

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her!
 There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
 Nay, her foot speaks: her wanton spirits look out
 At every joint and motive of her body.
 O these encounterers! though glib of tongue,
 They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
 And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader: set them down
 For fluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game.

[trumpet within.]

All. The *Trojans'* trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of *Greece*! what shall be done
 To him that victory commands? or do you purpose,
 A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
 By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bad ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*; but securely done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprising
 The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore *Achilles*; but, whate'er, know this:
 In the extremity of great and little
 Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
 And that which looks like pride is courtesy:
 This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* blood;
 In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;

Half