

I was advertis'd their great general slept;  
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Therfites solus.*

*Ther.* **H**OW now, *Therfites*? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: o worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the king of gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say amen! — What ho! my lord *Achilles*!

*Enter Patroclus.*

*Pat.* Who's there? *Therfites*? Good *Therfites*, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou couldst not have slip'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blest thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy