

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, (whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfathers had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

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 speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles*' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.]

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host: That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach, such a one that dares Maintain — I know not what; 'tis trash: farewell!

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. AFTER so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*:
Deliver Helen, and all damage else
(As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,

Wounds,