SHAKESPEARE'S
TROILUS
AND
CRESSIDA:
THE FIRST QUARTO,
1609.

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY
BY
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE
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INTRODUCTION.

Of the various editions of Shakespeare's plays, which "made their scape" among the reading public during the lifetime of the dramatist, none is of greater interest than the Quarto which is here reprinted. Nor does anything show more clearly than the quaint and remarkable Preface which is found in some copies of this edition, the difficulties the booksellers had in procuring the theatrical manuscripts which "the grand possessors" so carefully guarded. Already, indeed, in the early part of 1603, James Roberts had made a characteristic attempt to issue an edition of the drama on the subject of "Troilus and Cressida," which the Lord Chamberlain's Company were then acting. But the entry on the Stationers' Register informs us that Roberts was only to issue it "when he hath gotten sufficient authority for yt;" and this authority apparently he never obtained, for we hear nothing further on the subject till some six years later a more enterprising publisher made a more successful attempt. Henry Walley, a young stationer, who obtained his "Freedom" in the last month of the year 1608, immediately entered into partnership with Richard Bonian, his senior by about a year. Early in 1609 they entered on the Stationers' Register certain works by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman and others. That these entries were made under somewhat peculiar circumstances is evident from the difficulties which the young publishers encountered. For instance, on January 26th they paid the fee for the entry of Ben Jonson's drama, "The Case is Altered," which had been registered some five years before by John Smythick. Bonian and Walley were not, however, able to issue the play for nearly six months, and then only by the aid of another publisher. Again, on January 28th they entered the Quarto which is here reprinted; this also, as we have remarked above, had been previously registered. In issuing "Troilus and Cressida" our publishers were more successful than with Jonson's play; they had their

1 "Feb. 7th, 1602 [3], Mr. Roberts] The Booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by My Lo. Chamberlen's men. When he hath gotten sufficient aucthority for yt."
2 This also was only a conditional entry.
3 Bartholomew Sutton, whose name appears on the printed Quarto.
THE TWO QUARTO TITLE-PAGES. THE PREFACE.

difficulties, however, for whereas they boldly printed a title page announcing "The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida, as it was acted by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe," with Shakespeare's name as the author and their own names as the publishers, yet they were at once compelled to cancel this authoritative title-page. Nothing daunted, however, Messrs. Bonian and Walley tore out the first leaf of their quarto and inserted a fresh half-sheet with a new title and a remarkable preface. The new title was not at all in Shakespeare's style; the play is puffed as "the Famous Historie," and the name of Pandarus follows those of "Troylus and Cresseid." The notorious "go-between" is described as a "Prince of Licia," an Homeric title which Shakespeare never applies to him. Indeed, although our author's name is retained, the new title-page, taken as a whole, is apparently borrowed from some old and now lost drama upon the same (or rather upon a part of the same) subject. The Preface\(^1\) is a remarkable and interesting production. It states (but the statement must be taken for what it is worth) that the play was a "new" one, "never stal'd with the stage"; it speaks of the drama (in accordance with the new title-page) as a comedy; it makes a splendid prophecy of the future fame of the author; it incidentally tells us that the price of the Quarto was a testern\(^2\); and it alludes in emphatic terms to the difficulties the publishers has experienced in issuing the work.

It will have been noticed that in the above remarks the title-page, which opens with the words, "The Famous Historie," and which is followed by the Preface, is spoken of as succeeding and replacing the title-page which mentions the performance at "The Globe." This order of issue is not that which has usually been adopted by

1 The only other Quarto edition of any of Shakespeare's plays, to which a Preface is prefixed, is the 1622 copy of Othello. In that case the preface is signed by Thomas Walkley, the publisher, who remarks that "the Authors name is sufficient to vent his worke."

2 Sixpence seems to have been the usual price of single copies of plays, and indeed other works, which were hawked about at the theatres before the play began. See Fennor's Descriptions, Randolph's Jealous Lover, Humour's Ordinarie, &c. Drummond of Hawthornden notes that he gave fourpence for his copy of Romeo and Juliet. In spite of his splendid prophecy, our preface-writer would probably have been surprised had anyone predicted that, in the year of grace 1864, a copy of his Quarto would be sold for over £111.
Shakespearian commentators; but, for reasons given in the note below, there can scarcely be a doubt that it is the correct order, although it must be allowed that the suggestion, formerly urged by Mr. Collier and others, was very plausible, which said that the Preface-copy appeared first with its statement that the play was new and unacted; followed, on its production at the Globe, by the necessary suppression of that statement and the substitution of the new title-page which mentions "the Kings Maisties Seruants." Before leaving the subject of the publication of this Quarto, it should be remarked that, as Messrs. Walley and Bonian had no printing-house themselves, they employed George Eld to issue their work. It was this same printer who, a few months afterwards, saw through the press Thomas Thorpe's edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets. It should further be remarked that no other issue of "Troilus and Cressida" was forthcoming until the production of the First Folio in 1623. How the editors of that celebrated collection came to terms with Walley and Bonian (if indeed they felt the necessity of consulting them

1 In proof that the "Famous" "Preface" edition was the second, and not the first, issue of the 1609 Quarto, it may be pointed out (i.) that the signature at the bottom of the first page of the text of the play is marked A2; hence in the original issue there was only one leaf before this, viz., the title-page, which omits the word "Famous" and which mentions "the Globe;" when, however, this was torn out and the new half-sheet was introduced, there was need for a new signature, which we find, viz., [*1,] *2. Again (ii.), as the Cambridge Editors point out, "the running title, The History of Troilus and Cressida," corresponds with the title-page which is here alleged to have been the first issued. Further, it may be added (iii.), that a similar title (omitting the word "Famous") is given in the entry on the Stationers' Register; which, of course, is likely to correspond with the title first intended.

2 The text of all the extant Quarto copies is the same, running to sign. Formerly, indeed, Shakespearian editors used to give one or two variations of words in different Quarto copies, but these supposed various readings do not really exist. Hence, in spite of the alternative title-pages, we may speak simply of one Quarto edition (1609). Pope, indeed, refers to a 1607 issue, but this is evidently a slip of the pen. Steevens and others mention an undated edition, but this again is a mistake. There is, as we have said, only one Quarto edition, though some copies of this have a title-page (beginning with the words "The Famous Historie") and the Preface; some have this same title-page, but have not the Preface; others again have a title-page with the word "Famous" omitted and with the mention of the performance at the Globe; while Mr. Huth's copy apparently gives both the title-pages.

3 Here, again, as in the case of the Quarto here reprinted, and as in the 1623 Quarto of Othello, we have a prefix (preface) praising "our everliving poet."
at all) is not known; it has been suggested that the well-known and anomalous insertion of "Troilus and Cressida" between the second and third parts of the 1623 edition was due to some delay in obtaining the copyright, but other considerations (such as the difficulty of classifying the tragedy-comedy-history more probably led to the peculiar position which it occupies.

This mention of the First Folio brings us to the question which is here, as in every other case, of such peculiar interest. What relation does the Folio bear to the Quarto version? Are we permitted to see the growth of Shakespeare's mind in a revision? This last query was answered in the affirmative by some of the last century commentators; and, in the present century, the same opinion has been held by various Shakespearian scholars, among others by Mr. Collier and by the Cambridge Editors, who speak of differences between the Quarto and Folio editions as "resulting from deliberate correction, first by the author himself, and secondly by some less skilful hand." The writer of these Forewords ventures to differ from these high authorities. There are indeed in the Folio a dozen or more passages inserted which are not found in the Quarto; but a study of these additions will show that in almost every case the state of the context in the earlier edition suggests some mistake in the printing, which mistake has been corrected in the Folio, whose editors in these cases made a better use of the copy of the play which was in their possession. They did not always, however, prove more successful than the 1609 editor, for they make some careless omissions and they give many false readings. Their stage directions, their versification, and their punctuation are generally (but not always) an improvement; while, as their false reading of various words and expressions has been mentioned, it is only fair to add that in many cases they have given improved and correct readings

1 Some of the many curious points connected with the copyright of the Quartos and Folios are discussed in Appendix v. of An Attempt to Determine the Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays.
2 See page xi. A corresponding difficulty seems, also, to have been felt by Henslowe's Company.
3 Or in the copy used by George Eld.
4 This seems to suggest that "Troilus and Cressida," as it appears in the 1st Folio, was printed from the Theatre copy.
which, though they do not justify the opinion that we have here the author's supervision, yet show that a better copy was better read.¹

Another most interesting question usually mooted on a comparison of the separate and the collected issue of Shakespeare's plays is this:—Has our author taken as the foundation of his drama some older play? Has he, by the magic

¹ The question here briefly discussed—that of the relation between the Quarto and the Folio—is a difficult one; although it might have been thought easy of solution when we assert that there are some 4,000 alterations in phraseology, in spelling, or in punctuation! The difficulty does not so much lie in the passages which are inserted in the 1623 edition; such insertions occurring in almost every case where there is some manifest corruption of the text. There are about a dozen of these additions, marked with an Arrowhead in this respect, (viz.—I. iii. 70, I. iii. 354, 7, II. iii. 59-66, II. iii. 80, I. ii. 97, III i. 124, III. iii. 161-3, IV. iv. 79, 80, IV. iv. 146-150 IV. v. 94, and 132, and 165-170, and 206, V. ii. 68, V. iii. 20-23, and 58, and the end, V. v. 22). There is not space here to discuss all these. The first, it must be admitted, looks like a fresh insertion; added, Dr. Furnivall thinks, "to split up the long speech." But it will be noticed that the commencement of line 75 is very abrupt and that the author at the end of the speech apologises for its length. (I. iii. 136.) Further, it might on the other hand be suggested that the Quarto edition wished to shorten the speech by an omission. Still further it should be remarked that in no other instance does the Folio adopt its supposed plan of "splitting up long speeches." About the other insertions less need be said. I. iii. 354-7: In this case there is a difference in line 352 preceding, and there is a manifest misarrangement in the succeeding three or four lines of the Quarto edition; while the Folio addition itself is not correct. II. iii. 59-66: the 1609 printer had doubtless omitted these lines by mistake owing to the similarity of the sentences and to the repetition of the words "Patroclus is a fool." The inserted words are most natural; we may be sure Patroclus would have made some answer to Thersites. Indeed they are necessary to explain the required "derivation." II. iii. 80-1: It will at once be noticed that those words are rather an old than a new addition. II. iii. 97. These words are perhaps a stage-direction; in such insertions, the Folio is generally the more correct. The corruption of the Q. in III. iii. 161-3, IV. iv. 79, 80, &c. are manifest. So with regard to the passages which are found in the Quarto and omitted in the Folio, they are not cases of intentional, but rather of accidental, omission. I. ii. 300: Pope at the commencement of Shakespearian criticism restored "these necessary words" from the Quarto. So with regard to III. iii. 105, 6 and IV. v. 29; the omissions in these cases being apparently due to the occurrence of the same word or syllable at the end of adjacent lines. The Stage-directions of the 1623 edition are, as remarked above, much better, there being some 50 correct additions. The Folio is careful to give a separate line to the commencement of each speech; indeed this fondness for fresh lines is so great, that if Q. by mistake has a new paragraph, F. is sure to "say ditto." (See I. ii. 135, III. i. 147, 151, 156, III. ii. 42, &c.) Again the Folio makes a brave, rather than a successful attempt at better versification; in half a dozen cases perhaps towards the end of the play the
touch of his genius and sympathy, kindled into life and beauty and refinement some old and rude drama? There is not in this case, as in some others, any direct and external evidence of such adaptation; but there are certain indications which make it not at all improbable. "The Wondrous Tale of Troy" had indeed been familiar to English listeners and readers from the very dawn of our literature. It would be out of place in this preface to trace the variations with which "the tale of Troy divine" has been told by poets and historians down from "the Ionian father of the rest," to Virgil and those Latin writers who shifted the centre of admiration, and on to such questionable historians as Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis (not to mention the shadowy Lollius). But in connection with our own literary history, it must with interest be mentioned that it was an English (or rather a Norman-French) author, who

scansion is better. But at the commencement the attempt to give as prose Pandarus's verse (I. i. 32 32, I. ii. 118, &c.), and the printing of one line as two (I. i. 108, ii. 12, 143, &c. &c.), are certainly not very successful. The 1623 edition is much superior in its punctuation, which is revised from beginning to end; though not always with correct results (See for example IV. iv. 43, 41.) There are certain other points, such as the orthography, the use of capital letters, of brackets, &c., in which F. is better than Q.; but these improvements (or failures) we must attribute to the printer and not to the great author. The difficulty does not lie in those things, it lies rather in the numerous instances where the two editions differ in the use of single words. Do these differences tell of a revision by Shakespeare? The writer of this note says emphatically 'no.' In a large majority of these instances, the variation is due to a fairly evident mistake; the Quarto, however, being generally right. In some of these variations, and in other expressions where the clue to the error is not so evident, it must be admitted that the Folio has a better reading (e.g., I. iii. 92, I. iii. 361, 362, III. iii. 139, 140, III. ii. 109, &c. &c.). Though in most of these instances there is manifestly some confusion in Q.) The Quarto readings are, however, in a large majority of cases, adopted by Shakespearian commentators, including the Cambridge editors (See for instance I. ii. 260, I. iii. 228, 293, 301, 369, II. ii. 48, 58, 71, II. iii. 72, 88, 109, 115, 268, 277, III. i. 172, III. ii. 23, 25, 77, 130, &c. &c.). Those who, led by a passage or two at the beginning of the Folio, have been inclined to suspect a Shakespearian revision, have generally ended by saying with Mr. Malone, "I once thought that the alteration was made by the author; but a most diligent comparison of the Quartos and the first Folio has convinced me that some arbitrary alterations were made in the latter copy by its editor. The Quarto copy of this play is in general more correct than the Folio." [Variorum Edn. 1821, vol.: viii, p.: 277] Still we are of course thankful for the passages and words, which omitted or misprinted in Q., have been restored to us in F.
issued the first of the many modern Romances connected with the cycle of Troy, Benedict de St. Maur by name, a troubadour, who sang at the end of the 12th century. Guido delle Colonna, a Sicilian, a century later, by his Latin prose version of the Norman poem, spread the interest in the old story with its new and gathering additions. Yet a century later, the poetic genius of Boccaccio and of Chaucer gave renewed impetus to the Trojan tale, and almost lost sight of the Camp Story in recounting the Love Story of that false lady, whose very name was unknown to Homer and the ancients. Then, in the early part of the 15th century (incited by our warlike Prince, Henry V.), John Lydgate made a translation in heroic verse of the prose Historia Trojana of Guido delle Colonna. In this, and in Raoul le Fevre’s translation of the same work (circa 1464), the heroes of the Iliad appear as knights of modern chivalry. The printing presses of Caxton and Wynken de Werde and Pynson soon multiplied copies of these versions, and many are the allusions in sixteenth century writers to the Trojan Story. But not only have we these histories and these references, there are also many indications that the subject had been chosen by ballad writers and by dramatic authors. Bale the biographer says that Nicholas Grimolald of Merton College, turned the story into a “play” (if that be, in this case, a legitimate rendering of the word “comedia”). John Studley, in 1566, produced a drama on the subject of “Agamemnon;” on New Year’s night in 1571, “Ajax and Ulisses” was performed by “the children of Wynnor;” and in 1584 “the History of Agamemnon and Ulysses was presented and enacted before her Majestie by the Earle of Oxenford his boyes, on St. John’s daie at nighte at Grenewiche.” Again we find from that storehouse of theatrical information:

1 Everybody remembers Pope’s spiteful description of poor “Tibbald’s” library:—

“There Caxton slept, with Wynken at his side,
One clasp’d in wood, and one in strong cow-hide,” &c.

2 See, e.g. the references to the story in Tyndale’s Obedience of a Christian Man (1528), in “the Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions (1578),” &c.

3 As regards Ballads upon the subject of “Troilus and Cressida,” note entries on the Stationers’ Register of two (now lost), in the years 1565 and 1581, and see the Ballad printed for the Old Shakespeare Society by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps.
tion, Henslowe's Diary, that Dekker and Chettle jointly produced, in the year 1599, a play which at first was to have been called "Troilus and Cressida," but which eventually was known as "the Tragedie of Agamemnon." This drama belonged to the Lord Admiral's Company, and there is no evidence whatever to connect it (as has been suggested) with the play on the subject of Troilus and Cressida, which, as has been remarked above, was entered at the Stationers' Hall on February 7th, 1603. What lead to the change of title (an alteration which the interlineation in the Diary shows to have been deliberate) is not known, for the "Booke" written by "Mr. Dickers and harey chettell" is not extant. Can it have been that the title, "Troilus and Cressida," infringed upon the name of some old play upon which Shakespeare worked, and upon the early title of which (as has been hinted above) Bonian and Walley fell back, when the "grand possessors" compelled them to cancel the first page of the Quarto here reprinted? And this old play might be that which is alluded to in the Ballad describing the attack of the London Apprentices on the Cock-Pit Playhouse in 1617 (See below). Further, it has often been remarked that passages and even scenes in Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," as printed in the Quarto and the Folio, seem to be boulders from an older drama embedded in the newer and more celebrated formation. The last Act in particular is evidently worked

1 Henslowe, in various details, gives interesting information as to the money paid to these authors. He definitely mentions paying £8 15s., and there were apparently other sums paid, in connection with this drama, during the composition of which the unfortunate Chettle was arrested. Dekker had been arrested two or three months previously at the instance of Shakespeare's Company.

2 By Collier, Stunton, Clark and Wright, and others.

3 Printed by Collier in his Annals of the Stage. The genuineness of this is, of course, an open question.

"King Priam's robes were soon in rags,
And broke his golden scepter;
False Cressid's hood, that was so good
When loving Troilus kept her."
up from some other sources, and is disjointed and uncertain. Doubtless when it was acted, it would be vigorous and popular, as we know corresponding scenes in other Trojan plays were; but if the various parts of this last Act were carried on for the same length of time and in the same manner as these corresponding scenes, the present writer does not wonder that Shakespeare’s play (as we now have it) did not often appear upon the stage, and he is confirmed in his opinion expressed elsewhere, that the 1609 Quarto represents an amalgamation which our author had lately made of the “Love” and the “Camp” Stories connected with Trojan Tale.

The play, which was thus, in 1609, presented to the world, has always been somewhat of a puzzle to commentators. The writer of the remarkable preface, which is given in this reprint, speaks of the drama as if it were a comedy and nothing more, and yet he calls it a “Historie” on both title-pages, though the variations on the second title-page somewhat modify this classification. The editors of the First Folio began by printing it in the midst of the Tragedies, but ended by inserting it between the Histories and the Tragedies. After the Restoration, Dryden, who

1 Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes the following lines from Davenant’s Prolog: to the Unfortunate Lovers (1643):—

“Good ease judging soules, with what delight
They would expect a jigge or target fight,
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne’er thought
Was weakly written, so ’twere strongly fought.”

2 See the last note, and such statements as those made by Gayton, in his Notes on Don Quixote, 1654, where (p. 271) we are told “such tearing Tragedies as Greeks and Trojans, &c., commonly end in six acts, the spectators frequently mounting the stage and making a more bloody catastrophe amongst themselves than the players did.”

3 See the note on p. vi. The peculiarities of the position and the pagination of Troilus and Cressida in the First Folio have often been dwelt upon from the days of Farmer downwards. The drama is not mentioned at all, either under Histories or Tragedies, in the Table of Contents (or Catalogue, as it is called) prefixed to the celebrated 1623 volume. The Prologue, which, printed in large type, fills the whole of what was at first the last page of Romeo and Juliet, was apparently written to the order of Hemmings and Condell. Its position, its length, its diction, and its omission from the Quarto, show that it was not written by Shakespeare.
SHAKESPEARE WORKED UPON ACCEPTED TRADITIONS.

was of opinion that it was one of Shakespeare's earliest endeavours, "undertook to remove the heap of rubbish under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly bury'd," and produced a tragedy—a "correct" tragedy—with the alternative name of "Truth Found Too Late." Pope, on the other hand, considered, and with more reason, that "Troilus and Cressida" was one of our author's later productions. Modern commentators and editors have been similarly at variance in their estimate of Shakespeare's dramatic rendering of the Trojan Story. In forming an opinion upon the subject, it should be remembered that (according to the supposition made above) Shakespeare worked upon a story, or stories, which he found ready at hand in some old and popular drama, and that, as was his wont, he accepted this foundation and built thereupon, filling with refinement the comedy, and with wisdom the history. At any rate, whatever we may think as to the drama being wholly or only partly original, we must all agree that the materials of which Shakespeare built up his play were such materials as, having been handed down by the preceding generations, were accepted by his age; and that, if any accusation is levelled against him by lovers of the old and dignified Homeric story, they should remember that Shakespeare is not to be supposed to have purposely presented undignified representations of the heroes of old, but rather that our author, here as elsewhere, accepted the popular aspects of history—even if the historical records had degenerated into "caricature traditions," as Mr. Gladstone put it some time since in a letter with which he favoured the writer of this preface.

2 See also Settle, (1707-1718).

The Fac-simile following is from Capell's copy in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the margins of this reprint, the Acts, Scenes, and lines are numbered as in the Globe edition. Neither in the Quarto nor the Folios are the Acts and Scenes marked.

All lines of Q. which differ from those of F. are marked with a dagger (+); all the lines which are not found in F. are marked with a star (*); and where lines and passages of F. are not found in Q. a < is placed, the last preceding line and the first line following being numbered as in the Globe edition.
ERRATA.

p. 6. I. i. 91 insert † opposite word exit.
p. 7. I. ii. 30 — †
p. 8. — 37 — †
    — — 73 — †
p. 9. — 109 — †
p. 13. at top corner of page, for I. x. read I. ii.
p. 22. I. iii. 302 insert †
p. 24. for II. ii read II. i.
p. 29. II. ii. 99 insert †
p. 82. V. iii. 14 — †
p. 88. V. vii. 13 — †
THE
Famous Historie of
Troylus and Cressida.

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

Written by William Shakespeare.

LONDON
Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and
are to be sold at the Spred Eagle in Paules
Church-yard, over against the
great North doore.
1609.
A neuer writer, to an euer reader. Newes.

Ternall reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer staid with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passinge full of the palme comical, for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer under-tooke any thing commical, vainely: And were but the vaine names of comedies changde for the titles of Commodities, or of Playes for Pleas; You shoulde see all those grand censors, that now strike them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauities: especially this authors Commodities, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serue for the most common Commentaries, of all the actions of our lines shewing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with Playes, are pleased with his Commodities. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, haue found that witte there, that they neuer found in them selves, and haue parted better wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then euer they dreamed they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his Commodies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty then this: And had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much
THE EPISTLE.

much as will make you thinke your tefterne well bestowed, but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserveth such a labour, as well as the best Commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleue this, that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the losse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thinke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleue you should have praysd for them rather then beene praysd. And so I leave all such to bee praysd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it.

Vale.
The history of Troylus and Cresseida:

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troy. All here my varlet, Ile vnarme againe, Why should I warre without the walls of Troy: That finde such cruell battell here within, Each Troyan that is maister of his heart, Let him to field Troylus alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong and skilfull to their strength Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse valiant, But I am weaker then a womans teare; Tamer then sleepe; fonder then ignorance, Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night. And skillesse as vppra(min'd infancy:

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this; for my part ile not meddle nor make no farther; shee that will haue a cake out of the wheate must tarry the grynding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grynding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leauening.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I to the leauening, but heares yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the ouen, and the baking, nay you must stay the cooling too, or yea may chance burne your lippes.

Troy. Pacience her selfe, what Godesse ere she be, Doth leser blench at suffrance then I do:

At Priams royall table do I sit
And when faire Cressid comes into my thoughts, So traitor then she comes when she is thence.

Pan. Well shee lookt yefternight fairer then euer I saw her looke, or any woman els.

Troy. I was about to tell thee when my heart,
The history

As wedged with a sigh would rue in twaine,
Least Hector or my father should perceive mee:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a scorne)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smyle,
But sorrow that is coucht in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth fate turnes to suddaine sadnesse.

Pan: And her haire were not some-what darker then Helen's, well go to, there were no more comparison betwenee the women! but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not as they tearme it praise her, but I would som-body had heard her talke yester-day as I did, I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but——-

Troy. Oh Pandarus I tell thee Pandarus,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many sadomes deepe,
They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madde:
In Cressids love? thou answerst she is faire,
Powrfeft in the open vicer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire her cheeke, her gate, her voice,
Handleft in thy discourse: O that her hand
In whose comparifon all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whose soft sezure,
The cignets downe is harsh, and spirit of fence:
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou tellt me,
As true thou tellt me, when I say I loue her,
But sayng thus in stead of slyle and balme,
Thou lyst in every gash that loue hath giuen mee
The knife that made it.

Pan: I speake no more then truth.
Troy. Thou dost not speake so much.

Pan: Faith I le not meddle in it, let her bee as she is, if she bee faire tis the better for her, and she bee not, she has the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandarus how now Pandarus?
Pan: I haue had my labour for my trauell, Ill thought on
of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene,
but small thanks for my labour.

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

Pan.
of Troylus and Cresseida.

Pan. Because she's kin to me therefore she's not so faire as Hellen, and she were kin to me, she would be as faire a Friday as Hellen, is on Sunday, but what I? I care not and she were a blackeamore, tis all one to mee.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, she's a foole to stay behind her father let her to the Greekes, and so I'll tell her the next time I see her for my part I'll meddle nor make no more ith matter.


Troy. Sweete Pandarus.

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

Sound alarum.

Troy. Peace you vngracious clamors, peace rude sounds, Foolies on both sides, Hellen must needs be faire, When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus, I cannot fight upon this argument: It is too staru'd a subject for my sword, But Pandarus: O gods: how do you plague me I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar, And he's as teachy to be wood to woe, As she is stubborne, chaft, against all suite. Tell me Apollo for thy Daphnes love What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we: Her bed is India there she lies, a pearle, Betweene our Ilium, and where shee reida Let it be call the wild and wandring flood: Our selfe the Marchant, and this sayling Pandar, Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our barke.

Alarum Enter Aeneas.

Aene. How now prince Troylus, wherefore not a field. Troy. Because not there; this womanes answer forts, For womanish it is to be from thence.


A 3
The history

Troy. Let Paris bleed at but a scar to scorn,
Paris is gore'd with Menelaus horse. 
Aene. Hark what good sport is out of towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may: But to the sport abrode are you bound thither?
Aene. In all swift haft.
Troy. Come goe wee then together. Exeunt.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Man. Queen Hecuba, and Hellen.
Cres. And whether goe they?
Man. Up to the Eastern tower,
Whose hight commands as subject all the vaile,
To see the battell: Hektor whose patience,
Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
Hec chid Andromache and strooke his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harness lyte,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weep what it foresaw,
In Hektor's wrath. Cres. What was his cause of anger.

Man. The noife goes this, there is amongst the Grecres,
A Lord of Trojan bloud, Nephew to Hektor,
They call him Ajax. Cres. Good; and what of him.
Man. They say hee is a very man per se and stands alone.
Cres. So do all men vnlesse the are dronke, sicke, or have no legges.
Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, hee's as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slowe as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is cruft into folly,
his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it; Hee is melancholy without cause and merry against the hate, hee hath the ioynts of every thing, but every thing so out of ioynt that hee is a gowtie Briarenus, many hands, & no vise; or purblinde Argus, al eyes, and no sight.

Cres.
Cref. But how should this man that makes me smile, make Hector angry.

Man. They say hee yesteray cop't Hector in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cref. Who comes here,

Man Maddam your vnclle Pandarus.

Cref. Hector a gallant man.

Man As may be in the world Lady.

Pand. What's that? What's that?

Cref. Good morrow vnclle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow cozen Cressid: what doe you take of good morrow Alexander: how doe you cozen when were you at Illium?

Cref. This morning vnclle.

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

Cref. Hector was gone but Hellen was not vp?

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

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

Pan. Was he angry? Cref: So he saies here.

Pan. True hee was so; I know the cause to, heele lay about him to day I can tel them that, & ther's Troylus will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of Troylus; I can tel them that too.

Cref. What is he angry too?

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

Cref: Oh Jupiter ther's no comparison.

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

Cref: If I ever saw him before and knew him:

Pan. Well I say Troylus is Troylus:

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

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

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

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

Cref. So he is.

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

Cref. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were him-

selfe.
selfe, well the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end well
Troylus well, I would my heart were in her body; no, Hector
is not a better man then Troylus.

Cref. Excuse me. Pand. He is elder.
Cref. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pand. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another
tale when th'others come too't, Hector shall not haue his
will this yeare.

Cref. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.
Pand. Nor his qualities.
Cref. No matter. Pand. Nor his beautie.
Cref. Twould not become him, his own's better.
Pand. You haue no judgement neece; Helen her selfe
swore th'other day that Troylus for a browne fauour (for so
tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cref. No, but browne,
Pand. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.
Cref. To say the truth, true and not true.
Pand. She praizd his complexion aboue Paris,
Cref. Why Paris hath colour inough. Pand. So he has.
Cref. Then Troylus should haue too much, if shee praizd
him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, hee
hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming
a praize for a good complexion, I had as lieue Helens golden
tongue had commended Troylus for a copper nose.
Pand. I sweare to you I thinke Helen loues him better then
Cref. Then shees a merrygreeke indeed. (Paris.
Pand. Nay I am sure she dooes, she came to him th'other
day into the compaft window, and you know hee has not
past three or foure haires on his chinne.
Cref. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring
his particulars therein to a totall.
Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three
pound lifte as much as his brother Hector.
Cref. Is he so yong a man, and so old a lifter.
Pand. But to prooue to you that Helen loues him, shee
came and puts mee her white hand to his clouenchin.
Cref. Imo haue mercy, how came it clouen?
Pand
of Troylus and Cressieida.

Pan. Why, you know tis dimpled,
I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in
all Phrigia. Cref. Oh he smiles valiantly.
Pan. Does hee not?
Cref. Oh yes, and twere a crowd in Autumnne.
Pan. Why go to then, but to prove to you that Hellen
loves Troylus.
Cref. Troylus will stand to thee proofe if youle prooue it so.
Pan. Troylus, why hee esteemes her no more then I e-
esteeue an addle egge:
Cref. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle
head you would eate chickens ith shell.
Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she ticled
his chin,indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs
confesse.
Cref. Without the rack.
Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on
his chinne.
Cref. Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.
Pan. But there was such laughing, Queene Hecuba laught
that her eyes ran ore.
Cref. With millstones,
Pan. And Cassandra laught.
Cref. But there was a more temperate fire vnder the por
of her eyes:did her eyes run ore too?
Pan. And Hector laught.
Cref. At what was all this laughing.
Pan. Marry at the white heare that Hellen spied on Troy-
lus chin.
Cref. And t'had beene a greene heare, I should haue
laught too.
Pan. They laught not so much at the heare as at his pret-
ty anfwer.
Cref. What was his anfwer?
Pan. Quoth shee heere's but two and fifty heires on your
chinne:and one of them is white.
Cref. This is her queftion.
Pan. Thats true,make no queftion of that, two and fiftie
heires
The history

heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the rest are his sonnes. Jupiter quoth hee, which of these heires is Paris my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and Hellen so bluift, and Paris so chaft, and all the rest so laught that it past.

Cres. So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.
Pan. Wel cozen I toould you a thing yesterdaie, think on't.
Cres. So I doe.
Pan. Ile be sworne tis true, he will wepe you an't were a man borne in April! *Sound a retreat.*
Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares an't were a nettles against May.
Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shall we stand vp here and see them as they passe toward Iliion, good Neece do, sweete Neece Cresseida.
Cres. At your pleasure.
Pan. Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most brauie, iie tell you them all by their names, as they passeby, but marke Troylus aboue the rest. *Enter Æneas.*
Cres. Speake not so lowde.
Pan. Thats Æneas, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke Troylus above the rest. *Enter Æneas.*
Cres. Who's that?
Enter Antenor.

Pan. Thats Antenor, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th soundest judgements in Troy whossoever, and a proper man of person, when comes Troylus, iie shew you Troylus anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at mee.
Cres. Will he giue you the nod:
Pan. You shall see.
Cres. If he do the ritch shal have more. *Enter Hector.*
Pan. Thats Hector, that, that, looke you that, thers a fellow goethy way Hector, ther's a braue man Neece, O braue Hector, looke how hee lookes, thers a countenance ift not a braue man?
Cres. O a braue man.
of Troylus and Cresseida,

Pan: Is it dooes a man heart good, looke you what hacks are on his helmet, looke you yonder, do you see, looke you ther, there no iecting, there laying on, take off, who will as they say, there be hacks. Cref: Be those with swords.

Enter Paris.

Pan: Swords, anything he cares not, and the diuell comes to him, its all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris, looke yee yonder Neece, iit not a gallant man to, if not, why this is braue now, who said he came hurt home to day, Hee's not hurt, why this will do Hellenes heart good now ha? would I could see Troylus now, you shall see Troylus anon. Cref: Whose that?

Enter Helenus:

Pan: Thats Helenus, I maruell where Troylus is, thats Helenus, I think he went not forth to day, thats Helenus. Cref: Can Helenus fight uncle? Pan: Helenus no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where Troylus is; harke doe you not here the people crie Troylus? Helenus is a priest; Cref: What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pan: Where? yonder? thats Deiphobus. Tis Troylus! theres a man Neece, hem? braue Troylus the Prince of chialrie. Cref: Peace for shame peace, Pan: Marke him, note him: O braue Troylus, looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his sward is bloudied, and his helme more hackt then Hec tors, and how hee lookes, and how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee never saw three and twenty, go thy way Troylus, go thy way, had I a sifter were a grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice, O admirable man! Paris? Paris is durt to him, and I warrant Hellen to change would giue an eye to boote.

Cref: Here comes more.

Pan: fools, douts, chaff & bran, chaff & bran, porregge after meat, I could liue and die in the eyes of Troylus, here looke
The history

looke, &e looke, the Eagles are gone, crowes and dawes, crowes and dawes, I had rather bee such a man as Troilus, then Agamemnon and all Greece.

 Cres. There is amongst the Greeks Achilles a better man then Troilus.

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

 Cres. Well well:

 Pan. Well, well, why haue you any discretion, haue you any eyes, do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, man-hood, learning, gentlenesse, virtue youth, liberallity and such like, the spice & fat that season a man.

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

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

 Cres. Upon my backe to defend my bellie, vpon my wit to defend my wiles, vpon my sectery to defend mine honesty, my maske to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at al these wards I lie, at a thoufand watches.

 Pan. Say one of your watches.

 Cres. Nay lie watch you for that; and thats one of the chiefest of them two: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit: I can watch you for telling how I took the blowe vnleffe it swell past hiding and then its past watching:

 Pan. You are such another: Enter Boy:

 Boy. Sir my Lord would inftantlie speake with you.

 Pan. Where?

 Boy. At your owne house there he vnarmes him:

 Pan. Good boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt, fare ye well good Neice: Cres: Adiew uncle:

 Pan. I wilbe with you Neice by and by:

 Cres: To bring uncle:

 Pan: I a token from Troilus

 Cres: By the same token you are a Bawde,

 Words, vowes, guifts, teares and loues full sacrificer.

 He offers in anothers enterprize,

 But more in Troilus thoufand fould I see,

 Then in the glaffe of Pandars praise may bee:

 Yet
Yet hold I off: women are angels woing,
"Things woone are done, toyes soule lies in the dooing."
That shee belou'd, knows naught that knows not this,
"Men price the thing vngaind more then it is,
That she was neuer yet that euer knew
Loure got so sweet, as when desire did sue,
Therefore this maxim out of loue I teach,
"Aschimestment is command, vngaind befeech,
Then though my hearts content firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. Exit.

Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes,
Menelaus with others.

Aga. Princes: what griefe hath set these laundies ove your
The ample proposition that hope makes, (cheeke?)
In all designes begun on earth below,
Faites in the promisit largenesse, checks and diaster,
Grow in the vaines of actions highest reard.
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infects the found Pine, and diuerts his graine,
Tortiue and errant from his course of growth.
Nor Princes is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our supposeto farre,
That after seauen yeares siege yet Troy walls stand,
Sith euer action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue record, triall did draw,
Bias and thwart: not answering the ayme,
And that vbodied figure of the thought,
That gau't furnised shape: why then you Princes,
Do you with cheeke abash't behold our workes,
And call them shames which are indeed naught else,
But the protractiu tryals of great loue,
To finde persititue constancie in men.
The finenesse of which mettall is not found,
In fortunes loue: for then the bould and coward,
The wise and foole, the Artift and vnread,
The hard and soft seem all affyn'd and kin,
But in the winde and tempest of her frowne,
Disfunction with a broad and powerfull fan,
The history

Puffing at all, winnow the light away,
And what hath maffe or matter by it selfe,
Lyes rich in vertue and vnmingled.

Neptor. With due obseruance of the godlike seate,
Great Agamemnon, Neptor shall apply
Thy later words, in the reprooфе of chance,
Lies the true proouſe of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boates dare faile,
Vpon her ancient brest, making their way
With those of noble bulke?
But let the ruftian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Theiis, and anony, behold
The strong ribbd barke through liquid mountaines cut,
Bounding betwene the two moyst elements,
Like Perseus horse. Where's then the sawie boate,
Whose weake untymberd sides but een now
Corriuald greatnesse, either to harbor fled,
Or made a toffe for Neptune: een so
Doth valours shew, and valours worth deuide
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightnesse
The heard hath more annoyance by the Bryze
Then by the Tyger, but when the splitting winde,
Makes flexiblle the knees of knotted Okes,
And Flies fled vnder shade, why then the thing of courage,
As rouzd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfe same key,
Retires to chidding fortune.

Uliss, Agamemnon,

Thou great Commander, theues and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soule and onely spright,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut vp: heere what Ulisses speakes,
Besides th' applause and approbation,
The which most mighty (for thy place and sway
And thou most reuerend) for the stretcht out life,
I giue to both your speeches; which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece,
Should hold vp high in brasse, and such againe
of Troilus and Cressida.

As venerable Nestor (hatcht in siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre strong as the Axel-tree,
(On which heauen rides) knit all the Greekish cares
To his experienc't tongue, yet let it please both
Thou great and wise, to heare Ulysses speake.
Troy yet vpon his bases had beene downe
And the great Hector's sword had lackt a master
But for these insurances,
The specialtie of rule hath beene neglected,
And looke how many Grecian tents do stand,
Hollow vpon this plaine, so many hollow factions,
When that the generall is not like the hiue,
To whom the forragers shall all repaire,
What honey is expected? Degree being visarded
Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairly in the maske.
The heauens them-selves, the plannets and this center
Observe degree, prioritie and place,
In figure, course, proportion, season, forme,
Office and custome, in all line of order.
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and shepherd,
Amidst the other; whose medcinable eye,
Corrects the influence of euill Planets,
And poits like the Commandment of a King,
Sans check to good and bad, But when the Planets,
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutinie?
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate,
The vnitie and married calme offlates
Quite from their figure: O when degree is shakt,
Which is the ladder of all high designes,
The enterprize is sick, How could communities,
Degrees in schooles, and brother-hoods in Citties,
Peacefull commerce from deuidable shores,
The primogenitie and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crownes, scepters, lawrels,

But
But by degree stand in authentique place:
Take but degree away, vntune that string,
And harke what discord followes, each thing melts
In mere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosomes higher then the shores,
And make a top of all this solid globe:
Strength should be Lord of imbecilitie,
And the rude sonne should strike his father dead.
Force should be right or rather right and wrong,
(Betwene whose endlesse iarre Iustice recides)
Should loose their names, and so should Iustice to?
Then every thing include it selfe in power,
Power into will will into appetite,
And appetite an uniuersall Woolfe,
(So doubly seconed with will and power)
Must make perforce an uniuersall prey,
And laft eate vp himselfe.

Great Agamemnon,
This chaos when degree is suffocate,
Followes the choaking,
And this neglectio[n] of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward with a purpose
It hath to clime. The generalls disdained,
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, so every step,
Exampl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, growes to an envious feauer
Of pale and bloudlesse emulation,
And 'tis this seauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinnew. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse stands not in her strength.

Nestor. Most wisely hath Vliffes here discouerd,
The feuer whereof all our power is sick,

Agamem. The nature of the sicknesse found, Vliffes
What is the remedie?

Vliffes. The great Achilles whom opinion crownes,
The finnow and the fore-hand of our hoife,
Hauing his eare full of his ayrie fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our designes: with him Patroclus
Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long day,
Breaks scurrilities,
And with ridiculous and sillie action,
Which (flanderer) he Imitation calls,
He pageants vs. Some-time great Agamemnon,
Thy topleffe deputation he puts on,
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lyes in his ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heere the woodden dialogue and found,
Twixt his stretcht footinge and the scaffoldage,
Such to be pitied and ore-rested seeming,
He acts thy greatnesse in. And when he speakes,
Tis like a chime a mending, with termes vn-square,
Which from the tongue of roaring Tiphon dropt,
Would seeme hiperboles, at this fullie stuffe,
The large Achilles on his pret bed lolling,
From his deepe chest laughs out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent; 'tis Agamemnon right,
Now play me Neffor, hem and stroake thy beard,
As he being dreft to some Oration,
That's done, as neere as the extreme end
Of parallells, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries excellent,
Tis Neffor right: now play him me Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarme,
And then forsooth the faint defects of age,
Must be the scane of myrth, to coffe and spit,
And with a paffie fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the riuet, and at this spirt
Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough Patroclus,
Or giue me ribbs of steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleene, and in this fashion,
All our abilities, guifts, natures shapes,
Seueralls and generalls of grace exact,
Atticuements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,

Successe
The history

Success or losse, what is, or is not, serves
As stuffed for these two to make paradoxes.

Nestor. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who as Philes lays opinion crowns,
With an imperiallyl voyce: many are infect,
Ajax is grown selfe-wild, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keepes his Tent like him,
Makes factious feals, railes on our flate of warre,
Bould as an Oracle, and sets Themistes
A slave, whose gall coynes flanders like a mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken our discredit, our exposure
How ranke so euer rounded in with danger,

Philes. They taxe our policie, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdome as no member of the warre,
Forstall prescience, and esteeme no act
But that of hand, the still and mentall parts,
That do contribue how many hands shall strike,
When fitnessse calls them on, and know by measure
Of their obseruant toyle the enemies weight,

Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,
They call this bed-worke, mappy, Closet warre,
So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,
For the great swinge and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the finess of their soules,
By reason guide his execution.

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


Mene. From Troy.

Agam. What would you fore our tent.

Aene. Is this great Agamemnon's tent I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Aene. May one that is a Herrald and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly eyes?

Agam. With surety stronger then Achilles arme,
of Troylus and Cressida.

For all the Greekish heads, which with one voice,
Call Agamemnon head and generall.

Æne. Faire leaue and large security, how may
A stranger to those most imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. I, I ask that I might waken reuerence,
And bid the cheeke be ready with a blush, (Phæbus,
Modest as morning, when shee coldly eyes the youthfull
Which is that god, in office guiding men,
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon.

Agam. This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy,
Are ceremonious Courtiers,

Æne. Courtiers as free as debonair, vnarm'd
As bending Angels, that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seeme soldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, strong joints, true sword, & great Ioves accord
Nothing so full of heart: but peace Æneas,
Peace Troyan lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praisfe distaines his worth,
If that the prais'd him-selfe bring the praisfe forth.

But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praisfe sole pure transcends.

Agam. Sir you of Troy, call you your selfe Æneas?
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affaires I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for Agamemnon's cares.

Agam. He heares naught priuatly that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper with him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his feate on that attentive bent,
And then to speake,

Agam. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,
Hee tels thee so himselfe.

Æne. Trumpet blowe alowd,
Send thy braffe voyce through all these lazie tents,
The history

And every Greek of mettell let him know,
What Troy meanes fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
We have great Agamemnon here in Troy,
A Prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in his dull and long continued truce,
Is reslub grown: He had me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake, Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among the fair't of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
And feeds his praise, more then he fears his peril,
That knowes his valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Mistress more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avowe her beautie, and her worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this challenge;
Hector in view of Troyans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it:
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then ever Greek did couple in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Mid-way betweene your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouze a Grecian that is true in loue:
If any come, Hector shall honor him:
If none, heele say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are fun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Launce. Euen so much.

Agam. This shall be told our louers Lord Aeneas,
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home, but we are souldiers,
And may that souldier a meere recreant proue,
That means not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath a meanes to be,
That one meetes Hector: if none else I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grand-fire suckt, He is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian house,
A noble man that hath no sparke of fire
To answer for his loue, tell him from me.
of Troylus and Cresseida.

Ille hide my siluer beard in a gould beauer,
And in my vambrace put my withered braunes
And meeting him tell him that my Lady,
Was fairer then his grandam, and as chaft,
As may bee in the world,(his youth in flood)
Ile prowe this troth with my three drops of bloud,
Aene, Now heauens for-fend such fcarcity of men.

Vlis. Amen: faire Lord Αneas let me touch your hau'd,
To our pavilion shall I leade you sir;
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent,
Your selfe shall feast with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a noble foe,

Vlis. Νεφτορ. Νεφτ, What faies Vlisses?
Vlis. I haue a yong conception in my braine,
Beyou my time to bring it to some shape.

Νεφτ. What if?
Vlis: Blunt wedges riu'e hard knots, the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blowne vp
In ranke Achilles, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breede a nourfery of like euill,
To ouer-bulk vs all. Νεφτ. Well and how?
Vlis: This challeg that the gallant Ηεκτωρ sends,
How eu'r it is spred in generall name
Relates in purpose onely to Achilles.

Νεφτ. True the purpose is perspicuous as substance,
Whose groseneffe little characters sum vp:
And in the publication make no straine,
But that Achilles weare his braine, as barren,
As banks of libia(though Apollo knowes
Tis dry enough) will with great speed of judgement,
I with celerity finde Ηεκτωρ's purpose, pointing on him.

Vlis: And wake him to the anfwere thinke you?

Νεφτ. Why tis most meete, who may you elce oppose,
That can from Ηεκτωρ bring thofe honours off,
If not Achilles: though't be a sporthfull combat,
Yet in the triall much opinion dwells:
For here the Troyans taft our deerst repute,
The history

With their fin'ft pallat, and trust to me Ulisses
Our imputation shall be odly poizde
In this wilde action, for the successe,
Although perticular shall giue a scantling
Of good or bad vnto the generall,
And in such indexes (although small pricks
to their subsequent volumes) there is seene,
The baby figure of the gyant maffe,
Of things to come at large: It is suppos'd
He that meetes Hector, slues from our choice,
And choice (being mutuall act of all our soules)
Makes merit her election, and doth Boyle,
(As twere from forth vs all) a man diffill'd
Out of our vertues, who miscarrying,
What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,
To fleele astrong opinion to them selues.

Uliss. Give pardon to my speech? therefore tis meete,
Achilles meete not Hector; let vs like Marchants
First shew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile fell;
If not; the luster of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worse first: do not consent,
That euer Hector and Achilles meet,
For both our honour and our shame in this, are dog'd with
two strange followers.

Nefl. If se see them not with my old eyes what are they?
Vleff. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And it were better parth in Afrique Sunne,
Then in the pride and fault scorne of his eyes
Should he scape Hector faire, If he were solid,
Why then we do our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottry
And by deuíse let blockish Ajax draw
The fort to fight with Hector, among our selues,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will phisick the great Myrmidon,
Who broyles in loud applauze, and make him fall,
His crest that prouder then blew Iris bends,
If the dull brainlesse Ajax comesafe off
Weele dresse him vp in voices,if he faile
Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men,but hit or misse,
Our projectes life this shape of fence assumes
Ajax implo'yd plucks downe Achilles plumes.
Nele, Now Vlfes I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste thereof forthwith,
To Agamemnon, go we to him straight
Two curres shal tame each other,pride alone
Must arre the mafiiff on, as twere a bone. Exeunt.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon,how if he had biles,full, all ouer, generally.

Ajax. Thersites.

Ther: And those byles did run (say so), did not the generall ran then, were not that a botchy core. Ajax, Dogge.

Ther. Then would come some matter from him, I see none now.

Ajax: Thou bitch wolfe son canst thou not heare, feele then.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou mongrell beese witted Lord.

Ajax. Speake then thou unsalted leauen, speake, I wil beate thee into hansomesse.

Ther. I shall sooner raile thee into wit and holinesse, but I thinke thy horse will sooner curne an oration without booke, then thou learne praiere without booke, thou canst strike canst thou? a red murrion ath thy Iades trickes.

Ajax. To de-floole? learne me the proclamation.

Ther: Dooest thou thinke I haue no fence thou strikest mee thus? Ajax. The proclamation.

Ther: Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.

Ajax. Do not Porpentin,do not, my fingers itch:

Ther. I would thou dipt itch from head to foote, and I had the scratching of the, I would make thee the lothsomest scab in Greece, when thou art forth in the incursions thou strikeft as slow as another.
onus prolycer

Aiax. I say the proclamation.

Ther. Thou gromblest and rayleft every houre on Achilles, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnesse, as Cerberus is at Proserpinas beauty, I that thou barkest at him.

Aiax. Mistres Therites.

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. Aiax Cobole,

Hee would punne thee into shiuer with his fist, as a sayler breaks a bisket, you horseon curre, Do? do?

Aiax: Thou stooled for a witch:

Ther. I, Do? do? thou sodden witted Lord, thou hast no more braine then I have in mine elbowes, an Asinio may tutor thee, you scuruy valiant ass, thou art heere but to thrash Troyans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse to beate mee I will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches, thou thing of no bowells thou.


Aiax. You curre.

Ther. Mars his Idiot, do rudenesse, do Camel, do, do.

Achill. Why how now Aiax wherefore do yeethus,

How now Therites what is the matter man.

Ther. You see him there? do you?


Achill: So I do, what is the matter?

Ther: Nay but regard him well.

Achill: Well, why so I do.

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

Achill. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Aiax: Therefore I beate thee.

Ther: Lo, lo, lo, lo, what medicums of wit he vters, his eua-
sions haue cares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more then he has beate my bones. It will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his piamater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow: this Lord(Achilles) Aiax, who weares his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I say of him.

Ach. What. Ther. I say this Aiax.
of Troylus and Cresseida.

Achil. Nay I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of Hellen's needle, for whom he comes to fight. Achil. Peace fool?
Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not, he there, that he: looke you there?
Ajax. Oh thou damned curre I shall
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fooles.
Ther. No I warrant you, the fooles will shame it.
Ajax. I bad the vile oule goe learne mee the tenor of the proclamation, and he railes vpon me.
Ther. I ferue thee not? Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I ferue here voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was suffrance; t'was not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary, Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as vnder an Imprefle,
Ther. E'ene so, a great deale of your witte to, lies in your finnewes, or els there bee liers, Hector shall have a great catch and knocke at either of your beains, a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernell.
Achil. What with me to Therstes.
Ther. Thers Vtisses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere their grandfiers had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough vp the wars.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes good sooth, to Achilles, to Ajax, to
Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou after.
Patro. No more words Theftes peace.
Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles brooch bids me, Achil. There's for you Patroclus.
Ther. I will see you hang'd like Calthopes, ere I come any more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fooles. Exit.
Patro. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry this sir is proclaim'd through all our hoole,
That Hector by the first houre of the Sunne:

Will
The history

Will with a trumpet twixt our Tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call some Knight to armes,
That hath a stomack, and such a one that dare,
Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell——
  Ajax. Farewell, who shall answer him.

  Achill. I know not, tis put to lottery, otherwise,
He knew his man.
  Ajax. O meaning you? I will go leane more of it.

Enter Priam, Hectore, Troylus, Paris and Helenus:

Priam. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe failes Nester from the Greekes:
Deliuer Hellen, (and all domage els,
As honour, losse of time, trauell, expence,
Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd:
In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)
Shalbe broke off, Hectore what say you to't?

Heli: Though no man leffer feares the Greekes then I
As farre as toucheth my particular: yet dread Priam
There is no Lady of more softer bowells,
More spungie to suck in the fence of feare:
More ready to cry out, who knowes what follows
Then Hectore is: the wound of peace is surely
Surely secure, but modest doubt is calld
The beacon of the wife, the tent that fetches,
Too'th bottome of the worst let Hellen go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question
Every tith soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath beene as deere as Hellen. I meane of ours:
If we have losse so many tenthes of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs,
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten,
What merits in that reason which denies,
The yeelding of her vp?

Troy. Fie, fie, my brother;
Way you the worth and honour of a King:
So great as our dread fathers in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with Counters summe.
The past proportion of his infinite

And
And buckle in, a waste most fathomles,
With spans and inches so dyminutue,
As feares and reasons: Fie for Godly shame?
Helen: No maruell though you bite so sharpe of reasons,
You are so empty of them shoul not our father;
Beare the great fway of his affaires with reason,
Because your speech hath none that tell him so?
Troy. You are for dreames and slumbers brother Priest,
You surette your gloues with reason, here are your reasons
You know an enemy intends you harme;
You know a sword imployde is perilous
And reason flies the object of all harme.
Who maruell then when Helenus beholds,
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heele,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jone
Or like a farrre disorderd? nay if we talke of reason,
Sets shut our gates and sleepe: man-hood and honour,
Should haue bare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reason, reason and respect,
Make lyuers pale, and lustihood deieect.
Helen. Brother, shee is not worth, what shee doth cost the keeping.
Troy. Whats aught but as tis valued.
Helen. But valew dwells not in perticuler will,
It holds his esteemate and dignity,
As well wherein tis precious of it selfe
As in the prizer, tis madde Idolatry
To make the service greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is attributue;
To what infectiously it selfe affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit,
Troy. I take to day a wife, and my election:
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous Shore,
Of will and judgement: how may I auoyde?
(Although my will distaft what it elected)
The history

The wife I choose, there can be no evasion,
To blench from this and to stand firm by honor,
We turne not backe the silkes upon the marchant
When we haue solde them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnrepectue fire,
Because we now are full, it was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes.
Your breath with full consent bellied his failes,
The seas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a t'tuce:
And did him seruice, hee toucht the ports desir'd
And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queene, whose youth and fresheffe,
Wrinkles Apollos, and makes pale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Greeians keepe our Aunt,
Is she worth keeping? why shee is a pearle,
Whose price hath Jan't aboue a thousand ships:
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Marchants,
If youle auouch twas wifdome Paris went,
As you must needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
If youle confesse he brought home worthy prize:
As you must needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
And cry'd inestimable: why do you now
The yssue of your proper wifdomes rate,
And do a deed that never fortune did,
Begger the estimation, which you priz'd
Ritcher then sea and land? O theift most base,
That wee haue stolne, what we do feare to keepe,
But the begins vnworthye of a thing so stolne:
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our natu'ce place.

Enter Cassandra raunig.

Caff. Cry Troyans cry:
Priam. What noise? what shrike is this?
Troy. Tis our madde sister I do know her voice,
Caff. Cry Troyans, Hee! It is Cryssandra!
Caff. Cry Troyans cry, lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick teares.
Hee!. Peace sister peace.
of Troylus and Cressida.

Cass. Virgins, and boyes, mid-age, and wrinckled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but crie,
Add to my clamours: let us pay be-times
A mooyte of that maffe of mone to come:
Crie Troyans crie, practife your eyes with tears,
Troy must not bee, nor goodly Illion land,
Our fire-brand brother Paris burnes vs all,
Crie Troyans crie, a Helen and a woe,
Crie crie, Troy burnes, or else let Hellen goe. Exit.

Heli. Now youthfull Troylus, do not these high straines
Of divination in our Sitter, worke
Some touches of remorse? or is your bloud
So madly hott, that no discourse of reason,
Not feare of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Troy. Why brother Hellor,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each act
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes,
Because Cassandra's madde, her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaft the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Which hath our feuerall honors all engag'd,
To make it gratious. For my private part,
I am no more toucht then all Priams sonnes:
And Ione forbid there should be done amongst vs,
Such things as might offend the weakesf spleene,
To fight for and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world convince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsells,
But I atteft the gods, your full consent,
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a project,
For what ( alas ) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmitie of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,

D 3 Paris
The history

Paris should nere retract, what he hath done,
Not faint in the pursue,

*Paris* you speake
Like one be-lotted on your sweet delights,
You haue the hony still, but these the gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all,

*Par.* Sir, I propose not meerly to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beautie brings with it,
But I would haue the foile of her faire rape,

Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
What treason were it to the ransackt queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,

Now to deliuer her possesion vp
On tearmes of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to drawe,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowed, or death vnfam'd,

Where *Helen* is the subject. Then I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,

The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

*Helo.* Paris and Troylus, you haue both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glozd, but superficially, not much
Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought

Vnsfit to heere *Morall Philo* sophie;
The reasons you alleadge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempered blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and reuenge,

Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their owners. Now
What neerer debt in all humanitie,

Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe
Of nature be corrupted through affection
of Troilus and Cressida.

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benumbed wills resiste the fame,
There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractarie;
If Helen then be wise to Sparta's King,
As it is knowne she is, these morall lawes
Of nature and of nations, speake alowd
To haue her back returnd: thus to persfit
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spiritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe Helen still,
For 'tis a caufe that hath no meane dependance,
Upon our ioynt and severall dignities.

Tro. Why there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heaving spleenes,
I would not with a drop of Troyan bloud,
Spent more in her defence, But worthy Hector,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
Aspurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs,
For I presume braue Hector would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promised glory,
As smiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reueneu.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus,
I have a riotting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will shrike amazement to their drowzie spirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their great generall slept,
VWhilst emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him. Excurn.
The mystery

Enter Thersites solus.

How now Thersites? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whilst hee raile at mee: Sfoote, Ile learne to conjure and raise Diuels. but Ile see some ifue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's Achilles, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till these two vndermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-selves.

O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Icon the king of gods: and Mercury, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if yee take not that little little lese then little witte from them that they haue: which short-armd Ignorance it selfe knowes is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flye from a spider, without drawing their massie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, orrather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that me thinkes is the curse depending on those that warre for a placket. I haue laid my prayers, and diuell Enuie say Amen. What ho my Lord Achilles?


Thersi. If I could a rememberd a guilt counterfeit, thou couldst not haue flipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reuenum: Heaven blesse thee from a tutor, and discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if she that layes thee out layes thou art not a faire course, Ile be sworne and sweorne vpont, shee neuer throwed any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patro. What art thou devout? waft thou in prayer?

Thers. I the heauens heare me.


Achil. Who's there?

Patro. Thersites my Lord.

Achil. Where? where? O where? art thou come why my chees,
of *Troilus and Cressida.*

Cheefe, my digestion, why haft thou not serued thy selfe into my table, so many meales, come what's *Agamemnon?*

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

*Patro.* Thy Lord *Thersites*. Then tell mee I pray thee, what's *Thersites?*

*Ther.* Thy knowere, *Patroclus*: then tell mee *Patroclus,* what art thou?

*Patro.* Thou must tell that knowest.

*Achil.* O tell, tell.

*Ther.* Ile decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles,* *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

*Achil.* Deriue this? come?

*Ther.* *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles,* *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded. *Thersites* is a fool to serue such a fool, and this *Patroclus* is a fool positively.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand of the Prover, it suffices mee thou art: looke you, who comes heere?

*Enter Agam:Vliff:Nestor,Dioned,Aiax & Calcas.*

*Achil.* Come *Patroclus,* Ile speake with no body: come in with me *Thersites.*

*Ther.* Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such knavery: all the argument is a whore, and a Cuckold, a good quarrell to draw emulous factions, & bleed to death vpon.

*Agam.* Where is *Achilles?*

*Patro.* Within his tent, but ill disposed my Lord.

*Aga.* Let it be knowne to him, that we are heere,

He fate our messengers and we lay by,
Our appertainings, visiting of him
Let him be told so, lest perchance he thinke,
We dare not moue the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

*Patro.* I shall say so to him.

*Vliff.* We saw him at the opening of his tent,

Hee is not sick.

*Aiax.* Yes Lion sick, sick of proud heart, you may call it melan-
The history

melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head tis pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nef. What mouues Aiax thus to bay at him?

Vli. Achilles hath inuegled his foole from him,

Nef. Who Thersites?

Vli. He.

Nef. The wil Aiax lack matter, if he haue lost his argument.

Vli. No you see he is his argument, that has his argument Achilles.

Nef. All the better, their fraction is more our wish then their faction, but it was a strëg composure a foole could disunite.

Vli. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily vnty,

Heere comes Patroclus. Nef. No Achilles with him,

Vli. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courtesie,

His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patro. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry,

If any thing more then your sport and pleasure
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble state,
To call vpon him, He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your digestion fake;
An after dinners breath.

Again. Heere you Patroclus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers,
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously on his owne patt beheld,
Doe in our eyes begin to lose their glose,
Yea like faire fruite in an vnholsome dish,
Are like to rot vntailed. Go and tell him,
We come to speake with him, and you shall not sinne,

If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-honest: in selfe assumption greater
Then in the note of judgement. And worthier then himselfe
Heere tend the sauage strangenesse he puts on
Disguise, the holy strengthe of their commaund,
And vnder-write in an obseruing kinde,
His humorous predominance: yea watch
His course, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if
The passage, and whole streame of his commencement,
Rode on his tide Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouer-hold his price so much,
Weele none of him, but let him like an engine,
Not portable, I ynder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,
A stirring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him so,
  Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.
  Agam. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him: Vliisses entertaine.
  Aiax. What is he more then another.
  Agam. No more then what he thinkes he is.
  Aiax. Is he so much: doe you not thinke he thinkes him-
selue a better man then I am?
  Agam. No question.
  Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is.
  Agam. No noble Aiax, you are as strong, as valiant, as
  wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
  more tractable.
  Aiax. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow?
I know not what pride is.
  Agam. Your minde is the cleerer, and your vertues the
  fairer, hee that is proud eares vp him-selue: Pride is his
  owne glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and
  what euer praifes it selfe but in the deed, denoures the
  deed in the praise.

Enter Vliisses

  Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring
  of Toades,
  Nest. And yet he loues himselfe, is't not strange?
  Vliis. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.
  Agam. What is his excuse?
  Vliis. He doth relye on none.
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance, or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.
II.iii

The history

Agam. Why will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person,and share th'ayre with vs.
Vlif. Things small as nothing,for requests take onely,
He makes important possesse he is with greatuesse,
And speakes not to himselfe but with a pride,
That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,
Holdes in his bloud such svoidne and hot discourse,
That twi'd his mental and his active parts,
Kingdomd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters downe himselfe. What should I say,
He is so plaguie proud,that the death tokens of it,
Crie no recuperie. Agam. Let Aiax go to him,
Deare Lord,go you,and gretethe him in his tent,
'Tis said he holds you well,and will be lead,
At your request a little from himselfe.

Vlif. O Agamemnon let it not be so,
Wheeleton statuate the steps that Aiax makes,
When they go from Achilles : shall the proud Lord
That baits his arrogance with his owne seame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, saue such as doth revolue,
And ruminate him-selfe : shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an idol more than hee,
No: this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Shall not so flaule his palme nobly acquird;
Nor by my will aflubiugate his merit,
As amply liked as Achilles is,by going to Achilles,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And adde more coles to Cancer when he burnes,
With entertaining great Hiperion,
This Lord go to him. Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder Achilles go to him,

Nefs. O this is well,he ruhs the vaine of him.
Diom. And how his silence drivkes vp his applause,
Aia. If I go to him:with my armed fist ile push him oer the
Agam. O no,you shall not goe,

Aia. And he be proud with me,Ille phese his pride,
Let me goe to him.

Vlif.
of Troyus and Cressida.

Vliss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrell,
Aiax. A paltry insolent fellow.
Neff. How he describes him selfe.
Aiax. Can he not be sociable.
Vliss. The Rauen chides blackneffe.
Aiax. Ile tell his humorous bloud.
Agam. Hee wilbe the phification, that shoule bee the pacient.
Aiax. And all men were of my minde.
Vliss. Wit would bee out of fashion.
Aiax. A should not beare it so, a should care swords first?
shall pride carry it?
Neff. And two'od yow'd carry halfe.
Aiax. A would haue ten shares . I will kneade him, Ile make him supple he's not yet through warme?
Neff. Force him with praier poure in, poure, his ambition is die.
Vliss. My Lord you feed to much on this dislike.
Neff. Our noble generall do not do so?
Diom. Yon must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Vliss: Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,
Here is a man but tis before his face, I wilbe silent.
Neff. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous as Achilles is.
Vliss. Know the whole world hee is as valiant———
Aiax. A hoarson dog that shall palter with vs thus, would he were a Troyan?
Neff. What a vice were it in Aiax now:
Vliss: If hee were proude.
Diom. Or couetous of praise.
Vliss. I or furly borne.
Diom. Or strange or selfe affected.
Vliss. Thank the heavens Lord, thou art of sweet composure
Praise him that gat thee, shee that gaue thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,
Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition:
But hee that disciplind thine armes to fight,
Let Mars diuide eternity in twaine,
And give him halfe, and for thy vigour:
The history

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yeeld,
To snowy Ajax, I will not praise thy wisdome,
Which like a board a pale a shore confines
This spacious and dilated parts, here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise,
But pardon father Nestor were your daies
As greene as Ajax, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not have the emynence of him,
But be as Ajax. Ajax, Shall I call you father?

Nest. I my good Sonne.

Di m. Be ruled by him Lord Ajax.

Vliff. There is no tarrying here the Hart Achilles,
Keepes thicke, please it our great generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh Kings are come to Troy, To morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast,
And here's a Lord come Knights from East to West
And call their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to counsell, let Achilles sleepe,
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.

Enter Pandarbus.

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

Pan. You depend upon him I meane.

Man. Sir I do depend upon the Lord,

Pan. You depend upon a notable gentleman I must needs
praise him.

Man. The Lord be praized?

Pan. You know mee? doe you not?

Man. Faith sir superficially.

Pan. Friend know mee better, I am the Lord Pandarbus.

Man. I hope I shal know your honour better?

Pan. I do desire it.

Man. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace? not so sir, honour and Lordship are my ti-
tles, what musique is this?

Man. I do but partly know sir, it is musique in partes.

Pan.
of Troyius and Cressida.

Pan. Know you the musicians?
Man. Wholy sir. Pan. Who play they to?
Man. To the hearers sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure friend?
Man. At mine sir, and theirs that love musicke.
Pan. Command I mean.
Man. Who shall I command sir?
Pan. Friend we understand not one another, I am to courtly and thou to cunning, at whose request do these men play?
Man. That's to't indeed sir? marry sir, at the request of Paris my Lord, who is there in person, with him the mortal Venus, the heart bloud of beauty, louses invisible soule:
Pan. Who my cozen Cressida.
Man. No sir, Hellen, could not you finde out that by her attributes.
Pan. It should seeme fellow thou hast not seene the Lady Cressida I come to speake with Paris, from the Prince Troylus, I will make a complementall assault upon him for my businesse feath's.
Man. Sodden businesse, theirs a stew'd phrase indeed.
Enter Paris and Hellen.
Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company, faire desires in all faire measure fairlie guide them, especially to you faire Queene faire thoughts be your faire pillow,
Hel. Dere Lord you are full of faire words:
Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweet Queene,
Faire Prince here is good broken musicke.
Par. You have broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall store it out with a piece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony:
Pan. Truely Lady no: Hel: O sir:
Pan: Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.
Paris: Well said my Lord, well, you say so in fits.
Pan. I have businesse to my Lord decre Queene? my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.
Hel. Nay this shall not hedge vs out, weele here you sing certainly:
Pan: Well sweet Queene you are pleasant with mee, but, mary
The history

marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother Troilus.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hone sweet Lord,

Pan. Go too sweet Queene, go to?

Comends himselfe most affectionatly to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody,

If you do our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, sweet Queene, thats a sweet Queene

I faith——

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad is a fower offence.

Pan. Nay that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not
in truth ha? Nay I care not for such words, no, no. And my
Lord hee desires you that if the King call for him at supper.
You will make his excuse.

Hel, My Lord Pandarus,

Pan. What faies my sweete Queenem,y very very sweet

Queene?

Par. What exploit’s in hand, where suppes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan What faies my sweet Queene? my cozen will fall out
with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my disposer Cresseida.

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

Par. Well ile makes excuse?

Pan. I good my Lord, why should you say Cresseida, no,
your disposers sick. Par. I spie?

Pan. You spy? what doe you spie? Come, giuemee an in-
strument, now sweete Queene:

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you have
sweete Queene.

Hel. Shee shall have it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord

Paris.

Pand. Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are
tawine.

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

Pand.
of I. toyus ancrescia.

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

**Hell.** I, I, prethee now by my troth sweet lad thou haft a fine fore-head.

**Pand.** I you may, you may.

**Hell.** Let thy song be loue : this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh

*Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

**Pand.** Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

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

**Pand.** Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still loue still more:

- *For a loues bow. Shoots Bucke and Doe.*
- *The shafts confound not that it wounds*  
- *But ticles still the fore:*  
- *These louers cry, oh ho they dye,*  
- *Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,*  
- *Doth turne oh ho, so ha ha he,*  
- *So dying loue lines still,*  
- *O ho a while, but ha ha ha,*  
- *O ho grones out for ha ha ha—you ha—hey ho,*

**Hell.** In loue I faith to the very tip of the nose.

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

**Pand.** Is this the generation of loue : hot bloud hot thoughts and hot deeds, why they are vipers, is loue a generation of vipers:

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

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

How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

**Hell.** He hangs the lippe at something, you know al Lord Pandarus.

**Pand.** Not I hony sweete Queene, I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

**Par.** To a hayre,

**Pand.** Farewell sweete Queene.

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**Hell. Com**
The history

Hell, Commend me to your niece.
Pand, I will sweet Queene.
Par: Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greet the warriers. Sweet Hellen I must woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our Helor: his stubborne buckes
With this your white enchanting fingers toucht;
Shall more obey then to the edge of steele,
Or force of Greeke finewes: you shall do more
Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great Helor.
Hell: Twill make vs proud to be his Seruant Paris!
Yea what he shall receive of vs in duty,
Gives vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
Yea ouershines our selfe,
Par: Sweet aboue thought I love her?

Enter, Pandarvs Troylus,man.
Pand: How now wher's thy master, at my Cousin Cressidas?
Mar: No sir flayes for you to conduct him thether.
Par: O heere he comes: how now, how now?
Troy: Sirra wale off.
Par: Haue you scene my Cousine?
Troy: No Pandarvs, I talke about her dore
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage, O be thou my Charon.
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the desuerer. O gentle Pandar,
From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to Cressid.
Par: VValke heere ith'Orchard, Ile bring her straight.
Troy: I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Thymaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchaunts my fence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeed
Louses thrice repured Nectar? Death I scare me
Sounding destruction, or some joy to syne,
To subtil, potent, tun'd to sharpe in sweetness
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I scare it much, and I doe scare besides

That
of Troylus and Cresseida.

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.

Pand. Shees making her ready, sheelee come straight, you
must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind so
short as if shee were feard with a spirit: Ile fetch her; it is the
prettiest villain, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane
sparrow.

Troy: Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome,
My heart beats thicker then a saucorous pulfe,
And all my powers do ther bestowing loose
Like vassilage at vnwares encountering
the eye of maiesty.

Enter pandar and Cressid.

Pand. Come, come, what need you blush?
Shames a babie; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to
her that you haue sworne to me: what are you gone againe,
you must be watcht ere you be made tame, muft you? come
your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele
put you ith filles: why doe you not speake to her. Come
draw this curtain, and lets see your picture; alasse the day?
how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke yourd
clofe sooner: so so, rub on and kiss the mistresse; how now
a kiffe in fee-farme: build there Carpenter the ayre is sweet.
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faul-
con, as the terecell: for all the ducks thiu riuier: go too, go too.

Troy: You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.

Pand: Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but sheelee be-
reaue you ath’ deeds too if she call your activity in question:
what billing again: heeres in wittesse whereof the parties in-
terchangeably. Come in come in lge go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?
Troy. O Cresseed how often haue I wisht me thus.
Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?
Troy. What should they graunt? what makes this pretty ab-
ruption: what to curious dreg spies my sweete lady in the
fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make duels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

Cres blinde
The History

Cref. Blind fear that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing, then blind reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Troy. O let my Lady apprehend no fear,
In all Cupids pageant there is presented no monster.

Cref. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our mistresse to devise imposition enough then for us to undergo any difficulty imposed.

This the monstrousity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slawe to lyme.

Cref. They say all louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet refuse an ability that they never performe; vowing more then the perfection often: and discharging likewise then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not monsters?

Troy. Are there such: such are not we; Praise vs as wee are taasted, allow vs as we prove: our head shall goe bare till merit louver part no affection in reuerion shall haue a praisie in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few wordes to faire faith, Troylus shall be such to Crefid; as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truth, and what truth can speake truer not truer then Troylus.

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Pand. What blushing still, have you not done talking yet?

Cref. VWell Vncle what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thanke you for that, if my Lord gette a boy of you, youle give him me: be true to my Lord, if he slinch chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages, your Vncles word and my firme faith.

Pand. Nay Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee woed, they are constant being
of Troilus and Cressida.

being wonne, they are burres I can tell you, theye stinke where they are throwne.

Cref. Bouldnesse comes to me now and brings me heart: Prince Troilus I have loued you night and day, for many weary months.

Troy: Why was my Cressid then so hard to wyn?

Cref: Hard to seeme wonne: but I was wonne my Lord With the first glance; that euer pardon me
If I confeffe much you will play the tyrant,
I loue you now, but till now not so much
But I might maister it; in faith I lye,
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grove
Too headstrong for their mother: see wee foole,
VVhy haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
VVhen we are so vnsecrect to our selues,
But though I loue'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wifht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of speaking first, Sweete bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see see your sylence
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes
My very foule of counsell. Stop my mouth.

Troy: And shall, albeit sweete musique issues thence.

Pand. Pretty yfaith.

Cref: My Lord I doe befeech you pardon me,
It was not my purpose thus to begge a kisse:
I am aham'd; O Heauens what haue I done!
Forthistime will I take my leave my Lord.

Troy: Your leave sweete Cressid:

Pan: Leave: and you take leave till to morrow morning.

Cref: Pray you content you. Troy: What offends you Lady?

Cref: sir mine own company.

Troy: You cannot shun your selfe.

Cref: Let me goe and try:
I haue a kind of selfe recids with you:
But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. I would be gone:

where
The history

Where is my wit? I know not what I speake, (wisely,
Tro. Well know they what they speake, that speake so
Cref. Perchance my Lord I show more craft then loue,
And fell so roundly to a large confession.
To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,
Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,
Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods above,
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman.
As if it can I will presume in you,
To feed for age her lampe and flames of louve.
To keepe her constancy in plight and youth.
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind,
That doth renew swifter then blood decays,
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight.
Of such a winnowed purity in louve,
How were I then vp-lifted: but alasse,
I am as true as truths simplicity,
And simpler then the infancy of truth.

Cref. In that aile war with you. Tro. O vertuous sigh,
When right with right warres who halbe most right,
True swains in louve shall in the world to come
Approve their truth by Troylus when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Wants timeles's truth tyrd with iteration.
As true as steele, as plantage to the moone.
As sunne to day: as turtle to her mate,
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center,
After all comparisions of truth.
(As truths authentique author to be cited)
As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the verse,
And sanctifie the nombers,

Cref. Prophet may you bee,
If I bee false or swarue a hayre from truth,
When time is ould or hath forgot it selfe,
When water drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind obliuion swallowd Citties vp.

And
of Troilus and Cressida.

And mighty states character-les are grated,
To dusty nothing, yet let memory
From false e to falce among falce mayds in loue,
Vpbraid my falcehood, when th'haue said as falce,
As aye, as water, wind or sandy earth,
As Fox to Lambe; or Wolfe to Heifers Calfe,
Pard to the Hind, or Stepdame to her Sonne,
Yeal let them say to sticke the heart of falshoond,
As false as Cressid.

Pand. Go to a bargaine made, seale it, seale it ile bee the
witness here I hold your hand, here my Cozens, if euer you
proue false one, to another since I haue taken such paine to
bring you together let all pittifull goers betweene be cald
to the worlds end after my name, call them all Panders, let
all constant men be Troylusses all false woemen Cressids, and
all brokers betweene panders; say Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Pand. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed be-
cause it shall not speake of your pretie encounters press it to
death; away.
And Cupid grant all tong-tide maydens here,
Bed, chamber, Pander to provide this geere.

Exit. Enter Vlisses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamem, Chalces.

Cal. Now Princes for the service I haue done,
Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appere it to mind,
That through the sight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandond Troy, left my possession,
Incurd a traytors name, expoizd my selxe,
From certaine and possesst conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all,
That time acquaintance, custome and condition,
Made came, and most familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you service am become,
As new into the world, strange, vnaquainted,
I do befeech you as in way of taf, to
To giue me now a little benefit.
The history

Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say liue to come in my behalfe:

Aga. What wouldst thou of vs Troian?make demand?
Calc. You have a Troian prisoner calld Antenor,
Yesterday tooke,Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you(oft haue you thankes therefore)
Desird my Cressid in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath still deni'd,but this A'ntenor,
I know is such a wretst in their affaires:
That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his mannage and they will almoast,
Gie vs a Prince of blood a Sonne of Pryam,
In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence,
Shall quite strike of all servise I haue done,
In moast accepted paine.

Aga. Let Diomedes beare him,
And bring vs Cressid hither,Calcas shall haue
What he requests of vs: good Diomed
Furnish you fairely for this enterchange,
Withall bring word If Hector will to morrow,
Bee answered in his challenge,Aiex is ready.

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

Achilles and Patro stand in their tent.

Uli. Achilles stands ith entrance of his tent,
Please it our generall passe strangely by him:
As if he were forgot,and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him,
I will come laft,tis like heele question mee.

Why such vnkalues eyes are bent?why turnd on him,
If fo I haue derision medecinable,
To vse betweene your strangnes and his pride,
Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke,
It may doe good,pride hath no other glasse,
To show it selfe but pride:for suppl6 knees,
Feed arrogance and are the proud mans fees.

Aga. Weele execute your purpose and put on,
of Troylus and Creuseida.

A forme of strangeness as we pas along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not
Or els disdaynfully, which shall shake him more:
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the generall to speake with mee?

You know my minde Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What faies Achilles would he ought with vs?

Nest. Would you my Lord ought with the generall.

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing my Lord:

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day:

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What do's the Cneckould scorne me?

Aias. How now Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow Aias?

Aias. Ha:

Achil. Good morrow.

Aias. I and good next day too.

Exeunt.

Ach. What meane these fellowes know they not Achilles?

Patro. They passe by strangely: they were vl'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly as they vl'd to creep, to holy aultars:

Achil. What am I poore of late?

Tis certaine, greatnesse once faile out with fortune,

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

He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others

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

Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer,

And not a man for being simpaky man,

Hath any honour, but honour for those honour

That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit

Which when they fall as being sippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as sipery too,

Dooth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall,

But tis not so with mee,

Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy:
The history

At ample point all that I did possess,
Sue these mens looks, who do me thinkes finde out:
Some thing not worth in me such rich beholding,
As they have often giuen, Here is Vlifes
Ille interrupt his reading, how now Vlifes?
Vliff. Now great Thesis Sonne, Achil. What are you reading?
Vliff. A strange fellow here,
Writest me that man, how derely ever parted:
How much in having or without or in
Cannot, make boist to haue that which he hath,
Nor seeles not what he owes but by refection:
As when his vertues ayming vpoun others,
Heate them and they retort that heate againe
To the first givers,
Achil. This is not strange Vlifes,
The beauty that is borne here in the face:
The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe
To others eyes, nor doth the eye it selfe.
That most pure spirit of sense, behold it selfe
Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye opposed,
Sallutes each other with each others forme.
For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath trauel'd and is married there?
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.
Vliff. I do not straine at the position,
It is familiar, but at the authors drift,
Who in his circumstance expressely provoues
That no man is the Lord of any thing;
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth hee of himselfe know them for aught:
Till he behold them formed in the applausa.
Where th'are extended: who like an arch reverb'rate
The voice againe or like a gate of fleete:
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back
His figure and his heate, I was much rap't in this,
And apprehend here immediately,
of Troilus and Cressida.

Th' unknorne Aiax, heauens what a man is there?
A very horse, that has he knowes not what
Nature what things there are.
Most obiect in regard, and deere in vse,
What things againe most deere in the esteeme:
And poore in worth, now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him
Aiax renown'd? O heauens what some men doe,
While some men leaue to doe,
How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes,
How one man eats into anothers pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonesse.
To see these Grecian Lords, why euen already:
They clap the lubber Aiax on the shoulder
As if his foote were one braue Hectors breft,
And great Troy shrieking.
Achill. I doe beleue it,
For they past by me as misters do by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word nor looke:
What are my deeds forgot?
Vliff. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great siz'd monster of ingratiatudes,
Those scraaps are good deeds past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soone as done, perseverance deere my Lords:
Keepes honour bright, to have done, is to hang,
Quite out of fashion like a rusty male,
In monumentall mockry? take the instant way,
For honour travells in a straight so narrow:
Where on but goes a breft, keepe then the path
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursue, if you give way,
Or turne a side from the direct forth right:
Like to an entred ride they all rush by,
And leaue you him, most then what they do in present:
Though lesse then yours in passe, must ore top yours.
The history

For time is like a fashionable hoast,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th'hand,
And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flie,
Grasps in the commer: the welcome ever smil's,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not vertue seeke,
Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wir,
High birth, vigor of bone, defert in service,
Lowe, friendship, charity, are subject all,
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praife new-born gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt ore-dustled,
The present eye praiies the present obiect.
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
That what flirs not. The crie went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not entomb thy selfe alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent.
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions mongst the gods them selves,
And draue great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I have strong reasons.
Vlif. But gaine thy priuacie,
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
Tis knowne Achilles that you are in loue
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil, Ha? knowne.
Vlif. Is that a wonder:
The prouidencethats in a watchfull state,
Knowes almost euerthing,
Finds the bottom in the vncomprehensiue depth,
Keepes place with thought and almost like the gods,
Do thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles.
of Troylus and Creseida.

There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of state,
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath or pen can giue expressure to:
All the commerse that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord,
And better would it fitt Achilles much,
To throw downe Hector then Polixena.
But it must grieue young Pirbus now at home,
When fame shall in our Ilands sound her trumpes,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
Great Heclors sister did Achilles winne,
But our great Ajax brauely beate downe him:
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake,
The foole slides oer the Ice that you should breake,
Patr. To this effect Achilles haue I moou'd you,
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this
They thinke my little stomack to the warre,
And your great loue to me, restraines you thus,
Sweete roule your selfe, and the weake wanton Cupid,
Shall from your neck vnloose his amorous sould,
And like dew drop from the Lions mane,
Be shooke to ayre.
Ach, Shall Ajax fight with Hector.
Patro. I and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
Achill. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrowdly gor'd.
Patro. O then beware.
Those wounds heale ill, that men do giue themselues,
Omission to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commissiion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Euen then when they sit idely in the sunne.
Achill. Go call Thersites hether sweet Patroclus,
Ile send the foole to Ajax, and defte him
T'innite the Troyan lords after the combate,
To see vs heere vnarm’d, I haue a woman’s longing,
An appetite that I am fick with-all,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour fau’d.

Enter Therites.

Ther. A wonder. Achil, What?
Ther. Ajax goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe.
Achil, How so?
Ther. He must fight singly to morrow with Hector, and
is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that
he raues in saying nothing.
Achil, How can that be?
Ther. Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a
stride and a stand : ruminates like an hostifle, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who should say
there were witte in this head and twoo’d out : and so there
is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will
not shew without knocking, the mans vndone for euer ; for
if Hector breake not his neck ith’ combate, hee’le breakt
himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd
good morrow Ajax : And hee replyes thanks Agamem-
non. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the
Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languagelesse, a
monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both
sides like a lether jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador Therites.
Ther. Who I: why heele answer no body : hee profess-
es not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weares his
tongue in’s armes. I will put on his presence, let Patroclus
make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him Patroclus, tell him I humbly desire the va-
lian Ajax, to invite the valorous Hector to come vnarm’d
to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of
the magnanimous and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times
honour’d Captaine Generall of the armie. Agamemnon,
do this.
Did I have good occasion to say long?
As you, prince? nothing but heavenly business.
Should rob my bedmate of my company.
That's my mind too? good morrow Lord Aeneas.
A valiant Greek Aeneas take his hand.
Witness
Witnese the proesse of your speeche: wherein
You told how Dyomed a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the field.

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

Diom. The one and other Diomed embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and so long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occasion meete,
By loue ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will sigh,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentlenesse:
Welcome to Troy, now by Anchises life,
Welcome indeed: by Venus hand I swore:
No man alive can loue in such a sort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathize, loue let Æneas live
(If to my sworde his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:
With euery ioyn a wound and that to morrow——

Æne. We know each other well?
Diom. We do and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most desplightfull gentle greeting,
The noblest hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what businesse
Lord so earely?

Æne. I was sent for to the King? but why I know not.
Par. His purpose meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,
To Calcho's house, and there to render him:
For the enfreed Anthenor the faire Cressid,
Lets have your company, or if you please,
Haft there before vs. I constantly beleue,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother Troylus lodges there to night,
Roufe him and gie him note of our approch,
With the whole quality wherefore:
I feare we shall be much vnwelcome.

Aeneas. That I assurie you: Troylus had rather Troy were
born to Greece, then Cresseid borne from Troy.

Paris. There is no helpe.

The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so:

On Lord, wee folowe you.

Aeneas. Good morrow all.

Paris. And tell me noble Diomed, faith tell me true,

Euen in soule of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts, deseues faire Helen best,
My selfe, or Memelaua.

Diom. Both alike,
Hee merits well to haue her that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her soyle,
With such a hell of paine and world of charge.
And you as well to kepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends,
He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp,
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a lether out of whorish løynes,
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors,
Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor lesse nor more,
But he as he, the heauier for a whore.

Paris. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Diom. Shees bitter to her country, heare me Paris,
For euer falle drop in her bawdy veines,
A Grecians life hath sunke: for euer scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troyan hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
Shee hath not giuen so many good words breath,
As for her Greekes and Troyans suffred death.

Paris. Faire Diomed you do as Chapmanes do,
Dispraise the thing that they desire to buy,
But we in silence hold this vertue well,
Wheele not commend, what wee intend to sell. Heere lyes our way. Exeunt. Enter Troylus and Cresseida.

Troy. Deere, trouble not your selfe, the mome is colde.
Cref. Then sweet my Lord ile call mine vnckle downe,
Hee shall vnbolt the gates,
Troyl. Trouble him not,
To bed to bed : sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And guie as soft attachment to thy fences,
As infants empty of all thought.
Cref. Good morrow then.
Troyl. I prithee now to bed.
Cref. Are you a weary of me ?
Troyl. O Cresseida ! but that the busie day,
Wak't by the Larke hath rouzd the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cref. Night hath beene too briefe.
Troyl. Befrew the witch ! with venemous wights she slaes
As tediously as hell,But flies the graspes of loue,
With wings more momentary swift then thought,
You will catch colde and curse me,
Cref. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
O foolish Cresseid I might have still held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke ther's one vp.
Pand. What's all the doores open heres?
Troyl. It is your Vncole,
Cref. A pestilence on him : now will he be mocking.
I shall haue such a life.
Pand. How now,how now,how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide,where's my cozyn Cressid ?
Cref. Go hang your selfe,you naughty mocking vnckle,
You bring me to doo — and then you floute me to.
Pand. To do what,to do what ? let her say what,
What haue I brought you to doe ?
Cref. Come,come,beshrew your heart,youle nere be good,
nor suffer others.
Pand. Ha,ha : alas poore wretch : a poore chipochia , haft
not slept to night ? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe,a bug-beare take him.
Cref. Did not I tell you ? would he were knockt ith'head,
Who's that at doore,good vnckle go and see. One knocks.
My
of Troyius and Cressidea.

My Lord, come you againe into my chamber,
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troy. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are deceived, I think of no such thing,
How earnestly they knock, pray you come in.  
Knock.
I would not for halfe Troy haue you seen here, Exeunt.

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

Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pand. Who’s there my Lord Æneas: by my troth I knew
you not: what newes with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troyius here?
Pand. Here what should he do here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? its more then I know Ie be sworne
For my owne part I came in late: what should hee doe here?

Æne. Who, nay then! Come, come, youe do him wrong
ere you are ware, youe be so true to him, to be false to him.

Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither go.

Troy. How now, whars the matter?

Æne. My Lord. I scarce haue leasure to salute you,

My matter is so rash : there is at hand,

Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Anthenor
Deliver’d to him, and forth-with,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour:

We must giue vp to Diomedes hand

The Lady Cressidea.

Troy. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam and the generall state of Troy,

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my atchiuements mock me,

I will go meeet them: and my Lord Æneas,

We met by chance, you did not finde me here.

Æn. Good, good my Lord, the secrets of neighbor Pandar

Haue not more guift in taciturnitie.    
Exeunt.

H 2    Pand.
Pand. Ift possible: no sooner got but loft, the diuell take Anthenor, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon Anthenor, I would they had brok's neck.

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

Pand. Ah, ah!

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

Pand. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the Gods, what's the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst here been borne, I knew thou wouldst bee his death. O poore Gentleman, a plague vpon Anthenor.

Cres. O you immortal Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vnclle. I haue forgot my father, I know no touch of confanguinitie, No kinne, no loue, no bloud, no soule so neere me As the sweete Troylus  O you gods divine, Make Cresseys name the very crowne of falsehood, If euer the leaue Troylus, Time, force and death, Do to this body what extreames you can: But the strong base, and building of my loue, Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weep.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes, Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart, With founding Troylus: I will not go from Troy.


Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt, For her deliuiery to this valiant Greeke, Comes saft vpon: good my brother Troylus

Tell
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haft her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house,
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Thinke it an altar, and thy brother Troylus
A priest there offering to it his owne heart.

Paris. I know what tis to lose,
And would, as I shall pity I could helpe:
Please you walke in my Lords?

Enter Pandarus and Cresseida.

Pan: Be moderate, be moderate.
Cress. Why tell you me of moderation?
The greife is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And violenteth in a fence is strong
As that which causeth it, how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affections,
Or brew it to a weake and coudler pallat,
The like alayment could I giue my grieues.

My loue admits no qualifying droffe,
No more my grieues in such a precious losse.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweete ducks.
Cress. Oh Troylus, Troylus.

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here, let me embrace too,
Oh heart, as the goodly saying is , Oh heart, heavy heart,
why fight thou without breaking: where hee answers a-gaine,because thou canst not eafe thy smart by friendship nor by speaking: there was never a truer time. Let ys cast a-way nothing, for wee may live to have need of such a verse,
We see it, we see it, how now lambs?

Troy. Cressid I loue thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest Gods as angry with my fancy:
More bright in zeale then the devotion, which
Cold lippes blow to their dieties, take thee from me.

Cress. Haue the Gods enuy?
Pan. I, I, I, tis to plaine a cafe.

Cress. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

H 3  Troy.
IV.iv.

An history.

Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cref. What and from Troyles to?
Troy. From Troy, and Troyles.
Cref. Is't possible?
Troy. And suddenly, where injury of chance
Puts back, leave taking, jusses roughly by:
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lippes
Of all rejoyndure: forcibly prevents
Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dere vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with so many thousand sighes,
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our solues:
With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,
Inurious time now with a robbers haft,
Cram's his stich the eu'ry vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be starres in heauen.
With distinct breath, and consignde kisles to them,
He stumbles vp into a loose adewe:
And skants vs with a single famifht kisfe,
Distastied with the salt of broken teares.

Aeneas within. My Lord is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd, some say the Genius
Cries fo to him that instantly must die,
Bid them have pacience she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
heart wilbe blowne vp by my throate.
Cref. I must then to the Grecians.
Troy. No remedy?
Cref. A wosull Crefid'mongt the merry Greces,
When shall we see againe.

Troy. Here mee loue: be thou but true of heart.
Cref. I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?
Troy. Nay we must vs expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs.
I speake not be thou true as seing thee,
For I will throw my gloue to death himselfe,
That there is no maculation in thy heart:
But bec thou true say I to fashio in,
My frequent protestation, bee thou true, and I will see thee.

Cref. Oh you shalbe expos'd my Lord to dangers,
As infinite as imminent: but ible be true.
Troy. And ible grow friend with danger, were this fleece.
Cref. And you this glue, when shall I see you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian centinells,
To giue thee nightly visitation, but yet be true.
Cref. Oh heauens be true againe?
Troy. Here why I speake it loue,
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling ore with arts and exercise:
How nouelty may moue, and parts with portion,
Alas a kinde of Godly zealoufie,
(Which I befeech you cal a vertuous finne,)
Makes me a feard.
Cref. Oh heauens you loue me not!
Troy. Die I a villain then,
In this I do not call your faith in question:
So mainly as my merit, I cannot sing
Nor heele the high lauol, nor sweeten talke,
Nor play at subtill games, faire vertues all:
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant,
But I can tell that in each grace of these:
There lurkes a still, and dumb-discourfue diuell
That tempts most cunningly, but be not tempted.
Cref. Do you thinke I will?
Troy. No, but somthing may be done that we will not,
And sometimes weare diuells to our selues:
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potency,
Eneas within, Nay good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiffe, and let vs part.
Paris within, Brother Troylus?
Troy. Good brother come you hither?
And bring Eneas and the Grecian with you.
Cref. My Lord will you be true?
Troy. Who I alas it is my vice, my fault,
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
Whist some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainesse I do were mine bare:
Fear not my truth, the morall of my wit,
Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome sir Diomed, here is the Lady,
Which for Antenor we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is
Entreat her faire, and by my soule faire Greeke,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword:
Name Creffid, and thy life shalbe as safe;
As Priam is in Illion?

Dior. Faire Ladie Creffid,
So pleae you faue the thankes this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleads your faire vslage, and to Diomed,
You shalbe mistres, and command him wholy.

Troy. Grecian thou do'ft not vse me curteoufly,
To shame the seale of my petition to thee:
In praising her, I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farre high soaring ore thy praises:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her servant,
I charge thee vse her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadfull Pluto, if thou doest not,
Though the great bulke Achilles by thy guard,
Ile cut thy throate.

Dior. Oh be not mou'd Prince Troylus,
Let me be pruiedeclg'd by my place and message:
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anwer to my lust, and know you Lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shee shalbe priz'd: but that you say be't so,
I speake it in my spirit and honour no.

Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee Diomed,
This braue shall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selues bend we our needfull talke.
of Troilus and Cressida.

Paris, harke Hector's trumpet? 
Aene. How haue we spent this morning? 
The Prince must thynke me tardy and remisfe, 
That swore to ride before him to the field. 
Par. Tis Troylus sake, come, come, to field with him. Exeu. 
Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agam. 
Menelaus, Vlisses, Nestor, Calcas, &c. 

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire, 
Anticipating time. With starting courage, 
Gieue with thy trumpet a loude note to Troy 
Thou dreadfull Aiax that the appauled aire, 
May pearce the head of the great Combatant, and hale him hither. 
Aiax. Thou, trumpet, ther's my purse, 
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brafen pipe: 
Blow villaine, till thy spered Bias cheeke, 
Our-swell the collick of pufht Aquilon, 
Come stretche thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud: 
Thou blowest for Hector, 
Vliss. No trumpet answers. 
Achill. Tis but early daies. 
Aga. Is not yond Dione with Calcas daughter. 
Vliss. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate, 
He rifes on the too: that spirit of his 
In aspiration lifts him from the earth. 
Aga. Is this the Lady Cressid? 
Diam. Even she, 
Aga. Most deereely welcome to the Greekes sweete Lady. 
Nest. Our generall doth salute you with a kiffe, 
Vliss. Yet is the kindnesse but particular, twere better shee 
were kiff in general. 
Nest. And very courtly counsell. Iie beginne: so much for 
Achill. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady, 
Achilles bids you welcome. 
Men. I had good argument for kissting once. 
Patro. But thats no argument for kissting now, 
For thus pop't Paris in his hardiment, 
And parted thus, you and your argument.
The history

VliS. Oh deadly gall and theame of all our scomes,
For which we loofe our heads to guild his homes.
Patro. The fist was Menelaus kisse this mine,

Parolus kisse you.

Mene. Oh this is trim.
Pat. Paris and I kisse euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kisse sir? Lady by your leave.
Cref. In kissing do you render or receiue.
Pat. Both take and giue.
Cref. Ile make my match to liue,
The kisse you take is better then you giue; therefore no kisse.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, ile giue you three for one.
Cref. You are an od man giue euene or giue none,
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Cref. No Paris is not, for you know tis true,
That you are odde and he is euene with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th head.
Cref. No ile be sworne.
VliS. It were no match, your naile against his horne,
May I sweete Lady beggie a kisse of you.
Cref. You may. UliS. I do defire it.
Cref. Why beggie then.
VliS. Why then for Venus sake giue me a kisse,
When Helen is a maide againe and his
Cref. I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.
VliS. Neuers my day, and then a kisse of you.
Diom. Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.
Neff. A woman of quick sence.
VliS. Fie, fie upon her,
Ther's language in here eye, her cheeke her lip,
Nay her foote speakes, her wanton spirits looke out
At euery ioynt and motiue of her body,
Oh these encounterers to glib of tongue,
That giue a coafling welcome ere it comes.
And wide vnclapse the tables of their thoughts,
To euery ticklish reader, set them downe,
For slutifh spoiles of opportunity:
And daughters of the game. Flurisbe enter all of Troy.
All.
of Troilus and Cressida.

All. The Troyans trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troup.

Aene. Haile all the state of Greece: what shal be done,
To him that victroy commands, or doe you purpose,
A victor shal be knowne, will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purseu each other, or shall they be diuided,
By any voice or order of the field, Hector bad aske?

Agam. Which way would Hector haue it?

Aene. He cares not, heele obay condicions.

Aga. Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale misprising:
The knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not Achilles sir, what is your name?

Achill. If not Achilles nothing.

Aene: Therefore Achilles, but what ere know this,

In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themselves in Hector
The one almoft as infinite as all,
The other blanke as nothing, way him well:
And that which lookes like pride is curtesie,
This Ajax is halfe made of Hectors bloud,
In loue whereof, halfe Hector staines at home,
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe Hector comes to seeke:
This blended knight, halfe Troyan, and halfe Grecke.

Achill. A maiden battell then, Oh I perceiue you.

Aga. Here is sir Diomed? go gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax, As you and Lord Eneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it, either to the vtttermost,
Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,
Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

Vilisses: what Troyan is that name that lookes fo heavy?

Viliss. The youngest sonne of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchlesse firme of word,
Speaking deeds, and deedlesse in his tongue,
Not soone prouok't nor beeing prouok't soone calm'd,
His heart and hand both open and both free.

For
The history

For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,
Yet giues he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heare of action,
Is more vindicatiue then jealous loue.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect,
A second hope as fairely built as Hector:
Thus faies Aeneas one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his ynches : and with private soule
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.

Aga. They are in action,
Nest. Now Ajax hould thine owne.

Troy. Hector thou sleepest awake thee.

Aga. His blowes are well disposed, there Ajax.

Diom. You must no more.

Aene. Princes enough so please you.

Ajax. I am not warne yet, let us fight againe.

Diom. As Hector pleases,

Hector. Why then will I no more,

Thou art great Lord my fathers sisters Sonne,
A couzen german to great Priams seede,
The obligation of our bloud forbids,
A gory emulation twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixtion Greceke and Troyan so,
That thou couldst say this hand is Grecian all:
And this is Troyan, the sinnewes of this legge
All Greceke and this all Troy : my mothers bloud,
Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers, By Ioue multipotent
Thou shouldest not beare from mee a Greekeish member,
Wherein my sword had not impressure made.

But the iuft Gods gainsay,
That any day thou borrowedst from thy mother,
My sacred Aunts, shoulde by my mortal sword,
Be drained. Let me embrace thee Ajax:

By him that thunders thou haft luftie armes,

Hector
of Troilus and Cressida.

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
Cozen all honor to thee.

Ajax. I thanke thee Hector,
Thou art to gentle, and too free a man,
I came to kill thee cozcn, and bear hence,
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hector. Not Neoptolus so mirable,
On whose bright crest, fame with her loudst (O yes)
Cries, this is he, could promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, torn from Hector.

Aeneas. There is expectation here from both the sides.
What further you will do.

Hector. Weele answer it,
The issue is embracement, Ajax farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties finde succeffe,
As feld I have the chance, I would desire,
My famous cofin to our Grecian tents.

Diom. Tis Agamemnon wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hector. Aeneas call my brother Troilus to me.
And signifie this louing interview
To the expectors of our Troyan parr,
Desire them home. Give me thy hand my Cozen,
I will go eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to mee vs heere.

Hector. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for Achilles my owne searching eyes,
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

Agamemnon: Worthy all armes as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of such an enemy.
From heart of very heart, great Hector welcome.

Hector. I thanke thee most imperious Agamemnon.

Agamemnon. My well-sam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.

Mene. Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers: welcome hyster.

Hector. Who must we answer?

Aeneas. The noble Menelaus.

Hector. O you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlet thankes,

(Mock)
The history

(Mock not thy affect, the vntread earth)
Your quandom wife sweares still by Venus gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now sir, shee s a deadly theeame.
Hell. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I haue thou gallant Troyan scene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through rankes of Grecish youth, and I haue scene thee
As hot as Perseus spurre thy Phrigian fielde,
Despising many forsaits and subdumets,
When thou haft hung th'advanced sword ith'ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my flanders by,
Lec Jupiter is yonder dealing life.
And I haue scene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Grecakes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wraffling. This haue I scene,
But this thy countenance still lockt in steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-fire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great Mars the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.

Aene. Tis the old Nestor.
Hell. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That haft so long walkt hand in hand with time,
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee,

Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.
Hell. I would they could. (row.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard Ie fight with thee to mor-
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue scene the time.

Vifs. I wonder now how yonder Cityt stands,
When we haue here her base and piller by vs?
Hell. I know your fauour lord Viffses well,
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your felie and Diomed,
In Illion on your Grecish embassie.

Viffs. Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,
My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet,
For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buffe the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feete.

Hec. I must not beleue you,
There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke,
The fall of cuery Phrigian stone will cost,
A drop of Grecian bloud : the end crownes all,
And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.
Vilis. So to him we leaue it.

Most gentle and moost valiant Hecitore, welcome:
After the Generall, I beleeue you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil, I shall forestall thee lord Vilis, thou:
Now Hecitor I haue fed mine eyes on thee, (by joint.
I haue with exact view perusde thee Hecitor, & quoted ioynte
Hec. Is this Achilles? Achil, I am Achilles.
Hec. Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee,
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hec. Nay I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art too briefe, I will the second time,
As I would buie thee view thee lim by lim,
Hec. O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me ore:
But ther's more in me then thou understandst,
Why dooest thou so oppresse me with thine eye.

Achil. Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him: whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hectors great spirit flew: answer me heauens.

Hec. It would discredite the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand againe,
Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead.

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hec. Werte thou an Oracle to tell me so,
Ide not beleue thee, Hence-forth gard thee well.
IV. v.

**A Necylogy**

For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stiched Mars his helme.
Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore.
You wiseft Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His infolence drawes folly from my lips,
But ile endeoure deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer————

_Ax. Do not chafe thee cozen._

And you _Achilles_, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you too't,
You may haue every day enough of _Hector_,
If you haue stomack, _The generall_ _flate_ _I_ _scare_.
Can scarce entreat you to be odde with him.

_Hector_. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting warres since you refus'd, the _Grecians_

_Achil_. _Doost_ thou entreat me _Hector?_ (cause.

To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all _friends._

_Hector_. Thy hand vpon that match.

_Agam. First all you_ _Peeres_ _of_ _Greece, go to my tent,_

There in the full _conuiue_ we: _afterwards_
As _Hector's_ _leisure, and your bounties_ _shall_
Concurre together, _seuerally_ entreat him

To taste your bounties, _let_ _the_ _trumpets_ _blowe_,
That this great _souldier_ may _his_ _welcome_ _know_. _Exeunt._

_Troy_. _My_ _Lord_ _Ullies, tell me I _beseech_ _you,_
In what _place_ of the _field_ _doth_ _Calcas_ _kepe_,

_Ullis_. At _Menelau's_ _tent_ _most_ _princely_ _Troylus_:

_There_ _Diomed_ _doth_ _sealt_ _with_ _him_ _to_ _night_,
Who neither _lookes_ _upon_ _the_ _heauen_ _nor_ _earth_,
But _giues_ _all_ _gaze, and_ _bent_ _of_ _amorous_ _view_,
On the _faire_ _Cressida_,

_Troy_. _Shall_ _I_ _sweete_ _Lord_ _be_ _bound_ _to_ _you_ _so_ _much_,
After we _part_ _from_ _Agamemnon's_ _tent_,
To _bring_ _me_ _therethere_,

_Ullis_. _You_ _shall_ _command_ _me_ _sir_,
But _gentle_ _tell_ _me_ _of_ _what_ _honor_ _was_

This _Cressida_ _in_ _Troy_ _had_ _she_ _no_ _louer_ _there_
That _wailes_ _her_ _abscene?_
IV.v.

Tro. O fit to such as boisting shew their skarres,
A mocke is due; will you walke on my Lord,
Shee was beloued my Lord, she is, and doth,
But still sweet loue is food for fortunes tooth. Exeunt.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. Ile heate his blood with greekish wine to night,
Which with my Cemitar ile cool to morrow,
Patroclus let vs feast him to the hight
Pat. Here comes Theristes. Enter Theristes.

Ach. How now thou curre of enuy.
Thou crufty batch of nature what's the news?
The. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and Idoll,
Of idiot worshippers, heers a letter for thee.

Ach. From whence fragment.

The. Why thou full dish of soole from Troy,
Pat. Who keeps the tent now.

The. The Surgeons box or the pacients wound.

Pat. Well said adversity, and what needs this tricks,

The. Prithee be silent box I profit not by thy talke,
Thou art said to be Achilles male vallot,

Pat. Male varlot you rogue what's that.

The. Why his masculine whore, now the rotten diseases
of the south, the guts griping ruptures & loades a grauell in
the back, lethergies, could pallies, rawe eies, durtrotteluers,
whissing lungs, bladders full of impostume. Sciaticaes lime-
kills ith' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the riueld fee simple
of the tetter, take and take againe such preposterous
discoveries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou what means
thou to curse thus.

The. do I curse thee.

Pat. Why no you minous but, you horson indistinguish-
able cur, no.

The. No why art thou then exasperate, thou idle imma-
terial skeine of sleiue silke, thou greene facenet flap for a sore
eye, thou tosell of a prodigalls purse, thou ah how the poore
world is pestred with such water flies, diminuitive of nature.

K  Tac.
Pat. Out gall.  
Ther. Finch egge.
Achil. My sweet Patroclus I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpose into morrowes battell,
Here is a letter from Queene Hec.;
A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taking me, and gaging me to keepe:
An oath that I haue sworne: I wil not breaake it,
Fall Greekes, sayle fame, honour or go or stay,
My major vow lies here; this ile obey,
Come, come, Thersites help to trim my tent?
This night in banqueting must al be spent, away Patroclus.
Ther. With to much bloud, and to little braine, these two
may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud
they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's Agamemnon, an hoo-
net fellow inough, and one that loues quiakes, but hee has
not so much braine as care-wax, and the goodly transfor-
mation of Jupiter there, his be the Bull, the primitive statue,
and oblique memorial of cuckold's; a thrifty shoeing-horne
in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is,
should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte,
turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and
Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her’s both Oxe and Asse, to be
a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Tode, a Lezard, an Oule,
a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care,
but to bee Menelaus I would confpire against defteny, aske
me what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to
be the Louse of a Lazar, so I were not Menelaus--hey-day
sprites and fires.

Enter Agam: Vlisses, Nestl: and Diomed with lights.
Agg. We go wrong we goe wrong.
Aiax. No, yonder tis there where we see the lights.
Hell. It trouble you.  
Aiax. No not a whit;
Vlls. Here comes himselfe to guide you.
Achil. Welcome braue Hector, welcome Princes all.
Agg. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,
Aiax commands the guard to tend on you,
Hell. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall
Mene. Good night my Lord.
Heft. Good night sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught, sweet quoth a, sweet sinke, sweet sure.
Achil. Good night and welcome both to those that go or tarry. Aga. Good night. Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Achil. Old Nector tarry, and you to Diomed.

Keepe Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse.
The tide whereof is now, good night great Hector.
Heft. Give me your hand.

Vlifs. Follow his torch, he goes to Calcas tent, Ile kepe you company. Troy. Sweet sir you honor me?

Heft. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. Exeunt.

Ther. That same Diomed a false hearted rogue, a most vnjust knaue, I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a serpent when hee hises, hee will spend his mouth and promise like brabler the hound, but when he performes, Astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come some change; the Sonne borrowes of the Moone when Diomed keepes his word, I will rather leave to see Hector then not to dog him, they say hee keepes a Troyan drab, and vs the traytor Calcas tent. Ile after——nothing but letchery all incontinent varlots.

Enter Diomed.


Dio. Diomed, Chalcas I thinke wher's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Vlifs. Stand, where the torch may not discover vs.

Troy. Cressid comes forth to him. Enter Cressid.

Dio. How now my charge

Cres. Now my sweet gardian, hark a word with you.

Troy. Yea so familiar?

Vlifs. Shee will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if hee can take her Cliff, she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember yes: (your words.

Dio: Nay but do then and let your mind be coupled with

Troy. What shall she remember. Vlifs. Lift?

Cres. Sweet hony Greeke tempt me no more to folly.
Ther: Roguery.  Dio. Nay then:
Cres: I wol tell you what.
Dio: Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forsworne.
Cres: In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?
Ther: A juggling tricke to be secretly open,
Dio: What did you sweate you would bestow on me?
Cres: I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do any thing but that sweete Greeke.
Dio: Good night.
Troy: Hold patience.
Dio, No, no, good night Ile be your fool no more.
Troy: Thy better must.
Cres: Harke a word in your eare.
Troy: O plague and madnesse!
Vlf: You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray
Leaft your displeasure should inlarge it selfe
To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous:
The time right deadly, I beseech you goe.
Troy: Behold I pray you.
Vlf: Now good my Lord goe off.
You flow to great distruction, come my Lord.
Troy: I prethee stay.
Vlf: You have not patience, come.
Troy: I pray you stay; by hell, and all hells torments,
I will not speake a word.
Dio: And to good night.
Cres: Nay but you part in anger.
Troy: Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.
Vlf: How now my Lord?
Troy: By loue I will be patient.
Cres: In faith I doe not, come hether once again.
Vlf: You shake my Lord at something, will you goe: you
wil break out.
Troy. She strokes his cheeke.  Vlf: Come, come.
Troy. Nay stay, by loue I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my will and all offences

a guard
A guard of patience, stay a little while.

Tber: How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles together; frye lechery frye.

Dio: Will you then?

Cref: In faith I will loe neuer trust me else.

Dio: Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cref: Ile fetch you one

Vtis: You haue sworne patience:

Troy: Feare me not my Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition

Of what I seele, I am all patience:

Tber: Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cref: Heere Diomed keepe this sleetue.

Troy: O beauty where is thy faith!

Vtis: My Lord.

Troy: You looke vpon that sleetue behold it well,

Hce loned me (oh false wench) giue me againe:

Dio: Whose wait?

Cref: It is no matter now I ha't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prethec Diomed visite me no more.

Tber: Now shee sharpenes, well said Whetsone.

Dio: I shal haue it.

Cref: What this?

Dio: I that.

Cref: O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy maister now lyes thinking on his bed

Of thee and mee, and sighes, and takes my gloue,

And giues memoriall dainty kisses to it, as I kisse thee.

Dio: Nay do not snatch it from me.

Cref: He that takes that doth take my heart withall.

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

Troy: I did sweare patience.

You shall not haue it Diomed, faith you shall not,

Ile giue you something else.

Dio: I will haue this, whos e was it?

Cref: It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cref. Twas on's that lou'd me better then you will,
But now you have it take it.

Dio: Whose was it?

Cref: And by all Dianas waiting women yond

And by her selfe I will not tell you whosoe.

Dio: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,

And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy: Verf thou the diuell, and worft it on thy horn,

It should be challenge.

Cref: Well, well, tis done, tis past and yet it is not.

I will not keepe my word.

Dio: Why then farewell, thou never shal mocke Diomed againe.

Cref: You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word but it

straight startes you.

Dio: I do not like this fooling.

Troy: Nor I by Pluto; but that that likes not you, pleases

me best.

Dio: What shall I come? the houre--

Cref: I come; O Ione, do come, I shall be plagued.

Dio: Farewell till then.

Cref: Good night, I pray thee come:

Troy: Farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,

But with my heart the other eye doth see,

Ah poore our sex, this fault in vs I find,

The error of our eye directts our mind,

What error leads must err: O then conclude,

Mindes swayed by eyes are full of turpitude.

Troy: A prooffe of strength, she could not publish more,

Vnlesse sheesaid my mind is now turn'd whore.

Vlif: All's done my Lord.

Troy: It is,

Vlif: Why stay we then?

Troy: To make a recordation to my soule

Of every fillable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did Court,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth,

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart.

An esperance so obstinatly strong,

That doth inuert that attest of eyes and cares,
As if those organs were deceptions functions,
Created only to calumniate. Was Cresseid here? 
Vlfs. I cannot conjure Troyan.
Troy. Shee was not sure.
Vlfs. Most sure she was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse.
Vlfs. Nor mine my Lord: Cresseid was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be belecued for woman-hood.

Thinkwe we had mothers, do not giue advantage
To stubborne Critiques apt without a theme
For deprauation, to square the general sex
By Cresseids rule. Rather think this not Cresseid.
Vlfs. What hath she done Prince that cæ spoile our mothers.
Troy. Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.
Ther. Will a swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes.
Troy. This she noe this is Diomeds Cresseida,
If beauty have a soule this is not shee:
If soules guide vowes, if vowes be sanctimonies,
If sanctimonies be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnite it selfe,
This was not shee: O madnesse of discourse,
That cause suets vp with and against it selfe,
By-sould authority: where reason can revolt
Without perversion, and loose affume all reason,
Without revolt. This is and is not Cresseid,
Within my soule there both conduct a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparat,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the spacious bredth of this division,
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle,
As Ariachna's broken woode to enter,
Instance, O instance strong as Plutoes gates,
Cresseid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen,
Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe,
The bonds of heauen are lipt, dissolved and losed,
And with another knot finde finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orte of her loue.
The fragments, scraps, the bitts and greaze reliques,
Enter Eneas.

Vlif: O containe your selfe;

Your passion drawes cares hether.

Aene: I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:

Hellor by this is arming him in Troy:

Ajax: your guard stayes to conduct you home.

Troy: Haue with you Prince: my curreous Lord adiew,

Farewell reuelled faire: and Diomed

Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

Vlif: Ile bring you to the gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thankes.

Exeunt Troy,Eneas and Vlisses.

Ther. Wou’d I could meete that rogue Diomed I would croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode; Patroclus

will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion, A burning diuell take them. 


g
e

Enter
Enter Hector and Andromache.

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

Hec. You traine me to offeud you, get you in,
By all the everlafting gods Ile go.

And. My dreams will sure prooue ominous to the day.
Hec. No more I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,
Confort with me in lowd and deere petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes and formes of slaughter.

Cas. Or is true,


Cas. No notes of fallie for the heauens sweete brother.

Hec. Begun I say, the gods haue heard me sweare,

Cas. The gods are deafe to hotte and peevish vowes,

They are polluted offrings more abhord,
Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:

Vnarme sweet Hector,

Hec. Hold you still I say,
Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:
Lite euery man holds deere but the deere man,
Holds honor farre more precious deere then life,

Enter Trojlus.

How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.

And. Cassandra call my father to perswade. Exit Cassandra.

Hec. No faith yong Trojlus, doffe thy harnesse youth,
I am to day ith' vaine of chialrie,
Let grow thy finews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre,
Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,
He stand to day for thee and me and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a Lion then a man.

Hector. What vice is that? good Troyus chide mee for it.

Troy. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire sword.
You bid them rise and liue.

Hect. O tis faire play.

Troy. Fowles play by heauen Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th' loue of all the gods
Let's leave the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,
And when we have our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie sauage, fie.

Troy. Hector then 'tis warres.

Hect. Troyus I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Beckning with fierie truncheon my retire,
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne,
Oppofd to hinder me, should stop my way.

Enter Priam and Caffandra.

Caff. Lay hold vpon him, Priam hold him fast,
He is thy crutch: now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come Hector, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee, and I my selfe,
Am like a prophet suddenly emapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There-
Therefore come back.

Hec. Aeneas is a field,
And I do stand, engagd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour to appeare,
This morning to them.

Priam. I but thou shalt not goe.

Hec. I must not breake my faith,
You know me dutifull therefore deere sir,
Let me not shame respect, but give me leaue
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me royall Priam.

Cæs. O Priam yeeld not to him.

And. Do not deere father.

Hec. Andromache I am offended with you,
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in.    Exit Androm.

Troy. This foolish dreaming superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.

Cæs. O farewell deere Hector.
Looke how thou dy'est, looke how thy eye turnes pale.
Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many vents,
Harke how Troy roares, how Hecuba cries out,
How poore Andromache shrils her dolours soorth,
Behold destruction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse antiques one another meete,
And all cry Hector, Hectors dead, O Hector.

Troy. Away, away.

Cæs. Farewell, yet soft: Hector I take my leaue,
Thou do'ft thy selfe and all our Troy deceaue?

Hec. You are amaz'd my liege, at her exclaine,
Goe in and cheere the towne,
Weele forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

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

Alarum.

Troy. They are at it harke, proud Diomed beleue.

I come to loose my arme or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar

Pand.
V.iii.

engage

Pand. Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.
Troy. What now?
Pand. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.
Troy. Let me read,
Pand. A whorsom tisick, a whorsom rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you ather's dayes: and I haue a theume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't, What sayes she there?
Troy. Words, words, mere words, no matter fro the heart, Th' effect doth operate another way.
Go winde to winde, there turne and change togethер:
My loue with words and errors still she feedes, But edifies another with her deedes.

Exeunt.

Enter Thersites : excursions.

Thers. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: He go looke on, that dissembling abominable varlet Diomede, has got that fame Scruie dooting foolish knaues sheeue of Troy there in his helme, I would faine see them meete, that that fame young Troyan ass that loues the whore there, might send that Greekeish whore-masterly villaine with the sheeue, back to the dissembling luxurious drabbe of a sheeue-sheete arrant, Ath' tother site, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls; that stale old Mouse-eaten drye chees e Neflor: and that fame dogge foxe Ulisses, is not prooud worth a Black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre Ajax, against that dogge of as bad a kinde Achilles. And now is the curre Ajax, prouder then the curre Achilles, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion, Soft here comes sheeue & tother.
Troy. Flye not, for shouldst thou take the riuer Stix, I would swim after,
Diomed. Thou doost miscall retire,
I doe not flie, but aduantageous care,
With drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?
Thers. Hold thy whore Greeck: now for thy whore Troian,

Now
Now the sleeue, now the sleeue.

Enter Helior.

Helior. What art Greeke, art thou for Helior's match.

Art thou of bloud and honour.

Ther. No, no, I am a rascal, a scurvy rayling knaue, a very filthy roague.

Helior. I do beleue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me, but a plague breake thy neck --- for frightening me: what's become of the wenching roagues? I thinke they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle --- yet in a sort lechery eates it selfe, ible fecke them.

Enter Diomed and Servant.

Dio. Goe go, my servuant take thou Troylus horse,

Present the faire steeed to my Lady Cressid,

Fellow commend my seruice to her beauty:

Tell her I have chastif'd the amorous Troyan,

And am her knight by profe.

Enter Agamem.

Man. I goe my Lord:

Agamem. Renew, renew, the fierce Polidamas,

Hath beate downe Meno; bastard Margarelon,

Hath Doreus prisoner.

And flonds Colossus wise wauing his beame,

Vpon the pashed corse of the Kings:

Epistropus and Cesus, Polixines is slaine,

Amphimacus and Thous deadly hurt,

Patroclus tane or slaine, and Palamedes

Sore hurt and bruised, the dreadfull Sagittary,

Appalls our numbers, haft we Diomed,

To re-enforcement or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nestor. Go beare Patroclus body to Achilles,

And bid the snail-pac't Ajax armes for shame,

There is a thousand Heliors in the field:

Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,

And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote

And there they flye or die, like scaling sculls,

Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder.

L3 And
V.v.

AND HISTORY

And there the frawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:
That prooffe is call'd impossibility. Enter Vlisses.

Vliss. Oh courage, courage Princes, great Achilles,

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowsy bloud,
Togetuer with his mangled Myrmidons
That noceleffe, handleffe, hacke and chipr come to him.
Crying on Hector, Ajax hath loft a friend,
And soames at mouth, and hee is armde and at it:
Roaring for Troylus, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantafique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe
With such a careleffe force, and forceleffe care,
As if that luft in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.
Enter Ajax. Troylus, thou coward Troylus. Exit.

Dio. I there, there?

Nefl: So, so, we draw together, Exit.
Enter Achilles.

Achil, Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller shew thy face,
Know what it is to meece Achilles angry
Hector wher's Hector? I will none but Hector, Exit.
Enter Ajax. Troylus thou coward Troylus shew thy head.
Enter Diomed. Troylus I say wher's Troylus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou.

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the generall thou shouldst haue my office,
Ere that correction? Troylus I say what Troylus.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traytor Diomed, turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha art thou there?

Ajax Ile fight with him alone stand Diomed.
of Troylus and Cressida.

Diom. He is my prize, I will not looke upon.
Troy. Come both you coggery Greekes have at you both.
Hect. Yea Troylus, O well foughed my yongest brother.

Enter Achil. Now do I see thee haue at thee Hector.
Hect. Pause if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdaine thy curtezie proud Troyan,
Be happy that my armes are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt here of me againe:
Till when goe seeketh thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well.
I would haue beene much more a frether man,
Had I expected thee, how now my brother. Enter Troy:

Troy. Aix hath tane Aeneas, shall it be?
No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen
He shal not carry him ille be tane to,
Or bring him off, sake here me what I say:
I wreake not though I end my life to day.

Enter one in armour.

Hect: Stand, stand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly marke,
No wilt thou not I like thy armor well,
Ile fresh it and yunlock the rivets all:
But ile be maister of it, wilt thou not beast abide,
Why then ilie on ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Come here about me you my Myrmidons,
Marke what I say, attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a stroke, but kepee your salues in breth,
And when I haue the bloddy Hectore found:
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In sellest manner execut your armes
Follow me firs and my proceedings eye,
It is decreed Hectore the great must die.


Ther. The cuck-olde and the cuck-olde-maker are at it,
now bull, now dogge lowe, Paris lowe, now my double
hen'd spartan, lowe Paris, lowe the bull has the game, ware

Enter
Enter Bafstead

Baf. Turne saue and fight.
Thers. What art thou?

Baf. A Bafstead sonne of Priams.
Thers: I am a bafstead too, I loue bafsteads. I am bafstead be-got, bafstead instructed, bafstead in minde, bafstead in valour, in every thing illigimate, one beare wil not bite another, and wherefore shoudle one bafstead? take heed, the quarrells most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement, farewel bafstead.

Baf. The diuell take thee coward.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core to faire without, Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life; Now is my daies worke done iley take my breth:

Reft sword thou haft thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmydons.

Achil. Loke Hector how the Sunne begins to set, How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne, To close the day vp, Hector life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd forsoe this vantage Greke.

Achil. Strike fellowes 4rike, this is the man I seeke, So Illion fall thou next, come Troy sinke downe,

On Myrmydons, and cry you all amaine,

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slaine.

Retreat:

Harke a retire upon our Grecian prat.

One: The Troyans trumpet sound the like my Lord.

Achil: The dragon wing of night otelspreds the earth, And flickler-like the armes separates.

My halfe sught sword that frankly would haue fedde,

Pleaf'd with this dainty baite 4thus goes to bed:

Cometie his body to my horsestaile,

Along the field I will the Troyan traile.

Exeunt:

Enter Agam: Aiax, Mene, Nestor, Diom: and the rest marching.

Nest:
V.ix.

of 'troylus and cresea.

Nefl. Peace drums.
Dio. The bruite is Heflor slaine and by Achilles.
Aiax. If it be so yet braglfe let it be,
Great Heflor was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along: let one bee sent,
To pray Achilles see vs at our tent:
If in his death the Gods haue vs befriended.
Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended. Exeunt.

Enter £neas, Paris, Antenor, Diephobus.

£neas. Stand ho? yet are we masters of the field,

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Neuer goe home, here slaine we out the night,
Heflor is slaine.
All. Heflor ! the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee's dead and at the murtherers horses taile,
In beflly for drag'd through the flamefull field:
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speed,
Sit gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy.
I say at once, let your brefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destrucions on.
£neas. My Lord you doe discomfort all the host.
Troy. You underftand me not that tell me so,
I do not speake of flight, of feare of death
But dare all immynence that gods and men
Addrefse their daungers in. Heflor is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so or Hecuba?
Let him that will a scrich-ould aye be call'd,
Goe into Troy and say their Heflor's dead,
There is a word will Priam turne to stone,
Make wells and Niobe's of the maides and wiuers:
Could statues of the youth and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it selfe, there is no more to say,
Stay yet you proud abominable tents:
Thus proudly pitcht vpon our Phrigian plaines,
Let Tytan rife as carley as he dare,
Ile through, and through you, and thou great siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall funder our two hates:

M

Ille
That moulde the goblins swift as frienzens thoughts,
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
Hope of reueng shall hide our inward wo.

Enter Pandars.

_That mou'd eth goblins swift as sienzens thoughts,
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
Hope of reueng shall hide our inward wo._

Enter Pandars.

_Pan. But here you, here you._
_Hence broker, lackey, ignominy, shame._
Pursue thy life, and lieue aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but Pandars.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aking bones, Oh world, world --- thus is the poore agent despis'd, Oh traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a worke, and how ill requited, why should our endeav'our be so lou'd and the performance so loathed, what verse for it? What instance for it?

Let me see,
Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his hony and his sting.
And being once subdued in armed tale,
Sweet hony, and sweet notes together faile.
Good traitors in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes,
As many as be here of Pandars hall,
Your eyes halfe out weep out at Pandars fall.
Or if you cannot weep yet give some groans,
Though not for me yet for my aking bones:
Brethren and sisses of the hold-ore trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made,
It should be now but that my feare is this,
Some gauled goose of Winchester would hisse.
Till then ile sweat and seeke about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

FINIS.