

THE
SIEGE
OF
TROY,

13
collated
&
Perfect.
A. K. 1700.

A Dramatick Performance.

Presented in

Mrs. MYNN'S BOOTH,
Over against the Hospital-Gate in the
Rounds in Smithfield, during the Time
of the present Bartholomew-FAIR.

CONTAINING

A Description of all the Scenes, Machines
and Movements, with the whole Deco-
ration of the Play, and Particulars of
the Entertainment.

By E. Cottle

First Edition is 1703 - See vol. 333.
L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by Benj. Bragge at the Black Raven in Pater-
noster-Row. And also at the Booth all the time of the
Fair, 1707.

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

A *Printed Publication of an Entertainment performed on a Smithfield-Stage, which, how gay or richly soever set off, will hardly reach to a higher Title, than the customary Name of a DROLL, may seem somewhat new. But as the present Undertaking, the Work of near ten Months preparation, is so extraordinary a Performance, that without Boast or Vanity we may modestly say, In the whole several Scenes, Movements and Machines, it is no ways Inferiour even to any one Opera yet seen in either of the Royal Theaters; we are therefore under some sort of Necessity to make this Publication, thereby to give ev'n the meanest of our Audience a full Light into all the Object they will there meet in this Expensive Entertainment; the Proprietors of which have adventur'd to make, under some small Hopes, That as they yearly see some of their happier Brethren Undertakers in the FAIR, more cheaply obtain even the Engrost Smiles of the Gentry and Quality at so much an easier Price; so on the other side their own more costly Projection (though less Favourites) might possibly attain to that good Fortune, at least to attract a little share of the Good Graces of the more Honourable part of the Audience; and perhaps be able to purchase some of those Smiles, which elsewhere have been thus long the profuser Donation of particular Affection and Favour.*

Menelaus.

ACTORS NAMES.

Menelaus. King of *Greece*, and Husband to Queen *Helen*, engaged in a Ten Years War in the Siege of *Troy*, in Revenge for the Loss of his Queen; stoln from him by *Paris* Son of King *Priam*, and living within the Walls of *Troy* in publick Adultery with him.

Ulysses. King of *Thrace*, one of the *Grecian* Princes, Engaged in the Quarrel of King *Menelaus*, the Politick Manager of the Wooden Horse, built by the *Greeks*, and left behind them in their feign'd Retreat from before the Walls of *Troy*.

Paris. A *Trojan* Prince, living in the Adulterous Embraces of Queen *Helen*.

Sinon. A Cunning *Grecian*, so Zealous for the Service of his King, that he Cut off his Lips, and Ears, and Nose. dismembring his own Face, being left bound in Irons, under the Belly of the Wooden Horse, to be thereby the better enabled, from the sight of such barbarous Sufferings, to render himself the unsuspected object of their Pity to the *Trojan* Spectators; from thence by his artful Tears, and moving Eloquence, to insinuate himself into their easy belief, as to perswade them to draw the Horse within the City of *Troy*.

Women.

Helen. King *Menelaus's* Wife, and Mistress to *Paris*.

Cassandra. A Virgin Daughter of King *Priam*. an Exalted Character of Piety and Virtue, inspired by the Gods with the true Spirit of Prophecy, yet never believed: a Vehement Prosecuter of *Paris* and *Helen*, for their lewd and wicked Lives, and Foretelling the Destruction of *Troy*, as a Vengeance hanging over their Heads, for their impious and harden'd Adultery.

Venus, the Goddess of Love, a Patroness to *Paris* and *Helen*.

A numerous Train of *Trojan* Mob. Spectators of the Wooden Horse, and Actors through the Play.

Three Persons dress'd in Gold for Statues in *Diana's* Temple.

Nine Priests and Priestesses of *Diana*.

Ten Persons richly dress'd, and Retinue of *Paris* and *Helen*.

Twenty two Officers, Guards and Trumpets, the Attendants of King *Menelaus*. In the whole Fifty Three Persons dress'd; besides the Actors and Dancers in the Play.

T H E
S I E G E of T R O Y.

A C T I.

*The Curtain is drawn up, and discovers King Menelaus, Ulysses,
Attendants and Guards.*

King. **N** Ever were Wrongs like mine! an impious Wife,
The Pleasure once, now Torment of my Life.
Why in his Crimes do's still th' Adulterer reign?
And why for ten long Years have I in vain
Gaint Troy's proud Walls my feeble Vengeance pusht.

Ulys. Droop not, great Sir, for ten Years Labour lost,
When a few Days now seal the Fate of Troy.
Look forwards, Sir, to that prodigious Engine
Of Troy's Destruction, that tall Wooden Horse
We have prepar'd, in whose dark Womb of Fate,
Five hundred generous Volunteers all wait,
All at one stroke to give the fatal Blow.
Fear not Success.

King. No; wise *Ulysses*, no.
When thy great Hand's the Royal Engineer,
Tis by such Pilots I to Glory steer.

Ulys. Consider, Sir, what managing Hand I've found
To move this vast Machine; the Honest *Sinon*:
A Man so hearty in your Royal Cause,
That he has dismember'd even his very Face,
Cut off his Lips and Nose, and torn his Eyes out
To make himself the Object of their Pity.

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That by his moving Looks and artful Tears
He may so lull the Credulous *Trojans* Ears
To draw that fatal Horse within their Walls.

King. Now Fate, curst *Troy*, for thy Destruction calls.
Revenge, Oh! dear Revenge, guide my keen Sword
To the Adultrous *Helen's* canker'd Heart,
And Oh! 'twill give me more Divine Delight,
Then all the Raptures of her Bridal Night.

Ulys. Our Army thus retired, drawn off from *Troy*,
Think what Security do their hush'd Fears enjoy.

K. Thus far our Plot succeeds; this false Retreat we make,
Only to come with greater Vengeance back. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Bristle a Cobler, and his Wife.

Bristle. I tell you once for all, you shall not go.

Wife. Not go to see the great Horse the *Grecians* have left
behind 'em.

Br. To be Hors'd your self, ye Jade: What; because
the *Grecians* have left a Wooden Horse behind 'em, and are all
march'd off like Asses themselves, you must be galloping a-
mongst the Mob, must ye, to see Sights with a Pox to you:
Get ye home to your Wheel and Spin, or I'll so mawl ye.

Wife. Spin! Ay, 'twas a cursed hard Thread I spun—when
I Marry'd such a Cobling Rogue; a Rogue that Back-beats
me, and Belly-starves me too, a fribling, sneaking, fumbling
Rogue, that has got me but one Child in 20 Years, and gives
me but three Meals a Day to keep Life and Soul together.

Br. Here's an Impudent Sows-baby.

W. Well, I am resolv'd I will go abroad, and see this fight,
though the Devil stay at home and piss out the Fire.

Br. Will you so! Then I'm resolv'd I'll give your Whores
Hide such a lick of Styrrup Leather, till I make your own De-
vilship piss it out. [*Beats her.*]

W. Help, help, Murder.

Within. Huzzah, Huzzah.

Enter Mob.

<i>1st Mob.</i>	} speaking	} The Horse, the Horse, the Horse.		
<i>2d Mob.</i>			} all-toget-	} The <i>Greeks</i> , the <i>Greeks</i> , the <i>Greeks</i> :
<i>3d Mob.</i>				

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Br. Hold, hold, hold Neighbours. Let one Man speak at once.

All. Ay, ay, let our Neighbour *Bristle* speak first.

Br. Then mark me, good Folks, we are all going to see this great Hoic.

All. Ay, ay, the Horse, the Horse.

Br. Look ye then Neighbours, let us march Soberly and Decently in roaring good Order, as those Civil Gentlemen, call'd the Mob, should do; and I'll be Captain *Tom* your Leader.

1st Mob. You our Leader! Why who are you?

Br. Who am I *Jack Sawse*? Why, I am the second Man in the Nation, I am the King's Head Cobler.

All. A Cobler!

Br. Ay, who but a Cobler: I'de have you to know that I am the Man that put such a stout pair of Soles upon the King's last Neatleather Shoes, that he has kickt the whole *Grecian* Army quite out of the Kingdom, and his Majesty and I are the Two great Savers of the Nations.

All. Ay, ay, a Captain, a Captain, a Captain.

Br. Then follow your Leader. But for you, *Jilfirt*, get ye home ye Jade, or I'll so strap you— [Exeunt all but *Wife*

3d Mob. A barbarous hardhearted Man. *and 3d Mob.*

W. Barbarous indeed, if ye knew all.

3d Mob. And to so pretty a Creature.

W. Oh Lord, Sir, pretty!

3 Mob. So pretty that I must make bold. [Kisses her.

W. Now Blessings on the Honey sweet Eyes of ycu, dear Sir. Oh this unnatural Brute of a Husband, has he no more Conscience in him, then to keep me lockt up at home, when there are such kind Gentlemen, and such sweet Comforts abroad in the World. [Exeunt.

The Scene opens and discovers Paris and Helen, fronting the Audience, riding in a Triumphant Chariot, drawn by two White Elephants, mounted by two Pages in embroyder'd Liveries. The side Wings are ten Elephants more, bearing on their Backs open Castles, umbraged with Canopies of Gold; the ten Castles fill'd with ten Persons richly drest, the Retinue of Paris; and on the Elephants Necks ride ten more Pages in the like rich Dress. Beyond and over the Chariot, is seen a Vistor of the City of Troy, on the Walls of which, stand several Trumpeters seen behind and over the Head of Paris, who sound at the opening of the Scene.

B 2

Paris.

o *The Siege of TROY.*

Paris. Whilst the Fair *Helen* in these Arms I twine,
These Sweets and all this beauteous Treasure mine;
Ten smiling Years Crown'd with my vast Delight,
Have been but one continued Nuptial Night.

Helen. Oh *Paris*, for thy Love what have I done!
What Storms have I pull'd down? What Dangers run?
Asia and *Europe* wak'd with Wars Alarms,
Set Kingdoms in a Blaze, and the whole World in Arms.

Par. But now those Wars are done, and *Troy's* Invincible
Yes, may Fair Life, the Coward *Greeks* are fled,
And leave me Lord of Thee.

And now when the tired World's long Discords cease,
We'll tune our Trumps of War to Songs of Peace.

Where *Hector* drag'd in Blood, I'll drive around
The Walls of *Troy* with Love, and Lawrels Crown'd.

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. Oh *Paris*, *Paris*, all this pageant Pride,
And that triumphant Sorceress by thy side!
What Banners can hardfronted Sin display,
When vile Adultery adorn'd so gay,
Dares front the Light, and shame the Blushing Day?

Hel. Oh my dear *Paris*, is that Schreichowl here!
Will that eternal Torturer never leave us?

Cass. No, black Adulteress, close as thy dark Fate I follow thee,
And loud as thy own crying Guilt I come
To eccho thine and *Troy's* approaching Doom.

Yet, headlong *Paris*, stop thy mad Career,
And to the Voice of Fate unlock thy Ear.
Hear Heav'n and me. Not three short Suns shall rise,
Ere burning *Troy* one Heap of Ruine lies.

Par. Vain Preaching Fool! More Dreams, more Visions still,
More Tales of Stars and Fate my Ears to fill
Will empty Noise and Nonsense never cease,
And thy wild Frenzy never give me Peace?

Cass. Peace, *Paris*, no; with all thy Load of Sin,
Soft Peace and Thou must never meet agen.
War, everlasting War, the Batt'ling World,
And angry Gods with all the Bolts of Fate,
Blood, Fire and Sword for thy Destruction wait.
In *Troy's* one blazing Heap, one funeral Urn
Shalt Thou and thy Adultrous Minion burn.

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Par. No more, bold Insolent, Ile hear no more,
Do not provoke my Vengeance thus to dare
With thy vile Breath profane this Heavenly Fair;
For if thou dost, by all the Pow'rs I swear,
Ile drive my Chariot o'er thy trampled Head,
Beneath my rowling Wheels Ile crush thee Dead.

Cass. Yes, thou shalt hear no more, Lascivious Boy,
Stain to thy Blood, from Thee the Fate of Troy,
Thy blushing Sister takes her weeping Eyes,
Not from thy Threats, but from thy Shame she flies.

[Exit.

Par. Hark, what Celestial Musick's this I hear!

Venus descends in a Chariot drawn by two Swans.

See, see Love's Goddess from her Heav'nly Sphere,
Bright *Venus* drest in her divinest Ray
Descends to grace the Triumphs of this Day.

Ven. Yes, *Paris*, Lord of the Fair *Helen's* Charms,
I gave that darling Beauty to thy Arms,
And will preserve her there.

Secure for ever thy rich Prize enjoy:
No envious Cloud shall your fair Peace destroy,
Ile shine the Guardian Deity of Troy.

Par. Oh I am lost in Raptures, this high Grace!
But where's my Vassals? where's my waiting Train?
Quick, quick ye Slaves, for Goodness so Divine,
Joyn all your Ayrs, your Songs of Triumph joyn.

The ten Rich Figures in the Castles of the Elephants, address themselves to the Goddess with this following piece of Musick in Chorus.

S O N G.

HAil Beauteous Goddess all Divine,
Our uprais'd Eyes and Hearts all thine,
To Love we pray,
To Love we kneel,
Thy pow'r we own,
Thy Darts we feel.
To thy bright sway, thy Sovereign Throne
Not suppliant Mortals bend alone
To the blind God, thy Boy and Thee,
Even Jove, Almighty Jove, here bows a Knee.

ACT

A C T II.

The Scene opens, and in a Wood without the Walls of Troy, appears the Trojan Horse, being a Figure of that Magnitude, that 'tis 17 Foot high to the top of his Back. The whole Figure magnificently adorn'd with all the Trappings, Furniture of a War Horse, set off with rich Gildings, Plumes of Feathers, and all other suitable Decorations.

Under his Feet lies Sinon, with a mangled Face all Bloody, his Nose cut off, his Eyes out, &c. bound in Irons.

Enter Mob.

Capt. Br. **A**Y, here 'tis. Here's the Wonder of Greece, and the Honour of Troy. All our own Boys, Huzzah.

1 Mob. Well, I never saw such a sight in all my Born Days.

2 Mob. Ay Neighbour, 'tis a wonderful Beast, that's certain.

Capt. Br. Beast! Udzcocks, have a Care what you say! Call such a Noble Creature Beast! Why 'tis enough to make him up with his wooden Leg, and kick your Guts out.

2 Mob. I vow and swear Captain, 'twas before I was aware; but I beg the Horses Princely Pardon, and am his Highnesses most humble Servant.

Enter Mrs. Bristle.

2 Mob. And how dost thou like this Noble Palfrey?

Wife. Oh wondrous! 'Tis a delicate fine Beaushap'd Creature. Ah, that I had a Coach and Six such Horses, what a topping Countess should I make.

Capt. And are you got hither with a Vengeance to you.

Wife. Ay, my Dear, and all the reason in the World. Now this Noble Troop of Trojans have made you their Captain, I cou'd do no less, my Dear, for thy Honour, then bring my sweet Face hither, to show 'em the Captains Lady.

[Sinon groans.]

Capt. Who's that groans.

[Sinon groans again.]

1 Mob. Look, look there, what's He all gash'd with Blood and Wounds, that lyes in Chains beneath the Horses Feet.

All. Let's unbind him, unbind him. *[They unbind him.]*

Enter

The Siege of TROY.

II

Enter Ulyffes disguis'd.

Ulyff. Now 'tis my hour to mix amongst the Crowd. This shape secures me.

2 Mob. What are you, Friend?

[*To Sinon.*

Sinon. A Man, Sir, and a grateful one.

Whilst on my Knees I thank the generous Hands
That have unloos'd my Chains.

Mob. Who bound thee?

Sinon. Villains.

Mob. What Villains?

Sinon. Cowardly ones. The Coward *Greeks*;
They who durst face no more the Walls of *Troy*;
But are all run ———

Mob. Run. Whither?

Sinon. To the Devil, I hope.

Durst bind an Innocent Wretch, load me with Irons,
And gash me thus with all these hideous Wounds,
The natural Marks of Cowardise, Barbarity.

Wife. Ah Neighbour, What a sweet Face is there spoil'd?

Mob. Ay, poor Man; they were a pack of wicked Rogues
that did all this.

Wife. Ay, and wicked Whores too, Neighbour, if the
Truth were known.

Sinon. Oh lend your pitying Ear to a poor bleeding Martyr
For one poor harmless Word, one slight Offence,
The Tyrant King of *Greece*, has given me all
These hideous Brands, for which I owe him Death.
Curses and Thunder blast him.

Wife. Ay, Friend, You do well to say your Prayers back-
wards for him. And was it King *Menelaus* that used you
thus unmercifully?

Sinon. The Tyrant *Menelaus*.

Wife. Ay, 'tis like him. Cuckolds are always Tyrants. My
Old Rogue is just such another.

Capt. Hark you, Neighbours. Look ye, this Fellow well
manag'd, may give us full light and discovery, why the
Greeks are run, and when they run, and how they run, and
whither they run.

2 Mob. A very good thought.

3 Mob. Ay, Noble Capt. But who dares trust him? he's a
Greek himself.

Ulyff.

Ulyss. Not trust him, Gentlemen! Who dares not trust him? What though a *Grecian* Born, with that torn Face, and all those gaping Wounds, he's too much loaded with Wrongs and Miseries to serve such Masters now.

Capt. Adad he's i' th' right.

2 Mob. A True *Trojan*, I warrant him. He talks like an Oracle.

Wife. Ay, a very pretty Fellow, only his Beard's a little too long.

Capt. Then, look ye; we'll ask him two or three wise Questions. And then carry him to King *Priam* to be Examind. Pray Friend, why did the *Grecians* leave this Horse behind 'em?

Sinon. The Gods that warn'd 'em from the Siege of *Troy*, Commanded 'em to leave this Monument, A pledge of Peace, ne'er to return in Arms.

2 Mob. This Monument we'll have drawn into the City.

All. Ay, ay, into the City, into the City.

Capt. Hold, hold a little; How will you get it there? The Gates are all too low.

3 Mob. Ay, Pox o' the Devil; all all too low.

1 Mob. All undone, all ruin'd.

2 Mob. The whole Shew spoil'd, we shall never get it in.

All. Oh never, never, never!

Ulyss. What all amont, my honest Friends and Countrymen, Not lead this Trophy of the *Trojan* Glory Into fair *Troy's* proud City; cause the Gates Are only Arch'd too low! Let not that stop ye, Pull down the Walls, and give it Entrance there.

All. Pull down the Walls.

Ulyss. Ay Gentlemen, make a wide Breach, if possible Large as your own great Souls; the Walls pull down, And have it drawn in Triumph through the Town.

1 Mob. Do ye hear that, Noble Captain?

Capt. Ay pox on't, I do hear it. What a Duncē of a Dog am I that I could not think of this?

2 Mob. And what shall we do now Captain?

Capt. Do! why pull down the Walls, pull down the Walls.

All. Ay, pull down the Walls, Huzzah. [Exeunt.]

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The Scene shuts.

Ulyss. Now Vengeance moves secure. Now impious *Paris*:
Thy Mother's fatal Dream when thou wert born
That from her Womb she had a Firebrand torn.
Should set all *Troy* in Flames, shall be fulfill'd,
All seal'd with Fate—*Troy* shall in Flames expire
This Arm, and thy hot Lust shall light the Fire. [Exit]

Enter Cassandra alone.

Cass. Why was I born *Troy's* Virgin Oracle?
Th' impending Fate of Empire to foretel,
Yet never be believ'd— Yet at the last
I've beg'd the Gods a Miracle to perform.
No more then *Paris* his deaf Ears Ile storm;
His Nobler Senses now I will surprize.
And preach bright Reason to his blinded Eyes. [Exit]

The Scene opens and discovers the Temple of Diana, being a magnificent Structure richly adorn'd, the Capitals, Urns, Cre cents, Festoons and other carv'd Work all gilt, consisting of ten pieces of Painting, in each of which, in a large Nych in each Front of these Paintings, are seen ten Statues of the Heathen Gods, viz. Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Apollo, Neptune, Thetis, Mars, Venus, Ceres and Mercury, each Figure near five Foot high, and all gilt. In the back of the Stage, in the Center of the Temple, is a rich Altar-piece, bearing 3 Nyches in the Walls; in the middle of which on a Pedestal 18 Inches high, stands a young Woman drest in Cloth of Gold, representing the Statue of Diana, holding a hunting Spear in her Hand; and on two other Pedestals of the same height on each hand of her, stand two more young Women, in the like Golden Habit, representing two of her Nymphs, each with a Bow and a Quiver.

Over this Alter-piece, and beyond the View of the Temple are seen three beautiful Circles of Clouds; and on the Back Scene beyond them in a serene Haven, is seen Diana driving in a Chariot drawn by two Hinds.

Enter a Procession of Priests and Priestesses in Vestments, adorn'd with Silver Crescents.

Vocal Musick.

Bright Cynthia, Sovereign Queen of Light,
 With all thy Vassal Stars so bright,
 Where thy Celestial Glories shine,
 To Thee, to Thee,
 We bend a Knee,
 Our Song of Triumph thine.

Enter Paris and Helen. Their Trains born up by 12 Pages:

Par. Since Troy's Deliverance at Diana's Shrine,
 To pay your Rites Divine,
 Has brought you here.
 This Sacred Song with that Attraction draws,
 That take our Knees join'd in this hallow'd Cause.
1 Priest. If our resounding Song of Triumph calls
 Such Princely Heads to grace our Sacred Walls.
 Raise, raise your Airs, if possible, yet higher;
 When such Illustrious Glory joins the Choir.

Procession begins again:

Bright Cynthia to our solemn Vows
 Thy Gracious Ear incline;
 Behold no less than Princely Brows
 Our solemn Offerings joyn.
 Our Foes are run,
 Our Fears are done;
 The Greeks are fled, and Troy's our own.

Enter Cassandra.

Helen. Ha! do I see that persecuting Face!
 Brings the new Loads of Scandal; new Disgrace
 To throw on my fair Fame!

Par.

Par. No Danger fear:
These Sacred Walls will bear no Insult here.

Cass. Oh *Paris*, what mistaken Piety
Has brought thee here ! Canst thou who bendst a Knee
To impious Love, t' unchaste and loose desire?
Bow to *Diana*, join her Virgin Choir.

Par. What brings thee here ! Thou gavest thy Word before
That I shou'd hear that croaking Voice no more.

Cass. And I'll perform my word. I come not now
To court thy Ears,
But to convert thy Eyes.

The Gods have given me Pow'r to act a Miracle.
Seest thou those Glittring Statues of the Deities,
In all their shining Robes of Gold array'd ?

Par. Yes, all too bright for thy weak blast to shade.

Cass. Those radiant Forms, if possible to fable,
Dark as thy Crimes, I'll at one Breath transform,
And hang yon smiling Skies, with all the Flames of Hell.

*Here Cassandra moves her Wand, and in the twinkling of an Eye
the Ten Golden Statues, in the Painting, are all turn'd to black,
and the three Figures on the Pedestals are likewise stript of their
Cloth of Gold, and all drest in Black ; and the whole Vistoe of the
Heavens is changed to a flaming Hell.*

Cass. Now *Paris*, since thou hast lent so deaf an Ear
To all my Oracles of Truth, see there,
Will you believe your Eyes ?

Par. My Eyes.

Cass. Yes, Infidel.

Will all those dreadful sights convince you ?

Par. Sights ---- What Sights ?

Cass. That hideous, that amazing Scene.

Par. *Cassandra*, What does this distraction mean ?

Cass. The very Gods, their Heads in Sable shrow'd,
And yon bright Skies in one Infernal Cloud ;
Wrapt round with Horrour, mourn the Fate of *Troy*.

Par. What Clouds, what Sable ?

Cass. Look, look, there blind Boy.

Paris. Sister, Mad, Foolish, Wretched, thoughtless thing,

To idle Miracles, make no more pretence.
 I prithee rave no more; learn to talk sense.
 But kneel, Oh kneel, and beg the pitying Gods
 To pardon thee this impious Profanation;
 Enough to make their very Images
 Whose shining Beams our darterd Eyes behold,
 If possible blush through their burnisht Gold
 To hear thee talk thus wildly.

Cass. Then thou seest not,
 Yon dismal Transformation.

Par. Transformation!

I see thee all Transform'd. Thou that wert born
 A Princess, Heir to all that shou'd adorn
 The Courts of Kings, with Royal Reason Crown'd;
 But Oh! thy whole fair Senses lost and Drown'd;
 Thour't in thy mad Fantastick Frenzy hurld,
 A Roving Lunatick round the wander'd World.

Cass. Oh what Confusion strikes my startled Ear!
 And do you reverend Men see nothing there.
 No Change in that high Roof.

Priest. A Change in Thee
 We see with pity. Thy lost Wits we see.

Cass. Now I am lost; The luring Destinies
 Are only visible to these poor Eyes,
 And walk in Clouds to all the World beside.
 Now mourn *Cassandra*, thy lost Country mourn,
 In vain my helpless Hand her Fate wou'd turn.
 Oh *Paris*, thou must bleed, and *Troy* must burn.

Hel. Now my dear Love I am forever thine.

Par. Yes my fair Life, whilst yon bright Beams divine,
 And all those Golden Gods our Guardians shine. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

The Scene opens and discovers the Town of Troy, consisting of ten Pieces of Uniform Painting, representing a Street of Magnificent Buildings, terminating with a double Wall of the City, and over the Wall is seen an upper Town. In the Center of this City stands the Horse, out of whose Sides, in the sight of the Audience, two Ladders slip out, and immediately near forty Soldiers with their Officers, issue out of the Body of the Horse, all with their drawn Swords.

1st Off. **N**OW the great Work draws on. The Trojan Throats
Will now a cheap and easie price be found,
In their dead Sleep, and drunken Revels drown'd.

2d Off. But hush, lie close, till the great Signal's given,
The King and all the Army wait without,
To second the great Blow we must begin,
Returning by the Nights protecting Shade,
Entring that Breach the Trojan Hands have made.

[The Scene shuts.

Enter Mob drunk.

1 Mob. Well Captain, we have had a tory rory Night on't.

Capt. Ay Neighbour, the Noble Prince Paris has made all the Conduits in the Town piss Claret, and given us such Feasting and Topping and Fiddling and Roaring, till we are all Princes as great as himself.

All. Ay, ay, all Princes, all Princes.

Capt. Oh Neighbours here are rare Days coming on. Now the Wars are done, and Peace and Plenty are pouring in upon us, we shall have no Trade but Eating and Drinking; we shall have six halfpenny Loaves for a Farthing, and every Pint-pot shall hold a Gallon.

2 Mob. But are you sure these Blessed Days are a coming.

Capt;

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Capt. Sure! why I have Prince *Paris's* own word for't.

3 *Mob* And we may take his word; for he's a gracious good Prince.

Capt. And we his Loyal and Obedient Subjects after his own pious Example, walk uprightly, and live soberly, and are all drunk for Joy.

Enter VVife.

Wife. Ay, there's my Beast, *Capt. Tom*, and *Capt. Sott* too. To : on him, now must I play the Hypocrite, and coaks him home to Bed. If I don't, I am sure I shall have but a foul Load of Garbidge of him to morrow Morning. Have I found thee my Deary? well, my Dear, thou hast made a merry Night on't. But come; Chicken, 'tis past Midnight, and prethee let's home to Bed.

Capt. VVhat, go like a poor Dog to Bed with my own Wife? No, Hussey, I'de have you to know, Ile keep a Whore like Prince *Pariss*, a Whore, you Bitch.

Wife. A Whore! Ay, ay, thou shalt keep a Whore. Thou shalt keep me, my Dear, and so prethee go home to Bed.

3 *Mob.* Ay, noble Captain, take her good Counsel. 'Tis high sleeping Time, and so let's all home to Bed.

Capt. Say you so?

*Then home let's be jogging,
There take toker Noggin,
Be Drunk both without and within Doors;
A pack o' Mad Fellows,
We'll burn, burn the Bellows,
And throw the whole House out o' Windows.*

The Scene opens and discovers the Town without the Horse.

Enter King, Ulysses, Grecians, Guards and Attendants, all with drawn Swords in one Hand, and lighted Flambeaus in the other.

K. Now Vengeance, thou'rt my own. Now impious Troy,
Thy Fall d'ws on. Burn, Ravish, and Destroy;
Heap Piles of Fire through ev'ry Flaming Street.

Ulyss.

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Ulyss. And sheath your Swords in all the Throats you meet.

K. Spare neither Age nor Sex.

Ulyss. Nor Shrines nor Temples save,
Make all one Crimson, and one blazing Grave.

K. Pull both with Fire and Sword, that Vengeance down,
Till Troy shall ev'n at once both Burn and Drown.
Think how you build th' Adultrous *Helen's* Urn,
Hot as her Lust, her Funeral Pile shou'd burn.

During these Commands given by the King, the Soldiers run up and down the Streets seemingly setting the Town on Fire, whilst near forty Windows or Portholes in the several Paintings all appear on Fire, the Flames catching from House to House, and all perform'd by Illuminations and Transparent Paintings seen scatter'd through the Scenes, both in the Upper and Lower Town.

[Exeunt.]

Here enter several Trojans in various and distracted postures thro' the flaming Streets, pursued by the Grecians, other Grecians running away with Young Women in their Arms, all with several shrieks and cries, &c.

Enter Paris.

Par. Oh these dread Flames. *Jove* pours his wrathful Fire,
Against poor *Troy*, both Men and Fates conspire,
But Fire and Sword fall with an easy weight,
I've lost my *Helen*; there's my stroke of Fate.

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. Now Unbeliever, see those blazing Ruins.

Par. *Cassandra!*

Cass. Behold thy Country, Father, Brothers, *Troy*,
All all thy bleeding Victims, see their Fall,
And tremble at thy own; their burning Graves
Not half so hot as thy Infernal Fires.

Par. I dare not see that Face; It strikes a blush ----

Cass. If thou canst blush, blush to the Gods, not me.
What tho' the black Adulterer, yet thou art
A Brother still, and I've a Sisters Heart.

Par.

Par. O Divine Goodness! now I am lost indeed!
'Tis through this only Wound my Soul cou'd bleed.

Cass. Farewel, prepare to Dye, thou hast not Three
Repenting Minutes left 'twixt Death and Thee:
Forsook by all the World, and only mourn'd by me. *[Exit.]*

Par. Thou Oracle of Fate; to thy great Doom I bow,
Not overtook by Death, I'll meet him now. *[Exit.]*

Enter King, Ulysses and Guards.

King. Burn out my blazing Vengeance; burn so bright,
Till the pale Stars of this Immortal Night,
Shrink in their Heads at thy Diviner Light.

Enter Paris.

Par. Where is the Fate I'de meet?

King. Traytor, 'tis here.

Par. I know that Face too well.

King. And this keen Steel
Shall know thy Heart as well.

Ulyss. Hold, Sir, disgrace not
Your Royal Sword with such polluted Blood:
An Axe, a Scaffold, and a Hangman's Hand.
Best fit so vile a Traytors Execution.

King. Unkind *Ulysses*, wouldst thou rob my Glory;
His Death, and by this Arm of Justice given.
No, *Paris*, meet thy Fate, and from this Hand,
Let publick Scaffolds meaner Heads demand.
Though thy Soul's blacker then Perdition, still
Thou hast *Priam's* Royal Blood thy Veins to fill,
That only Claim does for this Vengeance call,
Thou'rt born a Prince; and by a King shalt fall.

Thus Ulysses speaketh.

[Fights and Kills Paris.]

Par. Oh King, thou hast aim'd too well.

King. Down Royal Monster, to thy Throne in Hell.

Par. Vain World, and what's more Vain, fond Love fare-
well. *[Dies.]*

Enter

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Helen Enters above.

Helen. My *Paris* Dead! On this sad Object fixt,
Eyes look your last, 'tis *Helen's* Fate comes next.

King. Ha! Seize the Traitors; bring her to my Vengeance;
Bring her Alive, for Wheels, and Racks, and Tortures;
Whole Years of Death.

Hel. No, I defy thy Pow'r;
Here I am safe, within this Flaming Tow'r,
I see what Fate does my Dear *Paris* share:
For him I liv'd, for him alone was Fair.
And since my Joys in his cold Urn lie Dead;
These curling Flames shall be my last warm Bed.
Look up then to this shining Bed of Fire;
And see the Phenix of the World expire.

[Leaps down into
the Fire.]

King. She has bravely escap'd me.

Ulyss. Yes, when thus she fell,
She has perform'd, Great Sir, an ill Part well.

King. 'Tis done, 'tis done, this brace of Traitors slain;
This one Night Joy rewards my ten Years Pain. [Exit.]
[Scene shifts.]

Enter Capt. Tom, and three of the Mob.

Capt. And are we sure we ate all alive Neighbours.

1 Mob. We hope we are.

Capt. Hope! Alas, Hopes are all deceitful. For we that are
here were all living Men but Yesterday, and who knows but
we shall find our selves all knockt o'th' Head to Morrow
Morning, as soon as we are Awake.

2 Mob. Truly like enough. And yet I hope we are got a
little out of Harms way; out of the Walls of that Miserable
Town of Slaughter.

3 Mob. Ay, Miserable indeed; for never was such Fire and
Sword-work ever seen. Ah Capt. our poor Neighbour *Stitch*
the Taylor, I saw him drop.

Capt. And how did he drop?

3 Mob. Oh strangely, very strangely. Though the good Man
was as honest a poor Cuckold as any in the Kingdom, yet his
Horns could not secure his Head. His Brains were knockt out.

D

Capt.

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Capt. Alas poor *Stitch*.

3 Mob. And then there's that honest true Pitcher-man *Ralph Horsenail* the Farrier. He poor Fellow had his Head cut off

Capt. His Head cut off! And how did the Poor Fellow look after his Head was off? I warrant ye very sheepishly. Ah Neighbours to have ones Head cut off, is enough to put any Man out of Countenance.

3 Mob. Ay *Capt.* as you say, the poor Fellow was a little dastard at it; but the honest Lad had the good fortune to catch his Head before it fell, and is bringing it under his Arm, as fast as his weak Legs can bear him, to desire his good Friend *Capt. Bristle* to lend him an Awl and a Cobler's End to stitch it on again.

Capt. I stitch it on again! Alas I am quite broke; my Ends and my Awles, and my whole Stall burnt down. Nay, my poor Wife's burnt too. I have lost as good a Wife as a Man would desire to part withal.

1 Mob. The poor *Cassandra* has been a true Prophetess.

2 Mob. Ay, and I might have been a Prophet too, if I had thought on't. I am sure I have seen Signs and Tokens enough to prognosticate, Sad Times, dismal Times.

Capt. What Signs and Tokens?

2 Mob. Why, 'twas no longer ago than t'other Night, as I was at Supper in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows that had occupied the Tenement these ten Years, fell down, Nest and all, into the Porridge Pot, and quite spoyl'd the Broth.

Capt. Oh Wondrous! The Fate of *Troy* to a Tittle. Down fell the Nest of Swallows? Down falls the City of *Troy*. And where was this fall but in the Chimney, all in Fire and Smoke. *Troy, Troy* again exactly. Then into what did they fall but the Porridge Pot? And how many thousand poor Families have all this Night went to Pot, as well as thy Nest of Swallows.— Ah Neighbour, hadst thou been an honest Man, and a true Subject and went and told the King this prodigious Warning-piece, it had been enough to have open'd his Eyes to the Nations danger, and have sav'd the Town, and all our Lives.

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*The Scene opens, and discovers a Grove, terminating with a Tri-
umphal Arch, with two Figures of Fame hanging beneath the
Arch; and beyond the Arch, over a Terrace Walk, is seen a Beau-
tiful Garden of six side Wings adorn'd with Statues, and ending
in a Vista of Garden-work.*

*The King, Ulysses, and all his Grecians and Guards ap-
pearing by him.*

Mob. Where are we now.

King. Stop your destroying Hands, your Swords all sheath,
We have had enough of Ruin, Fire and Death.

For you poor Wretches, you've severely felt,
The Arm of Vengeance, for your Princes Guilt;
And do deserve our Pity.

King. Here I have finish'd my Revenge. Enjoy
Your Lives and Liberties, go and rebuild your Troy.

Mob. Huzzah.

Capt. of the Mob. Hark ye Friend, [*Speaking to a Grecian.*]
pray tell your King from me, he's a very civil Gentleman; and
since he's so humbly Gracious, to bid us Build our Town
again, strike up Fiddles, we'll give him a Song and a Dance
at Parting.

*An Entertainment of several Dialogues and Dances. After which
the King and the rest come forward, and Ulysses speaks.*

Ulyss. Ladies, set Helen's Fate before your Eyes;
A Virtuous Bed, and Husband's Love to prize.
One wanton, her Unchast Desires t' enjoy;
Pull'd down her own, and the whole Fate of Troy:

An

An EPILOGUE spoke by the
King.

NOW, if the Hundreds we have expended; more
Than e're adorn'd a Smithfield Stage before,
Can hope your Gen'rous Favours to obtain,
And all this Cost is not lay'd out in vain;
If you are pleas'd our Moral Play shall take,
Express your Smiles, by the Applause you make.

[Exeunt. omnes.]

F I N I S