

And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
 As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulys. Amen!

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you first:

Achilles shall have word of this intent,
 So shall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before we go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulys. *Nestor*, —

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulys. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulys. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank *Achilles*, must or now be crop'd,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulys. This challenge that the valiant *Hector* sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up:
 And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren

As