing so <lb/>out ot ioynt, that hee is a gowtie <hi
rend="italic">Briareus</hi>, many hands <lb/>and no vse; or
                        purblinded <hi rend="italic">Argus</hi>, all eyes and no
sight.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>But how should this man that makes me smile, <lb/>make <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi> angry?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-man">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
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<p>They say he yesterday cop'd <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> in the
bat-<lb/>tell and stroke him downe, the disdaind &amp; shame where-<cb n="2"/>
<lb/>of, hath euer since kept <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> fasting and waking.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
  <p>Who comes here?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-man">
  <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
  <p>Madam your Vncle <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
  <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> a gallant man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-man">
  <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
  <p>As may be in the world Lady.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>What's that? what's that?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
  <p>Good morrow Vncle <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Good morrow Cozen Cressid: what do you talke <lb/>of? good
morrow <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi>: how do you Cozen? when <lb/>were
you at Illium?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
  <p>This morning Vncle.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>What were you talking of when I came? Was <lb/>
    <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium?
    <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> was <lb/>not vp? was she?</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> was gone but <hi
rend="italic">Hellen</hi> was not vp?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>E'ene so; <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> was stirring early.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>That were we talking of and of his anger.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Was he angry?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>So he faies here.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay <lb/>about him
to day

        I can tell them that, and there's <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>
        <lb/>will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>; I can sell them that too.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>What is he angry too?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <l>Who <hi rend="italic">Troylus?</hi></l>
    </l>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> is the better man of the two.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>Oh <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi>; there's no comparison.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>What not betweene <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>? do you <lb/>know a man if you see
        him?</p>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <p>I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
               <p>Well I say <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> is <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <l>Then you say as I say,</l>
               <l>For I am sure he is not <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
               <p>No not <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is not <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi> in some degrees.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <l>'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
               <l>Himselfe? alas poore <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> I would he
                  were.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <p>So he is.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
               <p>Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <p>He is not <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
               <p>Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were <lb/>himselfe:
well,
                  the Gods are aboue, time must friend or <lb/>end: well <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi> well, I would my heart were in her
                  bo-<lb/>dy; no, <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is not abetter
                  man then <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
   <p>Excuse me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>He is elder.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
   <p>Pardon me, pardon me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me ano-<lb/>ther tale
      when th'others come too't<hi rend="italic">: Hector</hi> shall not
         <lb/>haue his will this yeare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
   <p>He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>Nor his qualities.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
   <p>No matter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>Nor his beautie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
   <p>'Twould not become him, his own's better.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>You haue no iudgement Neece; <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> her selfe
         <lb/>swore th'other day, that <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> for a
      browne fauour (for <lb/>so 'tis I must confesse) not browne
      neither.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
   <p>No but browne.</p>
```

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
            <p>To say the truth, true and not true.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>She prais'd his complexion aboue <hi
rend="italic">Paris</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
            <p>Why <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> hath colour inough.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>So, he has.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
            <p>Then <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> should haue too much, if
she
                prais'd <lb/>him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he
hauing
                <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">colour</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0592-0.jpg" n="80"/>
            <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <lb/>colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a
            <lb/>praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue <hi
rend="italic">Hellens</hi> gol-<lb/>den tongue had commended <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi> for a copper nose.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <l>I sweare to you,</l>
            <l>I thinke <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> loues him better then <hi
rend="italic">Paris</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
            <p>Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">
        <c rend="inverted">P</c>an.</speaker>
```

```xml
        <p>Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other <lb/>day into the
            compast window, and you know he has not <lb/>past three or foure
            haires on his chinne.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <p>Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone <lb/>bring his particulars
            therein, to a totall.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
        <p>Why he is very yong, and yet will he within <lb/>three pound lift as
            much as his brother <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <p>Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>But to prooue to you that <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> loues him,
            she <lb/>came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <p>
            <hi rend="italic">Iuno</hi> haue mercy, how came it clouen?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>Why, you know 'tis dimpled, <lb/>I thinke his smyling becomes him
            better then any man <lb/>in all Phrigia.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
        <p>Oh he smiles valiantly.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>Dooes hee not?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
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                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in <hi
rend="italic">Autumne</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>Why go to then, but to proue to you that <hi
rend="italic">Hellen</hi>
                        <lb/>loues <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>
                        <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> wil stand to thee <lb/>Proofe, if
                        youle prooue it so.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>
                        <hi rend="italic">Troylus?</hi> why he esteemes her no more
then I
                        e-<lb/>steeme an addle egge.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an <lb/>idle head,
you
                        would eate chickens i'th'shell.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>I can not chuse but laugh to thinke how she tick-<lb/>led his
                        chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must <lb/>needs
                        confesse.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>Without the racke.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on <lb/>his
chinne.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
```

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            <p>But there was such laughing, Queene <hi
rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>
                  <lb/>laught that her eyes ran ore.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <p>With Milstones.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
               <p>And <hi rend="italic">Cassandra</hi> laught,</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <p>But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot <lb/>of her
eyes: did
                  her eyes run ore too?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
               <p>And <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> laught.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <p>At what was ail this laughing?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
               <p>Marry at the white haire that <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>
spied on <lb/>
                  <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> chin.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
               <p>And t'had beene a greene haire, I should haue <lb/>laught
too.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
               <p>They laught not so much at the haire, as at his <lb/>pretty
                  answere.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
               <p>What was his answere?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
               <p>Quoth shee, heere's but two and fisty haires on <lb/>your
chinne; and
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                        one of them is white.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>This is her question.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
                    <p>That's true, make no question os that, two and <lb/>fiftie haires
                        quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is <lb/>my Father, and
                        all the rest are his Sonnes. <hi rend="italic">Iuipiter</hi> quoth
                        <lb/>she, which of these haires is <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>
```
my
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                        husband? The for-<lb/>ked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue
                        it him: but there <lb/>was such laughing, and <hi
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rend="italic">Hellen</hi> so blusht, and <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> so
```
                        <lb/>chast, aod all the rest so laught, that it past.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <l>So let it now,</l>
                    <l>For is has beene a great while going by.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>Well Cozen, <cb n="2"/>
                        <lb/>I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                    <p>So I does.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
                    <p>Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you <lb/>an'twere a man
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borne
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                        in Aprill.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Sound a retreate.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                    <p>And Ile spring vp in his teares, an 'twere a nettle <lb/>against
                        May.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>Harke they are coming from the field, shal we <lb/>stand vp
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here and
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                        see them, as they passe toward Illium, <lb/>good Neece do, sweet
                        Neece <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi>.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
           <p>At your pleasure.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
           <p>Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, here we <lb/>may see most
                brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, <lb/>as they passe by,
                but marke <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> aboue the rest,</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Æneas.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
           <p>Speake not so low'd.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
           <p>That's <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi>, is not that a braue man,
              hee's one <lb/>of the flowers of Troy I can you, but m<c
rend="inverted">a</c>rke <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>; you
                <lb/>shall see anon.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
           <p>Who's that's?</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antenor.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
           <p>That's <hi rend="italic">Antenor</hi>, he has a shrow'd wit I can
                tell <lb/>you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th
                soun-<lb/>dest iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man
                of <lb/>person: when comes <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>?Ile shew
                you <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> anon, <lb/>if hee see me, you
                shall see him him nod at me.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
           <p>Will he giue you the nod?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
           <p>You shall see.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
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<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>If he do, the rich shall haue, more,</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hector.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>That's <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, that, that, looke you, that
        there's a <lb/>fellow. Goe thy way <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>,
        there's a braue man Neece, <lb/>O braue <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>! Looke how hee lookes? there's a
        coun-<lb/>tenance; ist not a braue man?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>O braue man!</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good looke you <lb/>What hacks
are on
        his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you <lb/>see? Looke you there?
        There's no iesting, laying on, tak't <lb/>off, who ill as they say,
        there be hacks.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <p>Be those with Swords?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Paris;</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell <lb/>come to him,
it's
        all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart <lb/>good. Yonder comes
<hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, yonder comes <hi rend="italic">Paris:</hi> looke
<lb/>yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man
        to, ist not? Why <lb/>this is braue now: who said he came hurt
home
        to day? <lb/>Hee's not hurt, why this will do <hi
rend="italic">Hellens</hi> heart good <lb/>now, ha? Would I could see <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi> now, you shall <hi rend="italic">Troy-<lb/>lus</hi>
anon.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
        <p>Whose that?</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellenus.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>

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<p>That's <hi rend="italic">Hellenus</hi>, 1 maruell where <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi> is, that's <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Helenus</hi>, I thinke he went not forth to day:
that's <hi rend="italic">Hel-<lb/>lenus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
<p>Can <hi rend="italic">Hellenus</hi> fight Vncle?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Hellenus</hi> no: yes heele fight indifferent,
well, I <lb/>maruell where <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> is;
harke,
do you not haere the <lb/>people crie <hi rend="italic">Troylus?
Hellenus</hi> is a Priest.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
<p>What sneaking fellow comes yonder?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Trylus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>Where? Yonder? That's <hi rend="italic">Dæphobus</hi>. 'Tis
<hi rend="italic">Troy-<lb/>lus</hi>! Ther's a man Neece,
hem : Braue <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> the Prince <lb/>of
Chiualrie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
<p>Peace, for shame peace.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
<p>Marke him, not him: O braue <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>:
looke
<lb/>well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is
blou-<lb/>died, and his Helme more hackt then <hi
rend="italic">Hectors</hi>, and how he <fw type="catchword"
place="footRight">lookes,</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0593-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<lb/>lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're
<lb/>saw
three and twenty. Go thy way <hi rend="italic">Troylus, go</hi> thy
way, <lb/>had I a sister were a <hi rend="italic">Grace</hi>, or a
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daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice, O'admirable man!
<hi rend="italic">Paris? Paris</hi>
<lb/>is durt to him, and I warrant, <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>to change, would <lb/>giue money to boot.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter common Souldiers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
<p>Heere come more.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and <lb/>bran; porredge
after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes <lb/>of <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>. Ne're looke, ne're looke the Eagles are gon,
<lb/>Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be <lb/>such a
man as <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> then <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi> and all Greece.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
<p>There is among the Greekes <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, a better
<lb/>man then <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Achilles?</hi> a Dray‑man, a Porter, a very Camell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
<p>Well, well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue <lb/>you any eyes? Do
you know what a man is? Is not birth, <lb/>b<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="uninkedType" resp="#LMC"/>auty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gent-<lb/>lenesse, vertue, youth, liberality, arid so forth: the Spice, <lb/>and salt that seasons a man?</p>

</sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                       <p>I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date <lb/>in the

pye,

                          for then the mans dates out.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                       <p>You are such another woman, one knowes not <lb/>at what

ward you

                          lye.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                       <p>Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my <lb/>wit, to

defend my

                          wiles; vppon my secrecy, to defend <lb/>mine honesty; my

Maske, to

                          defend my beauty, and you <lb/>to defend all these: and at all

these

                          wardes I lye at, at a <lb/>thousand watches.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                       <p>Say one of your watches.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                       <p>Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of <lb/>the cheefest of
                          them too: If I cannot ward what I would <lb/>not haue hit, I can
                          watch you for telling how I took the <lb/>blow, vnlesse it swell
                          past hiding, and then it's past wat-<lb/>ching.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Boy.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                       <p>You are such another.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-boy">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
                       <p>Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                       <p>Where?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-boy">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
                       <p>At your owne house.</p>

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
         <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
         <l>Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.</l>
         <l>Fare ye well good Neece.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
         <p>Adieu Vnkle.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
         <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
         <p>Ile be with you Neece by and by.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
         <p>To bring Vnkle.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
         <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
         <p>I, a token from <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
         <l>By the same token. You are a Bawd.</l>
         <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Pand.</stage>
         <l>Words, vowes, gifts, teares, &amp; loues full sacrifice,</l>
         <l>He offers in anothers enterprise:</l>
         <l>But more in <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> thousand fold I
see,</l>
         <l>Then in the glasse of <hi rend="italic">Pandar</hi>'s praise may
            be;</l>
         <l>Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,</l>
         <l>Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing:</l>
         <l>That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;</l>
         <l>Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.</l>
         <l>That she was neuer yet, that euer knew</l>
         <l>Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:</l>
         <l>Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;</l>
         <l>"<hi rend="italic">Atchieuement, is command</hi>; <hi
rend="italic">vngai<gap extent="1"
            unit="chars"
            reason="illegible"
            agent="partiallyInkedType"
            resp="#LMC"/>'d,
            beseech</hi>.</l>
         <l>That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,</l>
         <l>Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
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        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Senet. Enter Agamemnon,
Nestor,
              Vlysses, Diome-<lb/>des, Menelaus, with others.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
            <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
            <l>Princes:</l>
            <l>What greefe hath set the Iaundies on your cheekes?</l>
            <l>The ample proposition that hope makes</l>
            <l>In all designes, begun on earth below</l>
            <l>Fayles in the promist largenesse: checkes and disasters</l>
            <l>Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.</l>
            <l>As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,</l>
            <l>Infect the found Pine, and diuerts his Graine</l>
            <l>Tortiue and erant from his course of growth.</l>
            <l>Not Princes, is it matter new to vs,</l>
            <l>That we come short of our suppose so farre,</l>
            <l>That after seuen yeares liege, yet Troy walles stand,</l>
            <l>Sith euery action that hath gone before,</l>
            <l>Where of we haue Record, Triall did draw</l>
            <l>Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:</l>
            <l>And that vnbodied figure of the thought</l>
            <l>That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)</l>
            <l>Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,</l>
            <l>And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else</l>
            <l>But the protractiue trials of great loue,</l>
            <l>To finde persistiue constancie in men?</l>
            <l>The finenesse of which Mettall is not found</l>
            <l>In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,</l>
            <l>The Wise and Foole, the Artist and vn‑read,</l>
            <l>The hard and soft, seeme all affin'd, and kin.</l>
            <l>But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,</l>
            <l>Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,</l>
            <l>Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;</l>
            <l>And what hath m<gap extent="1"
                unit="chars"
                reason="illegible"
                agent="partiallyInkedType"
                resp="#LMC"/>sse, or matter by it
                selfe,</l>
            <l>Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Nestor.</speaker>
            <l>With due Obseruance of thy godly seat,</l>
            <l>Great <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon, Nestor</hi> shall
apply</l>
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<l>Thy latest words.</l>
<l>In the reproofe of Chance,</l>
<l>Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being smooth,</l>
<l>How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile</l>
<l>Vpon her patient brest, making their way</l>
<l>With those of Nobler bulke?</l>
<l>But let the Ruffian <hi rend="italic">Boreas</hi> once enrage</l>

<l>The gentle <hi rend="italic">Thetis</hi>, and anon behold</l>
<l>The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,</l>
<l>Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements</l>
<l>Like <hi rend="italic">Perseus</hi> Horse. Where's then the sawcy

  Boate,</l>
<l>Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now</l>
<l>Co‑riual'd Greatnesse<hi rend="italic">?</hi> Either to
  harbour fled,</l>
<l>Or made a Toste for Neptune, Euen so,</l>
<l>Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide</l>
<l>In stormes of Fortune.</l>
<l>For, in her ray and brightnesse,</l>
<l>The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze</l>
<l>Then by the Tyger: But, when, the splitting winde</l>
<l>Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,</l>
<l>And Flies fled vnder shade, why then</l>
<l>The thing of Courage,</l>
<l>As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,</l>
<l>And with an accent tun'd in selfe‑same key,</l>
<l>Retyres to chiding Fortune.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
  <l>
<hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>.</l>
  <l>Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,</l>
  <l>Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,</l>
  <l>In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all</l>
  <l>Should be shut vp: Heare what <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>
    speakes,</l>
  <l>Besides the applause and approbation</l>
  <l>The which most mighty for thy place and sway,</l>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">
    <hi rend="italic">I</hi>
  </fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0594-0.jpg"/>
  <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>And thou most reuerend for thy stretcht‑out life,</l>
  <l>I giue to both your speeches: which were such,</l>

<l>As <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi> and the hand of
Greece</l>

          <l>Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe</l>
          <l>As venerable <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi> (hatch'd in
Siluer)</l>

          <l>Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree</l>
          <l>In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares</l>
          <l>To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both</l>
          <l>(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>
            speake.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
          <l>Speak Prince of <hi rend="italic">Ithaca</hi>, and be't of lesse
            expect:</l>
          <l>That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen</l>
          <l>Diuide thy lips; then we are confident</l>
          <l>When ranke <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi> opes his Masticke
            iawes,</l>
          <l>We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
          <l>Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,</l>
          <l>And the great <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> sword had lack'd a
            Master</l>
          <l>But for these instances.</l>
          <l>The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;</l>
          <l>And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand</l>
          <l>Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.</l>
          <l>When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,</l>
          <l>To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,</l>
          <l>What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,</l>
          <l>Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.</l>
          <l>The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,</l>
          <l>Obserue degree, priority, and place,</l>
          <l>Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,</l>
          <l>Office, and custome, in all line of Order,</l>
          <l>And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol</l>
          <l>In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd</l>
          <l>Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye</l>
          <l>Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill</l>
          <l>And postes like the Command'ment of a King,</l>
          <l>Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets</l>
          <l>In euill mixture to disorder wander,</l>
          <l>What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?</l>
          <l>What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?</l>
          <l>Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,</l>
          <l>Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate</l>
          <l>The vnity, and married calme of States</l>

<l>Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd,</l>
<l>(Which is the Ladder to all high designes)</l>
<l>The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,</l>
<l>Degrees in Schooles, and Brotber-hoods in Cities,</l>
<l>Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,</l>
<l>The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,</l>
<l>Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,</l>
<l>(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?</l>
<l>Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,</l>
<l>And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes</l>
<l>In mere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,</l>
<l>Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,</l>
<l>And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:</l>
<l>Strength should be Lord of imbecility,</l>
<l>And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:</l>
<l>Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,</l>
<l>(Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)</l>
<l>Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.</l>
<l>Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,</l>
<l>Power into Will, Will into Appetite,</l>
<l>And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,</l>
<l>So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)</l>
<l>Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,</l>
<l>And last, eate vp himselfe.</l>
<l>Great <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>:</l>
<l>This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Followes the choaking:</l>
<l>And this neglection of Degree, is it</l>
<l>That by a pace goes backward in a purpose</l>
<l>It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd</l>
<l>By him one step below; he, by the next,</l>
<l>That next, by him beneath: so euery step</l>
<l>Exampled by the first pace that is sicke</l>
<l>Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer</l>
<l>Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.</l>
<l>And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,</l>
<l>Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,</l>
<l>Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
<speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
<l>Most wisely hath <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>heere
discouer'd</l>
<l>The Feauer, where of all our power is sicke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
<speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
<l>The Nature of the sicknesse found <hi
rend="italic">(Ulysses)</hi>

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                </l>
                <l>What is the remedie?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
                <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
                <l>The great <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, whom Opinion
crownes,</l>
                <l>The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,</l>
                <l>Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,</l>
                <l>Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent</l>
                <l>Lyes mocking our designes. With him, <hi
rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>,</l>
                <l>Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day</l>
                <l>Breakes scurrill Iests,</l>
                <l>And with ridiculous and aukward action,</l>
                <l>(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)</l>
                <l>He Pageants vs. Sometime great <hi
rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>,</l>
                <l>Thy toplesse deputation he puts on;</l>
                <l>And like a strutting Player, whose conceit</l>
                <l>Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich</l>
                <l>To heare the woodden Dialogue and sound</l>
                <l>'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,</l>
                <l>Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming</l>
                <l>He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,</l>
                <l>'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnsquar'd,</l>
                <l>Which from the tongue of roaring <hi
rend="italic">Typhon</hi>
                    dropt,</l>
                <l>Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stuffe,</l>
                <l>The large <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> (on his prest-bed
                    lolling)</l>
                <l>From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,</l>
                <l>Cries excellent,'tis <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi> iust.</l>
                <l>Now play me <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi>; hum, and stroke
thy
                    Beard</l>
                <l>As he, being drest to some Oration</l>
                <l>That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends</l>
                <l>Of paralels; as like, as <hi rend="italic">Vulcan</hi> and his
                    wife,</l>
                <l>Yet god <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> still cries excellent,</l>
                <l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi> right. Now play him (me) <hi
rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>, </l>
                <l>Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,</l>
                <l>And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age</l>
                <l>Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,</l>
                <l>And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,</l>
                <l>Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport</l>
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            <l>Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough <hi
rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>, </l>
            <l>Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all</l>
            <l>In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,</l>
            <l>All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,</l>
            <l>Seuerals and generals of grace exact,</l>
            <l>Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,</l>
            <l>Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,</l>
            <l>Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues</l>
            <l>As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
            <l>And in the imitation of these twaine,</l>
            <l>Who (as <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi> sayes) Opinion
crownes</l>
            <l>With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:</l>
            <l>
<hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> is growne selfe‐will'd, and beares
    his head</l>
            <l>In such a reyne, in full as proud a place</l>
            <l>As broad <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, and keepes his Tent
like
    him;</l>
            <l>Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre</l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Bold</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0595-0.jpg"/>
            <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>Bold as an Oracle, and sets <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>
</l>
            <l>A slaue, whose Gall coines standers like a Mint,</l>
            <l>To match vs in comparisons with durt,</l>
            <l>To weaken and discredit our exposure,</l>
            <l>How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
            <l>They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,</l>
            <l>Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,</l>
            <l>Fore‐stall prescience, and esteeme no acte</l>
            <l>But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,</l>
            <l>That do contriue how many hands shall strike</l>
            <l>When fitnesse call them on, and know by measure</l>
            <l>Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,</l>
            <l>Why this hath not a fingers dignity:</l>
            <l>They call this Bed‐worke, Mapp'ry, Closset‐Warre:</l>
            <l>So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,</l>
            <l>For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,</l>
            <l>They place before his hand that made the Engine,</l>
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          <l>Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,</l>
          <l>By Reason guide his execution.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
          <l>Let this be granted, and <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
horse</l>
          <l>Makes many <hi rend="italic">Thetis</hi> sonnes.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Tucket</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
          <l>What Trumpet? Looke <hi rend="italic">Menelaus</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-men">
          <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
          <l>From Troy.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Æneas.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
          <l>What would you 'fore our Tent?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
          <l>Is this great <hi rend="italic">Agamemnons</hi> Tent, I pray
you?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
          <l>Euen this.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
          <l>May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,</l>
          <l>Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
          <l>With surety stronger then <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
arme,</l>
          <l>'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce</l>
          <l>Call <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi> Head and
Generall.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
          <l>Faire leaue, and large security. How may</l>
          <l>A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,</l>
          <l>Know them from eyes of other Mortals?</l>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
               <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
               <l>How?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
               <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
               <l>I: I aske. that I might waken reuerence,</l>
               <l>And on the cheeke be ready with a blush</l>
               <l>Modestt as morning. when she coldly eyes</l>
               <l>The youthfull Phœbus:</l>
               <l>Which is that God in office guiding men?</l>
               <l>Which is the high and mighty <hi
rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
               <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
               <l>This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy</l>
               <l>Are ceremonious Courtiers.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
               <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
               <l>Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,</l>
               <l>As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:</l>
               <l>But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galles,</l>
               <l>Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, &amp; <hi
rend="italic">Ioues</hi> accord,</l>
               <l>Nothing so full of heart. But peace <hi
rend="italic">Æneas</hi>,</l>
               <l>Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,</l>
               <l>The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:</l>
               <l>If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.</l>
               <l>But what the repining enemy commends.</l>
               <l>That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure <choice>
                   <abbr>transcēds</abbr>
                   <expan>transcends</expan>
                  </choice>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
               <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
               <l>Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe <hi
rend="italic">Æneas</hi>?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
               <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
               <p>I Greeke that is my name.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
               <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
               <p>What's your affayre I pray you?</p>
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                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                        <p>Sir pardon,'tis for <hi rend="italic">Agamemnons</hi>
eares.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
                        <l>He heares nought priuatly</l>
                        <l>That comes from Troy.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                        <l>Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,</l>
                        <l>I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,</l>
                        <l>To set his sence on the attentiue bent,</l>
                        <l>And then to speake.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
                        <l>Speake frankely as the winde,</l>
                        <l>It is not <hi rend="italic">Agamemnons</hi> sleeping
houre;</l>
                        <l>That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,</l>
                        <cb n="2"/>
                        <l>He tels thee so himself.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                        <l>Trumpet blow loud,</l>
                        <l>Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,</l>
                        <l>And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,</l>
                        <l>What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd.</l>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">The Trumpets
                            sound.</stage>
                        <l>We haue great <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi> heere in
Troy,</l>
                        <l>A Prince calld <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Priam</hi> is his Father:</l>
                        <l>Who in this dull and long‑continew'd Truce</l>
                        <l>Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,</l>
                        <l>And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,</l>
                        <l>If there be one among'st the fayr'st of Greece,</l>
                        <l>That holds his Honor higher then his ease,</l>
                        <l>That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,</l>
                        <l>That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,</l>
                        <l>That loues his Mistris more then in confession,</l>
                        <l>(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)</l>
                        <l>And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,</l>
                        <l>In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge,</l>
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    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, in view of Troyans, and of
    Greekes,</l>
    <l>Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.</l>
    <l>He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,</l>
    <l>Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,</l>
    <l>And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,</l>
    <l>Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,</l>
    <l>To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.</l>
    <l>If any come, <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> shal honour
him:</l>
    <l>If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres,</l>
    <l>The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth</l>
    <l>The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
    <l>This shall be told our Louers Lord Æneas</l>
    <l>If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,</l>
    <l>We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,</l>
    <l>And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,</l>
    <l>That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:</l>
    <l>If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,</l>
    <l>That one meets <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> if none else, Ile
be
    he.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
    <l>Tell him <hi rend="italic">of Nestor</hi>, one that was a
man</l>
    <l>When <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> Grandsire suckt: he is old
    now,</l>
    <l>But if there be not in our Grecian mould,</l>
    <l>One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire</l>
    <l>To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,</l>
    <l>Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,</l>
    <l>And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,</l>
    <l>And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady</l>
    <l>Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste</l>
    <l>As may be in the world: his youth in flood,</l>
    <l>Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
    <l>Now heauens forbid such scarsitie of youth.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
    <p>Amen.</p>
```

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
         <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
         <l>Faire Lord <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi>,</l>
         <l>Let me touch your hand:</l>
         <l>To our Pauillion shal I leade you first:</l>
         <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> shall haue word of this
intent,</l>
         <l>So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:</l>
         <l>Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,</l>
         <l>And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Vlysses, and,
         Nestor.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
         <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
         <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
         <l>What sayes <hi rend="italic">Vlysses?</hi>
</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
         <l>I haue a young conception in my braine,</l>
         <l>Be you my time to bring it to some shape.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
         <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
         <l>What is't?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vlysses.</speaker>
         <l>This 'tis:</l>
         <l>Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the seeded Pride</l>
         <l>That hath to this maturity blowne vp</l>
         <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">¶ 2</fw>
         <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">In</fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0596-0.jpg"/>
         <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <l>In ranke <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, must or now be
cropt,</l>
         <l>Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil</l>
         <l>To ouer-bulke vs all.</l>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
    <p>Wel, and how?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
    <l>This challenge that the gallant <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>
       sends,</l>
    <l>How euer it is spred in general name,</l>
    <l>Relates in purpose onely to <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
    <l>The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,</l>
    <l>Whose grossenesse little charracters summe vp,</l>
    <l>And in the publication make no straine,</l>
    <l>But that <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, were his braine as
       barren</l>
    <l>As bankes of Lybia, though (<hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi>
knowes)</l>
    <l>'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,</l>
    <l>I, with celerity, finde <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> purpose
</l>
    <l>Printing on him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
    <p>And wake him to the answer, thinke you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
    <l>Yes,'tis most meet; who may you else oppose</l>
    <l>That can from <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> bring his Honor
off,</l>
    <l>If not <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>; though't be a sportfull
       Combate,</l>
    <l>Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.</l>
    <l>For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute</l>
    <l>With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me <hi
rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>,</l>
    <l>Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd</l>
    <l>In this wilde action. For the successe</l>
    <l>(Although particular) shall giue a scantling</l>
    <l>Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:</l>
    <l>And in such Indexes although small prickes</l>
    <l>To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene</l>
    <l>The baby figure of the Gyant‐masse</l>
    <l>Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,</l>
    <l>He that meets <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, issues from our
       choyse;</l>
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    <l>And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,</l>
    <l>Make Merit her election, and doth boyle</l>
    <l>As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd</l>
    <l>Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,</l>
    <l>What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part</l>
    <l>To steele a strong opinion to themselues,</l>
    <l>Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,</l>
    <l>In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes</l>
    <l>Directiue by the Limbes.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
    <l>Giue pardon to my speech:</l>
    <l>Therefore 'tis meet, <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> meet not <hi
rend="italic">Hector:</hi>
    </l>
    <l>Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,</l>
    <l>And thinke perchance they'1 fell: If not,</l>
    <l>The luster of the better yet to shew,</l>
    <l>Shall shew the better. Do not consent,</l>
    <l>That euer <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi> meete:</l>
    <l>For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,</l>
    <l>Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
    <l>I see them not with my old eies: what are they?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
    <l>What glory our <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> shares from <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>,</l>
    <l>(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:</l>
    <l>But he already is too insolent,</l>
    <l>And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,</l>
    <l>Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes</l>
    <l>Should he scape <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> faire. If he were
       soyld,</l>
    <l>Why then we did our maine opinion crush</l>
    <l>In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,</l>
    <l>And by deuice let blockish <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>
draw</l>
    <l>The sort to fight with <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>: Among our
       selues,</l>
    <l>Giue him allowance as the worthier man,</l>
    <l>For that will physicke the great Myrmidon</l>
    <l>Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall</l>
    <l>His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.</l>
    <l>If the dull brainlesse <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> come safe
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off,</l>
<l>Wee'l dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Yet go we vnder our opinion still,</l>
<l>That we haue better men. But hit or misse,</l>
<l>Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> imploy'd, pluckes downe <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi> Plumes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
<speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
<l>Now <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>, I begin to rellish thy
aduice,</l>
<l>And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith</l>
<l>To <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>, go we to him
straight:</l>
<l>Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone</l>
<l>Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aiax, and
Thersites.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
<speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
<p rend="italic">Thersites?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
<speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer
<lb/>generally.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
<speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
<p rend="italic">Thersites?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
<speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
<p>And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the <lb/>General run,
were
not that a botchy core?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
<speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>

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        <p>Dogge.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-the">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
        <l>Then there would come some matter from him:</l>
        <l>I see none now.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
        <l>Thou Bitch‑Wolfes‑Sonne, canst <choice>
            <abbr>y̆</abbr>
            <expan>thou</expan>
          </choice> not heare?</l>
        <l>Feele then.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">strikes
him.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tro-the">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
        <p>The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel
<lb/>beefe‑witted
          Lord.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
        <p>Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will <lb/>beate thee
into
          handsomnesse.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-the">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
        <p>I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse: <lb/>but I thinke
          thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then <choice>
            <abbr>y̆</abbr>
            <expan>thou</expan>
          </choice>
          <lb/>learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst
          <lb/>thou? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
        <p>Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-the">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
        <p>Doest thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st <lb
rend="turnunder"/>
          <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>me thus?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
    <p>The Proclamation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
    <p>Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and <lb/>I had the
        scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-<lb/>som'st
        scab in Greece.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
    <p>I say the Proclamation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Thou grumblest &amp; railest euery houre on <hi
rend="italic">A-<lb/>chilles</hi> and thou art as ful of enuy at his
        greatnes, as <hi rend="italic">Cer-<lb/>berus</hi> is at <hi
rend="italic">Proserpina's</hi> beauty. I, that thou barkst at
        him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
    <p>Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Thou should'st strike him</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
    <p>Coblofe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as <lb/>A Sailor
        breakes a bisket.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
    <p>You horson Curre.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-the">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
   <p>Do, do.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
   <p>Thou stoole for a Witch.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
   <p>I, do, do, thou sodden‑witted Lord: thou hast <lb/>no more
      braine then I haue in mine elbows: An Asinico <lb/>may tutor
thee.
      Thou scuruy valiant Asse, thou art heere <lb/>but to thresh
Troyans,
      and thou art bought and solde a-<lb/>mong those of any wit,
      like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vfe <lb/>to beat me, I wil begin at
      thy heele and tel what thou art <lb/>by inches thou thing of no
      bowels thou.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
   <p>You dogge.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
   <p>You scuruy Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
   <p>You Curre.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
   <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do,
      do.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Achilles and
   Patroclus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
   <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
   <l>Why how now <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>? wherefore do you
this?</l>
   <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Thersites?</hi> what's the matter
man?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
   <p>You see him there, do you?</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>I, what's the matter.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>Nay looke vpon him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>So I do: what's the matter?</p>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
            <hi rend="italic">Ther.</hi>
        </fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0597-0.jpg"/>
        <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>Nay but regard him well.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>Well, why I do so.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who <lb/>some euer
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you take

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                him to be, he is <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>I know that foole.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
            <p>Therefore I beate thee.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>Lo, lo, lo, lo, what <hi rend="italic">modicumes</hi> of wit he
                vtters: his <lb/>euasions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his
                Braine <lb/>more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine
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Spar-<lb/>rowes for a peny, and his <hi
rend="italic">Piamater</hi> is not worth the ninth <lb/>part of a Sparrow.
This Lord (<hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>) <hi
rend="italic">Aiax</hi> who wears <lb/>his wit in his belly, and his guttes
in his head, Ile tell you <lb/>what I say of him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>What?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>I say this <hi rend="italic">Ajax</hi>   </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>Nay good <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>Has not so much wit.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>Nay, 1 must hold you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <l>As will stop the eye of <hi rend="italic">Helens</hi> Needle,
for
                whom <lb/>he comes to fight.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>Peace foole.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole <lb/>will not: he
                there, that he, looke you there.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
            <p>O thou damn'd Curre, I shall   </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <p>Will you set your wit to a Fooles.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
    <p>Good words <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <p>What's the quarrell?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
    <p>I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure <lb/>Of the
        Proclamation, and he sayles vpon me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <l>I serue thee not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
    <p>Well, go too, go too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>I serue heere voluntary.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <p>Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not vo-<lb/>luntary,
        no man is beaten voluntary: <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> was
heere
        the <lb/>voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>E'neso, a great deale of your wit too lies in your <lb/>sinnewes,
or
        else there be Liars, <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> shall haue a
        great <lb/>catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were
        as <lb/>good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <p>What with me to <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>There's <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>, and old <hi
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rend="italic">Nestor</hi>, whose Wit was <lb/>mouldy ere their Grandsires had
            nails on their toes, yoke <lb/>you like draft-<lb/>Oxen, and
            make you plough vp the warre.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
          <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
          <p>What? what?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
          <p>Yes good sooth, to <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, to <hi
rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, to   </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
          <p>I shall cut out your tongue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
          <l>'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou
<lb/>afterwards.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
          <p>No more words <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
          <p>I will hold my peace when <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
Brooch bids
            <lb/>me, shall I?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
          <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
          <l>There's for you <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
          <p>I wil see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come <lb/>any more to
your
            Tents; I will keepe where there is wit <lb/>stirring, and leaue the
            faction of fooles.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
          <p>A good riddance.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
          <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>

<l>Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,</l>
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> by the fift houre of the Sunne,</l>
<l>Will with a Trumpet,'twixt our Tents and Troy</l>
<l>To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,</l>
<l>That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare</l>
<l>Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
<speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
<p>Farewell? who shall answer him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
<speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
<l>I know not,'tis put to Lottry: otherwise</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>He knew his man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
<speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
<l>O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus,
Paris and Helenus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Pri.</speaker>
<l>After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,</l>
<l>Thus once againe sayes <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi>, from the Greekes,</l>
<l>Deliuer <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>, and all damage else</l>
<l>(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence,</l>
<l>Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd</l>
<l>In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)</l>
<l>Shall be stroke off. <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, what say you too't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
<speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
<l>Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I,</l>
<l>As farre as touches my particular: yet dread <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>,</l>
<l>There is no Lady of more softer bowels.</l>
<l>More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,</l>
<l>More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes</l>
<l>Then <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is: the wound of peace is

    surety,</l>
<l>Surety secure; but modest Doubt is cal'd</l>
<l>The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches</l>
<l>To'th'bottome of the worst. Let <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>
go,</l>

<l>Since the first sword was drawne about this question,</l>
<l>Euery thythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,</l>
<l>Hath bin as deere as <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>: I meane of
    ours:</l>
<l>If we haue lost so many tenths of ours</l>
<l>To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs</l>
<l>(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;</l>
<l>What merit's in that reason which denies</l>
<l>The yeelding of her vp.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
<l>Fie, fie, my Brother;</l>
<l>Weigh you the worth and h<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="absent"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#LMC"/>nour of a King</l>
<l>(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale</l>
<l>Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters Summe</l>
<l>The past proportion of his infinite,</l>
<l>And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,</l>
<l>With spannes and inches so diminutiue,</l>
<l>As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hns">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>No maruel though you bite so sharp at reasons,</l>
<l>You are so empty of them, should not our Father</l>
<l>Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,</l>
<l>Becaufe your speech hath none that tels him so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
<l>You are for dreames &amp; slumbers brother Priest</l>
<l>You furre your gloues with reason:here are your reasons</l>
<l>You know an enemy intends you harme,</l>
<l>You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,</l>
<l>And reason flyes the obiect of all harme.</l>
<l>Who maruels then when <hi rend="italic">Helenus</hi>
beholds</l>

<l>A Grecian and his sword, if he do set</l>
<l>The very wings of reason to his heeles:</l>
<l>Or like a starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,</l>
<l>And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,</l>

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    <l>Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor</l>
    <l>Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts</l>
    <l>With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,</l>
    <l>Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood deiect.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>Brother, she is not worth</l>
    <l>What she doth cost the holding.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>But value dwels not in particular will,</l>
    <l>It holds his estimate and dignitie</l>
    <l>As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,</l>
    <l>As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,</l>
    <l>To make the seruice greater then the God,</l>
    <l>And the will dotes that is inclineable</l>
    <l>To what infectiously it selfe affects,</l>
    <l>Without some image of th'affected merit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>I take to day a Wife, and my election</l>
    <l>Is led on in the conduct of my Will;</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">¶3</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">My</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0598-0.jpg"/>
    <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,</l>
    <l>Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores</l>
    <l>Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde</l>
    <l>(Although, my will distaste, what it elected)</l>
    <l>The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion</l>
    <l>To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.</l>
    <l>We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant</l>
    <l>When we haue spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands</l>
    <l>We do not throw in vnrespectue same,</l>
    <l>Because we now are full. It was thought meete</l>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> should do some vengeance on the
        Greekes;</l>
    <l>Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,</l>
    <l>The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) toke a Truce,</l>
    <l>And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,</l>
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    <l>And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,</l>
    <l>He brought, a Grecian Queen, whose youth &amp;
freshnesse</l>
    <l>Wrinkles <hi rend="italic">Apolloes</hi>, and makes stale the
      morning.</l>
    <l>Why keep we her? the Grecians keeps our Aunt?</l>
    <l>Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,</l>
    <l>Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,</l>
    <l>And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants,</l>
    <l>If you'l auouch,'twas wisedome <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>
went,</l>
    <l>(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)</l>
    <l>If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,</l>
    <l>(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,</l>
    <l>And cride inestimable; why do you now</l>
    <l>The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,</l>
    <l>And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?,</l>
    <l>Begger the estimation which you priz'd,</l>
    <l>Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!</l>
    <l>That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.</l>
    <l>But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,</l>
    <l>That in their Country did them that disgrace,</l>
    <l>We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassandra with her
haire
    about her eares.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tro-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
    <p>Cry <hi rend="italic">Troyans</hi>, cry.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-pri">
    <speaker rend="italic">Priam.</speaker>
    <p>What noyse? what shreeke is this?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
    <p>Cry Troyans.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <p>It is <hi rend="italic">Cassandra</hi>.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
    <l>Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,</l>
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    <l>And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>Peace sister, peace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
    <l>Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age &amp; wrinkled old,</l>
    <l>Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,</l>
    <l>Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes</l>
    <l>A moity of that masse of moane to come.</l>
    <l>Cry Troyans cry, practice your eyes with teares,</l>
    <l>Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,</l>
    <l>Our fire-brand Brother <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>burnes vs
        all.</l>
    <l>Cry Troyans cry, a <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> and a woe;</l>
    <l>Cry cry, Troy burnes, or else let <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>
        goe.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>Now youthfull <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, do not these hie
        strains</l>
    <l>Of diuination in our Sister, worke</l>
    <l>Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud</l>
    <l>So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,</l>
    <l>Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,</l>
    <l>Can qualifie the same?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Why Brother <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>,</l>
    <l>We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte</l>
    <l>Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,</l>
    <l>Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;</l>
    <l>Because <hi rend="italic">Cassandra's</hi> mad, her brainsicke
        raptures</l>
    <l>Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd</l>
    <l>To make it gracious. For my priuate part,</l>
    <l>I am no more touch'd, then all <hi rend="italic">Priams</hi>
        sonnes,</l>
    <l>And Ioue forbid there should be done among'st vs</l>
    <l>Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,</l>
    <l>To fight for, and maintaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-par">
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<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<l>Else might the world conuince of leuitie,</l>
<l>As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:</l>
<l>But I attest the gods, your full consent</l>
<l>Gaue wings to my propension, and cut off</l>
<l>All feares attending on so dire a proiect.</l>
<l>For what (alas) can these my single armes?</l>
<l>What propugnation is in one mans valour</l>
<l>To stand the push and enmity of those.</l>
<l>This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,</l>
<l>Were I alone to passe the difficulties,</l>
<l>And had as ample power, as I haue will,</l>
<l>
  <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> should ne're retract what he hath
  done,</l>
<l>Nor faint in the pursuite.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Pri.</speaker>
<l>
  <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, you speake Like one be-sotted
  on your sweet delights;</l>
<l>You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,</l>
<l>So to be valiant, is no praise at all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<l>Sir, I propose not meerely to my selfe,</l>
<l>The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:</l>
<l>But I would haue the soyle of her faire Rape</l>
<l>Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.</l>
<l>What Treafon were it to the ransack'd Queene,</l>
<l>Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,</l>
<l>Now to deliuer her possession vp</l>
<l>On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,</l>
<l>That so degenerate a straine as this,</l>
<l>Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?</l>
<l>There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,</l>
<l>Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,</l>
<l>When <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> is defended: nor none so
Noble,</l>
<l>Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd,</l>
<l>Where <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> is the subiect. Then (I
say)</l>
<l>Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,</l>
<l>The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
<speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
<l>
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<hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, you

haue both said well:</l>
<l>And on the cause and question now in hand,</l>
<l>Haue gloz'd, but superficially; not much</l>
<l>Vnlike young men, whom <hi rend="italic">Aristotle</hi> thought</l>

<l>Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.</l>
<l>The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce</l>
<l>To the hot passion of distemp'red blood,</l>
<l>Then to make vp a free determination</l>
<l>'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,</l>
<l>Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce</l>
<l>Of any true decision. Nature craues</l>
<l>All dues be rendred to their Owners: now</l>
<l>What neerer debt in all humanity,</l>
<l>Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law</l>
<l>Of Nature be corrupted through affection,</l>
<l>And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,</l>
<l>To their benummed wills resist the same,</l>
<l>There is a Law in each well‑ordred Nation,</l>
<l>To curbe those raging appetites that are</l>
<l>Most disobedient and refracturie.</l>
<l>If <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> then be wife to Sparta's King</l>

<l>(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes</l>
<l>Of Nature, and of Nation, speake alowd</l>
<l>To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist</l>
<l>In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,</l>
<l>But makes it much more heauie. <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> opinion</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Is</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0599-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,</l>
<l>My spritely brethren, I propend to you</l>
<l>In resolution to keepe <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> still;</l>
<l>For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,</l>
<l>Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
<speaker rend="italic">Tro.</speaker>
<l>Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:</l>
<l>Were it not glory that we more affected,</l>
<l>Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,</l>
<l>I would not wish a drop of <hi rend="italic">Troian</hi> blood,</l>

<l>Spent more in her defence. But worthy <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>,</l>

<l>She is a theame of honour and renowne,</l>
<l>A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,</l>
<l>Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,</l>
<l>And fame in time to come canonize vs.</l>
<l>For I presume braue <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> would not loose</l>
<l>So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,</l>
<l>As smiles vpon the fore‑head of this action,</l>
<l>For the wide worlds reuenew.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
<speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
<l>I am yours,</l>
<l>You valiant off‑spring of great <hi rend="italic">Priamus</hi>,</l>
<l>I haue a roisting challenge sent among'st</l>
<l>The dull and factous nobles of the Greekes,</l>
<l>Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,</l>
<l>I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,</l>
<l>Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:</l>
<l>This I presume will wake him.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter <hi rend="roman">Thersites</hi> solus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
<p>How now <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>? what lost in the Labyrinth
of thy <lb/>furie? shall the Elephant <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> carry it thus? he beates <lb/>me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it <lb/>were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd <lb/>at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but <lb/>Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, a rare Enginer. If <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi> be not taken till these two
<lb/>vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them-<lb/>selues. O thou great thunder‑darter of Olympus, forget <lb/>that thou art <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> the
King of gods; and <hi rend="italic">Mercury</hi>, loose <lb/>all the
Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not <lb/>that little little lesse then little wit from them that they <lb/>haue, which short‑arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so <lb/>abundant scarse, it will not in circumuention deliuer a <lb/>Flye from a

Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and <lb/>cutting the web:

after this, the vengeance on the whole <lb/>Camp, or rather the bone‑ach, for that me thinkes is the <lb/>curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue <lb/>said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho? <lb/>my Lord <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Patroclus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
<speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
<p>Who's there? <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>. Good <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi> come <lb/>in and raile.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
<speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
<p>If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, <lb/>Thou would'st not

haue slipt out of my contemplation, <lb/>but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe, The common <lb/>curse of mankind?, follie and

ignorance be thine in great <lb/>reuenew; heauen blesse thee from a

Tutor, and Discipline <lb/>come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy

direction till <lb/>thy death, then if (he that laies thee out sayes thou art a <lb/>faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer <lb/>shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's <hi rend="italic">Achilles?</hi>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
<speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
<l>What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
<speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
<l>I, the heauens heare me.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Achilles.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
<speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
<p>Who's there?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
<speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>, my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>

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<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <p>Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, <lb/>my digestion, Why
        hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my <lb/>Table, so many meales?
        Come, what's <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Thy Commander <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, then tell me <hi rend="italic">Patro-<lb/>clus</hi>, what's <hi rend="italic">Achilles?</hi>
    </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
    <p>Thy Lord <hi rend="italic">Thersites:</hi> then tell me I pray thee,
        <lb/>what's thy selfe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Thy knower <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>: then tell me <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>, <lb/>what art thou?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
    <l>Thou maist tell that know'st.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <l>O tell, tell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Ile declin the whole question: <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>
        com-<lb/>mands <hi rend="italic">Achilles, Achilles</hi> is
        my Lord, I am <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> know-<lb/>er,
        and <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> is a foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Patro.</speaker>
    <l>You rascall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ter.</speaker>
    <l>Peace foole, I haue not done.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
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                <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
                <l>He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede <hi
rend="italic">Thersites</hi>.</l>
              </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
                <p>
                  <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi> is a <hi rend="italic">foole,
                    Achilles</hi> is a foole, <hi
rend="italic">Ther-<lb/>sites</hi> is a foole, and as aforesaid, <hi
rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> is a foole.</p>
              </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
                <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
                <l>Deriue this? come?</l>
              </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
                <p>
                  <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi> is a foole to offer to
command <hi rend="italic">A-<lb/>chilles, Achilles</hi> is a foole to
                    be commanded of <hi rend="italic">Agamemon</hi>, <lb/>
                    <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi> is a foole to serue such a foole:
                    and <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> is a <lb/>foole positiue.</p>
              </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
                <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
                <l>Why am I a foole?</l>
              </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Agamemnon,
Vlisses.
                    Nestor, Diomedes, <lb/>Aiax, and Chalcas.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
                <p>Make that demand to the Creator it suffises me <lb/>thou art.
Looke
                    you, who comes here?</p>
              </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
                <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
                <p>
                  <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>, Ile speake with no body: come
in
                    <lb/>with me <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>.</p>
              </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
                <p>Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such <lb/>knauerie: all
the
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    argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a <lb/>good quarrel to draw
    emulation factions, and bleede to <lb/>death vpon: Now the dry
    Suppeago on the Subiect, and <lb/>Warre and Lecherie confound
    all.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
   <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
   <l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Achilles?</hi>
   </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
   <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
   <l>Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
   <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
   <l>Let it be knowne to him that we are here:</l>
   <l>He sent our Messengers, and we lay by</l>
   <l>Our appertainments visiting of him:</l>
   <l>Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke</l>
   <l>We dare not moue the question of our place,</l>
   <l>Or know not what we are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
   <p>I shall so say to him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>We saw him at the opening of his Tent,</l>
   <l>He is not sicke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
   <p>Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may <lb/>call it
      Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my <lb/>head, it is
      pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause? <lb/>A word my
      Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
   <p>What moues thus to bay at him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Achillis</hi> hath inueigled his Foole from
      him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
            <p>
                <hi rend="italic">Who, Thersites?</hi>
            </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
            <p>He.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
            <p>Then will <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> lacke matter, if he haue
lost
                his <lb/>Argument.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
            <p>No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-<lb/>ment <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
            <p>All the better, their fraction is more our wish <lb/>then their
                faction; but it was a strong counsell that a <lb/>Foole could
                disunite.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
            <p>The amitie that wisedome knits, not folly may <lb/>easily
vntie.</p>
            <stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter
Patroclus.</stage>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Here</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0600-0.jpg"/>
            <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <p>Here comes Patroclus.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
            <p>No <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> with him?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
            <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
            <l>The Elephant hath joynts, but none for curtesie:</l>
            <l>His legge are legs for necessitie, not for flight.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
            <speaker rend="italic">Patro.</speaker>
            <l>
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<hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> bids me say he is much sorry:</l>
<l>If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,</l>
<l>Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,</l>
<l>To call vpon him; he hopes is no other,</l>
<l>But for your health, and your digestion sake;</l>
<l>An after Dinners breath.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
<speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
<l>Heare you <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>:</l>
<l>We are too well acquainted with these answers:</l>
<l>But his euasion winged thus twist with scorne,</l>
<l>Cannot outflye our apprehensions.</l>
<l>Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,</l>
<l>Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,</l>
<l>Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,</l>
<l>Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glosse;</l>
<l>Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,</l>
<l>Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,</l>
<l>We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,</l>
<l>If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,</l>
<l>And vnder honest; in selfe‑assumption greater</l>
<l>Then in the note of iudgement: &amp; worthier then himselfe</l>
<l>Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,</l>
<l>Disguise the holy strength of their command:</l>
<l>And vnder write in an obseruing kinde</l>
<l>His humorous predominance, yea watch</l>
<l>His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if</l>
<l>The passage and whole carriage of this action</l>
<l>Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,</l>
<l>That if he ouerhold his price so much,</l>
<l>Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin</l>
<l>Not portable, lye vnder this report.</l>
<l>Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:</l>
<l>A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,</l>
<l>Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
<speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
<l>I shall, and bring his answere presently.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
<speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
<l>In second voyce weele not be satisfied,</l>
<l>We come to speake with him, <hi rend="italic">Vlisses</hi> enter you.</l>
</sp>

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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Vlisses.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
   <p>What is he more then another?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
   <p>No more then what he thinkes he is.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
   <p>Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes <lb/>himselfe a better
      man then I am?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ag.</speaker>
   <p>No question.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
   <l>Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ag.</speaker>
   <p>No, Noble <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, you are as strong, as valiant,
      as <lb/>wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
      <lb/>more tractable.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
   <p>Why should a man be proud? How doth pride <lb/>grow? I know not what
      it is.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
   <p>Your minde is the cleerer <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, and your
      vertues <lb/>the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride
      is his <lb/>owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and
      <lb/>what euer praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the
      <lb/>deede in the praise.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Vlysses.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
   <p>I do hate proud man, as I hate the ingendring <lb/>of Toades.</p>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
             <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
             <p>Yet he loues himself: is't not strange?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
             <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
             <p>
                <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> will not to the field to
morrow.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
             <speaker rend="italic">Ag.</speaker>
             <p>What's his excuse<hi rend="italic">?</hi>
</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
             <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
             <l>He doth relye on none,</l>
             <l>But carries on the streame of his dispose,</l>
             <l>Without obseruance or respect of any,</l>
             <cb n="2"/>
             <l>In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
             <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
             <l>Why, will he not vpon our Faire request,</l>
             <l>Vntent this person, and share the ayre with vs?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
             <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
             <l>Things small as nothing, fore requests sake onely</l>
             <l>He makes important; possest he is with greatnesse,</l>
             <l>And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride</l>
             <l>That quarrels at selfe‑breath. Imagin'd wroth</l>
             <l>Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,</l>
             <l>That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,</l>
             <l>Kingdome'd <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> in commotion
rages,</l>
             <l>And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?</l>
             <l>He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,</l>
             <l>Cry no recouery.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
             <speaker rend="italic">Ag.</speaker>
             <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> goe to him,</l>
             <l>Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;</l>
             <l>'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led</l>
             <l>At your request a little from himselfe.</l>
          </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
  <l>O <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>, let it not be so.</l>
  <l>Weele consecrate the steps that <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>
     makes.</l>
  <l>When they goe from <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>; shall the
     proud

     Lord,</l>
  <l>That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,</l>
  <l>And neuer suffers matter of the world,</l>
  <l>Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue</l>
  <l>And ruminate himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,</l>
  <l>Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?</l>
  <l>No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,</l>
  <l>Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,</l>
  <l>Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,</l>
  <l>As amply titled as <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> is: by going
     to
           <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>,</l>
  <l>That were to enlard his fat already, pride,</l>
  <l>And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes</l>
  <l>With entertaining great <hi rend="italic">Hiperion</hi>.</l>
  <l>This <choice>
          <abbr>L.</abbr>
          <expan>Lord</expan>
       </choice> goe to him? <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi> forbid,</l>
  <l>And say in thunder, <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> goe to
     him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
  <l>O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
  <l>And how his silence drinkes vp this applause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <l>If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him <lb/>ore the
     face.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ag.</speaker>
  <p>O no, you shall not goe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>And a be proud with me, Ile phese his pride: let <lb/>me goe to
     him.</p>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
         <l>Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
         <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
         <p>A paultry insolent fellow.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
         <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
         <p>How he describes himselfe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
         <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
         <p>Can he not be sociable?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
         <p>The Rauen chides blacknesse.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
         <speaker
rend="italic"><choice><orig>Ain</orig><corr>Aia</corr></choice>.</speaker>
         <p>Ile let his humours bloud.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
         <speaker rend="italic">Ag.</speaker>
         <l>He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-<lb/>tient.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
         <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
         <p>And all men were a my minde,</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
         <p>Wit would be out of fashion.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
         <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
         <p>A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords <lb/>first: shall
            pride carry it<hi rend="italic">?</hi>
</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
         <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
         <p>And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
         <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
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      <p>A would haue ten shares.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
   <p>I will knede him, He make him supple, hee's not <lb/>yet through

      warme.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
   <p>Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-<lb/>bition
      is dry.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>My <choice>
         <abbr>L.</abbr>
         <expan>Lord</expan>
      </choice> you seede too much on this dislike.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
   <p>Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
   <l>You must prepare to fight without <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme,</l>
   <l>Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,</l>
   <l>I will be silent.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
   <l>Wherefore should you so?</l>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">He</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0601-0.jpg"/>
   <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <l>He is not emulous, as <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> is.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
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        <p>A horson dog, that dial palter thus with vs, would he were a <hi
rend="italic">Troian</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
          <p>What a vice were it in <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> now   </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ulis.</speaker>
          <p>If he were proud.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
          <p>Or couetous of praise.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
          <p>I, or surley borne.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
          <p>Or strange, or selfe affected.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
          <speaker rend="italic">Vl.</speaker>
          <l>Thank the heauens <choice>
              <abbr>L.</abbr>
              <expan>Lord</expan>
            </choice> thou art of sweet composure;</l>
          <l>Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:</l>
          <l>Fame be thy Tutor, and thy part of nature</l>
          <l>Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;</l>
          <l>But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,</l>
          <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> deuide Eternity in twaine,</l>
          <l>And giue him halfe. and for thy vigour,</l>
          <l>Bull‑bearing <hi rend="italic">Milo</hi>: his addition
              yeelde</l>
          <l>To sinnowie <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>: I will not praise thy
              wisdome,</l>
          <l>Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines</l>
          <l>Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's <hi
rend="italic">Nestor</hi>
          </l>
          <l>Instructed by the Antiquary times:</l>
          <l>He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.</l>
          <l>But pardon Father <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi>, were your
days</l>
          <l>As greene as <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, and your braine so
              temper'd,</l>
          <l>You should not haue the eminence of him,</l>
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              <l>But be as <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
              <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
              <p>Shall I call you Father?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ulis.</speaker>
              <p>I my good Sonne.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
              <p>Be rul'd by him Lord <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
              <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
              <l>There is no tarrying here, the Hart <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
              </l>
              <l>Keepes thicket: please it our Generall,</l>
              <l>To call together all his state of warre,</l>
              <l>Fresh Kings are come to <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi>; to
morrow</l>
              <l>We must with all our maine of power stand fast:</l>
              <l>And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,</l>
              <l>And cull their flowre, <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> shall cope the
                 best.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ag.</speaker>
              <l>Goe we to Counsaile, let <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
sleepe;</l>
              <l>Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw
                 <lb/>deepe.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Musicke sounds
within.</stage>
              </div>
          </div>
          <div type="act" n="3" rend="notPresent">
              <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
              <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
              <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus and a
                 Seruant.</stage>
              <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                 <p>Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-<lb/>low the
                     yong Lord <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>?</p>
              </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <p>I sir, when he goes before me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>You depend vpon him I meane?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <p>Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must <lb/>needes praise
him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <p>The Lord be praised.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
   <p>You know me, doe you not?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <p>Faith sir, superficially.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
   <p>Friend know me better, I am the Lord <hi
rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <p>I hope I shall know your honour better.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
   <p>I doe desire it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <p>You are in the state of Grace?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
   <p>Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my <lb/>title:
What
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                    Musique is this?</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                 <p>I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
                 <p>Know you the Musitians.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                 <p>Wholly sir,</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
                 <p>Who play they to?</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                 <p>To the hearers sir.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
                 <p>At whose pleasur friend?</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                 <p>At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
                 <p>Command, I meane friend.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                 <p>Who shall I command sir?</p>
              </sp>
              <cb n="2"/>
              <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
                 <p>Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too <lb/>courtly,
and
                    thou art too cunning. At whose request doe <lb/>these men
play?</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
                 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
                 <p>That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request <lb/>of Paris
my <choice>
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<abbr>L.</abbr>
            <expan>Lord</expan>
        </choice> who's there in person; with him the mor-<lb/>tall
            <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi>, the heart bloud of beauty, loues
        inuisible <lb/>soule.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
        <p>Who? my Cosin <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
        <p>No Sir, <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>, could you not finde out that by
        <lb/>her attributes?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pa.</speaker>
        <p>It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the <lb/>Lady <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi>. I come to speake with <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> from the <lb/>Prince <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>: I will make a complementall assault vpon
        <lb/>him, for my businesse seethes.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
        <l>Sodden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Paris and Helena.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire com-<lb/>pany:
            faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them,
            <lb/>especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your
            <lb/>faire pillow.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <p>Deere <choice>
            <abbr>L.</abbr>
            <expan>Lord</expan>
        </choice> you are full of faire words.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: <lb/>faire
        Prince, here
        is good broken Musicke.</p>
    </sp>

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<sp who="#F-tro-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you <lb/>shall make it whole
  againe, you shall peece it out with a <lb/>peece of your
  performance. <hi rend="italic">Nel</hi>, he is full of
  harmony.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Truely Lady no.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>O sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Paris.</speaker>
  <l>Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <l>I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my</l>
  <l>Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, weele heare you <lb/>sing
  certainely.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, <lb/>but, marry thus my
  Lord, my deere Lord, and in oft estee-<lb/>med friend your
  brother <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi> hony sweete
  Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Go too sweete Queene, goe to <lb/>Commends himself most
  affectionately to you.</p>
</sp>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
       <p>You shall not bob vs out of our melody: <lb/>if you doe, out
          melancholly vpon your head.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
       <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
       <p>Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete <lb/>Queene I
          faith   </p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
       <p>And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
       <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
       <p>Nay, that shall not serue your turne that shall it <lb/>not in truth
          la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. <lb/>And my Lord he
          desires you, that if the King call for him <lb/>at Supper, you will
          make his excuse.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
       <p>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
       <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
       <l>What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very <lb/>sweete
Queene?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-par">
       <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
       <l>What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
       <p>Nay but my Lord?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
       <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
       <p>What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will <lb/>fall out with
          you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
       <p>You must not know where he sups.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-par">
       <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
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            <p>With my disposer <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your <lb/>disposer is
               sicke.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-par">
            <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
            <p>Well, Ile make excuse.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>I good my Lord: why should you say <hi
rend="italic">Cressida</hi>?
               <lb/>no your poore disposer's sicke.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-par">
            <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
            <p>I spie.</p>
         </sp>
         <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
            <hi rend="italic">Pan</hi>. You</fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0602-0.jpg"/>
         <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an <lb/>instrument now
               sweete Queene.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
            <p>Why this is kindely done?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you <lb/>haue sweete
               Queene.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
            <p>She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord <lb/>
               <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
            <l>Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are <lb/>twaine.</l>
```

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <p>Falling in after falling out, may make them three.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
      <p>Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing <lb/>you a song
        now.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <p>I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou <lb/>hast a fine
        fore‑head.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
      <p>I you may, you may.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <l>Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al.</l>
      <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Cupid, Cupid, Cupid</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
      <p>Loue? I that it shall yfaith.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
      <l>I, good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
      <l>In good troth it begins so.</l>
      <lg rend="italic center">
        <l>Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more: </l>
        <l>For O loues Bow,</l>
        <l>Shootes Bucke and Doe: </l>
        <l>The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,</l>
        <l>But tickles still the sore: </l>
        <l>These Louers cry, oh ho they dye; </l>
        <l>Yet that which seemes the wound to kill.</l>
        <l>Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he: </l>
        <l>So dying loue liues still,</l>
        <l>O ho a while, but ha ha ha,</l>
        <l>O ho grones out for ha ha ha   hey ho.</l>
      </lg>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
```

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        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <p>In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <p>He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds <lb/>hot bloud, and
            hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot <lb/>thoughts beget hot
            deedes, and hot deedes is loue.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot <lb/>thoughts, and hot
            deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a <lb/>generation of
            Vipers?</p>
        <l>Sweete Lord whose a field to day?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <p>
<hi rend="italic">Hector Deiphœbus, Helenus, Anthenor</hi>,
            and all the <lb/>gallantry of <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi>. I would
            faine haue arm'd to day, but <lb/>my <hi rend="italic">Nell</hi>
            would not haue it so.</p>
        <l>How chance my brother <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> went not?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <l>He hangs the lippe at something; you know all <lb/>Lord <hi rend="italic">Pandarus?</hi>
            </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <l>Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how <lb/>they sped to
            day:</l>
        <l>Youle remember your brothers excuse?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <p>To a hayre.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>Farewell sweete Queene.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
```

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                    <p>Commend me to your Neece.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>I will sweete Queene.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Sound a retreat.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-par">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                    <l>They're come from fielde: let vs to <hi
rend="italic">Priams</hi>
                        Hall</l>
                    <l>To greete the Warriers. Sweet <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>, I
must
                        woe you,</l>
                    <l>To helpe vnarme our <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>: his
stubborne
                        Buckles,</l>
                    <l>With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,</l>
                    <l>Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,</l>
                    <l>Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more</l>
                    <l>Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-hel">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
                    <l>'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant <hi
rend="italic">Paris</hi>:</l>
                    <l>Yea what he shall rcceiue of vs in duetie,</l>
                    <l>Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:</l>
                    <l>Yea ouershines our selfe.</l>
                    <l>Sweete aboue thought I loue thee.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
            </div>
            <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
                <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
                <cb n="2"/>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus and
Troylus
                    Man.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen <lb/>
                        <hi rend="italic">Cressidas</hi>?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-man">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Man.</speaker>
                    <p>No sir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.</p>
                </sp>
```

```xml
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>O here he comes: How now, how now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>Sirra walke off.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <p>Haue you seene my Cousin?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>No <hi rend="italic">Pandarus:</hi> I stalke about her
doore</l>
   <l>Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes</l>
   <l>Staying for waftage. O be thou my <hi
rend="italic">Charon</hi>,</l>
   <l>And giue me swift transportation to those fields,</l>
   <l>Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds</l>
   <l>Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle <hi
rend="italic">Pandarus</hi>,</l>
   <l>From <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> shoulder plucke his painted
      wings,</l>
   <l>And flye with me to <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
   <l>Walke here ith'Orchard, Ile bring her straight.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Pandarus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,</l>
   <l>Th'imaginary relish is so sweete.</l>
   <l>That it inchants my sence: what will it be</l>
   <l>When that the watry pallats taste indeede</l>
   <l>Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me</l>
   <l>Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fine,</l>
   <l>Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,</l>
   <l>For the capacitie of my ruder powers;</l>
   <l>I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,</l>
   <l>That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,</l>
   <l>As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes</l>
   <l>The enemy flying.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="enter">Enter Pandarus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>Shee's making her ready sheele come straight; you <lb/>must be
witty
                now, she does so blush, &amp; fetches her winde <lb/>so short,
as if
                she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it <lb/>is the
                prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a <lb/>new
                tane Sparrow.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Pand.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <l>Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:</l>
            <l>My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulse,</l>
            <l>And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,</l>
            <l>Like vass<gap extent="1"
             unit="chars"
             reason="absent"
             agent="uninkedType"
             resp="#LMC"/>lage at vnawares
                encountring</l>
            <l>The eye of Maiestie.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus and
            Cressida.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
            <p>Come, come, what neede you blush? <lb/>Shames a babie; here
she is
                now, sweare the oathes now <lb/>to her, that you haue sworne to
me.
                What are you gone a-<lb/>gaine, you must be watcht ere you be
                made tame, must <lb/>you? come your wayes, come your wayes,
and you
                draw <lb/>backward weele put you i'th fils: why doe you not
speak
                <lb/>to her? Come draw this curtaine &amp; let's see your
picture.
                <lb/>Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and
                <lb/>'twere darke you'ld close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse
                <lb/>the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee‐farme? build
                there <lb/>Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your
                <lb/>hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for
                <lb/>all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <p>You haue bereft me of all words Lady.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele <lb/>bereaue
you

        'oth' deeds too, if shee call your actiuity in <lb/>question: what
        billing againe? here's in witnesse where-<lb/>of the Parties
        interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go <lb/>get a fire?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <p>Will you walke in my Lord?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <p>O <hi rend="italic">Cressida </hi> how often haue I wisht me
            thus?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <p>Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <p>What should they grant? what makes this pret-<lb/>ty
            abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete La-<lb/>dy
            in the fountaine of our loue?</p>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
        <hi rend="italic">Cres</hi>. More</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0603-0.jpg"/>
    <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <l>More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <l>Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see <lb/>truely.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <l>Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe <lb/>footing,
            then blinde reason, stumbling without feare to <lb/>feare the
worst,

            oft cures the worse.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <l>Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,</l>
        <l>In all <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> Pageant there is presented
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no
                    monster.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
            <l>Not nothing monstrous neither?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <p>Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe <lb/>to weepe
seas, liue
                    in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; think-<lb/>ing it harder
                    for our Mistresse to deuise imposition <lb/>inough, then for vs to
                    vndergoe any difficultie imposed. <lb/>This is the monstruositie
in
                    loue Lady, that the will is in-<lb/>finite, and the execution
                    confin'd; that the desire is bound-<lb/>lesse, and the act a
                    slaue to limit.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
            <l>They say all Louers sweare more performance <lb/>then they are
able,
                    and yet reserue an ability that they <lb/>neuer performe: vowing
                    more then the perfection of ten; <lb/>and discharging lesse then
the
                    tenth pan of one. They <lb/>that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the
                    act of Hares: are <lb/>they not Monsters?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <p>Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we <lb/>are tasted,
                    allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare <lb/>till merit
crowne
                    it: no perfection in reuersion shall haue <lb/>a praise in present:
                    wee will not name desert before his <lb/>birth, and being borne
his
                    addition shall be humble: few <lb/>words to faire faith. <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi> shall be such to <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>, as
<lb/>what enuie can say worst, shall be a
                    mocke for his truth; <lb/>and what truth can speake truest, not
                    truer then <hi rend="italic">Troy-<lb/>lus</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
            <l>Will you walke in my Lord?</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center">Enter Pandarus.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>

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        <l>What blushing still? haue you not done talking <lb/>yet?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <l>Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate <lb/>to you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of <lb/>you, youle
giue
          him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, <lb/>chide me for
it.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tro.</speaker>
        <p>You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word <lb/>and my
firme
          faith.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred <lb/>though they
be
          long ere they are wooed, they are con-<lb/>stant being wonne:
          they are Burres I can tell you, they'le <lb/>sticke where they are
          throwne.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <p>Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee <lb/>heart: Prince
<hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, I haue lou'd you night and day, for
          <lb/>many weary moneths.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <p>Why was my <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> then so hard to
win<hi rend="italic">?</hi>
      </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <l>Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord</l>
        <l>With the first glance; that euer pardon me,</l>
        <l>If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:</l>
        <l>I loue you now, but not till now so much</l>
        <l>But I might maister it; infaith I lye:</l>
        <l>My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow</l>
        <l>Too head‑strong for their mother: see we fooles,</l>
        <l>Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs</l>
        <l>When we are so vnsecret to our selues?</l>
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    <l>But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,</l>
    <l>And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;</l>
    <l>Or that we women had mens priuiledge</l>
    <l>Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,</l>
    <l>For in this rapture I shall surely speake</l>
    <l>The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence</l>
    <l>Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Pretty yfaith.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,</l>
    <l>'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:</l>
    <l>I am asham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!</l>
    <l>For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>Your leaue sweete <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow mor-<lb/>ning.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>Pray you content you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>What offends you Lady?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>Sir, mine owne company.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>You cannot shun your selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>Let me goe and try:</l>
    <l>I, haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:</l>
    <l>But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,</l>
    <l>To be anothers foole. Where is my wit<hi rend="italic">?</hi>
</l>
    <l>I would be gone: I speake I know not what.</l>
  </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Well know they what they speake, that speakes <lb/>so
wisely.</l>
  </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
    <l>Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,</l>
    <l>And fell so roundly to a large confession,</l>
    <l>To Angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,</l>
    <l>Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,</l>
    <l>Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.</l>
  </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>O that I thought it could be in a woman:</l>
    <l>As if it can, I will presume in you,</l>
    <l>To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.</l>
    <l>To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,</l>
    <l>Out‑liuing beauties outward, with a minde</l>
    <l>That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:</l>
    <l>Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,</l>
    <l>That my integritie and truth to you,</l>
    <l>Might be affronted with the match and waight</l>
    <l>Of such a winnowed <choice>
        <orig>puriritie</orig>
        <corr>puritie</corr>
      </choice> in loue:</l>
    <l>How were I then vp‑lifted! but alas,</l>
    <l>I am as true, as truths simplicitie,</l>
    <l>And simpler then the infancie of truth.</l>
  </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cr<gap extent="1"
     unit="chars"
     reason="absent"
     agent="uninkedType"
     resp="#LMC"/>s.</speaker>
    <p>In that lle warre with you.</p>
  </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
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            <l>O vertuous fight,</l>
            <l>When right with right wars who shall be most right:</l>
            <l>True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come</l>
            <l>Approue their truths by <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, when
their
               rimes,</l>
            <l>Full of protest, of oath and big compare;</l>
            <l>Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,</l>
            <l>As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone:</l>
            <l>As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:</l>
            <l>As Iron to Adamant: as Ear<gap extent="1"
             unit="chars"
             reason="absent"
             agent="uninkedType"
             resp="#LMC"/>h to
               th'Center:</l>
            <l>Yet after all comparisons of truth,</l>
            <l>(As truths authenticke author to be cited)</l>
            <l>As true as <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, shall crowne vp the
               Verse,</l>
            <l>And sanctifie the numbers.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
            <speaker>Cres.</speaker>
            <l>Prophet may you be:</l>
            <l>If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,</l>
            <l>When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:</l>
            <l>When water drops haue worne the stones of <hi
rend="italic">Troy</hi>;</l>
            <l>And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;</l>
            <l>And mightie States characterlesse are grated</l>
            <l>To dustie nothing; yet let memory,</l>
            <l>From false to false, among false Maids in loue,</l>
            <l>Vpbraid my falsehood, when they 'aue said as false,</l>
            <l>As Aire, as Water. as Winde, as sandie earth;</l>
            <l>As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;</l>
            <l>Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;</l>
            <l>Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,</l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">As</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0604-0.jpg"/>
            <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <l>As false as <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
            <p>Go too, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it, Ile <lb/>be the
witnesse
               here I hold you hand: here my Cousins, <lb/>if euer you proue
false
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one to another, since I haue taken <lb/>such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers <lb/>betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call <lb/>them all Panders; let all constant men be <hi rend="italic">Troylusses</hi>, all <lb/>false women <hi rend="italic">Cressids</hi>, and all brokers betweene,

Panders: <lb/>say, Amen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
<p>Amen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
<speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
<p>Amen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
<p>Amen. <lb/>Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, be-<lb/>cause it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse <lb/>it to death: away.</p>
<l>And <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> grant all: tong‑tide Maidens heere,</l>
<l>Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Vlysses, Diomedes, Nestor.

Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalcas. Florish.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-cal">
<speaker rend="italic">Cal.</speaker>
<l>Now Princes for the seruice haue done you,</l>
<l>The aduantage of the time promps me aloud,</l>
<l>To call for recompence: appears it to your minde,</l>
<l>That through the fight I beare <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#LMC"/>n things to loue,</l>
<l>I haue abandon'd Troy, left my possession,</l>
<l>Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe,</l>
<l>From certaine and possest conueniences,</l>
<l>To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all</l>
<l>That time, acquaintance, custome and condition,</l>
<l>Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:</l>
<l>And here to doe you seruice am become,</l>

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      <l>As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.</l>
      <l>I doe beseech you, as in way of taste,</l>
      <l>To giue me now a little benefit:</l>
      <l>Out of those many registred in promise,</l>
      <l>Which you say, line to come in my behalfe.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
      <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
      <l>What would'st thou of vs Troian? make <lb/>demand?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-cal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cal.</speaker>
      <l>You haue a Troian prisoner, cal'd <hi
rend="italic">Anthenor</hi>,</l>
      <l>Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.</l>
      <l>Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore)</l>
      <l>Desir'd my <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> in right great
         exchange.</l>
      <l>Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this <hi
rend="italic">Anthenor</hi>,</l>
      <l>I know is such a wrest in their affaires;</l>
      <l>That their negotiations all must slacke,</l>
      <l>Wanting his mannage: and they will almost,</l>
      <l>Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of <hi
rend="italic">Priam</hi>,</l>
      <l>In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,</l>
      <l>And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence,</l>
      <l>Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done.</l>
      <l>In most accepted paine.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
      <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Diomedes</hi> beare him,</l>
      <l>And bring vs <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> hither: <hi
rend="italic">Calcas</hi> shall haue</l>
      <l>What he requests of vs: good <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>
      </l>
      <l>Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;</l>
      <l>Withall bring word, if <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> will
         tomorrow</l>
      <l>Be answer'd in his challenge <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> is
         ready.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
      <l>This shall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen</l>
      <l>Which I am proud to beare.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter <hi
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rend="roman">Achilles</hi> and <hi rend="roman">Patroclus</hi> in their
            Tent.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
      <l>
<hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> stands i'th entrance of his Tent;</l>
      <l>Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,</l>
      <l>As if he were forgot: and Princes all,</l>
      <l>Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him;</l>
      <l>I will come last,'tis like heele question me,</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?</l>
      <l>If so, I haue derision medicinable,</l>
      <l>To vse betweene your strangenesse and his pride,</l>
      <l>Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke;</l>
      <l>It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse</l>
      <l>To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees,</l>
      <l>Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
      <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
      <l>Weele execute your purpose, and put on</l>
      <l>A forme of strangenesse as we passe along,</l>
      <l>So doe each Lord, and either greete him not.</l>
      <l>Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,</l>
      <l>Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
      <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
      <l>What comes the Generall to speake with me?</l>
      <l>You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
      <l>What saies <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, would he ought
with
        vs?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
      <l>Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
      <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
      <p>No.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nes.</speaker>
      <p>Nothing my Lord.</p>
    </sp>

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<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
   <p>The better.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
   <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
   <p>Good day, good day.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <p>How doe you? how doe you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
   <speaker rend="italic">Achi.</speaker>
   <p>What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
   <p>How now <hi rend="italic">Patroclus?</hi>
   </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
   <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
   <p>Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
   <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Ha</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
   <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
   <p>Good morrow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
   <p>I, and good next day too.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
   <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
   <l>What meane these fellowes? know they not <lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
   <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
   <l>They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend</l>
   <l>To send their smiles before them to <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi>: </l>
      <l>To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.</l>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
        <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
        <l>What am I poore of late?</l>
        <l>'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,</l>
        <l>Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is</l>
        <l>He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,</l>
        <l>As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,</l>
        <l>Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer<hi
rend="italic">:</hi>
        </l>
        <l>And not a man for being simply man,</l>
        <l>Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours</l>
        <l>That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,</l>
        <l>Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:</l>
        <l>Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;</l>
        <l>The loue that leand on them as slippery too,</l>
        <l>Doth one plucke downe another, and together</l>
        <l>Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;</l>
        <l>Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy</l>
        <l>At ample point, all that I did possesse,</l>
        <l>Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out</l>
        <l>Something not worth in me such rich beholding,</l>
        <l>As they haue often giuen. Here is <hi
rend="italic">Vlisses</hi>,</l>
        <l>Ile interrupt his reading: how now <hi
rend="italic">Vlisses?</hi>
        </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
        <p>Now great <hi rend="italic">Thetis</hi> Sonne.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
        <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
        <p>What are you reading?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
        <l>A strange fellow here</l>
        <l>Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,</l>
        <l>How much in hauing, or without, or in,</l>
        <l>Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;</l>
        <l>Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:</l>
        <l>As when his vertues shining vpon others,</l>
        <l>Heare them, and they retort that heate againe</l>
        <l>To the first giuer.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
        <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
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<l>This is not strange <hi rend="italic">Vlisses</hi>:</l>
<l>The beautie that is borne here in the face,</l>
<l>The bearer knowes not but commends it selfe,</l>
<l>Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Salutes</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0605-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Salutes each other with each others forme.</l>
<l>For speculation turnes not to it selfe,</l>
<l>Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there</l>
<l>Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
<speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
<l>I doe not straine it at the position,</l>
<l>It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,</l>
<l>Who in his circumstance, expresly proues</l>
<l>That no may is the Lord of any thing,</l>
<l>(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)</l>
<l>Till he communicate his parts to others:</l>
<l>Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,</l>
<l>Till he behold them formed in th'applause,</l>
<l>Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate</l>
<l>The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,</l>
<l>Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe</l>
<l>His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,</l>
<l>And apprehended here immediately:</l>
<l>The vnknowne <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>;</l>
<l>Heauens what a man is there? a very Horse,</l>
<l>That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there <lb
rend="turnover"/>
<pc rend="turnover">(</pc>are.</l>
<l>Most abiect in regard, and deare in vse.</l>
<l>What things againe most deere in the esteeme,</l>
<l>And poore in worth: now shall we see tomorrow,</l>
<l>An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> renown'd? O heauens, what some
men
doe,</l>
<l>While some men leaue to doe!</l>
<l>How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,</l>
<l>Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:</l>
<l>How one man eates into anothers pride,</l>
<l>While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse</l>
<l>To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,</l>
<l>They clap the lubber <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> on the
shoulder,</l>
<l>As if his foote were on braue <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi>

brest,</l>
    <l>And great <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi> shrinking.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <l>I doe beleeue it:</l>
    <l>For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars,</l>
    <l>Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:</l>
    <l>What are my deedes forgot?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
    <l>Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,</l>
    <l>Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:</l>
    <l>A great siz'd monster of ingratitudes:</l>
    <l>Those scraps are good deedes past,</l>
    <l>Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,</l>
    <l>Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance. deere my Lord,</l>
    <l>Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang</l>
    <l>Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,</l>
    <l>In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,</l>
    <l>For honour trauels in a straight so narrow,</l>
    <l>Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path:</l>
    <l>For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,</l>
    <l>That one by one pursue; if you giue way,</l>
    <l>Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;</l>
    <l>Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,</l>
    <l>And leaue you hindmost:</l>
    <l>Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke,</l>
    <l>Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere</l>
    <l>Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,</l>
    <l>Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours:</l>
    <l>For time is like a fashionable Hoste,</l>
    <l>That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;</l>
    <l>And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flye,</l>
    <l>Graspes in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,</l>
    <l>And farewels goes out fighing: O let not vertue seeke</l>
    <l>Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,</l>
    <l>High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,</l>
    <l>Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all</l>
<cb n="2"/>
    <l>To enuious and calumniating time:</l>
    <l>One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:</l>
    <l>That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,</l>
    <l>Though they are made and moulded of things past,</l>
    <l>And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,</l>
    <l>More laud then guilt oredusted.</l>
    <l>The present eye praises the pres<gap extent="1"
     unit="chars"
     reason="absent"

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            agent="uninkedType"
            resp="#LMC"/>nt obiect:</l>
      <l>Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,</l>
      <l>That all the Greekes begin to worship <hi
rend="italic">Aiax</hi>; </l>
      <l>Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,</l>
      <l>Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,</l>
      <l>And still it might, and yet it may againe,</l>
      <l>If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe aliue,</l>
      <l>And case thy reputation in thy Tent;</l>
      <l>Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,</l>
      <l>Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselues,</l>
      <l>And draue great <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> to faction.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
      <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
      <l>Of this my priuacie,</l>
      <l>I haue strong reasons.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
      <l>But'gainst your priuacie</l>
      <l>The reasons are more potent and heroycall:</l>
      <l>'Tis knowne <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, that you are in
loue</l>
      <l>With one of <hi rend="italic">Priams</hi> daughters.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
      <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
      <p>Ha? knowne?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
      <l>Is that a wonder?</l>
      <l>The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,</l>
      <l>Knowes almost euery graine of Plutoes gold;</l>
      <l>Findes bottome in th'vncomprehensiue deepes;</l>
      <l>Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,</l>
      <l>Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:</l>
      <l>There is a mysterie (with whom relation</l>
      <l>Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State;</l>
      <l>Which hath an operation more diuine,</l>
      <l>Then breath or pen can giue expressure to:</l>
      <l>All the commerse that you haue had with Troy,</l>
      <l>As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.</l>
      <l>And better would it fit <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
much,</l>
      <l>To throw downe <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> then <hi
rend="italic">Polixena</hi>.</l>
      <l>But it must grieue yong <hi rend="italic">Pirhus</hi> now at
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                home,</l>
                <l>When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;</l>
                <l>And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,</l>
                <l>Great <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> sister did <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi> winne;</l>
                <l>But our great <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> brauely beate downe
                    him.</l>
                <l>Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake;</l>
                <l>The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.</l>
            </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
              <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
              <l>To this effect <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> haue I mou'd
you;</l>

              <l>A woman impudent and mannish growne,</l>
              <l>Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,</l>
              <l>In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;</l>
              <l>They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,</l>
              <l>And your great loue to me, restraines you thus:</l>
              <l>Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton <hi
rend="italic">Cupid</hi>
              </l>
              <l>Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,</l>
              <l>And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,</l>
              <l>Be shooke to ayrie ayre.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
              <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
              <p>Shall <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> fight with <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
              <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
              <p>I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
              <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
              <l>I see my reputation is at stake,</l>
              <l>My fame is shrowdly gored.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
              <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
              <l>O then beware:</l>
              <l>Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselues:</l>
              <l>Omission to doe what is necessary,</l>
              <l>Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,</l>
              <l>And danger like an ague subtly taints</l>
              <l>Euen then when we sit idely in the sunne.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
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              <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
              <l>Goe; call <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi> hither sweet <hi
rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>,</l>
              <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">¶ ¶</fw>
              <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Ile</fw>
              <pb facs="FFimg:axc0606-0.jpg"/>
              <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
              <cb n="1"/>
              <l>Ile send the foole to <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, and desire
him</l>

              <l>T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat</l>
              <l>To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,</l>
              <l>An appetite that I am sicke withall,</l>
              <l>To see great <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> in his weedes of
                 peace;</l>
              <stage rend="italic inline" type="enter">Enter Thersi.</stage>
              <l>To talke with him, and to behold his visage,</l>
              <l>Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.</l>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-tro-the">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
              <p>A wonder.</p>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
              <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
              <p>What?</p>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-tro-the">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
              <p>
                 <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> goes vp and downe the field, asking
for
                 <lb/>himselfe.</p>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
              <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
              <p>How so?</p>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-tro-the">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
              <p>Hee must fight singly to morrow with <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>,
                 <lb/>and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
                 <lb/>that he raues in saying nothing.</p>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
              <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
              <p>How can that be?</p>
           </sp>
           <sp who="#F-tro-the">
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              <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
              <p>Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a <lb/>stride and
a
                  stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no <lb/>Arithmatique
                  but her braine to set downe her recko-<lb/>ning: bites his
                  lip with a politique regard, as who should <lb/>say, there were
wit
                  in his head and twoo'd out; and so <lb/>there is: but it lyes as
                  coldly in him, as fire in a flint, <lb/>which will not shew without
                  knocking. The mans vn-<lb/>done for euer; for if <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi> breake not his necke
                  i'th'com-<lb/>bat, heele break't himselfe in
                  vaine‐glory. He knows <lb/>not mee: I said, good morrow <hi
rend="italic">Aiax</hi>; And he replyes, <lb/>thankes <hi
rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>. What thinke you of this man,
                  <lb/>that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very
                  <lb/>land‐fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of
                  o-<lb/>pinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a
                  leather <lb/>Ierkin.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
              <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
              <p>Thou must be my Ambassador to him <hi
rend="italic">Thersites</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-the">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
              <p>Who, I: why, heele answer nobody: he pro-<lb/>fesses not
                  answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares <lb/>his tongue in's
                  armes: I will put on his presence;let <hi
rend="italic">Pa-<lb/>troclus</hi> make his demands to me, you shall
                  see the Page-<lb/>ant of <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
              <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
              <p>To him <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>; tell him, I humbly
desire
                  the <lb/>valiant <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, to inuite the most
                  valorous <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, to come <lb/>vnarm'd to
my
                  Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his <lb/>person, of the
                  magnanimious and most illustrious, sixe or <lb/>seauen times
                  honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian <lb/>Armie <hi
rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>, &amp;c. doe this.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
              <speaker rend="italic">Patro.</speaker>
              <p>
                  <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> blesse great <hi
rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
           <p>Hum.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
           <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
           <p>I come from the worthy <hi rend="italic">
           <choice>
                    <orig>Aehilles</orig>
                    <corr>Achilles</corr>
              </choice>
        </hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
           <p>Ha?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
           <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
           <p>Who most humbly desires you to inuite <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>
                 <lb/>to his Tent.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
           <p>Hum.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
           <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
           <p>And to procure safe conduct from <hi
rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
           <p>
              <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon?</hi>
           </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
           <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
           <p>I my Lord.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
           <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
           <p>Ha?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
           <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
           <p>What say you too't.</p>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-the">
             <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
             <p>God buy you with all my heart.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
             <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
             <p>Your answer sir.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-the">
             <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
             <p>If tomorrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke <lb/>it will goe
one
                way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for <lb/>me ere he has
me.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
             <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
             <p>Your answer sir.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-the">
             <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
             <p>Fare you well withall my heart.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
             <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
             <p>Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-the">
             <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
             <p>No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will <lb/>be in him
when
                   <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> has knockt out his braines, I
know
                <lb/>not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler <hi
rend="italic">Apollo</hi> get his <cb n="2"/>
                <lb/>sinewes to make catlings on.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
             <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
             <l>Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him <lb/>straight.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-the">
             <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
             <p>Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the <lb/>more
capable
                creature.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
             <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
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                <l>My minde is troubled like a Fountains stir'd,</l>
                <l>And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
                <p>Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere <lb/>againe,
that I
                    might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a <lb/>Ticke in a
Sheepe,
                    then such a valiant ignorance.</p>
            </sp>
        </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="4" rend="notPresent">
        <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter at one doore Æneas
                with a Torch, at another <lb/>Paris, Diephœbus, Anthenor, Diomed
                the <lb/>Grecian, with Torches.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tro-par">
                <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                <p>See hoa, who is that there?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-die">
                <speaker rend="italic">Dieph.</speaker>
                <p>It is the Lord <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi>
                </p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                <l>Is the Prince there in person?</l>
                <l>Had I so good occasion to lye long</l>
                <l>As you Prince <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, nothing but
heauenly
                    businesse,</l>
                <l>Should rob my bed‐mate of my company.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
                <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
                <p>That's my minde too: good morrow Lord <lb/>
            <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-par">
                <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                <l>A valiant Greeke <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> take his
                    hand,</l>
                <l>Witnesse the processe of your speech within;</l>
                <l>You told how <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi> in a whole weeke
by
                    dayes</l>
```

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        <l>Did haunt you in the Field.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
        <l>Health to you valiant sir,</l>
        <l>During all question of the gentle truce:</l>
        <l>But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,</l>
        <l>As heart can thinke, or courage execute.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
        <l>The one and other <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi> embraces,</l>
        <l>Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:</l>
        <l>But when contention, and occasion meetes,</l>
        <l>By <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>, Ile play the hunter for thy
life,</l>
        <l>With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
        <l>And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye</l>
        <l>With his face backward, in humaine gentlenesse:</l>
        <l>Welcome to Troy; now by <hi rend="italic">Anchises</hi>
life,</l>
        <l>Welcome indeede; by <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> hand I
sweare,</l>
        <l>No man aliue can loue in such a sort,</l>
        <l>The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
        <l>We simpathize. <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> let <hi
rend="italic">Æneas</hi> liue</l>
        <l>(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)</l>
        <l>A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,</l>
        <l>But in mine emulous honor let him dye:</l>
        <l>With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
        <p>We know each other well.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
        <p>We doe, and long to know each other worse.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <l>This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting;</l>
        <l>The noblest hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.</l>
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    <l>What businesse Lord so early?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
    <p>I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <l>His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek</l>
    <l>To <hi rend="italic">Calchas</hi> house; and there to render him,</l>
    <l>For the enfreed <hi rend="italic">Anthenor</hi>, the faire <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>: </l>
    <l>Lets haue your company; or if you please,</l>
    <l>Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke</l>
    <l>(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)</l>
    <l>My brother <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> lodges there to night.</l>
    <l>Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,</l>
    <l>With the whole quality whereof, I feare</l>
    <l>We shall be much vnwelcome.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
    <l>That I assure you;</l>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> had rather Troy were borne to Greece,</l>
    <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> borne from Troy.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
    <hi rend="italic">Par</hi>. There</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0607-0.jpg"/>
  <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-tro-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <l>There is no helpe:</l>
    <l>The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so</l>
    <l>On Lord, weele follow you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
    <p>Good morrow all.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Æneas</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tro-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <l>And tell me noble <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>; faith tell me true,</l>
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    <l>Euen in the soule of sound good fellowship,</l>
    <l>Who in your thoughts merits faire <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>
        most?</l>
    <l>My selfe, or <hi rend="italic">Menelaus?</hi></l>
</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
    <l>Both alike.</l>
    <l>He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,</l>
    <l>Not making any scruple of her soylure,</l>
    <l>With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.</l>
    <l>And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,</l>
    <l>Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,</l>
    <l>With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:</l>
    <l>He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp</l>
    <l>The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:</l>
    <l>You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,</l>
    <l>Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:</l>
    <l>Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,</l>
    <l>But he as he, which heauier for a whore.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <l>You are too bitter to your country‐woman.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
    <l>Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me <hi
rend="italic">Paris</hi>,</l>
    <l>For euery false drop in her baudy veines,</l>
    <l>A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple</l>
    <l>Of her contaminated carrion weight,</l>
    <l>A Troian hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,</l>
    <l>She hath not giuen so many good words breath,</l>
    <l>As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <l>Faire <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>, you doe as chapmen
doe,</l>
    <l>Dis praise the thing that you desire to buy:</l>
    <l>But we in silence hold this vertue well;</l>
    <l>Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.</l>
    <l>Here lyes our way,</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
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<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus and
   Cressida.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;</l>
   <l>He shall vnbolt the Gates.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>Trouble him not:</l>
   <l>To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,</l>
   <l>And giue as soft attachment to thy sences,</l>
   <l>As Infants empty of all thought.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>Good morrow then.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>I prithee now to bed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>Are you a weary of me?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>O <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi>! but that the busie day</l>
   <l>Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,</l>
   <l>And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:</l>
   <l>I would not from thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>Night hath beene too briefe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she <lb
rend="turnover"/>
      <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>stayes,</l>
   <l>As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of loue,</l>
   <l>With wings more momentary, swift then thought:</l>
   <l>You will catch cold, and curse me.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;</l>
    <l>O foolish <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>, I might haue still held
        off,</l>
    <l>And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
    <stage type="delivery" rend="inline italic">within.</stage>
    <p>What's all the doores open here?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>It is your Vnckle.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking: <lb/>I shall haue
        such a
        life.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <l>How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?</l>
    <l>Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin <hi
rend="italic">Cressid?</hi>
        </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>You bring me to doo   and then you floute me too.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <l>To do what? to do what? let her say what:</l>
    <l>What haue I brought you to doe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be <lb/>good, nor
        suffer
        others.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore <hi
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rend="italic">Chipochia</hi>,
                              hast <lb/>not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
                              <lb/>sleepe:a bug‑beare take him. <hi rend="italic inline">One knocks</hi>.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                         <p>Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'<lb/>head. Who's that at
                              doore? good Vnckle goe and see.</p>
                         <l>My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:</l>
                         <l>You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.</l>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
                         <p>Ha, ha.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Cre.</speaker>
                         <l>Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing.</l>
                         <l>How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. <hi rend="italic inline">Knocke</hi>.</l>
                         <l>I would not for halfe <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi> haue you seene
                              here.</l>
                      </sp>
                      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
                      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                         <p>Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate <lb/>downe the doore?
                              How now, what's the matter?</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                         <p>Good morrow Lord, good morrow.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                         <p>Who's there my Lord <hi rend="italic">Æneas?</hi> by my troth
                              I <lb/>knew you not: what newes with you so early?</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                         <p>Is not Prince <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> here?</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                         <p>Here? what should he doe here?</p>

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                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                    <l>Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:</l>
                    <l>It doth import him much to speake with me.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                    <p>Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be <lb/>sworne:
For my
                        owne part I came in late: what should <lb/>he doe here?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                    <p>Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him <lb/>wrong, ere
y'are ware:
                        youle be so true to him, to be <lb/>false to him: Doe not you
know
                        of him, but yet goe fetch <lb/>him hither, goe.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
                    <p>How now, what's the matter?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                    <l>My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,</l>
                    <l>My matter is so rash: there is at hand,</l>
                    <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> your brother, and <hi
rend="italic">Deiphœbus</hi>,</l>
                    <l>The Grecian <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">our
                        Anthenor</hi>
                    </l>
                    <l>Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth‑with,</l>
                    <l>Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre.</l>
                    <l>We must giue vp to <hi rend="italic">Diomeds</hi> hand</l>
                    <l>The Lady <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
                    <p>is it concluded so?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                    <l>By <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>, the generall state of <hi
rend="italic">Troy</hi>.</l>
                    <l>They are at hand ready to effect it.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
          <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
          <l>How my atchieuements mocke me;</l>
          <l>I will goe meete them: and my Lord <hi
rend="italic">Æneas</hi>
          </l>
          <l>We met by chance; you did not finde me here.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
          <speaker rend="italic">Æn.</speaker>
          <l>Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature</l>
          <l>Haue not more gift in taciturnitie.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus and
          Cressid.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
          <p>Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell <lb/>take <hi
rend="italic">Anthenor;</hi> the yong Prince will goe mad: a
              plague <lb/>vpon <hi rend="italic">Anthenor</hi>; I would they
had

              brok's necke.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
          <p>How now? what's the matter? who was here?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
          <p>Ah, ha!</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
          <p>Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord? <lb/>gone? tell
me sweet
              Vnckle, what's the matter?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
          <p>Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am <lb/>aboue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
          <p>O the gods! what's the matter?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
          <p>Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been <lb/>borne; I
```

knew

    thou would'st be his death. O poore? Gen-<lb/>tleman: a
    plague vpon <hi rend="italic">Anthenor</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre"> ¶g2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Cres</hi>. Good</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0608-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <p>Good Vnckle beseech you, on my knees, I be-<lb/>seech you
    what's the matter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; <lb/>thou art

chang'd for

    <hi rend="italic">Anthenor:</hi> thou must to thy Father,
   <lb/>and be gone from <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>: 'twill be

his

    death: 'twill be <lb/>his baine, he cannot beare it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <p>O you immortall gods! I will not goe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>Thou must.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
  <l>I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:</l>
  <l>I know no touch of consanguinitie:</l>
  <l>No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,</l>
  <l>As the sweet <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>: O you gods

diuine!</l>

  <l>Make <hi rend="italic">Cressids</hi> name the very crowne of
    falsehood!</l>
  <l>If euer she leaue <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>: time, orce and
    death,</l>
  <l>Do to this body what extremitie you can;</l>
  <l>But the strong base and building of my loue,</l>
  <l>Is as the very Center of the earth,</l>
  <l>Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>

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        <p>Doe, doe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <l>Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised <lb/>cheekes,</l>
        <l>Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart</l>
        <l>With sounding <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>. I will not goe
from <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Paris, Troylus,
        Æneas, Deiphebus, An-<lb/>thenor and Diomedes.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tro-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <l>It is great morning, and the houre prefixt</l>
        <l>Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke</l>
        <l>Comes fast vpon: good my brother <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi>,</l>
        <l>Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,</l>
        <l>And hast her to the purpose.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <l>Walke into her house:</l>
        <l>Ile bring her to the Grecian presently;</l>
        <l>And to his hand, when I deliuer her,</l>
        <l>Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi>
        </l>
        <l>A Priest, there offring to it his heart.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <l>I know what 'tis to loue,</l>
        <l>And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.</l>
        <l>Please you walke in, my Lords.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus and
        Cressid.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
        <p>Be moderate, be moderate.</p>
      </sp>
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            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                <l>Why tell you me of moderation?</l>
                <l>The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,</l>
                <l>And no lesse in a sense as strong</l>
                <l>As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?</l>
                <l>If I could temporise with my affection,</l>
                <l>Or brew it to a weake arid colder pallat,</l>
                <l>The like alaiment could I giue my griefe:</l>
                <l>My loue admits no qualifying crosse; <stage rend="italic
inline">Enter Troylus.</stage>
                </l>
                <l>No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                <p>Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                <p>O <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi>!</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
                <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
                <p>What a paire of spectacles is here? let me em-<lb/>brace too:
                    oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, hea-<lb/>uie
                    heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he <lb/>answers
                    againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by <lb/>friendship,
                    nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime; <lb/>let vs cast
away
                    nothing, for we may liue to haue neede <lb/>of such a Verse: We
see
                    it, we see it: how now Lambs?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
                <l>
                    <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>: I loue thee in so strange a
                    puritie;</l>
                <l>That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,</l>
                <l>More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which</l>
                <l>Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                <p>Haue the gods enuie?</p>
            </sp>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
```

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      <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
      <p>I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
      <l>And is it true, that I must goe; from Troy?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
      <p>A hatefull truth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
      <p>What, and from <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> too?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
      <p>From Troy, and <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
      <p>Ist possible?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
      <l>And sodainely, where iniurie of chance</l>
      <l>Puts backe leaue‑taking, iustles roughly by</l>
      <l>All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips</l>
      <l>Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents</l>
      <l>Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,</l>
      <l>Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.</l>
      <l>We two, that with so many thousand sighes</l>
      <l>Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,</l>
      <l>With the rude breuitie and discharge of our</l>
      <l>Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste</l>
      <l>Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.</l>
      <l>As many farwels as be stars in heauen,</l>
      <l>With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,</l>
      <l>He fumbles vp into a loose adiew;</l>
      <l>And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,</l>
      <l>Distasting with the salt of broken teares.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Æneas.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aen">
      <speaker>Æneas.</speaker>
      <stage type="delivery" rend="inline italic">within.</stage>
      <p>My Lord, is the Lady ready?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
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    <l>Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so</l>
    <l>Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.</l>
    <l>Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
    <p>Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, <lb/>or my heart will
        be blowne vp by the root.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>I must then to the Grecians?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>No remedy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>A wofull <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> mong'st the merry
        Greekes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
<note type="editorial" resp="#LMC">Conventionally this speech is
given to Cressida.</note>
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>When shall we see againe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Nay, we must vse expostulation kindely,</l>
    <l>For it is parting from vs:</l>
    <l>I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:</l>
    <l>For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe,</l>
    <l>That there's no maculation in thy heart:</l>
    <l>But be thou true, say I, to fashion in</l>
    <l>My sequent protestation: be thou true,</l>
    <l>And I will see thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
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    <l>O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers</l>
    <l>As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>And Ile grow friend with danger;</l>
    <l>Weare this Sleeue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>And you this Gloue.</l>
    <l>When shall I see you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,</l>
    <l>To giue thee nightly visitation.</l>
    <l>But yet be true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>O heauens: be true againe?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Heare why I speake it; Loue:</l>
    <l>The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,</l>
    <l>Their louing well compos'd, with guist of nature,</l>
    <l>Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:</l>
    <l>How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.</l>
    <l>Alas, a kinde of godly iealousie;</l>
    <l>Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:</l>
    <l>Makes me affraid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>O heauens, you loue me not!</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Dye I a villaine then:</l>
    <l>In this I doe not call your faith in question</l>
    <l>So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,</l>
    <l>Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor sweeten talke;</l>
    <l>Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all;</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0609-0.jpg"/>
    <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:</l>
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        <l>But I can tell that in each grace of these,</l>
        <l>There Iurkes a still and dumb‑discoursiue diuell,</l>
        <l>That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <p>Doe you thinke I will:</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <l>No, but something may be done that we wil not:</l>
        <l>And sometimes we are diuels to our selues,</l>
        <l>When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,</l>
        <l>Presuming on their changefull potencie.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æneas</speaker>
        <stage type="delivery" rend="inline italic">within.</stage>
        <p>Nay, good my Lord?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <p>Come kisse, and let vs part.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Paris</speaker>
        <stage type="delivery" rend="inline italic">within.</stage>
        <p>Brother <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <l>Good brother come you hither,</l>
        <l>And bring <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> and the Grecian with
          you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
        <p>My Lord, will you be true?</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <l>Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:</l>
        <l>Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,</l>
        <l>I, with great truth, catch mere simplicitie;</l>
        <l>Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,</l>
        <l>With truth and plainnesse I doe; weare mine bare:</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
Greekes.</stage>
        <l>Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit</l>
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        <l>Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.</l>
        <l>Welcome sir <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>, here is the
Lady</l>
        <l>Which for <hi rend="italic">Antenor</hi>, we deliuer you.</l>
        <l>At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,</l>
        <l>And by the way possesse thee what she is.</l>
        <l>Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,</l>
        <l>If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,</l>
        <l>Name <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>, and thy life shall be as
            safe</l>
        <l>As <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi> is in Illion<hi
rend="italic">?</hi>
        </l>
      </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
        <l>Faire Lady <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>,</l>
        <l>So please you saue the thankes this Prince expects:</l>
        <l>The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,</l>
        <l>Pleades your faire visage, and to <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>
        </l>
        <l>You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <l>Grecian, thou do'st not vse me curteously,</l>
        <l>To shame the seale of my petition towards,</l>
        <l>I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:</l>
        <l>Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,</l>
        <l>As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her seruant:</l>
        <l>I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:</l>
        <l>For by the dreadfull <hi rend="italic">Pluto</hi>, if thou do'st
            not,</l>
        <l>(Though the great bulke <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> be thy
            guard)</l>
        <l>Ile cut thy throate.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
        <l>Oh be not mou'd Prince <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>;</l>
        <l>Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and message,</l>
        <l>To be a speaker free? when I am hence,</l>
        <l>Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;</l>
        <l>Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth</l>
        <l>She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;</l>
        <l>Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
        <l>Come to the Port. Ile tell thee <hi
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rend="italic">Diomed</hi>,</l>
                    <l>This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:</l>
                    <l>Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,</l>
                    <l>To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sound Trumpet.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-par">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                    <p>Harke, <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> Trumpet.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                    <l>How haue we spent this morning</l>
                    <l>The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,</l>
                    <l>That swore to ride before him in the field.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-par">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                    <p>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> fault: come, come, to field
with
                        him.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
                    <p>Let vs make ready straight.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
                    <l>Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie</l>
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <l>Let vs addresse to tend on <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi>
heeles:</l>
                    <l>The glory of our <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi> doth this day
lye</l>
                    <l>On his faire worth, and single Chiualrie.</l>
                </sp>
            </div>
            <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
                <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aiax armed,
Achilles,
                    Patroclus, Agamemnon, <lb/>Menelaus, Vlisses, Nestor, Calcas,
                    &amp;c.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
                    <l>Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,</l>
                    <l>Anticipating time. With starting courage,</l>
                    <l>Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy</l>
                    <l>Thou dreadfull <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, that the appauled
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aire</l>
        <l>May pierce the head of the great Combatant,</l>
        <l>And hale him hither.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
        <l>Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse;</l>
        <l>Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:</l>
        <l>Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke</l>
        <l>Out‑swell the collicke of puft <hi
rend="italic">Aquilon</hi>:</l>
        <l>Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:</l>
        <l>Thou blowest for <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
        <p>No Trumpet answers,</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
        <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
        <p>'Tis but early dayes.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
        <p>Is not yong <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi> with <hi
rend="italic">Calcas</hi> daughter?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
        <l>Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,</l>
        <l>He rises on the toe: that spirit of his</l>
        <l>In aspiration lifts him from the earth.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
        <p>Is this the Lady <hi rend="italic">Cressid?</hi>
        </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
        <p>Euen she.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
        <p>Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete <lb/>Lady.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
        <l>Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.</l>
      </sp>

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<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ulis.</speaker>
    <p>Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere bet-<lb/>ter she
        were kist in generall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
    <p>And very courtly counsel: Ile begin. So much <lb/>for <hi
rend="italic">Nestor</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <l>Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady</l>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> bids you welcome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <p>I had good argument for kissing once.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Patro.</speaker>
    <l>But that's no argument for kissing now;</l>
    <l>For thus pop't <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> in his hardiment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
    <l>Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,</l>
    <l>For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Patro.</speaker>
    <l>Ihe first was <hi rend="italic">Menelaus</hi> kisse, this
mine:</l>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> kisses you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Oh this is trim.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> and I kisse euermore for him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-men">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
    <l>Ile haue my kisse sir: Lady by your leaue.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>In kissing doe you render, or receiue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
   <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
   <l>Both take and giue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>Ile make my match to liue,</l>
   <l>The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no
      <lb/>kisse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
   <l>Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
   <l>An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>No, <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> is not; for you know 'tis
true,</l>
   <l>That you are odde, and he is euen with you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-men">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
   <l>You fillip me a'th'head.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>No, Ile be sworne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>It were no match, your naile against his horne:</l>
   <l>May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>You may.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Ulis.</speaker>
    <l>I doe desire it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>Why begge then?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
    <l>Why then for <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> sake, giue me a
kisse:</l>
    <l>When <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> is a maide againe, and
       his   </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre"> ¶g3</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
    <hi rend="italic">Vlis</hi>. Neuer's</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0610-0.jpg"/>
  <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
    <l>Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
    <l>Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
    <l>A woman of quicke sence.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
    <l>Fie, fie, vpon her:</l>
    <l>Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;</l>
    <l>Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out</l>
    <l>At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:</l>
    <l>Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,</l>
    <l>That giue a coasting welcome <choice>
        <orig>ete</orig>
        <corr>ere</corr>
      </choice> it comes;</l>
    <l>And wide vnclaspe the tables of their thoughts,</l>
    <l>To euery tickling reader: set them downe,</l>
    <l>For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;</l>
```

```xml
            <l>And daughters of the game.</l>
          </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">
       <choice>
            <orig>Exennt</orig>
            <corr>Exeunt</corr>
         </choice>.</stage>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter all of Troy, Hector,
Paris,
            Æneas Helenus <lb/>and Attendants. Florish.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tro-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <p>The Troians Trumpet.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
            <p>Yonder comes the troope.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
            <l>Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done</l>
            <l>To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,</l>
            <l>A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights</l>
            <l>Shall to the edge of all extremitie</l>
            <l>Pursue each other; or shall be diuided</l>
            <l>By any voyce, or order of the field: <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>
                bad aske?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
            <p>Which way would <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> haue it?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
            <p>He cares not, heele obey conditions.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
            <l>'Tis done like <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, but securely
done,</l>
            <l>A little proudly, and great deale disprising</l>
            <l>The Knight oppos'd.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
            <p>If not <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> sir, what is your
name?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
```

```
        <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
        <p>If not <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, nothing.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
        <l>Therefore <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>: but what ere, know
           this,</l>
        <l>In the extremity of great and little:</l>
        <l>Valour and pride excell themselues in <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>;</l>
        <l>The one almost as infinite as all;</l>
        <l>The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:</l>
        <l>And that which lookes like pride, is curtesie:</l>
        <l>This <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> is halfe made of <hi
rend="italic">Hectors</hi> bloud;</l>
        <l>In loue whereof, halfe <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> staies at
           home:</l>
        <l>Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>,
comes
           to seeke</l>
        <l>This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
        <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
        <p>A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
        <l>Here is sir, <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>: goe gentle
Knight,</l>
        <l>Stand by our <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>: as you and Lord <hi
rend="italic">Æneas</hi>
           </l>
        <l>Consent vpon the order of their fight,</l>
        <l>So be it: either to the vttermost,</l>
        <l>Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,</l>
        <l>Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
        <l>They are oppos'd already.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
        <l>What Troian is that same that lookes so heauy?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
        <l>The yongest Sonne of <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>;</l>
        <l>A true Knight; they call him <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>;</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Not yet mature, yet m<gap extent="1"
     unit="chars"
     reason="illegible"
     agent="partiallyInkedType"
     resp="#LMC"/>tchlesse, firme of
      word,</l>
    <l>Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;</l>
    <l>Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;</l>
    <l>His heart and hand both open, and both free:</l>
    <l>For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes;</l>
    <l>Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,</l>
    <l>Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:</l>
    <l>Manly as <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, but more
dangerous;</l>
    <l>For <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> in his blaze of wrath
      subscribes</l>
    <l>To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,</l>
    <l>Is more vindecatiue then iealous loue.</l>
    <l>They call him <hi rend="italic">Troylus;</hi> and on him
erect,</l>
    <l>A second hope, as fairely built as <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
    <l>Thus saies <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> one that knowes the
      youth,</l>
    <l>Euen to his inches: and with priuate soule,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Alarum.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
    <p>They are in action.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
    <p>Now <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> hold thine owne.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, thou sleep'st, awake thee.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
    <p>His blowes are wel dispos'd there <hi
rend="italic">Aiax</hi>.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">
    <choice>
      <abbr>tru̇pets</abbr>
```

```
        <expan>trumpets</expan>
      </choice>
      <lb rend="turnunder"/>cease.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
      <p>You must no more.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
      <p>Princes enough, so please you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
      <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
      <l>I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
      <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
      <p>As <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> pleases.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
      <l>Why then will I no more:</l>
      <l>Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;</l>
      <l>A cousen german to great <hi rend="italic">Priams</hi>
seede:</l>
      <l>The obligation of our bloud forbids</l>
      <l>A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:</l>
      <l>Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,</l>
      <l>That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,</l>
      <l>And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge,</l>
      <l>All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud</l>
      <l>Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister</l>
      <l>Bounds in my fathers: by <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>
multipotent,</l>
      <l>Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member</l>
      <l>Wherein my sword had not impressure made</l>
      <l>Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,</l>
      <l>That any drop thou <choice>
          <orig>borrwd'st</orig>
          <corr>borrowd'st</corr>
        </choice> from thy mother,</l>
      <l>My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword</l>
      <l>Be drained. Let me embrace thee <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>:
</l>
      <l>By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;</l>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> would haue them fall vpon him
        thus.</l>
      <l>Cozen, all honor to thee.</l>
    </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
    <l>I thanke thee <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>:</l>
    <l>Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:</l>
    <l>I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence</l>
    <l>A great addition, earned in thy death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>Not <hi rend="italic">Neoptolymus</hi> so mirable,</l>
    <l>On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes)</l>
    <l>Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,</l>
    <l>A thought of added honor, torne from <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
    <l>There is expectance here from both the sides,</l>
    <l>What further you will doe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>Weele answere it:</l>
    <l>The issue is embracement: <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi>,
farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
    <l>If I might in entreaties finde successe,</l>
    <l>As seld I haue the chance; I would desire</l>
    <l>My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
    <l>Tis <hi rend="italic">Agamemnons</hi> wish and great <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
    </l>
    <l>Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> call my brother <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi> to me:</l>
    <l>And signifie this louing enterview</l>
    <l>To the expecters of our Troian part:</l>
    <l>Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:</l>
    <l>I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Agamemnon and the rest.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
  <p>Great <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi> comes to meete vs here;</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
  <l>The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:</l>
  <l>But for <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, mine owne serching eyes</l>
  <l>Shall finde him by his large and portly size.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
  <l>Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one</l>
  <l>That would be rid of such an enemie.</l>
  <l>But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere</l>
  <l>What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes</l>
  <l>And formelesse ruine of obliuion:</l>
  <l>But in this extant moment, faith and troth,</l>
  <l>Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:</l>
  <l>Bids thee with most diuine integritie,</l>
  <l>From heart of very heart, great <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> welcome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
  <p>I thanke thee most imperious <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Aga</hi>. My</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0611-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
  <p>My well‑fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-men">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,</l>
  <l>You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
  <p>Who must we answer?</p>
```

```xml
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
       <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
       <p>The Noble <hi rend="italic">Menelaus</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
       <l>O you my Lord, by <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> his gauntlet
          thanks,</l>
       <l>Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,</l>
       <l>Your <hi rend="italic">quondam</hi> wife sweares still by <hi
rend="italic">Venus</hi> Gloue</l>
       <l>Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-men">
       <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
       <p>Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
       <p>O pardon, I offend.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
       <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
       <l>I haue (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft</l>
       <l>Labouring for destiny, make cruell way</l>
       <l>Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee</l>
       <l>As hot as <hi rend="italic">Perseus</hi>, spurre thy Phrygian
          Steed,</l>
       <l>And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,</l>
       <l>When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th'ayre,</l>
       <l>Not letting it decline, on the declined:</l>
       <l>That I haue said vnto my standers by,</l>
       <l>Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.</l>
       <l>And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,</l>
       <l>When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,</l>
       <l>Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I seene,</l>
       <l>But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)</l>
       <l>I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,</l>
       <l>And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,</l>
       <l>But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,</l>
       <l>Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,</l>
       <l>And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
       <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
       <p>'Tis the old <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
```

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        <l>Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,</l>
        <l>That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time;</l>
        <l>Most reuerend <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi>, I am glad to
claspe
            thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ne.</speaker>
        <l>I would my armes could match thee in contention</l>
        <l>As they contend with thee in courtesie.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <p>I would they could.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
        <p>Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to <lb/>morrow.
Well,
            welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
        <l>I wonder now, how yonder City stands,</l>
        <l>When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <l>I know your fauour Lord <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>
well.</l>
        <l>Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,</l>
        <l>Since first I saw your selfe, and <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>
        </l>
        <l>In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
        <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
        <l>Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.</l>
        <l>My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;</l>
        <l>For yonder wals that pertly front your <choice>
            <orig>Townc</orig>
            <corr>Towne</corr>
          </choice>,</l>
        <l>Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,</l>
        <l>Must kisse their owne feet.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <l>I must not beleeue you:</l>
        <l>There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,</l>
```

```xml
    <l>The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost</l>
    <l>A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,</l>
    <l>And that old common Arbitrator, Time,</l>
    <l>Will one day end it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
    <l>So to him we leaue it.</l>
    <l>Most gentle, and most valiant <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>
       welcome;</l>
    <l>After the Generall, I beseech you next</l>
    <l>To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <l>I shall forestall thee Lord <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>,
thou:</l>
    <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> I haue fed mine eyes on
thee,</l>
    <l>I haue with exact view perus'd, thee <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>,</l>
    <l>And quoted ioynt by ioynt.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <p>Is this <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <p>I am <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.</l>
  </sp>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <p>Behold thy fill.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <p>Nay, I haue done already.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <l>Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,</l>
    <l>As I wouid buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
```

```xml
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <l>O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:</l>
        <l>But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st.</l>
        <l>Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
        <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
        <l>Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body</l>
        <l>Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,</l>
        <l>That I may giue the locall wound a name,</l>
        <l>And make distinct the very breach, where‑out</l>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> great spirit fl<gap extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="illegible"
        agent="uninkedType"
        resp="#LMC"/>w. Answer me heauens.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <l>It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,</l>
        <l>To answer such a question: Stand againe;</l>
        <l>Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,</l>
        <l>As to prenominate in nice coniecture</l>
        <l>Where thou wilt hit me dead?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
        <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
        <p>I tell thee yea.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <l>Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,</l>
        <l>I'ld not beleeue thee: henceforth guard thee well,</l>
        <l>For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,</l>
        <l>But by the forge that stythied Mars his helme,</l>
        <l>Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.</l>
        <l>You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,</l>
        <l>His insolence drawes folly from my lips,</l>
        <l>But Ile endeuour deeds to match these words,</l>
        <l>Or may I neuer   </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ajax.</speaker>
        <l>Do not chase thee Cosin;</l>
        <l>And you <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, let these threats
alone</l>

        <l>Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.</l>
        <l>You may euery day enough of <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>
        </l>
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    <l>If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,</l>
    <l>Can scarse intreat you to be odde with him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>I pray you let vs see you in the field,</l>
    <l>We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd</l>
    <l>The Grecians cause.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <l>Dost thou intreat me <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>? </l>
    <l>To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,</l>
    <l>To night, all Friends.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <p>Thy hand vpon that match.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
    <l>First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,</l>
    <l>There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,</l>
    <l>As <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> leysure, and your bounties shall</l>
    <l>Concurre together seuerally intreat him.</l>
    <l>Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,</l>
    <l>That this great Souldier may his welcome know.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>, tell me I beseech you,</l>
    <l>In what place of the field doth <hi rend="italic">Calchas</hi> keepe?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
    <l>At <hi rend="italic">Menelaus</hi> Tent, most Princely <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>,</l>
    <l>There <hi rend="it">Diomed</hi> doth feast with him to night,</l>
    <l>Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,</l>
    <l>But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view</l>
    <l>On the faire <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,</l>
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                    <l>After we part from <hi rend="italic">Agamemnons</hi>
Tent,</l>
                    <l>To bring me thither?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
                    <l>You shall command me sir:</l>
                    <l>As gentle tell me, of what Honour was</l>
                    <l>This <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi> in Troy, had she no Louer
                        there</l>
                    <l>That wailes her absence?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
                    <l>O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,</l>
                    <l>A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?</l>
                    <l>She was belou'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth;</l>
                    <l>But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
            </div>
        </div>
        <div type="act" n="5" rend="notPresent">
            <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
                <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Achilles, and
                    Patroclus.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
                    <l>Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,</l>
                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Which</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0612-0.jpg"/>
                    <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <l>Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:</l>
                    <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>, let vs Feast him to the hight.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-pat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
                    <p>Heere comes <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Thersites.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
                    <l>How now, thou core of Enuy?</l>
                    <l>Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
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    <p>Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, &amp; Idoll <lb/>of
        ldeot‑worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
    <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
    <p>From whence, Fragment?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
    <p>Who keepes the Tent now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
    <l>Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, <lb/>thou art
        thought to be <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> male Varlot.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Patro.</speaker>
    <p>Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten <lb/>diseases of the
```
South,
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        guts‑griping Ruptures, Catarres, <lb/>Loades a grauell
        i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and <lb/>the like, take and
        take againe, such prepostrous discoue-<lb/>ries.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
    <p>Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what <lb/>mean'st thou
```
to curse
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        thus?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <p>Do I curse thee?</p>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Patr.</speaker>
  <p>Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-<lb/>stinguishable
     Curre.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, <lb/>immateriall
     skiene

     of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet <lb/>flap for a sore eye, thou
     tassell of a Prodigals purse thou; <lb/>Ah how the poore world is
     pestred with such water-flies, <lb/>diminutiues of
     Nature.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pat.</speaker>
  <p>Out gall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>Finch Egge.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ach.</speaker>
  <l>My sweet <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>, am thwarted
     quite</l>
  <l>From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:</l>
  <l>Heere is a Letter from Queene <hi
     rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>,</l>
  <l>A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,</l>
  <l>Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe</l>
  <l>An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,</l>
  <l>Fall Greekes faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,</l>
  <l>My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:</l>
  <l>Come, come <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>, helpe to trim my
     Tent,</l>
  <l>This night in banquetting must all be spent.</l>
  <l>Away <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these <lb/>two may
     run

     mad: but if with too much braine, and too <lb/>little blood, they
     do, Ile be a curer of madmen, Heere's <lb/>
     <hi rend="italic">Agamemnon</hi>, an honest fellow enough,
     and one

     that loues <lb/>Quailes, but he has net so much Braine as
     eare-wax; and <lb/>the goodly transformation of Iupiter there
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his Brother, <lb/>the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of <lb/>Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing‑horne in a chaine, hanging <lb/>at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, <lb/>shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne <lb/>him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse

and <lb/>Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse: <lb/>to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a fitchew, a Toade, a Li-<lb/>zard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, <lb/>I would not care: but to be <hi rend="italic">Menelaus</hi>, I would conspire <lb/>against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were <lb/>not <hi rend="italic">Thersites</hi>: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar, <lb/>so I were not <hi rend="italic">Menelaus</hi>. Hoy‑day, spirits and fires.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon, Vlysses Ne-<lb/>stor, Diomed, with Lights.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
  <p>We go wrong, we go wrong.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
  <l>No yonder'tis, there where we see the light,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
  <p>I trouble you.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-tro-aia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Aiax.</speaker>
  <p>No, not a whit.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Achilles.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
  <p>Heere comes himselfe to guide you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
  <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
  <l>Welcome braue <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, welcome Princes all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
  <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
  <p>So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> commands the guard to tend on you.</p>

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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
               <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
               <l>Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-men">
               <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
               <p>Goodnight my Lord.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
               <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
               <p>Goodnight sweet lord <hi rend="italic">Menelaus</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-the">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
               <p>Sweet draught: sweet quoth˗a? sweet sinke, <lb/>sweet
sure.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
               <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
               <p>Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those <lb/>I that go, or
                  tarry.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
               <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
               <p>Goodnight.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
               <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
               <l>Old <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi> tarries, and you too <hi
rend="italic">Diomed</hi>,</l>
               <l>Keepe <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> company an houre, or
two.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
               <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
               <l>I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,</l>
               <l>The tide whereof is now, goodnight great <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
               <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
               <p>Giue me your hand.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
               <speaker rend="italic">Vlys.</speaker>
               <p>Follow his Torch, he goes to <hi rend="italic">Chalcas</hi>
Tent,
                  <lb/>lie keepe you company.</p>
            </sp>
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            <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
               <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
               <p>Sweet sir, you honour me.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
               <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
               <p>And so good night.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
               <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
               <p>Come, come, enter my Tent.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tro-the">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
               <p>That same <hi rend="italic">Diomed's</hi> a false‑hearted
                  Rogue, a <lb/>most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when
hee
                  <lb/>leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend
                  <lb/>his mouth &amp; promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when
                  <lb/>he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is
                  prodigi-<lb/>ous, there will come some change: the Sunne
                  borrowes <lb/>of the Moone when <hi
rend="italic">Diomed</hi> keepes
                  his word. I will ra-<lb/>ther leaue to see <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>, then not to dogge him: they say, <lb/>he keepes a
                  Troyan Drab, and vfes the Traitour <hi
rend="italic">Chalcas</hi>
                  <lb/>his Tent. Ile after   Nothing but Letcherie? All
                  <lb/>incontinent Varlets.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
         </div>
         <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Diomed.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
               <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
               <p>What are you vp here ho? speake?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-cal">
            <speaker rend="italic">Chal.</speaker>
               <p>Who cals?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
               <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
               <p>
            <hi rend="italic">Diomed, Chalcas</hi> (I thinke) wher's you
                  Daughter?</p>
            </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-cal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Chal.</speaker>
   <p>She comes to you.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus and
   Vlisses.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cressid.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>
<hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> comes forth to him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>How now my charge?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>Yea, so familiar?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <p>She will sing any man at first sight.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
   <p>And any man may finde her, if he can take her <lb/>life: she's
      noted.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>Will you remember?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cal.</speaker>
   <p>Remember? yes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-<lb/>pled with
      your words.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>What should she remember?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <p>List?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
   <p>Roguery.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>Nay then.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>Ile tell you what.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>Fo, fo, come tell a pin. You are a forsworne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
   <p>A iugling tricke, to be secretly open.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <l>What did you sweare you would bestow on me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,</l>
   <l>Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">
   <hi rend="italic">Dio</hi>. Good</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0613-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
```

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<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>Good night.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>Hold, patience.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ulis.</speaker>
   <p>How now Troian?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>
<hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <l>No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>Thy better must.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>Harke one word in your eare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>O plague and madnesse!</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,</l>
   <l>Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe</l>
   <l>To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;</l>
   <l>The time right deadly: 1 beseech you goe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>Behold, I pray you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
   <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
   <l>Nay, good my Lord goe off:</l>
   <l>You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
```

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              <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
              <p>I pray thee stay?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
              <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
              <p>You haue not patience, come.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
              <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
              <p>I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments, <lb/>I will not speake
a
                 word.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
              <p>And so good night.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
              <p>Nay, but you part in anger.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
              <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
              <p>Doth thiat grieue thee? O withered truth!</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ulis.</speaker>
              <p>Why, how now Lord?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
              <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
              <p>By <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> I will be patient.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
              <p>Gardian? why Greeke ?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
              <p>Fo, fo, adew, you palter.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
              <p>In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
              <speaker rend="italic">VIis.</speaker>
              <p>You shake my Lord at something; will you goe? <lb/>you will
breake
                 out.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
       <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
       <p>She stroakes his cheeke.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
       <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
       <p>Come, come,</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
       <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
       <l>Nay stay, by <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> I will not speake a
          word.</l>
       <l>There is betweene my will, and all offences,</l>
       <l>A guard of patience; stay a little while.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-the">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
       <p>How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and <lb/>potato
```

finger,

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          tickles these together; frye lechery, frye.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
       <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
       <p>But will you then?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
       <p>In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
       <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
       <p>Giue me some token for the surety of it.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
       <p>Ile fetch you one.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
       <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
       <p>You haue sworne patience.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
       <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
       <l>Feare me not sweete Lord.</l>
       <l>I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition</l>
       <l>Of what I feele: I am all patience.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
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Cressid.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
                    <p>Now the pledge, now, now, now.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                    <p>Here <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>, keepe this Sleeue.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
                    <p>O beautie! where is thy Faith?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
                    <p>My Lord.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
                    <l>I will be patient, outwardly I will.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                    <l>You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:</l>
                    <l>He lou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe,</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
                    <p>Whose was't?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                    <l>It is no matter now I haue't againe.</l>
                    <l>I will not meete with you to morrow night:</l>
                    <l>I prythee <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi> visite me no more.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
                    <p>Now, she sharpens: well said Whetstone.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
                    <p>I shall haue it.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
                    <p>What, this?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>

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      <p>I that.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;</l>
   <l>Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed</l>
   <l>Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,</l>
   <l>And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;</l>
   <l>As I kisse thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>Nay, doe not snatch it from me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <l>I had your heart before, this followes it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>I did sweare patience.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>You shall not haue it <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>; faith you
shall
      not:</l>
   <l>Ile giue you something else.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>I will haue this: whose was it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <p>It is no matter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <p>Come tell me whose it was?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
   <l>'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.</l>
   <l>But now you haue it, take it.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
          <p>Whose was it?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
          <l>By all <hi rend="italic">Dianas</hi> waiting women yond:</l>
          <l>And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
          <l>To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,</l>
          <l>And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
          <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
          <l>Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,</l>
          <l>It should be challeng'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
          <l>Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:</l>
          <l>I will not keepe my word.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
          <l>Why then farewell,</l>
          <l>Thou neuer shalt mocke <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>
againe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
          <l>You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,</l>
          <l>But it strait starts you.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
          <p>I doe not like this fooling.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
          <p>Nor I by <hi rend="italic">Pluto;</hi> but that that likes not me,
            plea-<lb/>ses me best.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
          <p>What shall I come? the houre.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-cre">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <p>I, come: O <hi rend="italic">Ioue!</hi> doe, come: I shall be
        plagu'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-dio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
    <p>Farewell till then.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-cre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cres.</speaker>
    <l>Good night: I prythee come:</l>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> farewell; one eye yet lookes on
        thee;</l>
    <l>But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.</l>
    <l>Ah poore our sexe this fault in vs I finde:</l>
    <l>The errour of our eye, directs our minde.</l>
    <l>What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude,</l>
    <l>Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
    <l>A proofe of strength she could not publish more;</l>
    <l>Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
    <p>Al's done my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>It is.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
    <p>Why stay we then?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>To make a recordation to my soule</l>
    <l>Of euery syllable that here was spoke:</l>
    <l>But if I tell how these two did coact</l>
    <l>Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?</l>
    <l>Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:</l>
    <l>An esperance so obstinately strong,</l>
    <l>That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;</l>
    <l>As if those organs had deceptious functions,</l>
    <l>Created onely to calumniate.</l>
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      <l>Was <hi rend="italic">Cressed</hi> here?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
      <p>I cannot coniure Troian.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
      <p>She was not sure.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
      <p>Most sure she was.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
      <p>Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
      <p>Nor mine my Lord: <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> was here but
         now.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
      <l>Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:</l>
      <l>Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage</l>
      <l>To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame</l>
      <l>For deprauation, to square the generall sex</l>
      <l>By <hi rend="italic">Cressids</hi> rule. Rather thinke this not
<hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-uly">
      <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
      <p>What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our <lb/>mothers
?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
      <p>Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-the">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
      <l>Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
      <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
      <l>This she? no, this is <hi rend="italic">Diomids
Cressida</hi>:</l>
      <l>If beautie haue a soule, this is not she:</l>
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<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">If</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0614-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;</l>
<l>If sanctimonie be the gods delight:</l>
<l>If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,</l>
<l>This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!</l>
<l>That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe</l>
<l>By soule authoritie: where reason can reuolt</l>
<l>Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,</l>
<l>Without reuolt. This is, and is not <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>:</l>
<l>Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight</l>
<l>Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,</l>
<l>Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:</l>
<l>And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,</l>
<l>Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,</l>
<l>As <hi rend="italic">Ariachnes</hi> broken woofe to enter:</l>
<l>Instance, O instance! strong as <hi rend="italic">Plutoes</hi> gates:</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi> is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;</l>
<l>Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:</l>
<l>The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd, and loos'd,</l>
<l>And with another knot fiue finger tied,</l>
<l>The fractions of her faith, ort s of her loue:</l>
<l>The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,</l>
<l>Of her ore‑eaten faith, are bound <hi rend="italic">to Diomed</hi>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
<speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
<l>May worthy <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> be halfe attached</l>
<l>With that which here his passion doth expresse?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
<l>I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well</l>
<l>In Characters, as red as <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> his heart</l>
<l>Inflam'd with <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi>: neuer did yong man fancy</l>
<l>With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.</l>
<l>Harke Greek: as much I doe <hi rend="italic">Cressida</hi> loue;</l>
<l>So much by weight, hate I her <hi rend="italic">

Diomed</hi>,</l>
				<l>That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:</l>
				<l>Were it a Caske compos'd by <hi rend="italic">Vulcans</hi>
skill,</l>
				<l>My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadful spout,</l>
				<l>Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,</l>
				<l>Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,</l>
				<l>Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare</l>
				<l>In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,</l>
				<l>Falling on <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-tro-the">
				<speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
				<p>Heele tickle it for his concupie.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
				<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
				<l>O <hi rend="italic">Cressid</hi>! O false <hi
rend="italic">Cressid</hi>! false, false, false:</l>
				<l>Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,</l>
				<l>And theyle seeme glorious.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
				<speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
				<l>O containe your selfe:</l>
				<l>Your passion drawes eares hither.</l>
			</sp>
			<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Æneas</stage>
			<sp who="#F-tro-aen">
				<speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
				<l>I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:</l>
				<l>
			<hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> by this is arming him in Troy.</l>
				<l>
					<hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> your Guard, staies to conduct you
					home.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
				<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
				<l>Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:</l>
				<l>Farewell reuolted faire: and <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>
				</l>
				<l>Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
				<speaker rend="italic">Vli.</speaker>
				<p>Ile bring you to the Gates.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
				<speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>

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            <p>Accept distracted thankes.</p>
        </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt Troylus,Æneas, and
        Ulisses.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-the">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
        <p>Would I could meete that roague <hi
rend="italic">Diomed</hi>, I
                <lb/>would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:
<lb/>

                <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> will give me any thing for the
                intelligence of <lb/>this whore: the Parrot will not doe more for
an

                Almond, <lb/>then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery,
still

                <lb/>warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning
                <lb/>diuell take them.</p>
        </sp>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hecter and
            Andromache.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <l>When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,</l>
            <l>To stop his eares against admonishiment ?</l>
            <l>Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight today,</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <l>You traine me to offend you: get you gone.</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-and">
            <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
            <p>My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <p>No more I say.</p>
        </sp>
    <stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Cassandra.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cas">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cassa.</speaker>
        <p>Where is my brother <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
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    <l>Here sister, arm'd, and bloudy in intent:</l>
    <l>Consort with me in loud and deere petition:</l>
    <l>pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt</l>
    <l>of bloudy turbulence; and this whole night</l>
    <l>Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>
    <p>O,'tistrue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <p>Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>
    <l>No notes of sallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>
    <l>The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes;</l>
    <l>They are polluted offrings, more abhord</l>
    <l>Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <l>O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,</l>
    <l>To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:</l>
    <l>For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,</l>
    <l>And rob in the be halfe of charitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>
    <l>It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;</l>
    <l>But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:</l>
    <l>
<choice>
        <orig>Vnatme</orig>
        <corr>Vnarme</corr>
    </choice> sweete <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>Hold you still I say;</l>
    <l>Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:</l>
    <l>Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man</l>
```

```xml
    <l>Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus.</stage>
    <l>How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-and">
    <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
    <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Cassandra</hi>, call my father to
perswade.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Cassandra.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <l>No faith yong <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>; doffe thy
harnesse
        youth:</l>
    <l>I am to day ith'vaine of Chiualrie:</l>
    <l>Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;</l>
    <l>And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.</l>
    <l>Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,</l>
    <l>Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;</l>
    <l>Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <p>What vice is that? good <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> chide
me for
        it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <l>When many times the captiue Grecian fals,</l>
    <l>Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword;</l>
    <l>You bid them rise, and liue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
    <p>O 'tis faire play.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
    <p>Fooles play, by heauen <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
```

```xml
            <p>How now? how now?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <l>For th'loue of all the gods</l>
            <l>Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;</l>
            <l>And when we haue our Armors buckled on,</l>
            <l>The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,</l>
            <l>Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <p>Fie sauage, fie.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <p>
               <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, then 'tis warres.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <p>
               <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, I would not haue you fight to
               day.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <l>Who should with-hold me?</l>
            <l>Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of <hi
rend="italic">Mars</hi>,</l>
            <l>Beckning with fierie truncheon my retire;</l>
            <l>Not <hi rend="italic">Priamus</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>
               on knees;</l>
            <l>Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;</l>
            <l>Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne</l>
            <l>Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way;</l>
            <l>But by my ruine.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Priam and
            Cassandra.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tro-cas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>
            <l>Lay hold vpon him <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>, hold him
fast:</l>
            <l>He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,</l>
            <l>Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,</l>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Fall</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0615-0.jpg"/>
            <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
```

```xml
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>Fall all together.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pri">
        <speaker rend="italic">Priam.</speaker>
        <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, come, goe backe:</l>
        <l>Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had visions;</l>
        <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Cassandra</hi> doth foresee; and 1 my
selfe,</l>
        <l>Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,</l>
        <l>to tell thee that this day is ominous:</l>
        <l>Therefore come backe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <l>Æneas is a field,</l>
        <l>And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,</l>
        <l>Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare</l>
        <l>This morning to them.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-pri">
        <speaker rend="italic">Priam.</speaker>
        <p>I, but thou shalt not goe,</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <l>I must not breake my faith:</l>
        <l>You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,</l>
        <l>Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue</l>
        <l>To take that course by your consent and voice,</l>
        <l>Which you doe here forbid me, Royall <hi
rend="italic">Priam</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-cas">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>
        <p>O <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>, yeeld not to him.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">And.</speaker>
        <p>Doe not deere father.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
        <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Andromache</hi> I am offended with you:</l>
        <l>Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Andromache</stage>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,</l>
   <l>Makes all these bodements.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cas">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>
   <l>O farewell, deere <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>:</l>
   <l>Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:</l>
   <l>Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:</l>
   <l>Harke how Troy roares; how <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi> cries
      out;</l>
   <l>How poore <hi rend="italic">Andromache</hi> shrils her dolour
      forth;</l>
   <l>Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,</l>
   <l>Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,</l>
   <l>And all cry <hi rend="italic">Hector, Hectors</hi> dead: O <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>! </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>Away, away.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-cas">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
   <l>Farewell: yes, soft: <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> I take my
      leaue;</l>
   <l>Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
   <l>You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:</l>
   <l>Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:</l>
   <l>Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pri">
   <speaker rend="italic">Priam.</speaker>
   <p>Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about <lb/>thee.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Alarum.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>They are at it, harke: proud <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>,
      beleeue</l>
   <l>I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandar.</stage>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
   <p>Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>What now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
   <p>Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <p>Let me reade.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
   <p>A whorson tisicke, a whorson rascally tisicke, <lb/>so troubles
me;
   and the foolish fortune of this girle, and <lb/>what one thing,
what
   another, that I shall leaue you one <lb/>o'th's dayes: and I haue a
   rheume in mine eyes too; and <lb/>such an ache in my bones; that
   vnlesse a man were curst, <lb/>I cannot tell what to thinke on't.
   What sayes shee <lb/>there?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>Words, words, meere words, no matter from <lb/>the heart;</l>
   <l>Th'effect doth operate another way.</l>
   <l>Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:</l>
   <l>My loue with words and errors still she feedes;</l>
   <l>But edifies another with her deedes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-pan">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
   <p>Why, but heare you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame</l>
   <l>Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">
<choice>
      <orig>A Larum</orig>
      <corr>Alarum</corr>
   </choice>.</stage>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
```

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                    <cb n="2"/>
                </div>
                <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Thersites in
                        excursion.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
                        <p>Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile <lb/>goe looke
                            on: that dissembling abhominable varlet. <hi
rend="italic">Dio-<lb/>mede</hi>, has got that same scuruie, doting,
                            foolish yong <lb/>knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I
would
                            faine <lb/>see them meet; that, that same yong Troian asse, that
                            loues <lb/>the whore there, might send that Greekish
                            whore-mai-<lb/>sterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe
                            to the dissembling <lb/>luxurious drabbe, of a sleeuelesse errant.
                            O'th'tother side, <lb/>the pollicie of those craftie swearing
                            rascals; that stole <lb/>old Mouse-eaten dry cheese, <hi
rend="italic">Nestor</hi>: and that same dog-<lb/>foxe
                            <hi rend="italic">Vlisses</hi> is not prou'd worth a
                            Black-berry. They set <lb/>me vp in pollicy, that mungrill
                            curre <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> against that <lb/>dogge of as
bad
                            a kinde, <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>. And now is the curre
<lb/>
                            <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> prouder then the curre <hi
rend="italic"> Achilles</hi>, and will not arme <lb/>to day. Whereupon, the
                            Grecians began to proclaime <lb/>barbarisme; and pollicie
growes
                            into an ill opinion. <lb/>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Diomed and
Troylus.</stage>
                            <lb/>Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
                        <l>Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuer Stix,</l>
                        <l>I would swim after.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
                        <l>Thou do'st miscall retire:</l>
                        <l>I doe not flye; but aduantagious care</l>
                        <l>Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:</l>
                        <l>Haue at thee?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tro-the">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
```

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            <l>Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore</l>
            <l>Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hector.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <l>What art thou Greek? art thou for <hi
rend="italic">Hectors</hi>
               match?</l>
            <l>Art thou of bloud, and honour?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>No, no: I am a rascall: a scuruie railing knaue: <lb/>a very filthy
               roague.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <p>I doe beleeue thee, liue.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-the">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
            <p>God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me; but a <lb/>plague
breake thy
               necke————for frighting me: what's
               be-<lb/>come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue
               <lb/>swallowed one anoth<c rend="inverted">e</c>r. I would
laugh at
               that mira-<lb/>cle————yet in a
               fort, lecherie eates it selfe; Ile seeke them.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
         <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Diomed and
            Seruants.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
            <l>Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>
               Horse;</l>
            <l>Present the faire steede to my Lady <hi
rend="italic">Cressid:</hi>
               </l>
            <l>Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;</l>
            <l>Tell her, I haue chastis'd the amorous Troyan.</l>
            <l>And am her Knight by proofe.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tro-ser">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
```

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<p>I goe my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="entrance">Enter Agamemnon.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">
<speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
<l>Renew, renew, the fierce <hi rend="italic">Polidamus</hi>
</l>
<l>Hath beate downe <hi rend="italic">Menon</hi>: bastard <hi rend="italic">Margarelon</hi>
</l>
<l>Hath <hi rend="italic">Doreus</hi> prisoner.</l>
<l>And stands Calossus‑wife wauing his beame,</l>
<l>Vpon the pashed courses of the Kings:</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Epistropus</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Cedus,
Polixines</hi> is slaine;</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Amphimacus</hi>and <hi rend="italic">Thous</hi>
deadly hurt;</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> tane or slaine, and <hi rend="italic">Palamedes</hi>
</l>
<l>Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagittary</l>
<l>Appauls our numbers, haste we Diomed</l>
<l>To re‑enforcement, or we perish all.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nestor.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-nes">
<speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
<l>
<choice>
<orig>Coe</orig>
<corr>Goe</corr>
</choice> beare <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> body to <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>,</l>
<l>And bid the snaile‑pac'd <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> arme for shame:</l>
<l>There is a thousand <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> in the field:</l>
<l>Now here he fights on <hi rend="italic">Galathe</hi> his Horse,</l>
<l>And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,</l>
<l>And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Before</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0616-0.jpg"/>
<fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
```

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    <l>Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,</l>
    <l>And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,</l>
    <l>Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;</l>
    <l>Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;</l>
    <l>Dexteritie so obaying appetite,</l>
    <l>That what he will, he does, and does so much,</l>
    <l>That proofe is call'd impossibility.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Vlisses.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-uly">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vlis.</speaker>
    <l>Oh, courage, courage Princes: great <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
    </l>
    <l>Is arming, weeping, cursing. vowing vengeance;</l>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Patroclus</hi> wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie
        bloud,</l>
    <l>Together with his mangled <hi rend="italic">Myrmidons</hi>,
</l>
    <l>That noselesse, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;</l>
    <l>Crying on <hi rend="italic">Hector. Aiax</hi> hath lost a
friend,</l>
    <l>And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:</l>
    <l>Roaring for <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>; who bath done to
day,</l>
    <l>Mad and fantasticke execution;</l>
    <l>Engaging and redeeming of himselfe.</l>
    <l>With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,</l>
    <l>As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.</l>
</sp>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 6]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aiax.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
        <p>
            <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, thou coward <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi>
        </p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
        <p>I, there, there.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
        <p>So, so, we draw together.</p>
```

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          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Achilles.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
             <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
             <l>Where is this <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>? </l>
             <l>Come, come, thou boy‑queller, shew thy face:</l>
             <l>Know what it is to meete <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>
angry.</l>
             <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, wher's <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>?
                I will none but <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aiax.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
             <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
             <p>
                <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, thou coward <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, shew thy head.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Diomed.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
             <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
             <p>
                <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>, I say, wher's <hi
rend="italic">Troylus</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
             <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
             <p>What would'st thou?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
             <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
             <p>I would correct him.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
             <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
             <l>Were I the Generall,</l>
             <l>Thou should'st haue my office,</l>
             <l>Ere that correction: <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> I say, what
<hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi>?</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
             <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
             <l>Oh traitour <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>!</l>
             <l>Turne thy false face thou traytor,</l>
             <l>And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
            <p>Ha, art thou there?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
            <l>Ile fight with him alone, stand <hi
rend="italic">Diomed</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
            <l>He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
            <l>Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you <lb/>both.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Troylus.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hector.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Yea Troylus?</hi> O well fought my yongest
                Brother.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Achilles.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <l>Now doe I see thee; haue at thee <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <p>Pause if thou wilt.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
            <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
            <l>I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Troian;</l>
            <l>Be happy that my armes are out of vse:</l>
            <l>My rest and negligence befriends thee now,</l>
            <l>But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:</l>
            <l>Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
            <l>Fare thee well:</l>
            <l>I would haue beene much more a fresher man,</l>
            <l>Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?</l>
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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
          <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
          <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> bath tane <hi
rend="italic">Æneas</hi>; shall it be?</l>
          <l>No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,</l>
          <l>He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,</l>
          <l>Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;</l>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <l>I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one in
Armour.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-hec">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
          <l>Stand,stand, thou Greeke,</l>
          <l>Thou art a goodly marke:</l>
          <l>No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,</l>
          <l>Ile frush it, and vnlocke the riuets all,</l>
          <l>But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beast abide?</l>
          <l>Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 7]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Achilles with
          Myrmidons.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-ach">
          <speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
          <l>Come here about me you my <hi
rend="italic">Myrmidons</hi>: </l>
          <l>Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:</l>
          <l>Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selues in breath;</l>
          <l>And when I haue the bloudy <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>
found,</l>
          <l>Empale him with your weapons round about:</l>
          <l>In fellest manner execute your arme.</l>
          <l>Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye;</l>
          <l>It is decreed, <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> the great must
dye.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Thersites,
Menelaus, and
          Paris.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-the">
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<speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
<p>The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: <lb/>now bull, now

    dogge, lowe; <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> lowe; now my
    dou-<lb/>ble hen'd sparrow; lowe <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>,
lowe; the bull has the <lb/>game: ware hornes ho?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Paris and
    Menelaus.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>Turne slaue and fight.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>What are thou?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>A Bastard Sonne of <hi rend="italic">Priams</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-the">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ther.</speaker>
  <p>I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Ba-<lb/>stard
    begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard <lb/>in
valour,
    in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not <lb/>bite another,
    and wherefore should one Bastard? take <lb/>heede, the quarrel's
    most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a <lb/>whore fight for a
whore,
    he tempts iudgement: farewell <lb/>Bastard.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>The diuell take thee coward.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 8]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hector.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
  <l>Most putrified core so faire without:</l>
  <l>Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.</l>
  <l>Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:</l>
  <l>Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Achilles and his

Myrmidons.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
<speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
<l>Looke <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> how the Sunne begins to set;</l>
<l>How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,</l>
<l>Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.</l>
<l>To close the day vp, <hi rend="italic">Hectors</hi> life is done.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-hec">
<speaker rend="italic">Hect.</speaker>
<l>I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
<speaker rend="italic">Achil.</speaker>
<l>Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.</l>
<l>So Illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;</l>
<l>Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.</l>
<l>On <hi rend="italic">Myrmidons</hi>, cry you all a maine,</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> hath the mighty <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> slaine.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Retreat.</stage>
<l>Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-gre">
<speaker rend="italic">Gree.</speaker>
<l>The Troian Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-ach">
<speaker rend="italic">Achi.</speaker>
<l>The dragon wing of night ore‑spreds the earth</l>
<l>And stickler‑like the Armies seperates</l>
<l>My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,</l>
<l>Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.</l>
<l>Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;</l>
<l>Along the field, I will the Troian traile.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>
<div type="scene" n="9" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 9]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sound Retreat.</stage>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Shout.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus,
Nestor, <lb/>Diomed, and the rest marching.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tro-aga">

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            <speaker rend="italic">Aga.</speaker>
            <p>Harke, harke. what shout is that?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-nes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Nest.</speaker>
            <p>Peace Drums.</p>
          </sp>
          <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Sol.
Achill</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0617-0.jpg"/>
          <fw type="rh">Troylus and Cressida.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <sp who="#F-tro-sol">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sold.</speaker>
            <p>
<hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Hector's</hi> slaine, <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-dio">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
            <p>The bruite is, <hi rend="italic">Hector's</hi> slaine, and by <hi
rend="italic">Achilles</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aia">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aia.</speaker>
            <l>If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:</l>
            <l>Great <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> was a man as good as
he.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aga">
            <speaker rend="italic">Agam.</speaker>
            <l>March patiently along; let one be sent</l>
            <l>To pray <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi> see vs at our Tent.</l>
            <l>If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,</l>
            <l>Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeumt.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="10" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 10]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Æneas, Paris,
            Anthenor and Deiphœbus.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tro-aen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
            <l>Stand hoe, yet are we masters of the field,</l>
            <l>Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Troylus.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
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      <p>
<hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is slaine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
   <p>
<hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>? the gods forbid.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
   <l>Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile</l>
   <l>In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.</l>
   <l>Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:</l>
   <l>Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.</l>
   <l>I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,</l>
   <l>And linger not our sure destructions on.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-aen">
   <speaker rend="italic">Æne.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tro-tro">
   <speaker rend="italic">Troy</speaker>
   <l>You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:</l>
   <l>I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,</l>
   <l>But dare all imminence that gods and men,</l>
   <l>Addresse their dangers in. <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is
gone:</l>
   <l>Who shall tell <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi> so? or <hi
rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>?</l>
   <l>Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,</l>
   <l>Goe in to Troy, and say there, <hi rend="italic">Hector's</hi>
      dead:</l>
   <l>There is a word will <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi> turne to
stone;</l>
   <l>Make wels, and <hi rend="italic">Niobes</hi> of the maides
and
      wiues;</l>
   <l>Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,</l>
   <l>Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,</l>
   <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> is dead: there is no more to
say.</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,</l>
   <l>Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:</l>
   <l>Let Titan rise as early as he dare,</l>
   <l>Ile through, and through you; &amp; thou great siz'd
coward:</l>
   <l>No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,</l>
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          <l>Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,</l>
          <l>That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.</l>
          <l>Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:</l>
          <l>Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandarus.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
          <p>But heare you? heare you?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tro-tro">
          <speaker rend="italic">Troy.</speaker>
          <l>Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame</l>
          <l>Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tro-pan">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
          <p>A goodly medicine for mine aking bones: oh world, <lb/>world,
world!
          thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh trai-<lb/>tours and
          bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and <lb/>how ill
requited?
          why should our indeuour be so desir'd, <lb/>and the performance
so
          loath'd? What Verse for it? What <lb/>instance for it? let me
          see.</p>
        <lg>
          <l>Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,</l>
          <l>Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.</l>
          <l>And being once subdu'd in armed taile,</l>
          <l>Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.</l>
          <l>Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;</l>
          <l>As many as be here of Panders hall,</l>
          <l>Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at <hi
rend="italic">Pandar's</hi>
            fall:</l>
          <l>Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;</l>
          <l>Though not for me yet for your aking bones:</l>
          <l>Brethren and sisters of the hold‑dore trade,</l>
          <l>Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:</l>
          <l>It should be now, but that my feare is this;</l>
          <l>Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse:</l>
          <l>Till then, Ile sweate, and seeke about for eases;</l>
          <l>And at that time bequeath yon my diseases.</l>
        </lg>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <fw type="sig" place="footCentre"> ¶¶¶ </fw>
      </div>
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          </div>
          <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
        </div>
      </body>
    </text>
  </TEI>
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