

Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek
This blended knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

Reenter Diomede.

Aga. Here is fir *Diomede*. — Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and lord *Aeneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that fame that looks so heavy?

Ulys. 'The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector*, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus says *Aeneas*; one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus translate him to me.

[*alarum.*

SCENE IX.

Hector and Ajax fight.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

L 2

Troi.