

And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And, for an old aunt whom the *Greeks* held captive,
 He brought a *Grecian* queen whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes stale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands
 And cry'd, *inestimable!*) why d'you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
 What we have stol'n, that we do fear to keep!
 Base thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n!
 What in *their* country did *them* that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*!

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cassandra with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
 Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
 Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes

A moiety